

The temperature in our bedroom for the last two or three weeks, has not fallen, night or day, below 85°, writes a missionary.

**A Domestic Squall.** Little things make up life, mission life as well as other. Dr. Percy C. Leslie in a private note says:—"There is nothing especially new in the work here, things move on slowly, but in increasing volume, and it might be added, I believe, if we had the facts, that there are "being added to the Lord daily such as should be saved." At present I am having a little domestic squall with my boy, he suffers from having too little to do and has grown careless, I therefore to-day told him that his services were no longer required. Since which I have had three visits from two "peacemakers" on his behalf. They are giving him my ultimatum and in the meantime to-morrow morning's breakfast trembles in the balance. But now while I write I am interrupted and the two peacemakers enter accompanied by my boy, who makes due apologies, promises to do better, and so the personal life and household affairs of the missionary are reduced to a peaceful calm.

**Courage Needed.** Rev. Norman Russell writes of the work in his field;—"The people all now know about Christianity, thanks to our outstations and continual preaching. Some listen wonderfully well. What is lacking now is the power to come out in the face of opposition. I think many secretly believe, but fear to make it known. At one of our evening meetings in a small village, we had about three hundred present, and they sat quiet for about an hour and a half listening to the story as told by the pictures.

**Touring in India.** Touring is one of the modes of mission work in India. With tent and native helpers the missionary travels from town to town in a circle of fifty miles or more, stopping a day, or days, preaching and teaching, sometimes returning from far to the Central Station for Sabbath and back on Monday to the camp. Of a recent tour Rev. Norman Russell writes:

We left Parlia on Thursday and came on to Durgoon, where we had a beautiful camp beneath a grove of mango trees; but it was too cold for most of the men, and some took bad colds. On Saturday I left at 6 a.m., having breakfast shortly after five, and drove twenty miles over one of the worst roads I ever was on, and the cart had no springs. I drove to Barwai and took train up

home to Mhow, thirty .x miles, for Sunday. Everything goes better when I am in once a week to see and advise about it. We have several backsliders creeping back into integrity, and they need much nursing and care. Next Saturday I hope to go in on my bicycle. It will be fifty miles, or nearly so, and a climb of two thousand feet up the Ghats, but I think I will manage all right. The reduction of our school from high to middle standard, and procuring of new teachers, requires much and close inspection. I did not catch the Monday morning train, so I spent part of the day in the school. I came out again yesterday, having the same rough drive of twenty miles. I rode my bike this morning to Mandlesar. The roads are very bad for it, but I will be able to use it on more of the country roads than I expected. Of course the Government roads are very fine.

Next week several of us expect to go to Allahabad to Mr. Meyers' convention. I am going chiefly to see the model farms, as I am anxious we should have one here in the Mhow district to employ our orphans.

#### LETTER FROM MRS. MACRAE.

Princetown, 1 June, '99.

Dear Mr. Scott:

To go back for a little, let me mention an escape for ourselves and mission premises for which we are very thankful.

One midnight some weeks ago we were aroused by an alarm of fire, and found to our horror that the home of our nearest neighbor was in flames, and the manse, separated from it by a small garden, fifty feet wide, was in very great danger.

The house was the one formerly owned and occupied by the late Mr. Darling, an English gentleman, an Episcopalian, but one of the earliest and best friends of the Mission, whose name was a familiar one to your readers in past years. He not only gave sympathy, but generous help, and when he died a year ago he remembered the Mission with a liberal bequest.

The mission premises were mercifully preserved from even the slightest damage, except the trees and shrubbery about the manse, which were ruined. Had the manse caught fire, the church, school, and all, must have been swept away.

Our work is advancing encouragingly. The second Trinidad Christian Endeavor Convention was held in our church some weeks ago. There was an afternoon session with earnest and stirring addresses from several Christian workers.