

Our Timpany Memorial School at Cocanada has evidently been making a good reputation for itself. It has enrolled amongst its students the children of the Rajah of Ramachandrapuram.

This past year has witnessed a number of changes in the constitution of our Foreign Mission Board,—the formation of the Dominion Board, the appointment of Dr. Brown as Dominion Secretary, and the more recent appointment of Rev. R. R. McKay as a Field Secretary. Perhaps the most interesting to the Circles is that there are to be from now on several elected women members of the new Board. For the first time in our history, we have been given a representation as Circles. It is expected that the President and Treasurer will be the members from this Western Ontario Convention.

HOW WE CAME FROM CONFERENCE

Mrs. J. B. McLaurin.

The carts stood at the door, the last article had been put in, but to make sure that nothing was missing, we went over the list; fifty pounds of sugar, basket of stores, fruit, basket of kujas, three panes of glass, some tin mugs, a tin dishpan, a pasteboard box with some dishes, a kuja stand and kuja with drinking water, two camp cots, a roll of bedding, one cabin trunk, one tin trunk, one suitcase, one tin hat box, and one dispatch box. "Drive on," we cried, "everything is in."

At the last minute the baker brought the bread, nine loaves, which we put into a cotton bag, and took in the carriage with us. When we arrived at the station, the carts were there, along with other carts.

Such a pile of luggage there was on that station platform! The shipping-clerk was frantic, but at last it was

done; every label was on, and we sighed with relief. Down came the rain, and there was a scramble to put things under shelter.

Around the corner came the train, and we made a rush for it. There were two small compartments to hold seven people, and the things that were not allowed to be put in the brake van. Ding, dong, went the bell, and with coolies frantically yelling that they had not received enough pay, we left the station.

"Will you move a little, please," someone requested. Move! It was an impossibility. I sat on the edge of the seat so as not to lean up against someone's pictures,—my feet rested on a bundle of cloth. On all sides of me were parcels of various sizes and shapes. We settled ourselves as best we could, for the twenty minutes' ride before changing trains at Samalkot.

The station lights came into view through a dim mist of rain. Our train stopped at one end of the platform, and the one, we had to get on, stopped at the other end. There was a fifteen minutes' wait, and we sat or stood holding the thing we prized the most. My parcel was the nine loaves of bread in the cotton bag.

It was the mail-train we got on this time, and there was no time to be lost, so, long before it came in, we were ready. The train came in car after car. "There is an empty compartment," we cried, but it was not empty for long.

Two hours' ride brought us to our station and the boat. "Coolies won't come to-night," the boat-man informed us, so we did not get started until early the next morning.

Monday evening at seven we left Cocanada, and Wednesday evening at four we arrived at Akidu. We were home from Conference. Akidu, India.