

McIntosh, read the report of our year's work, which was most encouraging, and showed plainly that our women are fully alive to the needs of the hour along the line of missions. Of course, the proceeds are being equally divided between our Home and Foreign work, so we are beginning the work of another year with renewed energy and pressing on to greater efforts in behalf of missions, our watchword still being, "Work, for the night cometh when no man can work."

As to official changes, our President, Mrs. H. McCallum, who has been untiring in her efforts to increase to the full the efficiency of each meeting, and, as a consequence, has been of late feeling the strain, has resigned the presidency in favor of the pastor's wife, Mrs. Elliott. Mrs. John R. McLaurin, who has filled most worthily the office of Treasurer for some time, has resigned this department of the work into the hands of Miss M. A. McIntosh, while Mrs. John L. Campbell has been elected Vice-President for the coming term.

A few evenings previous Mr. McEwen gave an illustrated lecture (under the auspices of the Mission Circle) on the last week of the life of our Saviour, proving very helpful to all who were fortunate enough to hear it, and for which we are all most thankful to Mr. McEwen.

MRS. J. L. BROWNE, Cor. Sec.

GIRLS AND BOYS.

Cocanada, India, March 20, 1915.

Dear Girls and Boys:—

I wonder how old you were when you had your first party. However young you may have been, I am sure that the little Telugu baby who had a party on Monday evening was not so old as you were, for this tiny baby girl had looked out on the world for only ten short days. She had come to the house of the Rev. N. Abraham, the pastor of the McLaurin High School Church, to make her father and mother glad, and to play with her brothers. You may have heard that little girl-babies are not welcome in Indian homes, but when there are already some boys in the family the father and mother are glad to have a daughter. I think this little baby was very welcome.

The baby's uncle, Mr. Venkathachellam, who is a teacher in the High School, invited some friends to come to his house the evening that the baby was to receive her name.

When we arrived at the house we found some Telugu men seated outside in the cool breeze, but there were no women present. We asked if the women were inside with the baby, and were told that they had had their party in the afternoon. In the evening there were about a dozen Telugu men and about half-a-dozen missionaries present.

Before dinner was served some of us went in to see the baby. There she was on her mother's lap—a tiny, fair girlie, with black hair and eyes. She was dressed in a short blue dress and blue bonnet, and on each wrist were two little bracelets: one glass, and the other gold, the gifts of her uncle. We thought that she was lovely, but she didn't seem to think the same of us, for as soon as she saw the strange white faces, she puckered up her little mouth, and began to cry.