

poor to have all letters forwarded to us without delay, so everything came right. Since I last wrote to you, death has been among us, and taken a beautiful little child to the "home above." On Friday evening, Mrs. Lucas (wife of one of our missionaries at Barhpoor) was at Rakkha, and Charlie was then in perfect health—at noon on Sunday he died. We all miss him sadly, although we are glad for him, for he has passed from pain and sorrow forever to eternal joy. One of our little village girls some little time ago was seized with virulent cancer, the disease has progressed so rapidly that she is now beyond recovery. She suffers fearfully. She is about twelve years old. She is a Christian, however, and is quite ready to die. She knows she cannot live, and feels happy to think she will soon be free from pain and at rest with Jesus. How glad I feel for her. Her parents, too, though they grieve, are yet willing to let her go. We had a very different case in the village a few weeks ago. A poor, abused, neglected wife and mother of the same village went down to the grave *without a word* or look to indicate joy or sorrow, hope or fear. God is merciful, and in her heart, perhaps, there were thoughts which we knew not of, communings with the Great Teacher, more effectual than we could understand. But it was so hard to see a woman go to her grave without a tear; in fact, she was laid to rest rather with rejoicing. Her husband was the son of a Christian, but not himself a Christian, not even a respectable heathen. These are some of the lights and shadows of mission life, I suppose, and should teach us now, as it did of old, that the Spirit of God alone can reach such hearts. It is, indeed, almost a miracle, for they hear God's word faithfully preached, their associations are good, but they never seem happy unless they are getting somebody into trouble. My children are in perfect health. But oh, how hot it is! What would I not give for one good blast of *real* cold air from Lake Ontario, or a glass of decidedly *cold* water. To indulge in ice is rather an expensive operation; fourpence per pound is no trifle for it, and then it is difficult to obtain. With kindest regards, believe me, yours very sincerely,

MARION FAIRWEATHER.

LETTER FROM REV. DR. FRASER.

TAMUI, May 22nd, 1875.

EDITOR "HOME AND FOREIGN RECORD:"

— MY DEAR SIR:—It is more than two months since I wrote you. Before I came I promised myself to write frequently, but since my arrival I have had but little leisure for correspondence, and this afternoon—hourly expecting the arrival of the steamer which comes somewhat regularly every two weeks—it is only the conviction that many of your readers will be wondering how it fares with us, that constrains me to write. By the goodness of God we are all well. The change of climate, so far, affected us but little. The children and I are particularly well. Mrs. Fraser sometimes suffers from rheumatism, which is chargeable to the exceeding dampness of the climate no doubt, though Canadians are not altogether free from it even when at home. We have, however, every reason to be thankful for the measure of comfort and success we have already had. God grant us a continuance of His favour, which is life; and His loving kindness, which is better than life.