

to their houses. Of course it was not all such plain sailing. There were villages, where the men folk were ugly, abusing the women if they even looked at us; and there were other villages where, perhaps, one orthodox old woman would set her face against us and not a hearing could we get. We always laid such cases before the Lord and He managed the matter in His own good time and way, and sooner or later the closed doors opened, ears and hearts were opened too.

Now-a-days our work is very different. We are well known from one end of the field to the other. Everyone understands why we are here and in more than 100 villages we are sure of our standing, and in many a home if, upon our arrival we ask after the welfare of one and another, some one is sure to interrupt with, "Oh, never mind all that, get out your Book." And this hunger for the Word is growing and is one of the most encouraging signs in the work.

There are women here and there in the villages who really know the Lord and His saving grace, but, fearful of their people and not knowing at all what their future is to be if they break away from their home, husband, children and every tie they have ever known (as they must if they confess Christ openly), they lack the courage to come out.

Now that we have the boat we arrange our touring as follows: Part of June, all of July and August is the time for transplanting the rice shoots and the men folk of every caste, also the outcaste women and Christian women are in the fields, and we have wonderful opportunities among the caste women. September, October and November, we turn our attention to Christian and lower caste women. Then again in December and January, while the harvest lasts, we go back to the caste women. February and March are spent largely among Christian women. April and May are the hottest months, the canals are closed and we usually devote ourselves to the Sunday Schools and work in Akidu.

Readers will notice that the Christian women claim a good deal of time and attention, and will perhaps wonder what we do among them. Our reply is that we try to obey the Saviour's command, "teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you. Very few of the Christian women can read, and surrounded as they are by all the old customs and superstitions and the evil that meets eye and ear at every turn, there is little, oh, so little to help them in the new life. Sometimes we work through meetings—Christian women's meetings in every village, sometimes we visit from house to house, and it is then after listening to recital of joys or sorrows or hopes for the future (all of which are sure to be poured into the sympathetic ear), that one has opportunity to make personal application of truths that often make more lasting impression than the same truth

taught in a general way in any number of meetings. We seldom leave a Christian woman without teaching her a verse from the Book, and in several villages, passages of Scripture are taught to the Christian women regularly by Biblewomen or preacher's wives.

I have written the above that you at home may rejoice with me over the difference in the work ten years ago and now, and praise the Lord for what He hath wrought and for what His own Word has accomplished.

Yours in service,

FANNY M. STOVEL.

Akidu, India.

### VUYURU.

Dear Readers of the LINK:—

Two or three days ago I came home from a splendid tour, I do not wish to write of that just now, however, but would rather give you some news from V; tell you a few incidents of my work in and about the station.

During July and part of August is the transplanting season; that is, the young sprouts of rice are being transplanted from the seed beds to the broad fields, which have been plowed and flooded with water preparatory to receiving the young crop—for, as you all know, rice must grow in standing water. At this time the country is in an almost unavigable state of mud and water. All the main canals are full and all the lesser canals, with which our part of the country is liberally supplied, are over-flowing, so as to feed this thirsty young crop. I have often compared the country in this state to an immense shallow mill pond, divided off into compartments by narrow humpy ridges, which form the only place for the sole of man's foot, and which, when wet, it is as much as your pony's neck is worth to walk on—not to mention your own self-respect and your position in the eyes of the world. But the mud has more terrors than the water. The soil down here at Vuyuru is "black cotton soil." (I wonder if they have it in America.) After a heavy shower it is like a good adhesive plaster, warranted to adhere with complete interest; after a couple of days' rain it becomes glue of the kind that is advertised as "stickphast"; after a week's rain and during transplanting time it is like soft porridge to the depth of a foot, with a strata of pure mud beneath. You can imagine that touring over such a country is (except to those who have boats) unprofitable and under some circumstances impossible. It is impossible, for instance, to find a dry spot large enough to pitch one's tent, and it is also almost as impossible for beings who wear shoes and European garments to get from one village to another. At such times our touring is limited to a few villages along the main road, which contain travellers' bungalows, where one can live for the