

These little evangelistic schools are already very dear to me. As has been said, so many times, "Our hope for India's future is in the little children." I find my experience in Primary work in the Ontario schools is of very great help to me now, not to speak of the splendid training in teaching which I was given in the Normal School.

Our afternoons are spent visiting from house to house. We go sometimes to Hindu homes but, just at present we are endeavoring to concentrate our efforts on the Christian women in the mallapilli. There are twenty-nine of them, nearly all, if not all, coolie women who are poor, unkempt, unable to read or write. They have received much teaching. They need much more. We are praying for a young, well-trained, energetic, consecrated woman to work among them when I go on tour to visit our out-villages, as I must do within eight weeks. The woman who has been working among them has a home and small family and so finds it difficult to give much time to the work. She is also untrained. Will the readers join us in praying for this much-needed worker?

On Sunday mornings we have a new little Sunday School for the little Christian boys and girls in the Mallapilli. We have fourteen of the dearest little boys and girls. They do not bother a great deal about nice dresses and hats and shoes but come along in their little nut-brown skins and squat tailor fashion on the date palm mats, their sparkling eyes and bright faces showing their eagerness to learn.

Yours lovingly,

Edna E. Farnell.

Vuyyuru, Kistna Dis., Aug. 1, 1922.

Dear Link,—When I returned home from the hills in July I found twenty one large parcels awaiting to be opened. They had accumulated through the

months of my hill stay, as the pastor had kindly looked after them so that I should not have to carry them back again from the hills. Please accept my very best thanks for your kindness. Some day I hope to write each individual band.

Mrs. Cross and I had great fun opening the parcels. We felt as if it were Christmas all over again. There was a quilt, hundreds of cards, spools of thread, dear little thimbles, pretty bags of all shapes and sizes, safety pins, buttons, blotters, balls, a few dolls, and a regular shower of calendars. Thank you very much for everything and remember us when 1923 comes with calendars. The teachers, pastors, school children, hospital people, caste people, are all delighted with the beautiful pictures and the large dates.

Just a word of entreaty, Link. For a corporation—if you are a corporation, Link—you have such a tender conscience. Why Link, sometimes you send me old post cards, and say they are worth a dollar and a half! And you say that advertisement calendars are worth two dollars! Oh! Link! put that prickly conscience of yours in the editor's waste paper basket, and have mercy on my poor mission account. The poor thing is fairly gasping for breath because it has to pay out duty. That mission account is not a mean old thing, Link, but it just hates to pay out five rupees for bags of scraps and old cards when that five rupees would help some poor little girl to go to school or pay a Bible woman's salary nearly a whole week. Please, Link, if your conscience will persist in putting on big prices to old, used things, enclose enough money to pay for the duty on them. I do not want you to sneak your things into India, but just remember that old or used things are not dutiable. Sunday School cards and calendars should be marked "Printed matter. No commercial value." Anything made from new