

FOREIGN MAIL BOX.

Tuni, Godavery Dist., India,

Jan. 23, 1920.

Dear Friends:

The dear partners across the seas are much in my mind these days, and although I cannot take time for a personal letter, my new friend (the typewriter) is going to help me to get a little message ready to send to you this week. As we are not very well acquainted yet, we sometimes make mistakes; but as we get to know each other better, my little Corona and I hope to work together to get you into closer touch with the work over here. It is good to be back once more and to find that there is still some part for me in the great service of making Jesus Christ a living reality to this people.

It is one month to-day since I reached Tuni, just in time to enjoy Xmas with our people. This is a land where the stories of gods and goddesses are handed down from generations past in song, and when the young men and boys are through with the day's work and their evening meal, they gather around a little lamp and sing these stories away into the night. How often, when I have heard them singing, my heart has longed for the day when all these give way to the stories of Jesus! So, when the Christians, especially the children, make the midnight air ring with their Christmas hymns, I am more than glad to be wakened by them, for it is the Xmas message that is going to get down under the wrongs, the ignorance, and superstition that has held them in bondage so long, and lift them up to take the place God has in His thought for them.

It is great to think of how the Xmas message has spread through the world and in how many languages the story is sung and told! When we gathered in the church on Xmas morning for our service and thank-offering, a new pleasure awaited our people, for I took over the fine Victrola which Mr. Davies gave me, and before we left the church, treated them to some good music. Some of the tunes they recognized as they have learned them in Telugu, and even though the others were new they enjoyed them all. Among others, I put on the Hallelujah Chorus, first telling them that this is a song we shall hear in heaven some day. How you would have enjoyed watching their faces as they listened to this grand anthem. Last of all we put on the laughing one. That was wanted the second time, and all were urged to keep their faces straight, and that made all the more fun as you can guess.

Mrs. Scott had been able to procure a bag of rice, and gave enough to each family to ensure a good rice meal that day. And in the evening we folks had a little reunion in the Elliot bungalow, when we enjoyed together some of the love-gifts that came across the seas with me—chocolate, music and other things. Somehow Canada did not seem so far away that night, and we thanked God for the fellowship into which He had called us.

After Xmas came Conference in Cocanada, to which nearly all our missionary family gathered, and we spent seven busy days together. Dr. Campbell's visit was a great pleasure and inspiration to us all, and his messages to us in the devotional meetings will long be remembered, also his fatherly interest in us all and in our many-sided service. Before he left, Dr. Cross arrived and spent two days with us, and gave us some thoughtful addresses. It was certainly a record Conference in that we had two CANADIAN-American visitors.

Since then I have been busy trying to gather up the threads again, and though some of the days are filled with "the trivial round, the common task," they all bring opportunities of helping others, for even though we do not go out, folks come to us. One day a crowd of about fifty came, and not only did they