

journeys and many provisions have all been supplied through prayer."

And Miss Selman closes her report with these requests:—"Pray for a revival, for conversions among Caste women, for more Bible women."

Let us not fail.

B. C. Stillwell.

LETTER FROM DR. ALLYN.

The letter from Dr. Allyn which follows was written to a Circle which disclaims the honor of having sent the parcel referred to. The letter will be of interest to all our readers and will in this way, it is hoped, reach the Circle which through this gift gave so much pleasure to Dr. Allyn and her sister. —Editor.

Missionary Medical School for Women, Vellore, S. India.

February 13th, 1923.

Dear ladies of — Circle:

I want to say thanks collectively and individually to all and each one who took part in that Xmas parcel to me. Every single article will be useful. A number of them are in use already. I assure you that you would have enjoyed seeing my sister and me when opening the parcel on Christmas morning. We exclaimed over each parcel and it a great treat to have so many presents in one. It was a succession of surprises. And where were we when we opened it? Spending our Xmas in attendance as nurse and doctor on the Maharani of Pithapuram, who underwent a serious abdominal operation just five days before Xmas. They put at our disposal their comfortable two-storey guest bungalow and furnished it all ready with furniture and dishes and linen, and even ran across the electric lights for us. We were within the Palace walls but outside of the Palace. A short walk through the garden took us to the Maharani's apartments. My sister and one of our Indian nurses did all the nursing. I had Doctors J. Findlay and MacPhail to assist at the operation and all my holiday from the Medical School was spent in the Palace. You can fancy how odd it would seem to be in Pithapuram and not

in our own bungalow, and at work in the Hospital. Dr. Findlay was there, at the Hospital, of course, and her sister, Dr. Elizabeth Findlay, was visiting her, so we each had her own sister for a change. On Christmas morning we had a Christmas tree at our bungalow within the Palace grounds, and to see it there came all our nurses and our four orphans, and all our Bible women and servants and their families, and also the Princes and the four Princesses and the Rani's mother. The latter was a Pundah or Gosha lady so the men servants had to wait downstairs and miss the fun. Our car driver was particularly disappointed as he was all dressed as Santa Claus and had to hand over his outfit to a nurse. When Santa Claus was announced the old Rani (our Maharani's mother) got quite in a panic, for she was sure some man was coming in to spy upon her. No one enjoyed her anxiety as much as did her eldest nephew, the eldest Prince. Everyone seemed well pleased with their presents, and there was something for everyone. Then came along thirty poor widows from villages all over our Pithapuram field, and to each one of these my sister and I gave a cloth of six yards. This is their one and only garment to last them for a whole year! Poor things!

We had a turkey, which was the gift of the Maharajah, and we had a goose also which we stuffed and cooked later and gave a tea party to the Princes and Princesses. They cleaned up that whole goose except a small piece of breast. The eldest boy is 12 years, and the youngest in her 3rd year, so you can see they did well. They quite enjoyed sitting at a table and eating in English style with knife and fork. But you should have seen the table cloth when they had finished! But we enjoyed having them and we played games afterward. They are such lovely children and have not been brought up with any caste ideas of superiority. They played generously with our little orphan children, showing to them such nice little attentions and courtesies. The second Prince quite fell in love with our little Annie.