

them all in for tea to-morrow or next day, when I make my bread. I shall also make a cake or two (Toot! Toot!) and some fudge, etc. I make good fudge.

Yesterday was furiously hot, and to-day is a roasting temperature. We have had it 110 and 112 lately in the shade, and last Sunday I think it must have been more. To-day I came in early from the chapel.

Mr. Sullivan came to call yesterday, and he was greatly pleased with the chapel. He said it was better work than they were doing in the local public works department. He thought the sliding doors idea a good one; also the iron trusses, which he pronounced O.K. All the stone around the sliding doors is cut stone and well laid, so I think it should be very permanent. He also said the arch work was well done. The whole countryside is interested in the sliding doors and trusses. People come from all around, and remark on them and the general appearance of the chapel. Last night I went out and sat down in front of it in the moonlight. It looked pretty in the bright light. And I was so thankful I didn't run away to the hills, but stayed by the guns. Sullivan said the heat this year had been killing—the hottest for a long time. Everyone says the same; but, as I have said in many letters before, I have been able to keep my front room fairly comfortable. So, although there has been terrific heat, I haven't noticed it much. The cus-cus tattee has certainly saved me many a headache.

Before I retired last night a dead stillness hung over the earth, and not even a leaf on the trees stirred.

Samuel baptized five people yesterday.—R. C. B.

Vuyyuru, April 14th, 1914.

Dear Madam,—We are exceedingly glad to send our grateful and hearty greetings to you who were away from our midst in person, but yet you were here in our minds, while we were enjoying in the grand feast, of which you had been often consulting with Mr. Bensen for a long time, and accordingly granted last night in remembrance of the Easter Festival.

The school was closed for the evening yesterday, and the old church was cleaned and decorated somewhat with festoons of mango and other leaves.

Mr. P. Samuel and servants, with the help of the boarders and teachers, prepared everything nice and delicious. Then the bell was rung; when all the compound people—that is, boarders, teachers and families, compounders, Biblewomen—without any exception, came in and sat in four rows in the old church. Misses Zimmerman and Dr. Hutch and our dear missionary sat down with us, and we all just filled our stomachs to satiety and disgust. There was none who was unsatisfied, and subsequently some candies of sweetmeat were distributed. And, over and above all, our sides were just broken with laughter at the funny and witty speeches of Mr. Bensen. The stomachs that were loaded well could not find any space in them for laughter. Even though you were not present in our great joy, yet we hope you will be as much pleased as if you were here with us when you see this short note of gratitude; for it was you who made us pleased and satisfied through such a generous and charitable deed; and further, we believe that it is nothing but Christ's love with which all this is being carried on.

And at the same time, while in full joy, we just felt extremely sad, and were shocked, when we heard of the ill news that our dear baby (i.e., Margaret Bensen) was attacked with high fever. Then we all knelt down and offered a prayer, and took leave by about 11 p.m. We believe that our Lord will soon relieve her from her suffering. We are all very earnestly waiting to hear of her better condition.

We close this note with our hearty greetings to our loving baby and yourself.

We remain, dear madam,
Yours very obediently,

K. R. John,

For the whole community in the compound.

(K. R. John is a mission worker.)

TRUE HAPPINESS.

Let us never forget that an act of goodness is of itself an act of happiness. No reward coming after the event can compare with the sweet reward that went with it.—Maurice Maeterlinck.