

as He led the apostles and directed them where to preach and with whom to speak.

When we are in trouble or distress and find ourselves helped and comforted by some unseen One, we at once think of Jesus as being the source and the comforter, and so He is, directly or indirectly, but has the Comforter no part in this blessed work? If not, then He has failed to fulfill a part of His work in the world, which would be impossible. He has and is accomplishing the work the Father gave Him to do.

And now, may the God of hope fill our hearts with joy and peace in believing, that we may abound in hope through the power of the Holy Ghost.

## OUR INDIAN STATIONS.

### Cocanada.

#### LAST WORDS.

There is always a sacredness attaching to the last words of departed friends, but read in the "light of after days" the following letters, brought to us by the mail nearly four weeks after the electric flash had told of the writer's death, are peculiarly touching and doubly sacred.

MY DEAR MRS. FREELAND.—Here is a little letter for the LINK. Brother McLaurin is here. He is not well, sick with fever and planning to go away for a sea voyage. It makes me feel lonesome. I do hope that Mr. Craig may be back by the 1st October, and that a new missionary may come. Pray God to put it into the heart of a good man to come to this work. There is a great deal of interest in all parts of our Mission Field. I verily believe a thousand would be baptised this year could we do the work. Oh it is glorious, but where are the reapers? The girls are doing nicely. I am trying to get a suitable matron. There are 49 girls in the boarding school. Mrs. Timpany has not been well, but is better now. Mary is well. I am well, save when I overwork and give the slumbering fever a chance. Our English School is doing well, very well indeed. With much Christian love to you all.

Yours truly, A. V. TIMPANY.

#### FOR THE LINK.

When I went to Akidu for the December Quarterly Meeting, there went with us on the boat one of the nicest of the Akidu girls to be married. She was married on Christmas day, and before we left Akidu went to her home in Lingampad. We came back to Cocanada, had our "Week of prayer" and made ready for going to our annual conference at Bimlipatam. We missed the steamer we expected to go on, and had to wait a week for another. During the time one day Mr. McLaurin came into my room and told me that Nellie had fallen into the well at Samulcotta and been drowned.

This Nellie was one of the nicest of Mrs. Archibald's girls, and had been married only a few months before to Subaraidu a senior student in the seminary. We all felt her loss keenly. As Mr. McLaurin was not well I buried Nellie the next morning in Cocanada. A little after I came home, the mail came in bringing a letter which told me that Susanna was dead and buried. She had died in Lingampad fifteen days after her marriage, of fever,—the Colair fever, the same which carried off Thomas Gabriel, and which I have had more or less for the past five years.

It would seem as if the girl had had a warning of what was coming. She would not come from the girl's quarters till our daughter Mary went and brought her away. She was a nice bright young woman, and would have been a blessing had she lived. She was the pick of the Akidu girls in our school. You can hardly realize the loss it is to us here to give up women like Nellie and Susanna. The first especially was well cultured and promised to be a power for good. God knows what is best. His will be done.

A. V. TIMPANY.

Cocanada, Feb. 6th 1885.

### Chicacote.

#### LUTCHEE'S NOSE-JEWEL.

All Hindu women wear nose-jewels. Among their many ornaments these are the nearest and dearest.

Three are usually worn—one on the outer edge of each nostril, and one, the largest, handsomest, and most valuable, on the central ridge. This is sometimes a pear-shaped pendant reaching to the edge of the upper lip; sometimes a gold ring of such size that it must be removed when eating.

If these jewels be laid aside for a time, the holes are kept distended with bits of straw. These stubby noses have a very funny appearance.

Nose-jewels occasionally add to a Hindu woman's beauty. They never fail to add to her vanity. To people born and bred in western lands the practice has a swinish look. We ring swine, however, not to indulge them in selfishness but to cure them of it.

On first coming to India I waged righteous war against nose-rings. There was one woman, however, who would not for love or money remove the obnoxious bit of gold. If she laid it away some one would steal it, she said. As it was, it was always under her eye—and, she might have added, under her nose, where she specially desired it to be.

But winged fortune flew my way one day, and the ring disappeared. How, I will tell you; where, I don't know any more than you do.

The woman who refused to remove her nose-jewel was not a rich woman. She was very poor; and this, perhaps, accounts for her love of a gold-tipped nose. She was one of those low-caste women who are known as *lutchees*, i. e., sweepers. Her occupation was sweeping and dusting the floors, furniture, &c., of the Mission House.

Though poor, Lutchee was very polite. She never forgot her manners. Her salutation of "Salaam, Babu" was almost the first sound that fell upon my ears on rising in the morning. She made her salaam in a queer, half-frightened way, and invariably finished up by bringing her hand down from the forehead to the right eye, rubbing it with the ball of her thumb with a half-circular movement that was very ludicrous.

Lutchee's pay was small, and she had to be exceedingly frugal in her diet. She used to cook and eat her mid-day meal in a conveniently screened corner of the back veranda. In passing I surprised her there many times, and so came to know pretty well how she fared. Her usual dish was a small pot of rice and the water in which it had been boiled, eaten with a few green chillies or onions for relish. Sometimes she would indulge in a bit of fish or vegetable.

But Lutchee did not live by such food alone. The largest, if not the most delicate portion of the table scraps, gravitated naturally to her through the medium of the