

beside dying loved ones, witnessing suffering that they were powerless to relieve, can imagine the anguish that Mrs. Boardman endured in seeing her husband so near his end in that miserable place, destitute of the little comforts so needful in sickness. But with heroic determination she repressed her own sorrow, lest it might incapacitate her for assisting him while rallying his expiring energies for one more effort in his Master's cause. The poor worn body, though, was found unequal to the task assigned it by the zealous spirit, and he was forced to admit that his work was done.

Mrs. Boardman, speaking of their return journey, in which they were accompanied by large numbers of the sorrowing native converts, says: "But at four o'clock in the afternoon, we were overtaken by a violent shower of rain, accompanied by lightning and thunder. There was no house in sight, and we were obliged to remain in the open air, exposed to the merciless storm. We covered him with