

The past year has been marked by more personal work with individuals and we believe this is something to praise God for.

It is a great privilege to be here at the beginning of this year when He is so wonderfully visiting His people in cleansing power and filling them with His Holy Spirit.

**WOMENS' WORK ON PART OF THE
VUYURU FIELD.
Dr. G. Hulet.**

Boarding School Work.—During the first half year only, had charge of the Boarding School with 48 boys and girls in attendance. The Christian Endeavor and Sunday School work were carried on as usual, and praise God for His work of grace among us. Fifteen of our boarding children and three of our day pupils were converted and baptized just at the close of the term. After the schools had been examined, and we were keeping the children over Sunday so that they might participate in the Rally of the different Sunday Schools, one little boy was taken ill and died very suddenly the next day. The parents did not reach here until after the lad passed away and were wild with grief, as this boy was their eldest. They had made, what seemed to them, great sacrifices to let the boy attend school and had built up many hopes as to the possibilities of his future. The burial took place here and we did all we could to comfort and assuage their grief, which ministrations were not without effect. For some time afterward the father came to see us and told how they had been tried by the heathen who did all they could to persuade him to give up his belief. But the assurance that his boy was with Jesus, and the loving sympathy which he has received, held him firm. Before this the mother had not seemed interested, nor confessed any faith in Jesus, but this experience changed her, and I believe she is now trusting in Jesus as her Saviour.

Touring.—During the first six months—before the children came back to school—was only able to make a short tour at Kankipard, as the rain drove us home when we had seen but six villages. In these places we worked among both caste people and Christians.

We had very good meetings with the Christians, and having examined them in regard to what they had learned we assigned them other lessons to learn. I usually ask them to learn the parables, miracles, or birth and death of Christ, and besides this their hymns.

We were much saddened by one backsliding sister whose husband had died some months before. She was left with two small children, the care of which prevented her from going to work. This threw the burden of her and her children's support on her relations, who are heathen, and who had no sympathy whatever for Christianity. So when the woman stayed home to attend church on the Sabbath they taunted her with being lazy, and said that if they worked on that day she also would have to work. What use was it to be a Christian if God would be so unkind as to take away her support? What better was her condition than theirs? These and many other similar remarks were repeated over and over again to her, until she hardened her heart, and refused to join with the Christians. Yet, when we talked to her, underneath all her seeming hardness and indifference I think there is still a glimmer of faith which God, by your affectionate prayers may kindle into a flame. And a soul may come to know joy even in sorrow and find God a very present help in trouble.

The work among the caste women was very encouraging, but while our hearts were lifted up to God in praise for what He had accomplished, we were made very conscious, by an incident which occurred, that in very many hearts the walls of idolatry are still intact and being strengthened by blindly attributing God's work to that of their idols. Very little rain during the year had fallen, crops were sure to be an utter failure, and consequently a famine was inevitable. Out by the roadside, just a little way from the bungalow in which we were stopping, was a stone set up against another one. This is Ganganamma, the goddess, who sends rain, so when the rain came not she must be interceded. The men daily met and sat here praying after their fashion I suppose, while the women every morning would bring kunda (water pot) after kunda of water and pour upon this goddess, supposing in this way to appease her wrath. In this there was some exercise of faith, for should the rain not come would not all their wells be dry after pouring out so much water? We passed by on our way to a village just after the women had performed this ceremony and the men near by said in confident tones "We will have rain to-day." Not a cloud was in the sky, a beautiful clear day, so I replied that if it was God's will. He would send the rain, and saying this we passed on. In the evening when we were return-