

Canada,—calling it a gift from her children.

The next station from Pithapuram by train is Tuni, the Indian home of Miss Priest. In April, her old enemy, malaria, again laid its unwelcome touch upon her. But, though unable to go out, she had many opportunities for work among those who came to the bungalow. It was a comfort to have several nice boys to take the place of those who had left through the non-co-operation propaganda. They entered with much interest into the Bible lessons, and when leaving for their holidays, came to say goodbye and thanked her heartily for the kindness shown them. Several took tracts and cards and copies of Children's Friend to give out in their villages. In spite of fever and other hindrances, Miss Priest and her workers were able to give the message to 70 villages and to carry on 22 Evangelistic schools. The meetings among the Christian women have been among the encouragements of the year. Some of them "were really burdened for their neighbors, and during the Evangelistic Campaign, joined the Biblewomen in visiting near villages to give the message in story and song. As I think of their heritage and environment, the wonder is, not that they are so easily overcome by their old habits of quarreling and other things, but that God has accomplished so much in them." "As the years pass, they bring a growing sense of our own insufficiency, but along with that, a growing confidence that 'our sufficiency is of God,' and that He is able to overcome all the power of the enemy."

Miss Folsom, whose name is now on the list of retired missionaries, declares: "It was a glad day when, on the 21st of October I once more set sail for India, the land of my adoption." But, perhaps, she might admit that the 30th of November was even gladder, for on that day

she reached Cocanada, and, quoting again from her own words,—“It was good to get back to the old school (Timpany Memorial) once more, and to meet friends whom I had known for nearly 40 years. It was well worth crossing the ocean twice to feel enveloped, as it were, in this mantle of affectionate esteem.” She spent the month of December in the school, helping (who could better?) with the examinations, the preparations for the usual closing concert, the Christmas festivities, and the many other duties which that busy month brings. Then at the January Conference, it was decided that she should, for a time at least, make her home with Miss Priest in Tuni. But in February she had another opportunity to help in the school, beloved through the years. While Miss McGill was not well, she went back and the following are some of the acts of those two weeks: “I helped with the morning and evening devotions, taught a few classes in Scripture and some other subjects, conducted the Sunday School, and filed and indexed some 200 letters and papers from Government correspondence.” Though her present life is very different from that of past years, Miss Folsom will find many acts of service ready to her hand. Her extensive correspondence with former pupils of Timpany School, who are scattered to different parts of Asia, Burma and Mesopotamia, is in itself a ministry peculiarly her own. When one recalls her sunny disposition, (she can always be relied upon to see a joke), and her unselfish interest in all around, one is not surprised that Miss Priest should say of her,—“She is such a dear chum!”

Miss McLeish, back from furlough, returned to Yellamanchilli on the last day of November, and thinks it is “good to be back.” A number of things seem “good” to her. “It was good to see the progress in the work in two years,—to