

FOREIGN MAIL BAG

October 30, 1920.

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE FROM
TUNI,Tuni Godavery Dist., India
January 19, 1921.

Dear Link:

You receive many communications, and so do I. From a sense of fellow-feeling, I send you herein a copy of two, which are but samples of what come to me daily:

1. "Dear Madam,—I request your Honor to please give three days' leave to A. Jacob as his father suffering with favour. He is the only son to him, He request me to request this matter with your honour, with salams.

Yours obediently servant,
N. B. John."

2. "Respected Madam,—Ch. Samuel and G. Gabriel write to me to request you to grant them permission home on some sater-day. There fore I am to say as I am in favour of it if they can be granted. The boys that ran to Bombay have returned discouragiously but safely. no sooner an apportunity permits me I am longing to see our boys once more. hope and pray that your work may have good progress with many loving salams. Yours very faithfully and obedient servant,

A. B. Mamkyam."

You understand, don't you, "Link," that with one hundred and seventy-five sons, I am a modern version of the old woman who had so many children she didn't know what to do? And when every week from fifteen to twenty of such messages come, I assure you I certainly don't know what to do, so it generally ends in my not doing anything.

"Link," did you ever have the mumps? We have a terrible kind here now. Talk about swelled heads, there seems to be no limit to the size we can get here! I sincerely hope, dear "Link," that the malady will not catch you.

Yours with great concern,
J. F. Robinson.

One of the happy things of furlough is meeting many old friends, and another is making lots of new ones. It means so much to us on our return to get letters from the boys and girls, as well as from the grown ups, and not only letters, but the parcels of cards and bags, scrap-books, pins and needles, and so many useful things. Last year was such a hard one for our poor people, and as Xmas time drew near it was nice to think of the bags and other things put away in my trunk, but my heart longed for real helpful things, cloths, rice, and such like! So I asked our Father to put it into the heart of some who might be thinking of buying a Xmas present for me, to send me the money instead, and He did.

And now I am going to tell you a little about our Xmas doings that you may see how useful all your gifts were. The very day some money came from home I went at once to the bazaar and bought a lot of cloth to make up into little shirts and pants for the boys, shirts and jackets for the girls, and also some garments for the older folks. Then our cripple tailor got busy, and soon we had a lot of garments ready for Xmas. He made such good use of the scraps given me from piece-bags at home that all the wee babies in the homes of our workers, and others also, are enjoying the comfort of a nice little shirt, not of one color always, tis true, but this does not spoil it in the eyes of the mothers by any means. As the parcels with your various love-gifts came from you dear ones, my mouth was filled with laughter, and I felt like a truly Santa Claus, and you would not wonder if you could have seen my trunks and cupboards those days. For several mornings of one week we had the teachers of the Evangelistic Schools in and near Tuni bring their

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