

## SO MANY HAVE TO GROPE THEIR WAY,—

preparation for Conference was made. This is quite a "chose," as all bedding, lanterns, water bottles, etc., are taken along. I wish you could have seen us—a party of missionaries, about fourteen in number, all in one carriage en route for Cocanada, along with our luggage; a regular picnic in every way, and a good time.

We were welcomed into the Conference by the President, Mr. Cross. It was indeed uplifting and helpful to meet all our fellow-workers, and to know of their work. The reports were all interesting, and they gave us a greater desire to know the Telugu language, so as to be able to get in touch with the people of India. However, by the aid of your prayers, and with our own patience and perseverance and dependence upon God, we hope to master it.

Mr. Gordon has charge of the English work while studying the language. We have come back from Conference more fully equipped for the service of God in the great work of forwarding His Kingdom.

I have had the pleasure of "keeping house" for the last few days, during Mrs. Higgins' absence. This is my first attempt since my marriage, and what with the native helpers and their trying ways and my lack of Telugu, you can imagine the "pickle" I was in. But this is only incidental in our lives as missionaries; the main object of our life in India is to be used of God in uplifting this wonderful people out of idolatry and degradation into a true and holy life.

Your missionary,  
(MRS.) R. GORDON.

## A NEW MISSIONARY.

News has reached us of the arrival of a new lady missionary at Samalkot, India, on Jan. 15th. Helen Caroline Timpany and her mother are both very well, thank you.

ON THE "MISSIONARY WARDS"  
IN PITHAPURAM, INDIA.

When racked with pain, and worn with care,  
Away from the noise, and the smells,  
and the glare,  
Mid grass and trees with sky above,  
Each blessing full of a Father's love,  
The heart expands and health anew  
Comes flooding soul and body too.

From out the door the sufferer sees  
Only the sky, the grass and the trees,  
No noise of dogs nor harsh street cry,  
Only the trees, the grass and the sky,  
And his tired eyes close, and his worry  
flees  
As he drinks in the air and the health-  
giving breeze.

The building alone, with its clean stone  
floors,  
The bed and the linen, the windows and  
doors,  
Would bring comfort indeed, be a rest-  
ful retreat  
To one who was worn with the burden  
and heat.  
But the heart o'erflows with healing  
balm  
As it drinks in the quietness, coolness  
and calm.

And many a time, as the fever burns,  
The heart of the sick one with gratitude  
turns  
To the unknown friend in that far-off  
land,  
Who lovingly gave with a gen'rous  
hand,  
To provide such comfort and cleanliness  
rare  
For his suffering brother, burdened with  
care.

May the Father's rich blessing reward  
the one  
Who through love for his Master this  
kindness has done.  
And when he is troubled and filled with  
pain,  
May health, peace and happiness be his  
again,  
And the thought of the comfort which  
he has given  
Bring joy upon earth and reward in  
heaven.

—A Patient.