

have stayed longer. But she had to leave early to get accommodations at all in the already crowded steamers home.

We visited Vuyyuru together—my old home. And Mrs. Gordon took us with Dr. Hulet out in her car to Valluru to see the caste girls' school I started there so many years ago. This was a pleasure that will last me a long time. The room filled up with scholars and ex-scholars, parents and friends, and everyone brought an offering of fruit until the table in front of us was piled high. The girls took part in a program, and sang verses in honor of their visitors that morning—but not a word of it do I remember! I was so taken up with them, themselves, and with the old friends I recognized. I revelled in the bright and happy faces all about me. It was a peculiar joy to see Mallayya Garn again. He was the man who, years ago, on the day we opened school, when people held back from sending their girls on account of caste opposition and the fate of the school hung in the balance, brought his little twin girls up to me, one held by each hand, saying, "Here, Amma garu, I'm not afraid. I give you my little ones to teach." One does not soon forget a friend like that. I was glad to see his kindly old face again and his warm greeting was a reward in itself for all we had tried to do for the girls of Valluru. The two girls—women now—were there, too. Their girls now attend. Other ex-pupils were there that morning, and lovingly gathered around us. Will it be something like that in heaven, I wonder?

Dr. Hulet, who took over the school from me has kept in touch with former pupils in a wonderful way. She is strong on "follow up" work and by writing letters, and sending literature, has kept on surrounding them with active Christian influences, which we hope will bring forth definite fruit in their lives.

After a happy, homey, quiet Christmas with the McLaurins at Ramapatnam, we hied up to Cocanada for Conference and Jubilee. You have had full accounts of that so I need say little, but I do want to share with you, if I can, the ex-

perience that seemed to me to bring us closest to the heart of the Jubilee, and that was the session in the Cemetery, when we all—Indians and Canadians—went to decorate the graves of our dead and, if might be, re-dedicate ourselves in the light of their sacrifice, to the service of the living. They who have passed "within the veil" were there, with us, that quiet evening hour. One felt it. The ground whereon we stood seemed sacred ground, and the moments hallowed. It thrilled one to see Aunt Ettie (Mrs. Albert Cahoon, younger sister of our pioneer Timpany) after 46 years, stoop and lay her flowers upon the grave of the brother whose face she had last seen in 1878, when he was home on furlough—that time he started the women to organize for work. She said it was a dream come true, to visit India, the work, and her brother's grave.

And it was touching and beautiful, too, to see Kondanamma Burder, the sweet-faced, gentle, dignified widow of young Josiah Burder, Miss Simpson's adopted son and headmaster of her Caste Girls' School, moving softly among her graves in the Burder family plot. Tears were in her eyes, but her voice was quiet and steady as she pointed out to us the graves of the first Josiah Burder who had come to Cocanada to take the place of Thomas Gabriel when the latter was called home in 1875. Then that of her father-in-law, Jonathan Burder, who was pastor of the Telugu church when I arrived in the country in 1893—an unusually fine-looking man of splendid physique and a real "silver-tongued" orator who could preach the Gospel in a most winning and intelligent manner. Then those of her own young husband, and mother-in-law, Amelia Burder whom some of you may remember as Amelia Keller when she came to Canada with the Timpanys to study at Woodstock College. When one of our older biblewomen, who knew Amelia well, gave a short sketch of her life at the Association in Yellamanchili last March, her eyes filled up and her voice broke as she spoke of Amelia's kindness and hospitality.