

Well, we lingered. It was good for us to be there, and it was well for us to remember and draw near to those who had gone before. The pioneers—Thomas Gabriel, Mr. Timpany, Mr. Currie, Mrs. Martha Perry Craig, Josiah Burder. They had blazed a trail for us who follow. They laid down their lives while it was still seed-time. We felt a great desire to link up with them, to identify ourselves with them, in this our Harvest Home Jubilee, because if it hadn't been for them would it ever have been? If they were not "perfected apart from us" what were we without them? Then there were others, our contemporaries and companions in service—Mr. Barrow, Ettie Timpany Stillwell, Miss Corning, Miss MacLeod, Jonathan Burder and others—Indians and Canadians, all brothers and sisters in one Lord and faith. Our hearts went out to Him in whose presence they are now, and for whose sake we all, both living and dead (but, behold! alive for evermore) were where we were.

But the evening shadows were closing in so we sang and prayed in our two mother-tongues, and came away.

We have been reading this last week or two about your splendid Jubilee at home. Now what? What next? Let me pass on to you the key-text from the Godavari Jubilee Association meeting at Yellamanchili in March. **"There remaineth yet very much land to be possessed."** (Much more than we have in our possession as yet.) And, **"Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thine habitation; spare not: lengthen thy cords, and strengthen thy stakes. For thou shalt spread abroad."**

Oh, let us plan for it, in the power of His might!

Just a little more, and I am done. You see, by the heading of this letter, that I have been moved—"transferred," to use the official term—from Avanigadda to Samalkot. It was a great change. I loved Avanigadda—the sweet green fields, the comparative quiet of the country side, the friendliness of the country people. Prac-

tically my whole missionary life, so far, had been lived down there on the Vuyuru fields, which were one field until ten years ago. So I was well-rooted, and it wasn't easy tearing up and coming away. But it seemed to be His will—and that is enough for His servant. So the move was made. The big change has come. This place, and the conditions of work here, seem about as different as they well could be from what I have been used to, and not yet feeling acquainted, one sometimes sighs for the familiar and well-known. However, one of my favorite quotations from Browning says:

**"Rejoice that man is hurled
From change to change unceasingly
His soul's wings never furred."**

And another—another unknown—says: **"All places which the eye of God doth visit are to the wise man ports and happy heavens."**

With his work still to do, in any place, and His companionship, we can "rejoice in this also."

Miss Farnell, whose place I am taking for a year, is home with you on furlough now, and will tell you about the work. My companions now are Miss Muriel Brothers and her 221 school boys—not to mention several teachers whose numbers pale into insignificance beside the total of boys! Lively company—good company. Some of these boys are real fine gentlemen.

But I must close. You will remember me in the midst of new conditions and problems that I may "serve by love" as I try to "make the presence of the Eternal real to myself and some of the thousands around me."

Yours for the real thing,
K. S. McLaurin.

MESSAGES FROM MISS PRIEST

Dear Link,—There are several items of interest to be passed on to the home partners and as you are in touch with so many of them I am sending them on to you. One day coming home from a long trip with the car on a hot day, the engine needed a cool drink, and seeing some men