

they regard it in hospital—not that nor literally. I'm going to start at the right hand side of you and hand you your pieces one by one. I'm curious about you all.

Berean Bible Class, Jarvis St. Baptist church, Toronto.—What about you since October 1914? That's what you're dated here. Next month you'll be eight years old, Quilt.

Square 2.—You're a big circle and four cornices and you read "Matthews, Evelyn, Jack, Jean, Alma, (I wonder if you aren't our Mrs. John Davis) Nina, Ruth, Eva, Gwen, Norman, Cora, Jim. That's the Circle, family circle I fancy. And the cornices, Nellie Rea, Will Rea, Rea Graham, Lottie Burk.

Feller institute, you're 3rd. You are G. N.; Francis E.; Emilie A. Masse; W. G.; Annie and Beatrice Roy; Arthur E. and Bertha S. Masse, W. W. Scofield; E. S.; Elias V. and Theodore Roy.

No. 4.—Faith, Hope and Charity—There Three, Embroidered in scrolls and leaves.

No. 5. Are you a Mission Circle or Ladies' Bible Class perhaps? Misses Washburn, M. Washburn, McEwen, G. Johnston, Anna and Freda Ferguson, Enid Stewart, Mesdames Devlin, Weeger, Price, Stewart, Andrews, Johnson, Dryden, Elward.

No. 6. Your centre says Baptist Junior Mission Circle, Coaticook. I hope you're still going strong. What's your history since you sent your piece for my quilt in 1914? Of course you are seniors long ere this, but that just means you are handling bigger responsibilities and on the outer rim are these names: Gertrude Barnes, Mrs. H. Bowen, Mrs. W. Allen, Bessie Lovell, Gracie Granberg; Julia Stevens, Morton Bowen, Mrs. H. Beane, Golda Smith, Mrs. T. C. DeMary; Mrs. Wm. Wallace, Mrs. Porter Chamberlain.

No. 7. It's because of you the quilt is mine now. Because you are Fort Williamites, but how did you get pieced in down East? I'll tell you how you got to India. Two autograph quilts were given to a returning missionary, one for herself and one to give to some other missionary. She took it out of her trunk up at Kodakand last year and tossed it over to me, saying "See if there are any names you know on that Munny." Because all the other names were in circles and yours were not, I think I noticed you at once "Why, yes," I said, "here: Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Cameron, Jean, George and Mary, Mrs. E. E. Wood, Frances B. Mills, Charles Jenkins, Pearle Bradshaw." One name, the first, is gone but not forgotten. "Thou hast been faithful" must surely have greeted his promotion.

That's just one strip, Quilt, there are three more, but I'll have to stop as the mosquito net must come down now.

Sept. 20, 1922.
It's morning, Quilt. Yes, thank you, I slept well. I keep all my doors open, much to the horror of the native women. They say "Baporaa bapa"—the tiger will come." Haiyoh, haiyoh!!—but you know he won't will he Mrs. Stillwell? He'll spring from that rock—you know the one, into a tree while Guruna is watching or he'll come and give us the geological survey, on a bright moonlight night, while we Miss Harrison and I, lie sleeping under the thatched verandah of the Dak bungalow up at Gumma. This for the particular edification of Rami, who fever-racked lies sleepless on her mat. He didn't trouble us. Merely wanted "to look". There was fresh pork to be had for the taking—in spite of poor piggy-wigs' protests, and he preferred that for his chotah hazri.

The doctor has been and gone after giving me another shot of quinine and Mark, last Chapter and last paragraph.