

it seems nice to meet the farmers strolling about watching their crops, and to pass the "time o' day" with them on my way to the town. They are friendly and always ready to chat about the prospects for a crop.

Along the canal bank, in front of the house, at busy times of the year, gay and laughing throngs of men and women stream by on their way to work in the fields. Last month it was rice-transplanting. Sombre shades are not at all fashionable in India, and the coolie men and women make a joyous splash of color against the bright green of the background of trees and grass as they go along in their pinks and purples and reds and white. About ten in the morning they go, laughing and chattering and calling to one another. And about dusk, or often after dark, I hear them returning, after bending over the little rice sprouts (planting them by hand in the mud and water of the prepared fields) all day long in the burning sun. I hear them coming home again, singing some glad, lilting song.

But I have met some of the older ones, coming quietly home, with haggard faces, and weary, lagging steps, after their hard day in the terrible heat. How patient they look, and how poor! And they do it for six cents a day.

In the town we are having good times. It is prettier and shadier than most Indian towns of its size, because it has a good many trees and gardens and some room. Most of our country villages are crowded and bare and sadly lacking in shade. But Avanigadda is different—and we feel that, as far as outward conditions go, our lines are "fallen unto us in pleasant places."

The people are exceedingly friendly and very approachable. Of course, neither we nor our message are total strangers to them, and we have felt that, in some very real way, God has prepared the soil for us here, and, in the Biblical sense, "pre-vented" us with

His blessing. I have visited a good many Brahmin homes and have received a cordial welcome and found many women who could read and discuss religious subjects with intelligence. The Komatis, too, or merchant class, who are invariably prejudiced, and hard to reach, have been very friendly and listen well. The Shudras, including farmers, weavers and artisans of all kinds, are our very good friends, and we find among them many women who are not only eager to listen, but are ready to learn, and so glad that the Missamma and her Biblewomen have come to live with them. One dear old bright-eyed woman, bent almost double with age and weakness, sings part of a hymn she was taught last March. A young Brahmin woman, with an unusually sweet voice, has already learned to sing several of our hymns, and her husband likes to have her. A Brahmin gentleman, clerk in one of the courts here, stopped me on the street the other day, asked me in English if I could let him have a copy of Thomas à Kempis, and said he was glad to hear I had been to visit his wife. These are just a few of the things that help to make us glad here.

The other day I went to call on a Hindu official's wife and found an unusually thoughtful woman of fine bearing and attractive countenance, whose sad experience of life has made her religious aspirations very sincere and lofty, and has led her to the conviction that God is One and sufficient. "But," said she, "it is only the 'perfected' ones who can realize that and live up to it. And who am I that I should claim to be such?"

Four little sons has she lost, one after the other, leaving just one small daughter. So she has a serious outlook on life. She follows the customs of her people as to religious ritual and ceremony because she knows no better way of reaching Him. One can love her