

reaved. In the darkness of early morning October second, 1899, my mother gave me her farewell. As with almost breaking heart, I turned to the carriage that must carry me from her, my little Auntie put her arms around the dear form and smiled as she said, "I'll cheer her up," and it brought the sun through the mist on all our faces. She did cheer and comfort. She made joy and music in the home I had left, and her brave helpful letters brought the joy and gladness all the way to my Indian home!

The first of April it grew too hot to stay in Vizianagram. Mr. and Mrs. Sanford went to Coonoor and I came down here to Bimli by the sea, and they gave me a warm welcome in the Mission House. Two days went by and the "home" mail came. You who have sons and daughters far away know the joy these white winged messengers bring. But this time my mother wrote me that the Angels had come suddenly without warning, and had carried Aunt Helen home to Jesus. For her what infinite gain! For us what loneliness! How empty the room we shared, how silent the house without the music of her lovely voice. And the letters come not now!

But sad as it has been to miss one so soon from the home circle, we have again proved that Jesus can comfort as no other. That He is here in India as truly as in the dear Homeland; that he wipes the tears from the eyes of those we cannot reach, whom our hearts yearn to comfort. Oh with God there is no here or there; the Holy Spirit is everywhere and he is the Comforter.

You have heard before this that God wanted our dear Mrs. Hardy in Glory. For four brief months she was the light of a Christian home, an example to all around. In that brief time, she won the respect of all, the loving esteem of her fellow workers.

She had gone to cooler air for rest and refreshment from the dreadful heat of the Plains, but Jesus wanted the frail fair flower to bloom in His gardens and He took her to the heavenly mansions. Our hearts were sore, but we bowed to His will. We had not recovered from the suddenness of Mrs. Hardy's home-going, when the dread fever laid its hand on

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