

bone, though we had added wrap to wrap, and a hot water heater was placed at our feet. Arrangements were made by the "boy" of the Lutheran Mission, where we stayed, for ponies for the next morning, and by 7.30, despite the chilly frost and mist, we started for our descent of 7,000 feet, the other side of the mountain. We passed five tea plantations along roads shaded by magnificent trees, and in the distance, at times, could see the snow-clad ranges; through some strange-looking villages where the natives, so different from our Telugus, stood to gaze. The atmosphere grew warmer as we descended, and one by one our wraps were shed, until we were in our muslin blouses and very warm when we reached the valley, where we crossed a turbulent river, and after a mile on the level, we began our ascent of 4,000 feet on the other mountain. We ate our lunch at a dak-ungalow about noon, and at 5.15, when we reached Dr. Graham's hospital home, we were chilled, cramped and nearly starved, and tumbled from our ponies in no graceful fashion. But the pleasant evening in that Scotch home made up for the cold and weary journey. Next day we saw the native girls' industrial work—crochet, embroidering and exquisite lace—and the school; and the boys carpentry and wood-carving shops. Also we rode higher up and saw several of the cottages, where the Eurasian boys and girls live under the charge of a house-mother and a house-auntie, who care for their moral and spiritual welfare, and train them in house work. There is a well-equipped school for them and a hospital also. Dr. Graham has oversight of all this work, besides native mission work. Miss Corning had sent a boy up to this school from the Timpany School, while she was teaching there, hence our trip to see school and him.

Before 7 o'clock next morning we were saying good-bye to kind host and hostess, and starting on return journey. Although we had some unpleasant experiences, we reached Ghoom again safely about 5 p.m., cold, cramped and cross (because of our syces' behaviour.) The man wished to greatly overcharge us for the ponies, but Miss Corning, business manager, got us off with an extra rupee each, and we boarded our train for Dargeeling, arriving about 6.30.

THE MISSIONARY'S POINT OF VIEW.

A Field Picture of the Real Meaning of Retrenchment.

The missionary sat in deep thought. The look on his face was sad beyond expression. In his hand he held a letter which he had just been reading. Evidently it had brought him disquieting news. Many minutes he sat motionless. Suddenly he fell upon his knees and began to pray:

"O God, Merciful Father in Heaven, have pity upon my poor people! Help me for their sakes to bear this stroke. Teach me what to say to them. O God, spare them this trouble. Open the way. Send Thy Spirit upon the homeland, that this great sorrow may not engulf us. How long, O Lord, how long!"

When he rose, the lines of care were deepened, and the buoyancy of his manner gone. He acted like an old man, stricken with palsy, yet he was in middle age and fulness of his powers. He had come to the crisis in his faith.

Yes, after all these years of Christian belief and life and service in the mission field, he was now meeting his hardest spiritual test. The confidence he had reposed in the church seemed slipping from beneath his feet. More than