

good working motto. It is simple enough for the use of a child, and yet it reaches out to the highest things of life. It teaches one humility sometimes, and a certain wholesome fear of sitting in judgment on others lest we be mortified by finding that they are reaching out far beyond us in their fidelity to its principles.

There was that little Mrs White, whom so many called a human butterfly.— Her house and all its appointments were as exquisite as her own toilets, and I remember with what misgiving I went to call upon her after her return from Europe. There in the hall, hung one of those lovely bannerettes, the very last æsthetic orase, with "Out" embroidered upon one side in sombre colors, surrounded by purple pansies, and on the other side, "At Home" entwined with roses and carnations. "Out" was turned to the wall that day, and I noticed among the gay flowers a single thread of gold running carelessly through the whole. It formed the motto, "Doe the next thyng," and I found upon a close acquaintance with Mrs. White that she was ever reaching out a helping hand to those who needed it, and that her gracious womanly sympathies helped her to be a power for good more than the accidents of her position. It was a rebuke for my lack of faith.

When she was buried in the very flower of her womanhood, there was weeping among the poor as well as mourning among the rich.

But the heaven still works. The prosperity of the schools and their air of cheerful industry is due in great measure to the silent force of this saying, so thoroughly impressed upon both teachers and scholars. The whole community seems permeated with it, and what was once regarded as a poor field for any real Christian work, is now looked upon as being crowded with eager willing workers.— *Women's Magazine.*

THE WORK ABROAD.

In Tent.

My dear LINK.—When I wrote a letter for your pages in February, 1888, I told you something of our Christmas, 1887, our happy Christmas as I now know, the last one in which our darling boy had a share. And now I am writing again in February, but I cannot write much about the Christmas which has again come and gone. (On Christmas eve there were no little socks or stockings hanging up at the head of our cots, for Santa Claus to fill, the first time in thirteen years. And when Christmas should come, I felt that I could not have my school children come up to the Mission House that day. So I decided I would make them as happy as I could down in the school house in town.

For this purpose the house was whitewashed outside and in, and afterwards prettily and tastefully trimmed with palm leaves, plantain trees and flowers. The children, 48 in number, were told to come at two in the afternoon. The sub-magistrate, manager, head master of the Rajah's school, dresser and others, with parents of the children, were invited to be present. We spent some time in singing, prayer and a brief review of the birth, life, death, resurrection and ascension of our Lord, with the children, conducted by Mr. Churchill. After more singing, the visiting gentlemen made some complimentary remarks on the exercises to which they had listened, on the influence of the school, on the kindness and disinterestedness of the missionaries in providing such a school, and gave the children some practical advice about

punctual and regular attendance, etc. A few prize books were then given to the children for highest standing in passing examinations. Afterwards clothes were given; a full suit to those who had passed into higher classes at the late examinations, and a skirt only to those who were still in their a b c's. These with fruits and sweetmeats, were joyfully received, and the school dismissed for two weeks' holidays.

Since the New Year came in, we have made a short tour on our way to Binli to our Conference. Many of the villages along the road were visited and the gospel preached. Our Conference was indeed very enjoyable. We earnestly and frequently sought the presence and power of the Holy Spirit, and were not disappointed. After this was over our Native Association at Chicacole was held, and since that time, after a pleasant week with our friends at Chicacole, Mr. Churchill and I, with our two native helpers, Nursiah and Basavanna, have been touring among the villages on our way back to Bobbili. I may say this is our entire staff of workers on this Bobbili field, with its hundreds of thousands of souls going out into eternal night, except one, Sraimara, who holds the fort in Bobbili, keeps the school going, and takes care of the boarders, etc., during our absence.

We usually move our tent about six miles every four or five days. Our plan of campaign is usually this: Mr. Churchill takes Nursiah, after chotahaze and morning worship, and goes to the more distant villages, visiting and preaching in two or three, selling books if he can, and giving away tracts or handbills on gospel subjects, returning to tent near noon. I in the meantime, with Basavanna, go into the nearest village or town. We sing, tell the gospel story, show the people how to pray, sell books and give away handbills in two, three or four different places, if we can collect people who will stay to hear us. The sun gets too hot for me to remain out all the forenoon, and when I think it unsafe to remain longer, we return to tent; I usually with a headache, more or less severe. I cannot stand the sun as Mr. C. can. In the afternoon we usually remain in tent reading or writing till about five o'clock; then after special prayer for the Lord's presence, help and power, we all go together, sometimes to the nearest town, and sometimes to a village at the distance of a mile or more, preaching, singing, etc., in two or three different streets, and do not return to tent to our dinner till half-past eight or nine p.m. We have now been on this trip over two weeks, and the people generally have come out in crowds to listen to us. This is especially the case in these lovely moonlight evenings, and for the most part the people have listened well. When the moonlight fails we take our lanterns with us and the people flock to where they see the light. The people generally pay a good deal of respect if they see a white man or woman in the party, but that was not the case the other morning. As we came along to this place we passed two large villages, about a mile apart. Mr. C. and N. went into the first, and B. and I came on to the second. As our table boy was with us, and can sing well, I told him to come into the village too. At the entrance to the village was a nice pial to a Brahmin's house. The sun was very hot, as it was near ten o'clock then, and the shade under the pial looked very inviting; so I asked if we might sit there. Permission was given and an assurance also that the people would all come there to see and hear us. We commenced a hymn, but when singing the second verse, a haughty-looking man, from within the enclosure, came out and very peremptorily bade us begone. We finished the verse and went. Found another place under the