

said in her letter, "How I thank my Heavenly Father for this work so easy to the body, so satisfying to the soul." And that was the work for which she was so well fitted to which she returned.

Then we think of her at the last Board Meeting before she sailed. Finances were being discussed. Quickly she rose, saying if there was not sufficient money in our treasury, she had saved enough to pay her own passage, and she would gladly do so in order that we might send someone else. She was more than willing to give not only her self, but all her savings. It was not necessary to accept her willing offer, but it showed her eager, self-sacrificing spirit.

What we remember, and what impressed us most, perhaps, (those of us who saw her during the last weeks of her furlough and at the farewell meeting), was her radiant and triumphant face. The joy of the Lord was in her soul. Her step was elastic. She was buoyant. She seemed fairly walking on air, to think she was again to return to her beloved work at the Pithapuram Hospital.

We cannot tell why she was so soon called from her task, but we know she must have gone home with the same shining face and triumphant spirit that she carried to her appointed work. The thin veil has been drawn aside, and she is with Him, who has ever been her guide. Though we feel her loss, we think of her as one who in this world took the light of truth and love to many a dark heart, one who turned many to righteousness. And ever more and more we think of her as a radiant and happy soul.

His Way

He writes in characters too grand
For our short sight to understand;
We catch but broken strokes, and try
To fathom all the mystery
Of withered hopes, of death, of life,
The endless wear, the useless strife;
But there, with larger, clearer sight,
We shall see this—

His way was right.

—John Oxenham.

From a Private Letter Written by Dr. Jessie Allyn

Pithapuram, April 4th, 1923.

You would all be shocked at the sudden passing away of Miss McLeod, but scarcely more than those of us who were nearest by. Miss McLeod had been sick for over two weeks when I returned from Vellore. Nothing special, except a flatulent indigestion, intestinal, seemed to be the matter, but she had lost flesh greatly. She looked very weak to me, but was up and around and coming to meals. She began to gain again, and made her Hill arrangements, and was beginning to be quite jovial at times. When first I saw her, on the 21st, when Dr. Findlay left, before the pain came on, I suggested that I should have Dr. Smith come over and see her. She said, "Why, I am getting better every day. Just wait." Why call Dr. Smith now! Suddenly the morning of March 27th, she was taken with another attack of abdominal pain but worse than anything she had had before. However, she conducted servants' prayers on the 28th. Still I was worried and I went over that day for Dr. Smith, but he was in Cocanada. The attack seemed only like others but she looked so badly. It so worried me that after I went to bed on the 29th, I got up at 11 p.m. and went over to tell Dr. Smith who had returned from Cocanada. Before dawn the next morning, Miss McLeod awakened in great pain and I knew the end was near. I seemed to grasp nothing else but the urgency of finding out what she wanted done, and this she was able to tell me. She talked sanely till within five minutes of her death, but she had no more than finished her directions when she passed out,—seemingly all too soon, and as if her prayer for quick relief had been specially granted. Dr. Smith arrived just before she breathed her last. Her prayer was to be taken quickly if she was not to be allowed to work. I am sure that she could not have chosen a more suitable death,—it was what she most wanted. We all felt that she worked far beyond her powers since coming back, but she