

But it is getting chilly. There is a clammy mist rising up from the stream, a cloud has passed over the moon, and a mosquito has taken advantage of my gentle mood and, with a start which is not gentle. I am brought down to sordid earth again.

Captain M. came up to examine the work the other day. He is a very pleasant sort. When patrolling round a creeper caught him about the ankles and brought him on his nose; as he was rising the branch of a tree hit him over the head and floored him again. He picked himself up, put on his hat, adjusted his goggles, and just said "A———h!"

I was very glad to see M. because he owns a very good cook, and I had been going in for "plain living and high thinking" quite long enough. I ran out of stores somehow, everything and altogether; and rice and treacle for chota hazri, rice and curry for breakfast, rice and treacle for tea, and curry and rice for dinner is by no means sumptuous fare. My "boy" has improved in his cooking, but he is not a first-class chef as yet. He is a great experimentalist and I never discourage his culinary efforts on principle. He made me what he called a plum-cake the other day. There were no plums in it, but that was a matter of detail. I picked out a fly, an ant and a couple of pebbles though. I am thinking of buying him an illustrated cook-book and telling him to go ahead. He can't read but the pictures may suggest things and I am sure to have variety.

In less than a month from now we will have left this land of bosky dells and evil smells far astern; will have heard the shout of "land ahead," spied harbor lights and set foot once more on India's coral strand. Till then, au revoir. Yours, etc.,

S. F.

Chapel Building Fund Account.

Ascensiontide, 1903, total in hand.. . . .	\$1,180 87
May—Anonymous.. . . .	4 85
" Moksahm.....	50
" Miss R. Moody	2 00
September—J. D. Warren, Esq.. . . .	14 50
" " Colonel Gordon Young	4 55
" " Anonymous	7 50
Total.. . . .	\$1,215 97

All Hallows' Indian School.

We begin with Ascensiontide music ringing in our ears, with flowers and gladness of growth and sunshine all round us, growth spiritual as well as material, for Ascension hymns and carols were still echoing through the chapel when other strains mingled with them. Earnest hearts and voices were raising again that ancient prayer to the Holy Spirit, "Veni Creator Spiritus," to ask His special