



The "Ruth Shenstone Memorial Home" at Samalkot, is the gift of her daughter, Mrs. Helen Harris Harbison, for the use of the Samalkot lady Missionaries. This generous gift was augmented by a gift of \$1500 from the General Board to meet the excessive cost of building in India to-day. As the General Board's Bungalow at Samalkot is more conveniently located for the lady at present in charge of the Boys' Boarding School, she and the Field Lady Missionary are occupying it, while the General Board's Missionary temporarily occupies the Memorial Home.

and her sister Miss Evelyn, had dinner with us another night at the Palace, so you will realize that sisters, in the missionary service, are not a rare occurrence.

I returned to Pithapuram on March 18, from Vellore and took over the work from Dr. Findlay. The death of Miss McLeod came as a great shock and sorrow and loss to us all. We have been looking forward so much to her help. She made such a remarkable impression on the patients when she was here before; they were so eager to be taught that we longed to have one giving all her time to the teaching. The one on whom we had hoped to place the burden of the evangelistic work has been taken from us. If each one of us does her share of teaching, it is bound to bring us more joy and blessing. We pray and ask your prayers for us that throughout the year we may not fail to tell the Good News of God's love in Jesus to all who come to us for healing."

Miss Selman, from the Akidu field, where so much of the touring work is

done in the house boat up and down those beautiful canals, writes of her year's work:

"As I have looked over my report book and recall the 218 visits to villages, near and distant, large and small, vivid recollections come crowding into my memory of the many people, of all classes, with whom I have talked. Like a moving-picture, I see again the sorrow and helplessness on the faces of many widows; the charms for protection against demons on the arms and feet of hundreds of men, women and children; the fingerless, toeless leper as he sits there begging; the hard, proud face of Brahmin and Razu as he refused permission to talk with the women; the care-free happy children as they play in the streets; and the shy, sweet girl-wife in her husband's home.

I hear once more the drums and cymbals, the shouting and the cries of the idol-worshippers, the unreasonable, nagging, scolding mother-in-law; the cry of the village urchin, "Victory to Ghandi",