

before her? Of course she had to answer "No." "If she can't eat that, how can she eat you?" I said. Some men standing near saw the absurdity and laughed, but the poor woman seemed much puzzled. The first part of Isa. lxii : 2, often comes to my mind "For, behold the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people." But we look forward to the time when the second part shall be true, even of this land of India; "But the Lord shall arise upon thee, and His glory shall be seen upon thee."

I am not quite sure as to the kind of letter you want, but as it is to be quarterly, this one must begin from July. That was a busy month. Reviewing for our final examination, which took place at Conference time, kept me busy until we went to Cocanada. You will likely know, ere this, that your missionary got through safely. Often when tempted to be discouraged, over the by no means easy task of learning to talk intelligibly in the queer tongue, the remembrance of so many praying for me at home, was an inspiration to me. Conference, which is a time of blessing and help to us, after being separated month after month, decided I was to remain in Tuni for the present. As you may imagine there were many thanksgivings to God on account of reinforcements and the writer's was not the least hearty. My dear brother and his wife are to join me in Tuni. Our coming back to Tuni, I began at once to go out every afternoon with my two Bible women, who live in the compound. At present there are four others living in different villages. They report to me once a month. My first work was to see all the places in Tuni which Miss Rogers was in the habit of visiting. During August and September we spoke in over seventy places. You will notice I do not say "visited houses," for in most cases, a rollo, a sort of wooden block, hollowed out in one end and in which they pound their rice, is placed near a house and the women from the near houses gather together. Usually we speak in two or three places in one afternoon. It depends on the interest. Sometimes we talk to twenty-five or thirty in an afternoon, and at times only five or six. Sometimes we sit on the sort of veranda that surrounds many of the Hindu houses. Perhaps you would think that too fine a name to give it if you were to see it. As you know, many of the houses are built of mud, and the roof is of palmyra leaves. When the wall is finished, they raise a bank all round up close to it, and when it hardens they make much use of it as a seat. The roof slants right down over it, so that it is usually shady. Many of the women listen gladly, and will confess that there is only one true God, and their idol worship is vain. Yet they are so bound by this terrible caste system, they are not brave enough to face the consequence of becoming an open follower of Jesus. Dear sisters, pray that their hearts may so feel the power of the love of Jesus that they can't help confessing Him.

We were called to several new places. Amongst them was a woman whose daughter had died, leaving two little children. They are not poor. The woman never goes outside her own yard and had not heard of the loving-sympathizing Saviour. A woman who works for us, told her if she would call us, we would tell her good words. So she invited us; you may be sure we went very soon. Her heart was so full of sorrow for her daughter, and what could I say? We tried to lead her to think of her own soul, and told her of the loving sympathy of Jesus and how He showed it to those in sorrow. When we were away she said, "Come again. I could not listen very well to-day; but I do want to know about Him."

We have been a number of times and she likes me to read and explain the Word and also likes us to pray with her. Many are not willing for us to do that. They seem to think if they consent to our praying with them they have in some way committed themselves. Amongst other encouraging listeners are a man, his wife and eldest son. When we go to visit the woman, we often find the men folk at home and as they listen so interestedly, we do not mind them staying. Sometimes the men are a hindrance if they are near, and we then politely ask them to go away, telling them we came specially to see the women and talk with them. The woman above mentioned has such a good memory, and enjoys the Bible stories so much. She will listen so carefully, putting in her own comments. The next time we go she asks for it again to be sure that she has it right. How my heart longs for hearts like these, that the power of the Holy Spirit may be manifest in their conviction and conversion. They have to hear over, and over again. But there's power in the Gospel of Jesus Christ and it is for all people. So we labor on. Nearly all castes are included in those we visit. In this part the Kapus, or farmers' caste are amongst our best hearers. Several Mahommedan women are amongst the number we visit.

If this is not the kind of report you wish, please let me know. The next one will not be so full of work as regards myself, for it has pleased the Father to lay me aside for a while. But I am gaining strength every day. The weather is delightful. That and the joy of meeting my dear brother, are much in my favor. There will be something of interest though, as I made my first tour the first week in October, and one's first impressions are apt to be more impressed on their mind.

But this is a rather long talk from one who has not looked into your faces. We are not strangers though, are we? Bound together by the wonderful love of Jesus, helping each other to carry out His command and to make other lives purer and better. I am so glad to be here. Pray often that I may abide in Him and He in me, so that here in the darkness He may be revealed to some hearts through me. Praying that in your meeting you may be very conscious of the Master's presence.

Yours sincerely,

ELLEN PRIEST.

Tuni, Nov. 25th, 1895.