

## Our Work Abroad.

### LETTER FROM K. S. McLAURIN.

S.S. Arratoon Apcar.

DEAR READERS OF THE LINK.

**I**T was my most praiseworthy intention when leaving Canada to write you a letter *en route*. Now there are only two days of our sea voyage left, for the captain promises that we shall arrive in Calcutta day after to-morrow, Dec. 13th. So there are not many days left wherein to fulfill my intentions, still I shall try to send you some account of our way-farings. Hitherto hath the Lord led us in safety and in comfort, and now we are very near the land which is the scene of our work.

On looking back, our long journey falls naturally into three divisions, first, from Toronto to the Coast, secondly, from the Coast to Hong Kong, and last from Hong Kong to Calcutta. True we are not at our destination when we arrive at Calcutta, we have still a railway journey of about 30 hours before us. But that seems nothing after all these weeks. And we find ourselves quite over-looking in our considerations what would otherwise seem quite a trip in itself.

Our trip to the Coast was very enjoyable. Miss Hatch preceded me by a week to Brandon, but we met in Winnipeg and travelled in company henceforth. We enjoyed our stop over in Winnipeg, where we found many warm hearts, and had a most enthusiastic meeting in the First Church. I had had a day in Fort William on my way to Winnipeg and spent it pleasantly with friends and relatives. A very friendly informal "At Home" had been planned for at the home of Mrs. Matthews and there I had the opportunity of meeting the ladies of the Circles of these sister towns, Fort William and Port Arthur. Our stay at Brandon was longer than at any other place and was most helpful and enjoyable.

I had the great pleasure of staying with Dr. and Mrs. McDiarmid, who have many dear friends and true in Ontario, and of seeing something of their work in Brandon College. It was a pleasure to meet the teachers of this institution and to feel their sympathy with us in our work. It was good to meet the students and to feel their enthusiasm and true Western alertness. The foreign missionary education of the students of Brandon College is by no means being neglected. In the midst of the needs of the "great

and growing North-West," they still remember the remoter regions of the East.

We met there many whose names are known and loved in Ontario, Mr. and Mrs. Wolverton, Professor and Mrs. McKee, Rev. R. R. McKay and Mrs. McKay, besides many others who became our friends for Jesus' sake. Never can we forget the real help and inspiration the people of Brandon gave us. The splendid audiences at service on Sunday, their most generous offerings, their hearty welcome, their personal interest, their bounty in providing us with a Pullman straight through to the Coast, not to mention the homelier but all the more appreciated donations toward our lunch-basket. All these testify to the open-hearted generosity and hospitality of our people of the North-West. When leaving Brandon, Wednesday night, the College turned out *en masse* to speed the parting guests and give us one more evidence of their ever-to-be-remembered interest and sympathy. Other friends also came to the station to cheer our departure. I would certainly advise all our missionaries returning to India to return *via* Winnipeg and Brandon. The warmth of our welcome there kept us warm all through the cold sea-voyage to Japan!

Leaving Brandon then, we journeyed on towards the Coast. I had imagined we would find the trip very tedious, but to the contrary, I did not find time to read even. First we passed through solitary prairies, where for miles and miles we would see no trace of human life, and where the scenery though novel became slightly monotonous. After Calgary was passed we got into the mountains—the wonderful, indescribable mountains. I never saw snow peaks before, but I saw miles and miles of them then, towering so white and cold, so high and still, so far, far away above the surrounding slopes. The Fraser river canyon was beautiful, grand, *gorgeous* even. But to my mind nothing can compare with the cold, serene beauty of the snow-peaks cutting into the blue sky, or the snow-peaks under the pale silver light of the young moon as we saw them at Golden, B.C. Their beauty was unearthly, and their solemn grandeur most impressive.

But we must hasten on. We arrived in Vancouver Saturday afternoon in a pouring rain. It was nice to be met there by Mr. and Mrs. A. A. McLeod who had come from Ladner to see us.