

you are on the water only two hours, instead of all night, and on to Madras, Bezvada and—Vuyyuru. At Bezvada my brother met me and escorted me in to Vuyyuru.

We visited all the way in, and had a great deal of news to exchange; for remember that it was now Jan. 16th, and two months to a day since I had left Canada, or had any word from either the India or Canada side of the world.

So we wheeled along over the last few miles between Brantford and Vuyyuru. And when we got to Veeramma's temple, on the outskirts of the town, my friends began to meet me. First, I saw the well-known faces of the missionaries and met the warm grasp of their hands. Then Biblewomen, pastors, preachers, friends, children—oh, what a lot of friends!

The Kistna Association was in full swing, meeting in the new Claxton Memorial, so the Akidu and Avani-gadda friends were here, too. They took me straight to the beautiful new church, and how lovely it seemed to be back, with them all crowding around me, wanting me to see how their babies had grown; asking me if I remembered them, and exclaiming how grey my hair was! They gave me a cordial welcome meeting right there, and said and sang nice things, not one word of which I can remember now, for I was having a little praise-service all to myself most of the time, admiring the church, trying to recognize the babies in the front row, and saying over and over to myself, "Am I really here?"

Then, for the next few days, followed reunions, curry-and-ree dinners at Pastor Samuel's, and on our own front verandah with workers, a concert, and so much visiting back and forth that it seemed like Christmas every day. Dr. Hulet's little hospital had been added to and much improved, until it seems

like new; the compound at the Jane Buchan bungalow is improved and beautified, Miss Zimmerman being a wizard at making things grow; there was a new pony; there were new Biblewomen; and always and best of all, the new Claxton Memorial. If all the dear women who planned, and prayed, and collected, and sewed, and gave, and sacrificed to build that church could only see it now! It is so well built and well finished, and roomy and airy and light and well proportioned! Surely Mr. Bensen and the women of the Eastern Convention make a great team! And the missionaries and Indian Christians and workers might well express their feelings in the words of Mary, "The Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad."

Now I just want to send a particular message to a dear sister, whose name and address I do not know. But I do know that she is a faithful and fruitful reader of the LINK, and so she will get this message. Away last winter, when I was working on the LINK, she sent me a contribution for Miss Priest's bungalow, and said she was praying that I might have the joy of seeing the whole amount asked for that year, viz., \$1,500, come in during my year as editor. And I want her to know that \$1,800 came in, and was sent on to India! "Above what we could ask."

Now, I could write on and on; but the Editor may have other plans, and I must stay my pen until another time. You do not seem far away. Getting back to the work is SO GOOD. And I feel that God has led in a wonderful way, and brought me back for a very high and serious purpose. Pray with me, that you and I may not fail to "apprehend that for which we were apprehended."

Yours—as ever,

K. S. McLAURIN.