

Our holiday was a very pleasant one on the whole until near the end, when little May Smith was seized with a severe attack of dysentery, and for over a week we all watched and waited by her, hoping and praying that the disease might be stayed and her little life spared. Oh, what anxious days those were, and how our hearts ached for the parents, who had already passed through such heavy trials, as we saw them again called upon to suffer, and this time the chastening hand was laid upon them even more heavily than before, for the true parent heart will gladly endure any degree of pain rather than see one of the dear little children suffer. But the loving Father gave them grace and strength for this and it was touching to see how submissive they were in His hands. Day after day we hung over our darling little girl, administering remedies and giving what human aid we could, but in spite of it all she gradually sank, and there came a time when we could only stand tearfully by and watch for the end which we knew must soon come. We were glad that Doctor and Mrs. Malcolm, Miss McIntosh and myself could all be there to see the last of the sweet child who had been such a sunbeam to us for she was of such a gentle loving nature that she twined herself around the hearts of all, and many have called her an angel though not thinking that she would in reality be one so soon.

On Thursday afternoon of August 23rd she left us, and that evening there was a memorial service in Arima Church; then next day we went to Kobe and saw her lowered into her last resting place. Now, a little grave in Kobe and another in Pang Chuang are silent witnesses of what the parents have had to part with in the interests of the work here.

It was with much sorrow that we said farewell to Dr. and Mrs. Smith, and prepared to return to China without them, and the dear little May who had so often spent hours at a time with Miss