

then upon his return boil it before using.

The packing done, the bandies sent on, the last things attended to, we at last are ready to start. It is fast growing dark when we reach the bungalow which for convenience and situation is one of the best of its kind, I believe. It consists of one good sized room surrounded by a wide verandah. One end of the verandah is enclosed forming a small but cosy sleeping room and bath room which I occupy. The opposite end is also enclosed for a bath-room for the main room. A most uninviting bed, with decidedly ragged and filthy pillows and mattresses stuffed with cocconut husk fibres, occupy much space in either room, but soon give place to our neater and cleaner cots. In addition to these in each room are a few chairs and a roughly made table. It is well the tables are here for as we sit upon the verandah waiting for the bandies to be unloaded and dinner cooked, Mr. Morse informs us that the dining tables have been left home. So the smaller of the bungalow tables is brought out on the verandah, washed and made to do duty for a dining table, while the other placed on the end verandah makes a good kitchen table.

The bungalow is too dirty, the hour too late, and we too tired to attempt to arrange our furniture this evening. Earlier over, the cots are made ready and tired nature soon finds rest in sleep which even the rats, that seem unaware that their habitation has been molested, fail to seriously disturb.

The situation is most charming, but best of all Mr Morse says there are fifteen villages that can be reached from this centre—all within walking distance. I have not visited any as yet. We arrived here Friday evening. Saturday morning was spent in packing house, that afternoon I went into Polepilly, and Sunday morning the boat of rats upon the tides taken to me. At once came a thankful feeling that we were not in tent. The village work quite many whom curiosity has drawn to the bungalow have heard the gospel. Though we cannot understand all of God's plan in, as we believe, leading us here at this time, we know He has not brought us out for naught and trust His purpose may be fulfilled.

On Monday morning, the only christian woman we have in any of

these villages came to see me. She is one for whom Miss Gray toiled, prayed and suffered in this land—one of the girls in her school. Not long ago, she married a christian working in the factory in Chittivaleah. Since then I have seen her a few times but not to become really acquainted with her. She appeared so subject to those around her, almost afraid to say anything of herself; but Monday morning when I sent a message asking her to come to see me, she came alone. Such a good time as we had! I am certain the Father met with us and blessed us. I asked if she would not like to accompany me into the villages and help tell to others how great things Jesus has done for us and is ready to do for them. Her face brightened as she replied, "Yes, and I want to study the Bible with you also." So we talked and made plans for spending an hour each morning in prayer and Bible study, every other afternoon to be devoted to visiting the surrounding village, while the alternate afternoon I would spend in Polepilly. We prayed together asking God to bless us and make us a blessing to these people. Then her face clouded a little as she said, "You know this is new work to me and I am afraid." The Spirit was willing, but Satan knew the flesh was weak and immediately began the temptations. I could indeed sympathize with her in her weakness and together we went to the Word for strength. The breakfast bell all too soon interrupted our season together.

The rain has prevented our plan being carried out, but I have most pleasant and hopeful anticipations of her future helpfulness on this field. I think you may hear more of this girl (for although married she is a mere girl yet) for at present the way seems to be opening for her to come to Bimli and be with me in the work there.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days" was the passage Miss Gray quoted in her last letter to me, in speaking of her school-girls. "He is faithful that promised."

Yours in the work
Ida M. Newcombe.

24th,
29th 1898.

Notes From N. B.

65th BANDS ORGAN

In 1897 a band was organized at