

very warm here, for the sun beats down upon us. Everything is drying up and thirsting for water now and will keep on doing so till the last of June, when the rainy season begins.

I shall not soon forget the welcome the Christians gave me when I arrived, an arch was arranged with the words "Welcome to the New Missionary" on it and although they could not speak to me nor I to them there is a language unspoken by words but expressed on the faces of those who have been redeemed. My Bible woman came in to call on me the day I arrived, and in broken English said "We have been praying for a long time that a missionary lady would come to us and now that God has answered our prayer I must thank him for sending you."

It is two months and a half since Mr. and Mrs. Higgins left the station, she has been very ill since then, and at one time those who watched over her thought that the summons "come up higher" had been given; but our prayers have been answered, the Dear Father has seen fit to spare her life and is slowly restoring her to health. She spent some time in a hospital in Madras and they are now at Aotacmund enjoying the cool air that gives life to Canadians in this hot country, I hope to welcome them home the last of June, and pray that Mrs. Higgins may come entirely restored.

I have a motto hanging on my wall, namely—All things work together for good to them that love God. I suppose that includes house-keeping in India with servants that do not understand any English. I shall not soon forget the first few weeks alone. My Telugu was limited, decidedly limited, and language by signs often fail, at least I found it so, when we gave up in despair I would send for the Bible woman and she would smooth things out wonderfully; now I am able to make them understand a few simple sentences.

Mr. Munchi assures me I am making wonderful progress in the language, I know that I am getting on a little better but it seems like slow work when I see the great needs for workers all around me and my tongue tied so I cannot speak a word.

This is a strange language and one does many strange things according to the Telugu idiom; for instance we see smell with our noses and see the feel all over our bodies, and when I say to my cook "can you do that work?" I have to reconstruct the sentence into "Will that work become by you, before translating it into Telugu.

I find construction of sentences the hardest part of the language, I am able to read and translate pretty well. Last Sunday for the first time I read a verse about with the christians the Sunday School lessons