

hills, and the roads are impassable, so that neither can we get out nor any visitors get in. We are fairly free from interruptions—a splendid time for writing letters. This is the North-east monsoon, and may it last until I get this letter written—for otherwise I see no hope.

I know some of my friends are wondering what has become of me since my brother has left and is at home with you now. I am not alone. At last July Conference, Miss Lockhart, who came out from Nova Scotia last Fall, was appointed temporarily to Avinagadda to study Telugu—and anything else she found worthy of her consideration! So I am far from lonely—having been supplied with a most congenial companion, who already loves India and her people and likes Avinagadda.

We had such a good time during the week of special evangelism—the first week of this month—that I want to tell you about it. This Week (with a capital) is a week of simultaneous evangelistic effort in all the Missions of South India—like a simultaneous campaign at home, only this is over the whole country instead of in one city. And we don't have professional evangelists to help. We just try to get EVERYBODY at it—every Christian man, woman and child in the Church. It is *their* special week. And because they are, with us here in Avinagadda at any rate, somewhat ignorant and almost wholly illiterate, we were busy for two or three weeks previously, preparing them for their part in the campaign. The pastor held meetings with the men, and Mary and Martha and I with the women, teaching them the special hymns and verses (Rom. 5: 8 and 6: 23) which the Committee had chosen as the special text for all our work for that week. We told the women that it was to be *their* week; that they were to go out with their nets to catch souls, as Jesus had promised His followers should do. They listened, and learned, and seemed to catch on. But of course they said: "Can we preach? And if we do, will anyone listen to us?" We told them to be not faithless, but believing (and we had to tell it to ourselves, too!). They seemed mildly interested; but when the week came, would they do anything? They were "only women," you know; and an Indian woman is not expected to know enough to take active part in anything really big and worth-while, like this was. Their Missamma didn't see why they shouldn't—only—well, they were so remiss about such common, ordinary Christian attainments as Sabbath observance, church attendance, etc., that her heart used to ache, and often she wondered if her efforts to teach them better did them any good anyhow.

But if you are a missionary you mustn't give up hope, no matter how you feel. You just keep on doing the best you can. And, anyhow, "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," especially when one believes that with God all things are possible, and that these Christians, weak and ignorant as they are, are His. So we hoped and worked away, and prayed.

The last Sunday of September, and the first day of the Campaign came. The attendance at morning service was good, and we had a special address to encourage us in our enterprise. In the afternoon Mary and Martha went down to take the women out in two bands to preach. They decided to preach to their neighbors first. I told the Biblewomen that I had decided to stay away, as I thought the women would feel freer to speak and would be more ready to do it themselves if I did. But you can imagine, perhaps, how I waited for their return and news.

In the gloaming they came. "What sort of time did you have?" For answer,