

exposed to the eyes of the Customs officer. He seeing only two timid women, made a kindly search through one trunk, the most harmless of the lot, and we started for the hotel. Some of our young Indian friends had in the meantime gone out to the *Bermuda* to meet us, but found we had already landed. Soon after breakfast Mr. H. Morton and his brother called, then Mr. Macrae came in and we did not feel quite so desolate as at first, but there is no place like home, no faces so dear as our own friends. We came to Tunapuna, found a kindly welcome from Mr. and Mrs. Sudeen, spent Sunday with them and on Monday came to Tacarigua. We found our house nicely painted, so we only had to have the place washed and the grounds put in order. Then we got some new articles of furniture, and Sungree and I are as comfortably settled as possible. All the other orphans are grown up men and women now, so I do not feel like undertaking the charge of any more orphans. Our churches and schools are well attended considering the fact that the Mortons are away. There have been some baptisms in Tunapuna and Arouca. We have none here as yet. There is a good deal of sickness in the Island, and there have been several fatal cases of dysentery. I had a short visit to San Fernando, found the Grants and Miss Copeland hard at work as usual. Success all along the line. Miss Copeland has had great success in her work. I went to Princetown, found many changes there, so many faces gone. I attended a prayer meeting in the Indian church, found those I had known years ago, small children, now young men and women. Three of the young men made touching and beautiful prayers. Our church has been fortunate in obtaining such workers as the Macraes and Miss Fernie. The school was closed, so I did not see that, but the average last year was larger than that of any previous one. We expect a visit from Mr. Fraser next week. We have had many to see us. Our old pupils, and those who used to be with us in the home, have all called to pay us their respects. Some of them bringing dear little children with them to show us. I have sent clothes to Couva, also to Mr. Sudeen, sent garments to Red Hill, Orange Grove, Arouca and Tacarigua. Will you still remember us in prayer, we need it so much.

CHINA.

REV. D. MACGILLIVRAY writes to Dr. Ward-rop from Lin-Ching, on July 30th, as follows:—Some time ago I sent you some sketch of my old teacher. About four weeks ago he was taken ill with dysentery, and, at his great age (67), he soon declined. A few evenings before his death, he expressed a strong wish to be sent home. To die at home is the dearest wish of a Chinaman's heart. So we got a cart and sent him off, under the care of his nephew,

who is one of Mr. Perkin's medical students here. As I followed his cart up the street in the gathering gloom, I felt I was following him to the grave. He, the hero of nineteen academic contests, whose subjects, the classics of China, confess their ignorance as to a future world, is now going away into the darkness. I retired within the compound with a heavy heart. But another grief soon was to overtake us in the lamented death of little Gertrude Goforth. Little "Honan" we used to call her, in anticipation of the time when we should be settled in Honan. She had just begun to lip Papa and Mamma when the little blossom was plucked away. What a contrast between her death and our old teacher's. Her's, all radiant to us with hope. The word most frequently used to say, "Take up the baby," signifies, "Hold her in your bosom." So Jesus now clasps her to His bosom, and her sorrowing parents are comforted. From the first the Lord has fulfilled His promise. "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." Mr. Goforth and I made a night journey, and reached Pang Chuang by 6 p.m. next day. We laid the little boy away beside another little grave just outside the wall. Chinese and English services were held. A large body of Chinese heathen crowded round to witness the, to them, strange care bestowed upon an eleven-month-old child. Their horrid practice, I am told, is to crush the little head with a large stone, from dread that otherwise the little spirit will live to trouble the craven living. Ah! thrice happy mothers, of favoured Canada. This is what makes our hearts bleed. The tears for our own are quickly dried by God's own hand, but the tears for those that are without now, and will be without in that day, will never cease to flow. How slow our tongues are to tell out the story. We are supplied with a fair vocabulary, but it does not come to us in the right order, and so we stumble dreadfully. Perhaps there is one thing that will some day cause the strings of our tongues to be unloosed, and that is love for dying souls. Herodotus tells a story of how once King Croesus (I think it was) was besieged. Soon the enemy found entrance to the city. Some penetrated to the palace. One soldier, not recognizing him to be the King, was about to slay him; but his son, till then dumb, struck with such yearning for his father's life, with one mighty effort burst his silence, and saved his father. I would that all of us in the Canadian Band might be similarly affected in regard to the dying heathen. Much discussion is now rife regarding the progress of missions, and it is sadly true that in some places it is slow work. What is the great solution? Some say: A different mode of living or dress. This is external. What strikes a new corner as China's greatest need to-day is not a different mode of living, but an outpouring of the Spirit to convince China of SIN, of RIGHTEOUSNESS, and of JUDGMENT to come.