

a great treat to walk along the shady paths that wind about through it and then sit down on the roots of the picnic tree, as it is called and enjoy a rest and a cup of tea and a lunch.

The lessons in the Bible School this season have been on "The Word of God" and were most helpful, especially in these days when so many are weakening their message. The three divisions were—The Psalmist and his Bible, the Master and His Bible, and the Early Church and their Bible. How I wish that all my friends could have enjoyed the same privilege that I did. Last week our annual Convention for the deepening of spiritual life met, and we listened to some strong messages, each of the four days. How much our Father pours into our lives to enrich them that through us He may enrich other lives.

It is good to meet old friends and also to form new friendships. Among the old ones is old Miss Cockburn, now in her ninety-fifth year. She still keeps her interest in her Mission box and although she has had to give up most of the ways in which she earned money for it, the old lady sits in her big chair in the corner knitting baby booties and when her friends call to see her the box is brought to show them, and how pleased she is when they buy a pair. She was so pleased to tell us that our purchase made fifty rupees this year. She is very particular that they are well made and they must be tied up nicely too, for said she, "I cannot do much now, but He will know I have done my best." As I looked at her and thought of the many years she has sat in that room busy earning money for the advance of His Kingdom, I could not help thinking of the many who have never seriously undertaken anything for the advance of the knowledge of Jesus Christ the only Saviour of the world. This old lady has never been away from Kotagiri, her father coming here when there were no other Europeans, she has never seen a railway train, but the interests of her heart are far reaching.

We are looking forward to a great treat in the shape of a sacred concert to be given by a number of missionaries who are busily practicing for it. I have given you a peep into our happy holiday and as you read it pray that I may go back to the plains to live more effectively for Him. This is the hour of opportunity in India, the hour for which God has been preparing. May we be ready to meet it in the power of the Holy Spirit.

Yours in His Service,

Ellen Priest.

TOURING IN THE SAVARA HILLS

Miss Bessie Turnbull of Parlakimedi
Writes to Friends About Her Work
on the Oriya-Savara Field.

The first year exams are over successfully and just recently I've received great inspiration from a two and a half weeks tour with Miss Munro all around the Oriya-Savara field. I wish I could really describe that hill country to you. The Oriya-Savara field is not right here in Parlakimedi, but it is out among the hills which surround Parlakimedi; out where there are no cart roads and where all luggage and one's own self has to be carried by coolies, up the hills and down into the valleys—that is unless you prefer to walk, and the distances are so great that it is not wise to walk in the sun and hardly safe to go at night. So we have a chair arrangement which is carried by four coolies. It isn't wonderfully comfortable but I've found it more so than an ox-cart. The country itself is like fairy-land almost—the hills and valleys, the huge rocks, here and there trees covered with bright red blossoms, a thick growth of trees and shrubs, (jungle) on all sides, and in places long hedge-like rows of a kind of creeper, whose blossoms had gone to seed and the big bunches of fuzzy seed, seven to ten inches in diameter, spoke of the beauty that had been there, just a