

yet still doing what she could in gentle, holy ministry. One of the most interesting and beautiful sights that greeted me was the Children's Mission Band, assembled under her presidency in the church parlor one afternoon. There I saw some thirty-five little boys and girls all deeply interested and kept in perfect order by her; although she then could barely speak above a whisper. Soon after this, so fast her health failed, this Band had to meet in her home; and a few months later it had to get another president. But although silenced in voice and unable to get out, she still clung to her sacred work; she died Secretary of the Mission Bands of Ontario. Indeed, the day before that on which she died she commenced a letter to Miss Hatch in India, a letter that lay unfinished when her body was carried to the grave. Her mother tells me, "it was always her habit to speak to those in her company for a time about their eternal interests. She considered such opportunities, as given her by God." I have been also informed that, when her strength had so failed that she was confined to her home, she got the names of individuals for whose conversion she offered special, specific prayer. One verse she dwelt much upon was Rev. vii: 15, particularly the clause, "they serve Him day and night in His temple." On Wednesday, her last day on earth, she sat at the piano and played, "Onward Christian Soldiers," the last tune of her own brave march over the field of battle to that "rest which remains for the people of God." When twelve years of age Miss West trusted in Christ and was baptised. On the last day of the year her body was laid in the Necropolis, while many stood sorrowing by.

"One by one love's links are broken,
One by one our friends depart."

"Depart where?" "To be with Christ, which is far better." But we shall see her again, for as "Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus shall God bring with Him."

J. DENOVAN.

Work Abroad.

KANIGIRI, Nellore Dist. India, Dec. 8th, 1892.

My Dear Mrs. Newman:—I feel that a few lines to my work may be acceptable; the rain having passed early I returned here a few weeks ago and broke ground for my bungalow. I have completed the excavations; put in the concrete and have most of the foundation work done. This is a most trying work especially to a new arrival. What times I have with the contractors, and with the coolies, whose ways are so entirely different to those of our people at home. I hope to begin building early in January and work as long as the heat will permit. As my station is inland it is hard to get many things. I am living in my store house which I built in October last and although the floor is mud and the wall only half-plastered I cannot say that I suffer any. My food must all be brought to this place. Bread comes once a week, carried on a man's head. By the time a fresh lot comes what is left of the old is hard or mouldy. I have been grateful for a few potatoes. A man was glad to let me have his cow and milk for feeding her, from this I get some cream. Altogether there is not a small chance to tell a tale of privation.

On Sundays I go out to the villages in an ox-cart. I must say that I have a poor opinion of this mode of conveyance and chiefly because it is so slow. The people have not yet recovered from the effects of the

famine, and cholera. Great poverty abounds. To me the people appear utterly wretched. Their ignorance is saddening. Spiritually their condition is pitiable. Many people at home think that the missionaries might almost leave here and turn their attention to unbroken ground. As I see it the work is scarcely begun yet. How I long to be free to talk to the people. As yet I am able to speak some short sentences only, but even for this I am grateful. The people seem pleased to have us try to talk. Oh what need. Don't think that you have given in vain, but give of your time, your prayers, and your money more than ever to help the fallen rise.

Later, Ramapatam, Dec. 21st, 1892.

We have just had our Conference. Our hearts were full and all were blessed.

COMING TO THE CONFERENCE.

And that is not a small job, on rude canal boats pulled by men, on ox-carts, some on carts pulled by men, one Pullman. If you saw what a pile of stuff each one brings you would conclude that they were going around the world. Bedding, tables, chairs, dishes, cutlery, tents, servants, etc., several people brought their own cows and cow-men.

AT THE CONFERENCE.

Forty-four missionaries including Mrs. Gates visiting from Boston. All were hungry for a blessing and I were not disappointed. As this is the time for commencement in the Seminary it was arranged to have the exercises during the time all were here. Eleven men and six women were graduated. Each man delivered an address in Telugu. I will only give the titles of two, "Importance of Resurrection of Christ," "Mr. Spurgeon." Every day had its time of calling upon God. The cry was for the Holy Spirit. Sixteen new missionaries were welcomed. The reports show a willingness on the part of the Sudras to listen on almost all fields.

The sermon by Dr. McLaurin from Acts, i: viii: "But ye shall receive power, when the Holy Ghost is come upon you," was an inspiration. How real it seems here. One important question discussed was, "Is it right to accept Government money for help in our school work. The education question was discussed also. The majority believe that at present there is no need of a college for our Christians, in Ongool. Eight Canadians were present. To feed the company was no light task. Five sheep were killed per day, and I don't know how many hens. Mrs. McLaurin kindly took charge of my house as I am a lonely bachelor. It was a treat to have Dr. and Mrs. McLaurin's presence. The native brethren were here in large numbers from all parts of the field. But it comes to an end, and then there was the

GOING AWAY FROM THE CONFERENCE.

It reminded me of a circus, everybody struck tent and and in a couple of hours were gone. On carts piled up with all sorts of traps, on the canal boats and in fact in the best way possible, and all was quiet again at Ramapatam. I am well and prefer this country to any other under the sun.

GEO. H. BROCK.

THREE WIDOWS—MARY MARTHA AND RUTH.

Boat "T. S. Shenston" INDIA, Dec. 6th, 1892.

Mary and Martha are sisters, the latter bowed with the weight and toil of many years. Her grand-daughter Ruth's husband died some four years ago, leaving a two year old baby boy.