

known unto us, then a short prayer—one of the Christmas hymns and the words "Peace be to this house and all that dwell in it," and the procession started for another bari singing Christmas hymns and Litanies.

Of course it was not possible to keep much of a line going straight across country with people who had never seen a procession before, and the singing was shaky when different parts of the procession got to different places *e.g.* getting down the side of a bari, there is nothing for it but to run: but it was a thrilling feeling to be following that Shining Cross singing the familiar Christmas hymns in the language of India, through that country which had never seen anything of the kind before with groups of Hindus, Mussulman, watching from their baris or hanging about on the outskirts of our people to see what it was all about.

In that way we visited all the Christmas baris within reach—it was a striking scene on the baris—the group lit up by the lights carried in the procession and the background of dusky figures and the low thatched roofs of the bamboo houses. We were processing for just upon two hours, singing hard all the time and finished up with a short service at the Church, but it was too interesting to be tiring and when we got back to the house-boat in which we were living we had to have "While Shepherds watched" in English for ourselves.

A Midnight Celebration is not possible out in the district—people have to come such long distances, but we have one at Barisal and all sorts of beautiful processions I believe. I daresay I shall be here another year, but I would not have missed the Xmas at Koligran for a good deal.

I am enclosing some children's letters in this.

I hope that you had a very happy Christmas at Yale—Yale Christmases are some of the happiest I have known. With love to the children and yourself,

Yours affectionately,

ROSE MOODY.

(now "Sister Rose" of the Oxford Mission,  
Sisterhood of the Epiphany.)