

later. Would we have success this year! There let no one think of difficulties or discouragements, or of laying off the armor for the winter. Our great Leader would have each earnest and faithful through all the months of the year.

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### A TIME OF TRIAL.

*My Dear Sisters:*

Away from the Plains and the heat, away to the cool Hills for strength and vigor for Christian fellowship and spiritual help. Such is the thought of your missionaries, when they go away in April or May for two or three months, now and then, for the hottest weather. Some have had strength to stay on year after year and have laboured through all the heat with earnestness and zeal, often with great weariness. Octacamund, the highest hill station in South India is one of the most beautiful spots it has been my privilege to see. It is situated in the crater of a long extinct volcano. In the lowest dip of the hollow, lies a picturesque little lake, from which the hills rise on every side; to the West and South beautiful Downs; to the North and East rough rugged mountains, often cloud capped and mist crowned. The flowers over the hills and valleys at certain seasons are a delight, especially the orchids and arum (calla) lillies. For six months of the year Octacamund is the seat of Government for the Madras Presidency. Beautiful gardens have been laid out in which flowers of every clime grow side by side, trees from Australia near Norway Pines, Cedars from North America beside the tree fern of India.

When I went there last April my heart was full of hope for renewed strength, for the work so abundant in Vizianagram. God had different plans for me. He leads us in strange ways sometimes, ways we cannot understand. Well for us then if we can feel His hand tightly grasping ours in the darkness and know His will is best!

One day after I had been ill about two weeks and I was beginning to think it was very long then, little dreaming of the days that were ahead, the doctor came in and being dissatisfied with my progress, said I must go to the hospital, what troublesome words they were to me.

There is always something to make the darkest

time light; this time my sunshine came in the person of Miss Churchill who happened (?) along just in time to help me off in the ambulance. Other friends came and stayed until the strangeness of the new surroundings and new faces wore off, as much as it could wear off in a lonely hospital in a far country. Next night an ayah had been installed as caretaker. As she went about the room I began to talk to her, asking her if she was used to hospital work. "Oh, yes, missie," was the reply, "I have been here many times. The last time I was in this room with my dear Mrs X. who died on *that very bed*, missie. And oh, how pretty she looked with the flowers all about her!"

But poor Ayah was not always such a Job's Comforter. One day a visitor came to see the patient in the next ward. "As she went away—I heard him say "Goodby, mother, come again." How it brought to my mind the thought, never far away, of the home so far across the seas. The dear name and the thought of my own mother who could not come to me, were too much. I turned my face to the wall—oh mother, mother! Ayah heard the cry and she said, "Don't grieve, missie, God you (r) mother. God you father, God you all."

And God was my all in those days. Week after week, month after month, of pain, weakness and waiting.

"I cannot say  
Beneath the pressure of life's cares to-day  
I joy in these:  
But I can say  
That I would rather walk this rugged way,  
If *Him* it please.

I do not see  
Why God should e'en permit some things to be  
When He is love:  
But then I know  
God lives and loves. Can say since it is so  
Thy will be done."

One day, one of the darkest I have known, the doctor said, "You don't seem to be improving at all. If this *continues* we must think of sending you to Canada!" Leave this land and the work which I came to do, all undone? How can it be right! was my heart's cry. That week I had been reading a missionary biography. During the day I picked it up and continued reading from the place I had marked. In a little while I came upon this sentence "missionary work should be life work. If God calls us to it we should wait till He calls us from it before giving it up." Somehow after read-