

rajah's women next door. With the latter we talked through a hole in the palm leaf fence they have erected since the Christians came here. The presence of the Christians is very objectionable to the rajah's people; but we believe their prejudice will disappear in time. I was glad to find the women on such friendly terms with those of this particular family. This is a beginning.

At seven I had my dinner of rice and curry, and while eating the preachers returned. They told me that in the village to which they went there was a Kapu man who, many years ago, joined the London Mission, but because of persecution went back into caste. He claims that he is still a Christian, and that he tells the villagers of Christ. The preachers say that his people there listened attentively, and they thought his teaching might have been the reason for it. They hope that God may intend that they shall have the joy of helping this man to renounce all for Christ. Pray for him, sisters!

I had a lovely long evening all to myself on my return to the bungalow, and thoroughly enjoyed it, for I've not had much leisure for some time. I got through with some of the many little things that have been postponed until May. Any of you who knew me at home would have been surprised could you have come here last night, for you would have found me peacefully sleeping with every window in the house wide open. The windows being simply solid wooden doors, one must either have them wide open or have no air, and I preferred the former. The fact is, even the main doors cannot be fastened on the inside. I wanted them closed lest dogs might enter, and in order to get them to remain shut, I put a bench against them. The old man who has charge of the bungalow sleeps on the verandah, and the servant who came with me slept there also. But when I first came to this land even this would not have made sleep possible under such circumstances. The Psalmist says, "I will both lay me down in peace and sleep; for Thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety." And I know more than I used to of that trust in God which makes such a state possible.

I have given you just a mere glimpse into some of our village work; but, oh, sisters! the villages are so numerous, the people so many, and the workers so few! How anxiously we wait for the news of new workers to come to us in the autumn! The need for them is so great. Are we to be disappointed? The opportunities

are very great for work here, and our responsibility correspondingly great. Are there not some young women who are listening to this letter who are pondering the question of how to make the most of their lives? Will you not consider the claims of this work? You can make very much of your lives here. The Master hath need of you.

Just here I turned from my writing to read an article from the pen of Robert E. Speer, entitled "Our Missionary Responsibility." Let me quote the closing sentences. "If we had half-a-dozen lives we might be content to spend one in an inferior way; but, having only one, let us spend that little one in the way that will do the most good, and be most pleasing to the heart of God. Dear friends, are you spending your one little life in some inferior way? Were you to devote yourself to this great work of winning souls from heathen darkness for Christ, I am sure you would say, 'Oh, that I had a dozen lives to spend where there is such great need!'"

And just here suffer one word regarding my own changed plans. I have been touched by the kind and sympathetic letters I have received from friends, because while I purposed returning to the homeland this present year, God disposed otherwise and I am not with you as I anticipated. I have appreciated all the letters very much, but have felt the dear friends in the homeland have magnified the sacrifice involved in remaining. That there was no sacrifice I will not say. It did cost something to give up the joy of being in my own home again. God's blessings have their prices, you know. It was hard, very hard to write the dear parents that they must forego the pleasure they were looking forward to, and for them I am sure the sacrifice was great. The way in which they have accepted this as the Father's good purpose and submitted to the disappointment, has been a great joy, and has taught me a grand lesson. But as for me, you see there are ties here that it would be difficult to sever. This work with all its trials and discouragements becomes very dear to us, so that it is far harder to lay it down than to take it up in the first place. If nothing else would make us long to stay, there is the great need for workers as we look at it, not one can be spared from the harvest field.

No, dear friends, were it not for the keen disappointment my remaining here would cause the dear ones in the Home, I would say, with all sincerity, that Mr. and Mrs. Gullison require more sympathy because of being compelled to leave the work than I do because it seemed to be best for me to postpone indefinitely the purposed furlough.

"Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the Harvest that He send forth laborers into His harvest."

Yours in Christ,

IDA M. NEWCOMBE.