

of the measles about two weeks ago. Her parents were both christians but they were poor. Miss Cort and I went a few hours after she died, to dress it, and we found the little body on the bamboo floor of their rickety old house, and the poor little form lay there with nothing but a bit of old shawl over it. The coffin was covered with plain white cotton but it did not matter for we knew the spirit of the little one was in Heaven and nothing could make it look so beautiful here. Here little children die as well as old people and no little girl or boy knows how soon they may be called by death. So we must always be good and try to please God in anything we do.

I must tell you how they thresh rice here. First they take a sharp spade and cut the sod off a level piece of ground then sweep it until it is perfectly smooth. This is the dry season and the ground is very hard and dry, we have not had any rain for nearly four months now. After they have a large place prepared and swept clean, they scatter a lot of the ripe rice all over the spot then turn on six or eight buffaloes and drive them round and round until they trample the rice all out from the straw. After which they take a fork or rake and shake the straw and pile it up in stacks, then they clean the rice in the wind.

I saw three or four women one day taking the hulls off the rice. One woman built a little fire between two stones and put a kind of sheet iron pan on the fire, then put in about a bowl full of rice and kept stirring it until the kernels began to crack and jump about. She then lifted it off the fire and poured it into a round deep hole dug out of a piece of hard wood and two other women had a large heavy pounder apiece and they pounded the heated rice turn about just as two men would hammer the red hot iron together in the blacksmith shop. After the hull is all off the rice they empty it out and pour some more in. There are rice mills here, but many of the people think they cannot afford to pay for getting their rice ground, so they clean it in the way I have described.

I like the children here very much and have a great deal of pleasure in teaching them. I cannot speak the language very well yet, but study every minute I have and think I will soon be able to understand everything they say and be able to make them understand me.

In the afternoon we teach the girls to sew. They do not sit on chairs as we do but right down on the floor, and if you

could only look into our sewing room some afternoon between four and five o'clock, you would see about thirty women and girls of all sizes sitting around the wall of the room with their work.

They sew very nicely and we make a great many garments in a year. I often give some of the little girls a jacket and they are so delighted. Sometimes I give them all a card apiece, for they do not have many pretty toys and things here like they do at home, and every little thing pleases them.

I wonder whether any of you will ever be missionaries. I hope if you do not come to Siam or some other foreign field, that you will be good little missionaries at home. You can begin now if you like. Do all the good you can, and God is always pleased with good people.

I enjoy the work here immensely. I love to teach these children, and now since I have gained more knowledge of the language I enjoy the study of it.

We are much encouraged in the work here. Within this last year sixty-nine have united with the church, and over one hundred are on probation, and will perhaps all join next communion. Every day people come to our homes to enquire about our religion. Sometimes we go to bed very tired but with a feeling that the day has been spent for Jesus, and what a comforting thought that is.

REBECCA McLAREN.

LETTER FROM A PASTOR.

My Dear Children.—

In the last number of the Maritime Presbyterian you would see the names of the young men who have gone out this summer to labour as Catechists. These young men are now sowing the seed of the Gospel in the different localities in the Maritime Provinces. Sometimes their reports are published and though you may not read them as readily as the letters of our missionaries in Trinidad and the New Hebrides, yet you ought to be as much interested in them. Souls are just as precious here as in heathen lands, and though the gospel has long been preached here, heathenism yet abounds. Let me give you a few facts.

During the past year the British and American Book and Tract Society, Halifax, employed as many Colporteurs as we have Catechists now labouring. These men frequently found families in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, New Foundland