

[If to any of our readers the blessings of a Canadian country home have become so common as to be no longer appreciated, let them read this letter. Then, during this summer, see if you do not get more enjoyment out of these common gifts, and let your thoughts turn to your missionaries, to whom they are so rare.—Ed.]

Here we are up among the hills and the flowers, the buds and the bracing breezes, enjoying a most delightful holiday. Our room opens on a verandah that looks right down into a ravine thick with bush and pines and cedars. Fancy bush and pines and cedars, when one has not set eyes on them in almost twelve years. Away at the bottom of the ravine is a dear little brook that babbles merrily among the rocks and stones, making the sweetest music, and the birdies add the most ravishing accompaniments all day long. This morning we scrambled down the ravine to the brook, gathering wild raspberries and gooseberries by the way, then climbed back with hands full of dog-roses and daisies. Oh, it is all so lovely, makes me feel like a girl again. We shall be here a month more, then back to the plains and the heat and the work.

Since I heard of Dr. Hulet, I have been hoping that she may be for Akidu, for the sake of all the women and children in all that region who would be left without any medical help in the absence of Dr. Chute when she has to take furlough.

Dr. Chute has literally saved the lives of hundreds of women on that field, to whom there could have been nothing but death had she not been there, and I shudder to think of there being no Dr. there again.

Moreover, it would be hard on Mrs. Chute to know that the work must drop in her absence. Many and many a night she works till morning light, over patients brought to her just at the last, after every remedy known and unknown to the native doctors has failed. I know what it means to leave the work one leaves unprovided for; more than once my own inclinations and desires and heart-longings have been set aside for that field.

F. S. McLEOD.

My Dear Miss McLaurin:

It has been quite a long time since I wrote you, and now my message will cause sadness, but I know you will want to hear. Mrs. Hardy left us for the better land, last Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Hardy, Miss Gray and I came up to this

delightful place, the second week, in April, and for about twelve days we were busy and happy, getting to work at housekeeping, climbing over the rocks, enjoying the singing birds and invigorating air. Then Mrs. Hardy took a little fever, not very much, her temperature did not go more than a shade above 103 at the worst, and she used to sit up a while each day, but she seemed to turn against all nourishment. She would taste her food and then say, "Please do not ask me to take any more." This went on for a week, then on Sunday (Apr. 29th) as Miss Gray went in to see her, she noticed such a change on her face that she expected the end from that time. She (Miss Gray) spent many hours in prayer that day and finally came in and said, "Mrs. Hardy may not recover, but the Lord has taken the burden. From this time we were all alarmed, but tried to speak hopefully. Monday morning she appeared to be better, but in the afternoon grew worse and had a hard night, I sat up with her part of the night, and once she put her hand up to my face and said, "Dearie what are you staying up so late for?" When I answered some little thing, she said, "You are so kind." She was so easy to wait upon, so grateful for any little attention, that I loved to be with her. Tuesday (May 1st) she again seemed better, but at noon she swooned and we thought that the end had come, yet she revived and lingered till half past ten that night. We dressed her in her wedding gown and a beautiful smile transfigured her gentle face and she was so lovely that we said to each other, "The Queen of the May." Poor Mr. Hardy had to make her coffin, and for this purpose he had to use two of our doors. We lined it with white and put her in with an abundance of beautiful ferns. He covered her face with ferns before he nailed on the cover. Miss Gray and I were tired so we did not go down, but we watched the white box (we covered it with a sheet) slowly pass along the mountain side and around out of sight. Mr. Gullison met him in Kiledi in answer to a telegram, and the burial took place Thursday at noon.

From the first she said several things which now we know meant that she did not expect to recover. One night she prayed to be allowed to work with her husband for the Telugus, but if not the Lord's will be done. She is the first among our missionaries during twenty-five years to be removed by death.

MAUDE HARRISON.

## Work at Home.

### ASSOCIATIONAL MEETINGS.

OXFORD—BRANT.—The annual meeting of the Circles was held at Burgessville on Wednesday, June 6th.

There was a fair representation, and the meetings, both afternoon and evening, were interesting and inspiring. We are hoping that the Convention reports will prove that our meeting has borne fruit. The prayer-service was conducted by Mr. Marsh, of Norwich, after which the President, Mrs. Hutchinson, of Brantford, took the chair, and addressed the meeting.