

"he was not, for God hath taken him." We bade him goodbye on Thursday morning, as we were starting homeward and on Friday evening, August, 2nd his emancipated spirit took its flight. He was conscious to the last, and as he lay dying Rabha Dass, the preacher who was the means of leading him and many more there, into the light, called in his heathen relatives, to see how a Christian could die. These relatives had been very bitter against him when he was baptized four years ago. They had done all they could to induce or drive him to forsake his newly-found Saviour, and failing in this, had torn down their houses, moved a mile away and built a new village saying they would not live with the Christians. Their anger had somewhat cooled in the intervening years, and they came when called, and were astonished to see him so utterly free from fear, and so happy, rejoicing in the Christ who had saved him, and washed away all his sins: and into whose presence he confidently expected to enter, in a few moments, and be forever with the Lord.

They came again in the morning and followed his body to its last resting place, till Jesus comes, and seemed very much impressed with it all.

These Christians live 47 miles distant from Bobbili, and after much persuasion have consented to send some of their children to our school here. These have been taught by their preacher's wife, up to the 2nd and 4th Standards. We expect to keep them here a few years, and hope for much in the future from them, when better educated.

After returning from Chekkagoosda, Mr. Churchill made a tour of a week to Mardapilli. There, on the Sabbath, he baptized four converts from heathenism, and others are looking towards Christianity.

We are earnestly praying for spiritual showers to descend on all parts of our field, as well as for the natural showers of rain, both of which are so greatly needed, for without the latter many must starve, and without the former, many many more must perish eternally.

With much love

Yours in the work,

M. F. CHURCHILL.

August 26th, 1901.

LEFT UNDONE.

It isn't the thing you do, dear;
It's the thing you leave undone,
That gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.
The tender word forgotten,
The letter you did not write,
The flower you did not send, dear,
Are your haunting ghosts to-night.

The stone you might have lifted
Out of a brother's way;
The bit of heartsome counsel
You were hurried too much to say;
The loving touch of the hand, dear,
The gentle winning tone,
Which you had no time nor thought for,
With trouble enough of your own.

Those little acts of kindness,
So easily out of mind,
Those chances to be angels
Which we poor mortals find,
They come in night and silence,
Each sad, reproachful wraith,
When hope is faint and flagging,
And a chill has fallen on faith.

For life is all too short, dear,
And sorrow is all too great,
To suffer our slow compassion
That tarries until too late;
And it isn't the thing you do, dear,
It's the thing you leave undone,
Which gives you a bit of heartache
At the setting of the sun.

MARGARET SANGSTER.

LETTER FROM PARLAKIMEDI.

From "Tidings"

Dear Sisters:—Early last Saturday morning having given out the Con's food for the day I was returning from the store-room when whom should I see sitting near the house but the poor people who come every Saturday for their dose of grain. For a minute my heart sank and the question came, what can be done, how can these people be taught to come at eight o'clock and wait near the chapel instead of coming here. I do want to be kind and yet they must not be allowed to come so near the house, and why? Because there is so much danger of contagion from them. Let me tell you about some of them and then you will understand better. Nearest to me stood a tiny girl holding out half a cocoanut shell, but I passed by her and shook my head, for we cannot give to children, if the parents are in need they must come themselves; next to her was a poor old woman bent with years and leaning on a cane, for months she had come every week and needs all the help she has obtained for she is so old and sick. She held out her small dirty basket and motioned me to put the grain in at one side as already some had given her a little rice and she did not want the grains mixed. Yes! and the old lame man was here too for his share, which with many thanks he received, and they prepared to go when I said, now remember next Saturday to stay near the chapel and at eight o'clock I will be sure to come and give to all who are waiting, and as I turned towards the house I sincerely hoped they would remember and thought I would have my breakfast, but no, Amah! Amah (my lady) some one called. Who was it? Oh! it was the leper. Poor man, he appeared worse than the last time he was here. His body looked as though flour had been rubbed over it in patches, all of his toes gone and his hands in a bad condition too. He just managed to hobble along.

Then there was the blind man whom a little boy