

would see Jesus." What a change! Twenty-five years ago the children would come with tousled hair but now the parents have learned to adorn them for this Festival. All the benches had been taken out of the church and the walls adorned with paper chains and gay balloons and streamers. It was glorious to see the children troop in, twenty schools with banners waving and every child's mouth was stretched to the widest grin as the hand was raised to the forehead when calling out a hearty "Salaam." The Girls' school went through the "Daily Dozen" as the gramophone played. Two little beauties sang so sweetly that they received an encore. The blind girl could sing hymn after hymn.

On the 24th Mr. and Mrs. Tasker (Gauance) arrived from Darjeeling. That was the night of the Christmas tree. Such a big one was placed in the large hospital room. Mrs. Eaton and I had great delight in making it pretty for the wee ones. While we were doing this the young men were cooking the rice and curry. They had dug out holes in the ground for fireplaces. At six p.m. we all sat down on the floor and ate with our fingers the rice and curry which had been placed on the leaf plates. It was rather difficult for some to sit so long cross-legged and our European guests occasionally missed their mouth as they tried to eat in Indian style.

My! how all enjoyed the Christmas tree and the appearance of Santa Claus. We had other young men masked but the one who wore the mask advertising the San Marto coffee gave the most fun. I was glad I brought from Canada these hallowe'en masks and things to make the occasion one of surprise and joyousness. The girls from the Boarding School gave a dialogue and sang so sweetly. Altogether about 100 were present and every one received something—the poor a cloth, the men a calendar or handkerchief or book, and the women a yard of cotton to make a jacket and each little girl received a dress from home and each boy a sweater. Christmas day was begun by the children singing carols at the door about five o'clock in the morning. How they did sing! Then there was the service in the Church and the thank offering and in the afternoon were the sports

on the hospital compound. Mrs. Tasker, our own Miss Gauance, purchased and presented the prizes for the races and the other skilful feats. Mr. and Mrs. Gibson and Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah came in from Calingapatam. Newton and Lester Eaton are the most charming boys I ever saw and they indeed had a good Christmas time even if there was no snow or snippy air.

Was this all? No, on the next day we went the 17 miles to Calingapatam to attend the Prizegiving of our two Girls' schools. Printed notices had been sent to all the chief people of the town. Mr. Gibson had about twenty flags strung up so the compound looked very gay. Chairs and benches had been arranged outside for the men while the women visitors sat inside the big room where the passengers who go to Rangoon are accustomed to wait. Calingapatam is a town of 5000, by the sea, and Mr. Gibson is head of the British India S.S. Company there. How well the children performed the flag and other drills as well as the marching. When we came to give the prizes we held out a rag doll, a scrap book and little china toy. Do you know the rag doll was always refused. They prefer china or a nice "gazu bomma" (glass doll). I even held up a huge cotton doll but no child would take it. Those little five cent dolls and figures were much preferred so I hope some of you my readers will ask T. Eaton Company, Toronto, to send me some of their five cent dolls to make the children happy next Christmas.

Now home again, then off to Conference at Cocanada, an eight hours journey by train. Here we met all the missionaries and had a time of sweet fellowship. It was great to hear the returning and new missionaries tell of their experiences at home and also it was interesting yet sad to hear the farewell speeches of Mr. and Mrs. Craig and Miss Baskerville who are retiring.

The most difficult time of all was that concerned with the location of workers. So many places vacant and so few to fill them! Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that He may send forth MEN into the harvest field." Pray oh pray—the need is most urgent in your Telugu Mission for MEN called of God to take charge of the long neglected fields.