

and I can hardly wait for Xmas to see them on the little folks.

This is a land where the stories of their gods and goddesses are handed down from generations past in song, and when the young men and boys are through with their day's work and evening meal, they gather around a little lamp and sing these stories away into the night. How often as I have heard them singing, my heart has longed for the day when all these shall give way to the stories of Jesus! Besides our old favourite, "Hark, the herald angels sing," our people have a nice lot of Xmas songs, and when Xmas Eve comes although there is not the excitement of hanging up stockings and such like, the joy of Xmas gets hold of our folks, and I wonder sometimes if they go to sleep at all that night. I try to go to bed early and get a good sleep in before midnight, because any time after that we may expect to be awakened by the coming of different groups, who make the midnight air ring with their Xmas songs. I am more than glad to be awakened by them, for it is the Xmas message that is going to get down under the wrongs, the ignorance and the superstition that has held this people in bondage so long and lift them up to take the place God has in His thought for them. It is great to think how the Xmas message has spread through the world and in how many languages the story is sung and told.

As far as I know, wherever there are Christians in India, they gather for a service on Xmas morning. Here in Tunni our people have chosen that as their annual thank-offering service. That morning every one greets the other with "Merry Xmas, Merry Xmas," and by the time we meet in the church at eight o'clock there is a real holiday feeling all about us. The sweet old story of the Babe of Bethlehem loses none of its appeal as we listen to it in Telugu, and our hearts rejoice as we listen to the angels' message, "Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour

which is Christ the Lord." The second part of the service may seem a bit noisy to you as the chickens protest against being brought up to the table, and every one is anxious to put something on the table, if it is only a copper. They bring gifts in kind, and last week our pastor reminded them that it was time to set apart something, so it would be ready when Xmas came. We always plan to have a little treat for them after the service, and as this is such a hard year for them, we hope we can get enough rice to give each sufficient for a good rice meal that day. The little bags sent from home give much pleasure, in the larger ones we put rice, and parched grain for our X'ian children, and in the smaller ones the grain only, and these are a treat for the non-X'ian children in our Evangelistic schools. And for my little caste boys who come to me on Saturdays, a little silk bag with a bright picture post-card makes them happy. Already they are beginning to ask me about them, and I am so glad to have a good supply stored away in my trunk.

And so in these ways that may seem very simple to you we are seeking to spread abroad the angels' message of peace and good-will, and to help the children here to learn that He who was born a little babe in Bethlehem is the children's Saviour.

Your fellow-worker in the Master's service,

Ellen Priest

#### FROM MRS. BENSEN.

##### Extracts From a Private Letter.

We are all quite well and enjoying our work so much. We had quite an interesting evangelistic campaign in October. For two weeks there were special meetings among the Christians, and for two weeks, night and morning, the men went out into the streets and hamlets preaching. Mr. Bensen was so interested in these meetings, and many people gathered to listen. At the close of the meetings on Sunday afternoon, the High School boys, teachers and other Chris-

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