

were born in India. You have grown up in Bobbili. Yes, you may come and see our women. Miss Churchill then visited at the fort regularly, though still prohibited from teaching about Jesus.

After the Mission was reinforced in 1913, Mrs. Churchill and her daughter came home. It was thought by her friends that Mrs. Churchill had earned the right to rest, and should not return to India. But she could not be happy away from her loved work. She took the long journey about four years ago, and has had a time of joyful service. The last "Report" says:—

"Mrs. Churchill had a wonderful six months during the year, living in Government bungalows, in tents, travelling by ox-carts, calling the people together in the villages with her victrola to show them the pictures of Christ, and to tell of His great salvation. Ninety villages were visited, some more than once; 140 sermons preached; more than 15,000 people heard the message, and 2,400 gospel portions were sold."

It says also of the Day and Boarding School: "This school has had an attendance of 150, with satisfactory examination results. A happy feature has been the absence of caste prejudices on the part of the high-caste girls in their relations with those from the low castes. Four girls are next year to be sent for teacher training. The Inspectress, an Indian lady holding the B.A., L.T. degrees, wrote in the Remark Book: 'This is one of the well-conducted Higher Elementary Girls' Schools. The management may well consider converting it into a Secondary School, with a view to making it a High School. The tone and discipline of the school are good.' Seven girls professed conversion, while others are much concerned for their spiritual condition."

Our readers may not all know that Miss Churchill is now the wife of our Foreign Mission Secretary, Rev. H. E. Stillwell. Her experience in India and her enthusiasm for Foreign Missions added to her thorough training make her a most valuable worker and speaker in connection with our Women's Board.

Mrs. Stillwell is now on her way to India to bring her mother home. Mrs. Churchill is in her eightieth year, and her forty-eighth year of service in India. In her delightful book, "Letters from My Home in India," edited by Grace McLeod Rogers, much interesting information about Bobbili can be found.

## GIRLS AND BOYS.

Samalkot, Godavari, India, Feb. 13th, 1920.

Dear Link: Did you ever in your life see a big room covered by one large mat woven just to fit that room, including the insets in doorways? And if so, was it a mat made of split bamboo? And was the mat all worn into great big holes, several of them over a yard square? And was it patched by huge pieces of similar old mats laid underneath those holes? And every time you looked at the old thing did you feel so ashamed that you couldn't bear to look it in the face? If so, then you know how I feel every time I go into our hall over at the school here—that is, when the hall is empty. But, presto change, when the boys pour in and sit down (on the floor, there being no room for seats because of the smallness of the room compared with the number of human beings who have to get into it), I forget all about the mat and the holes in it, because, forsooth, they are all completely hidden! You just ought to see all these boys, LINK; they are just fine. Big boys, little boys, fat boys, thin boys, handsome boys, homely boys, dark boys, fair boys, clever boys, stupid boys, solemn boys, laughing boys, Hindu boys, Mohammedan boys, Christian boys, caste boys, outcaste boys, they completely cover the mat. Then you realize that, after all, a mat isn't in it with a boy!

Now, LINK, people in Canada send me things for these dear boys, cards, pictures, Sunday School papers, and all sorts of things, but they do not always put their names on them. So, as I cannot write and thank people whose names I do not know, I am passing that duty on to you, for you, of course, are very clever and can whisper to everybody. Please tell them to keep on sending things (calendars, too), but to put their names on each packet. Good-bye, LINK, I hear a boy calling!

JANET F. ROBINSON.