

Jerusalem. "They were in the way going up." There is comfort for us here. We too, are "in the way going up," with this difference: He was going to a cross, we to a crown. But as we journey upward, I do not think He goes so much "before," as at our side. He tells us of His love for us—His suffering and death on our behalf. Have we not sometimes felt, "Well, if others have borne, we can bear?" With *Him* we can. He holds us by the hand; and seems only to look sad when we relax our hold. We are often amazed; but it is at the love and tender patience seen in every line of His face. He often says no word. But do we need it?

Have we not sometimes held the hand of an earthly friend, whom we loved very much, and in whom we placed the fullest confidence, and felt that the silence between us was more than any words? But hush! the thoughts this verse suggests are too holy, too awful to write or speak. Let each soul meditate on it, and take all the comfort the Master meant for it to bring. He has nothing to tell us now of what "things shall happen unto Him." When He speaks it is of the "Jerusalem above;" the city where there is no more loneliness, or sorrow. When He looks upon us, His very look will say, "Fear not, my child, I have loved you." He will hold us with the right hand of His righteousness, and point across the river to where we may catch a glimpse of the city with its jewelled walls, one blaze of light, although no sun is there. Let us hold tight this loving hand a little longer; no harm can come to either guide or guided. He will never lose His grasp of us. Soon very soon He will present us to His Father. Let us be still and wait.

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

DEAR FRIENDS,—

There comes a call to me for a message from Palcondah the field that was last set apart from this one. So, suppose we all turn back the pages of life's book till we come to 1887, and then you all join Mr. Archibald and myself in a trip to that part of the world. There is a very good road from this station; but we will go in bullock carts, which mode of transit is still in vogue. We must be off by six p.m., so will have an early dinner and get on board. These night journeys always remind me of a sentence in Uncle Tom's Cabin, "On, on, on, they travel; up hills and down valleys, through long, dark

stretches of woodland," but here, there is no cooling woodland, and in this part of the country, few hills and valleys.

But here is the daylight, and we will all have a walk in the cool of the morning, and add, an extra touch to the dust that already covers us.

The town is quite near, and over yonder are some real hills where the Savaras live. The travellers' bungalow is vacant, so we will take possession at once, get cleaned up, and have some breakfast. While at our bread and butter, I may as well tell you that this field contains 490 square miles, 212,000 people, and 470 villages, while this town of Palcondah has about 10,000 of a population. It has had a few visits from missionaries, but to our eyes there is no ray of Gospel light among these villages, and darkness prevails over the land. We will go out and tell the people of the Light of the World, and over and over again, the same story is told. Within the next two or three years, you will come here several times with us, and now we find a man, in whose heart the Spirit has done a work, through a portion of Scripture, the Psalms, which has come into his hands. After much trial, he is baptized, and look at him now with the shackles off, God's free man, with his tongue loosed, and a new song in his mouth. We repeat our visit, and the son of the man, with some others have come over to the Lord's side, and after much hard work, here is a small Mission House waiting for the coming man.

One disappointment follows another, and the man does not come, and we are obliged to repeat our visits for some years. But don't you remember, that we made our last visit to Palcondah last February, and now the missionary has been here long enough, to have his work well in hand, has spent many a hard lonely day among the villages, and has seen a church of thirty members grow into some measure of active life. Mr. Hardy, for he is the man, is physically strong, and is full of earnestness and devotion, so spares not himself in any way.

After his first two years out here, a dear helper came to him, who soon passed on to the glory land. But her hand is still upon him, and her memory enthuses him, and the unseen and eternal, seem to be the living and abiding.

I hope Mr. Hardy has many friends among you, and that you often talk of him to bring him near, and take his name, and his work in prayer to the Father.