

about a mile of sand with never a drop of water. A big stone ancient from shore to shore stands waiting the coming down of the river once a year. Then it dams back and holds for as long a time as possible the flood of waters and I presume distributes the water to the fields. We are quite out in the country. There are three large tents pitched out under the trees for the Conference delegates—forty four young Indian women all speaking English and coming from the Rampet High School and Vellore Medical School. We have quite a programme: rising 6 a.m.; Quiet hour; setting-up exercises, 6.30; Chota, 7 a.m.; Address out-of-doors 8 to 9; Study groups 10 to 11; Breakfast all together out under the trees 11.30; Rest till 3 p.m. Tea hour, games, etc., Sunset talk on a near-by hill-top; Dinner, Singing and good-night prayer. Sunday is the same minus the exercises and the games. There is nothing essentially different from a camp in Canada, except that this is much simpler as the girls eat on leaf plates with their fingers and when each arises and throws away her leaf the meal is "cleared up." There is a "serving squad" of girls but no dish-washing, table-setting squad required and no beds to make as each girl sleeps on a mat on the straw floor of the tent. In the matter of dress, however, the home camp girl with her middy and bloomers is much more suitably robed than these girls with their gayly colored saris waving about so gracefully in the breezes.

Strange how one meets people again in this wide world. When I landed here and met Miss Cutler, the Y.W.C.A. leader, who came for the camp,—I thought to myself "we met before." So thought Miss Cutler but it was about twenty-four hours before we solved the feeling and then I said "Weren't you at that Niagara Falls Conference in 1917?" And then she

said, "Yes." There, amongst about seventy-five others we had seen each other, though I doubt if we met. Now we meet again at a Conference in India. Miss Cutler has given two morning addresses on Paul. At the sunset service the first night Miss Berg spoke on World Friendship. I spoke last evening on "Educated for Service." To-night Miss Van Doren and Miss Cutler have the farewell messages. Doctor Elizabeth Findlay and Miss Ruth Scudder have also been here and each has had a group study class.

Dr. Innis is expected to land at Colombo about August 28th, and should be with us.

Aug. 21st. Back at Vellore. The Conference closed at 8 p.m. by a service of Lights that was symbolical and quite impressive. One girl, the choice of the Conference, as the Spirit of the Conference, stood holding a candle whilst Miss Cutler read verses about "Light" and "Service" and the delegates in a long file passed up and lighted their candles and formed a huge semi-circle. Then they sang "Father of Lights" and marched off into the darkness bearing each her lighted candle of service. From each tent we could hear strains of singing such as "Jesus wants me for a sunbeam" etc. The girls were deeply impressed. We had dinner at once and were on our way (eighteen of us from Vellore School in one ambulance) by 9 p.m. We had a blow-out and some engine trouble but covered the twenty-two miles back to our home by midnight.

Jessie Allyn.

"Boat De La Hay,"

Sept. 12th, 1922

Dear Friends,—As it is rainy today I shall try and write you another letter. We spend most of our fine days in the villages so do not get much time for letter writing.