

hand-luggage, and so pressing were they in their attentions, that had not older, and consequently braver, missionaries been with us, I don't know whether any of us would have escaped to tell the tale. A great contrast to these half-clad, repulsive coolies were the quiet, gentlemanly Christian natives who had come down to welcome us. What a relief it was to look in their faces and feel that you could trust them. It gave our hearts a great throb of pleasure to grasp these by the hand, thinking meanwhile of how once they were in the darkness, but now are in the light. It was an encouragement to meet these on landing at the shores of this heathen country.

After a few days of shopping our party separated, Dr. and Mrs. Smith, Misses Priest and Murray for Cocanada, Mr. Chute to Palmur, to visit his brother, and myself to Bangalore. On arriving here I found all well—mother just recovering from her attack of fever. For a couple of weeks I did nothing but unpack and get used to my new surroundings, and very pleasant this occupation proved to be.

Bangalore is delightfully cool, and the English part of the city is rather pretty. I did not expect to find it such a pretty, cultured city as it proves to be. There are some very pleasant well-kept parks in the city, one of which compares very favorably with Queen's Park of Toronto.

Since beginning Telugu my days have been full. I have almost two hours a day, conversation with Mrs. Veerasawmy, papa's helper's wife—one hour a day, and I study two hours a day by myself. That makes five hours a day for Telugu. I find that is about enough to devote to one subject. It leaves me two or three hours for taking the air as well as time for my correspondence and other duties. Some of my friends in Canada told me that Telugu would come back to me, because I had spoken it as a child. But I cannot say it. Perhaps I am laboring under a delusion, it may be coming back; if so, my sympathies are with those to whom it is not coming back. It is not extremely difficult, but I find it requires hard work, just like any other subject I ever attempted to master. The time when I shall know it well enough to begin real work sometimes looks unattainably distant, but I remember that only by faithfully learning each day's lesson can I arrive at the long-desired point, when I shall be able to command the language. I want to go to work, and I hope I shall in the Master's good time. I imagine some one asking, "Are you glad you went to India; are you as enthusiastic over it now as you were here in Canada?" To these I would answer "Yes, I am glad I am a missionary. If I wanted to be one at home, I want much more to be one now that I am here; I want to partake in the work." The conference at Samulcoota is just over; we have heard no reports from it yet. You may imagine how I longed to go, but duty seemed to call me to Telugu. The journey would take many days. It would take too much time from my study. But I went with rather to the American Conference at Vinukonda. I wonder if you know what an undertaking it is to travel in India? When I was in school reading "Bellum Britannicum" I used to read how when Caesar and his company marched they always had some men detailed to look after the "impedimenta," which we translated into "baggage." And when we travel in India we do it with considerable "impedimenta" along—cots, bedding, luncheon, water, besides your valise of clothing. Travelling is rather slow. Vinukonda is about 300 miles from here, and it took us thirty-six hours to go. The delay is chiefly at stations. I used to think the guard got out and had a smoke and a nap at each station. But at last we did arrive in the dead of night, and after greeting the resident missionary, and the guests who had already arrived, we put up our cots and snatched a few hours of sleep before morning. There were between fifty and sixty missionaries present, besides a large number of native brethren. The Conference proper lasted from Friday Dec. 29th until Tuesday Jan. 2nd. Every day was full of meetings, which I believe, were enjoyed by all. The questions of fuller organization for conference, and of Telugu examinations were fully discussed. I think

most of those present were in favor of a more fully organized conference and of Telugu examinations. We had one or two very good prayer meetings, when God came very near to us, and gave us the blessing he has promised to his waiting children. Personally I enjoyed the Conference very much. I could not have been made more welcome had I belonged to the Mission, and the intercourse and helpful exchange of ideas regarding the work did me good. I feel that my outlook is broader. I have touched "the Kingdom" at more points than merely those of our own Society. Some of the reports from stations were very encouraging, some not so much so, but each missionary seemed resolved to work harder next year, and thankful for mercies of this year. It is much more inspiring to hear the report and see the giver's face, than to read it printed in a magazine.

But I must bring this long letter to a close. There have been so many things to tell you of, that I am afraid my letter is rather erratic as far as composition is concerned. When I am at real work, I hope to have something more interesting to tell, but suffer this from a raw recruit.

Dear friends, do not forget me when you are speaking to the Father; I need His blessing, and believe me when I say I remember before Him the work at home. I see now, more than ever before, how important the home side of the work is, and I thank God for the faithful workers there. It is "hard times" this year, givers, so we hear. Well, it is hard, hard times in the Lord's Kingdom out in dark India. Souls are starving for the living bread, thirsting for the Water of Life, and you women in Canada are responsible for some of these souls. Are your times harder than theirs?

And now, good-bye. As I write, dear readers, I am thinking of many, whose hands clasped mine, and whose faces looked sympathy into mine, at the various meetings I attended before leaving you. I cannot mention you all by name, but I like to think of you doing God's work at home, and sometimes remembering in prayer one who feels the need of the Divine blessing, and it is to you that I send from over the seas my warmest love and greeting.

KATHIE S. McLAURIN.

Work at Home.

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BOOKS ON INDIA.

Serampore Letters (about Carey), Wm. Carey, Heroines of the Mission Field, Lady Missionaries in Foreign Lands, Everyday Life in India, Hindu Women, From Darkness to Day Light (Hindu tale by Dr. Clough), The Unfulfilled Commission (Hindu tale by Mr. Stillwell), Telugu Scrap Book, Lone Star Mission, India by G. T. Gracey, India—What It Can Teach Us, In Brightest Asia, World Tour of Missions, Our Gold Mine, Woman's Medical Work in Foreign Lands, Decennial Missionary Conference at Calcutta, Prize Essay on Missions, Missionary Sketches, Our Eastern Sisters, The History of The Telugu Mission (Dr. Downie), Four Heroes of India, The Brahmin's Plot (Henry Martyn), One Hundred Years of Baptist Missions (Stillwell), Report of Canadian Telugu Mission, 1893, The Story of Two Hindu Friends, The Miracles of Missions.

CHINA.

The Crisis of Missions, Pagoda Shadows (Chinese tale), Days of Blessing in Inland China, In Brightest Asia, World Tour of Missions, Heroines of The Mission Field, Lady Mission-