

in a field Vankana called to them to bring home. The master ordered the servant to bring along the pet they had brought for their use and as they came near I recognized the master as a caste man who had come to my home some months ago very sick. His people had brought him in to Tuni to see the doctor, but he would not go home until they brought him to me, that I might lay my hands on his head and pray to my God on his behalf. And there he stood by the roadside hale and hearty and full of interest in the car. While the water was being poured in he put in the time in true Telugu fashion—by asking questions. "Did you buy this car with your own money or did the Government give it to you?" What a chance this gave me to tell him of the love of Jesus that led you dear partners to gather so much money and send it out here to me to buy the car so that I might get to the villages to tell of His love. Veeramma was with me that day and she said to him, "Sir, you see me sitting in this motor car beside our Missamma. Who am I to ride in a motor car! It is only by the grace of the true God that such a thing has come to me." As we prepared to move on I told him that every time he saw us pass in this car it would be a witness to him of the love of Jesus Christ.

Item number two is to thank all who sent calendars, and this may be most interestingly expressed by passing on a letter received from a Magistrate to whom I sent one. He wrote as follows: "Dear Madam—Extremely glad to receive another calendar for the current year. The heading "Master, is it I?" for the current month is a question which every son of man can put to himself with a searching heart and see how far short he is of the ideal which God revealed through Jesus Christ. Not only the headings are short and sweet and instructive, but the pictures reveal aspects of a living life and the background depicts the environments in which such a life was lived."

Yours in His service,

Ellen Priest.

Kotagiri, S. India,

May 28, 1924.

Dear Friend,—Here I am sitting out of doors in such a nice shady nook at noon time! For I am once more up above the heat strain of the plains and enjoying a few weeks rest and refreshment up among these grand old Nilgiris, or Blue Mountains. One part of my holiday is answering the home letters that somehow will get ahead of me. I typed off the enclosed message to put in some of my letters, that my friends may share in our joy, and know that God is answering prayer. These holidays mean so much to us because there is refreshment for our whole being. As I write a bulbul in the tree in front of me is singing a sweet little song to me and other birdies are joining their notes to his. Those who have never lived in the midst of heathenism can never understand the deadening influence of it. But to us who live in the midst of it, such a holiday as this spent with numbers of God's servants with many privileges of fellowship, helpful meetings, and the rest from daily strain, oh, but it is a bit of heaven below! Humanly speaking, we must be the uplift and inspiration for all about us on the plains, not in ourselves of course, for we are utterly insufficient. But Jesus understands and in His love, calls us apart for awhile that we may be renewed in spirit, soul and body. How I do thank Him.

Miss McGill and I took a lunch along one day and climbed to the top of a nearby hill and spent hours there. It was grand there, no one else came and we just feasted our whole being on the wonderful view of hills and plains, and clouds too. Then we spread our rugs on the braeken, laid down and rested in God's great outdoors, and prayed that the eyes of our souls might be uplifted and our vision cleared that we might view some of the far-reaching purposes of God and be inspired for service on the plains below. The Harts and we plan to take our tea out to the Shola tomorrow. This is one of the most woodsy places about here, and it is