

on the table, as its beauty would soon be gone. Even the book cases are not entirely safe, and one of the things that is now before me is to go over all the books here and in the study, rub off the mould and brush out the insects which if allowed to remain would bore tiny holes from cover to cover.

Over there on the wall is an oil painting, and here is another, but they were not painted in India and how did they get here? Here are two mottoes from friends in the North Church, Halifax, and here are two chromoes from an old home in Andover. There are two photographs of family groups and here is a picture of the house of the good Samaritan. Would you not like to know where the house itself is?

There are three doorways between this and the dining room but no doors as we want all the air that comes from every side. There is not much to see there; the walls are nearly bare as they are in the sleeping room at the side. The floors are covered with bamboo matting not very unlike the chair bottoms, the Indians wove in the days of my childhood. Just at the doorways where the mats of the two rooms come together are two bits of light colored home workmanship. One is a hooked mat and the other a piece of a carpet which probably covers a floor in Nova Scotia. Were it not for these the edges of the matting would be turning up and catching at our slippers and it would also be worn and unsightly. Sometimes I say, a thought of the donor comes across me whenever my foot touches them which is very often, and in my heart there is an ungratified desire to send her a letter. Perhaps if that couch over there gets a rest and too many letters do not have to be written for "Tidings" one may go yet to the home from which these mats came, but which I never saw.

As I looked up just now my eyes fell on a sofa cushion on the rattan settee on which the flowers are blooming almost as freshly as they were three or four years ago in a Windsor home. I see a mother and her little children; the former gives me this cushion with the expressed hope that it may rest me sometimes in India and one of the latter gives a doll, one she loves very dearly to go to some little Telegu girl. I remember the white face of the English donor but do not know what Telegu Brownie got the doll.