

ter of smallpox. Later, it is noted that seeds planted by Willie and the father seventeen years past had grown to trees thirty and forty feet high, and the branches in blossom time "one mass of vivid, glorious scarlet." She speaks of the five years at Bobbili as years of "joy and gladness, hard work and heart-breaking sorrow, yet everything of God's ordering." "Never," she says, "could I be satisfied to spend the years of my life in any place but here, for I so long to see the heathen people brought into the light."

On another page is told the visit of the Ranees, who told the writer that "she had lost her husband twenty-five years ago, but did not mourn very much over him because she had two sons

left; but in the last year both of the sons had sickened and died, and her heart was broken with sorrow." Then reference is made to their joy at the decision of their daughter (now Mrs. Stillwell) to come to India; of Mr. Churchill's lamented death in 1908; of the building of the Churchill Memorial Home in 1911; and of Mrs. Churchill and her daughter leaving for their furlough to Canada in 1914; her good-bye message to the missionaries, when she said to them: "I shall be seventy-five when I come to you again, but I would not be satisfied to stay away from the blessed work." And the relator of the wonderful experiences told in this book is again in India, glad that she had not to remain in Canada "idle," while her heart "would ever be in India." W.

## THE FOREIGN MAIL BOX.

### Just an Ordinary Tour.

Dear Readers of the LINK:—

It is a long time since I wrote you direct, and lest you should forget me, and possibly forget to pray for me, I should let you know now and then of my goings to and fro.

As I write, I am on tour, and I have been wondering if you would not like to know just what an ordinary tour was like; and, judging that you would, I jot down here just a few of the happenings.

Our boat was all the hot season—that is, part of April and all of May and June, and until the end of July—under repair. A boat's life is not reckoned to be much over 15 years; yet the dear "Elizabeth," is 19 years old, and, being so much really made over, is good for another ten years, they say. Our good doctor's good supervision, and my good serang's constant attention, have made me what looks almost like a new boat. The contractor and painter, both being patients of the doctors, were anxious to do their best, in hopes that he would do, or because he had done, his best for them; and this partly accounted for the good results. We had to refit her with her old furniture, which had to be re-varnished in order to match the newness of the boat; so tables and chairs

were prepared and sent ahead, and cots and boxes. Our new dishes were also sent, and the old boat set kept for kitchen use.

Tools are not available, so pictures are not yet hung; but we are very comfortably situated, the only drawback being the smell of new paint; but that, of course, will soon disappear.

You will be interested in knowing whom I have with me. There are the serang, who manages the boat, and is wonderfully attached to it; the cook, who has been with me for over 19 years; old M——, old, alas, in tricks but good in so many ways that we keep his services. He does all sorts of things—pulls the boat, or the rickshah brings water; hunts the villages for chickens and eggs (no meat can be got on tour), and goes on errands of all sorts. Then I have two of my training class with me for work among the women and children, one a graduate of the Cocanada Boarding School, who is taking further lessons in the Bible and in Telugu verse, and in ways of presenting the Gospel truth; the other is one of our "Phillips Home" girls, whose father and sister used in the Leper Home, and whose mother is still there. She, when quite young, married a teacher; but he died last year, leaving her a widow, and without any children. She