

She must be quite a help to the students, for she is quick to detect anything in their manners, conversation, etc., that needs correcting, and she criticises them in such a way that they do not take offence. I suppose they never think of such a thing, they seem to regard her as one of themselves. Seeing what I have of their student life, I conclude that not only Dr. Mackay's thorough drilling and making them criticise each other, but Mrs. Mackay's tact, her quick wit and lively disposition, and her constantly being among them, has something to do with making them the wide-awake, attractive-looking young men they become after a few years' training.

After the students were dispersed and the girls sent safely home, came the French trouble. During the bombardment, Mrs. Mackay stayed beside the Doctor, as she had often done before in time of danger. Then a severe attack of fever nearly ended the Doctor's life. Many such anxious hours Mrs. Mackay must have had. While the French were still here, and Dr. Mackay yet very weak, Mrs. Mackay, at twenty-four hours' notice, had to pack up and start with the children to Hong-Kong. After months there, in which she had not good health, we all returned. For her there was no rest; as soon as people found out she had come, they crowded in, ladies, ladies every day, and converts from the stations.

For many months past Dr. Mackay has been most of the time in the country; Mrs. Mackay cannot stay long with him without taking the children; they often have fever. When here she is constantly receiving visitors, or messengers from mission stations. They come to see the Doctor about all sorts of things, persecutions, marriages, sickness, many things I know nothing about, but I see them coming. Walking on the veranda I have seen three or four go along the path to the back gate, a few minutes later the front gate clicks, and there are two or three more. Have they letters, or is it medicine they want? I don't know. I only know Mrs. Mackay receives them, hears their stories, and if she can, attends to their wants till they can see the Doctor. Sometimes I have gone over and found her looking pale and thinner than usual. "Are you quite well, Mrs. Mackay?" "Oh yes," she will say, in her usual cheerful way, "I'm so tired. every day so many people come." Little wonder she is "tired!" But "*so many people*"—converts too! Is not that something to be thankful for? "*So MANY.*" Is it not a trial to numbers of missionaries that there are so *FEW*?

With the prosperity of the mission the burden increases, and though it falls (one might say entirely), on Dr. Mackay, Mrs.