

I can feel she is an influence for good wherever she goes, and I hope she may grow in grace, and be more and more so. I hope, too, that the "guide philosopher and friend" who is to travel with her from now on will enjoy her as much as I have. She says she will come to visit me very often, and, though I cannot go to see her, perhaps I may be able to correspond with her once in a while.

And so I say farewell to my friend, and send her on with my good wishes for a prosperous and happy future.

JACQUELINE M. NORTON.

OUR RETIRING EDITOR.

With this number of "The Link" comes the retirement of our editor, Miss Norton, who for ten years has faithfully prepared and sent out each month this little Foreign Mission messenger.

It was with regret that the Board accepted Miss Norton's resignation. She announced that her decision was final, and they felt that in view of her busy life at Moulton College it would be unfair to urge her to carry the burden of "The Link" any longer.

During her years of service Miss Norton has given of her time and thought without stint. One wonders if we who receive the paper month by month begin to realize what it means to have it ready every time. It might be possible for anyone of us to edit a paper for one year, but to keep at it year after year is indeed a task to try the powers of patience and perseverance in the possession of very few.

During all these years there has never been a deficit in Link finances, and every year there has been an increase in the number of subscribers. We all feel grateful to Miss Norton for her faithful work, and for all the interest and devotion she has put into our Foreign Mission paper. The members of the Foreign Mission Board wish to record their appreciation of Miss Norton, and every reader of "The Link" will wish to thank her, too, for the efficient way in which she has always carried on this difficult task.

J. E. Z.

FOREIGN MAIL BOX.

FROM HARRIS BUNGALOW.

Cocanada, India, April 6th, 1919.

My Dear Miss Rogers.—Your letter of Feb. 5th came to me a week ago last evening, March 29th, so it seems as if there is some improvement in transportation facilities. Nowadays there is no regular time for posting home mail as there was before the war, and as we just post our Canadian letters whenever we happen to have them ready, they are apt to be neglected. When we knew that the mail was to go on a certain day, and that our letters must be posted that day, it sort of kept us to the mark.

I wrote you again while on the voyage, on the way across from Singapore, finished up and posted after arriving in Cocanada. Since that time I have done very little writing. Every minute of time out of the regular routine work seems to be taken up. The rains failed last year and the crops failed in all the districts that are not irrigated, and you know the northern section of the Godavari District is dry; so things look pretty serious in these parts. So many of the poor Christians in the villages are farm laborers and have no work and no food, they look to us for help of course. They seem to think that it is my turn now since I have just come back from Canada, so they are all applying to me. I often have a deputation in the early morning, another when I return from school, sometimes people are waiting to see me before I go out in the afternoons and again when I return from my work in the evenings. I do not have very much time for anything else.

April 20th.—Two weeks since this was started. I haven't made much progress with it. Since I began it I have said "good-bye" to Miss Pratt—she left us for Calcutta on Monday morning on her way to New York. It is a fine thing to be able