

ward and write their names while we were singing "Rejoice in the Lord." No other inducement was made. The Holy Spirit did the rest of the work, if indeed He did not do it all. The chorus was nearly finished before anyone moved, then our one Christian native teacher rose, and smiling, gladly subscribed his name. Then followed the head preacher in the village. Then it was the students' turn. Who would make the first move? Many eyes were turned towards the head man in the senior class, but he hung his head, he was not ready. Some of us knew the minds of the senior class. Perhaps you home people are aware that we have one of your three young ladies of last year with us here, and while two of them are busy seed-sowing in Telugu in Cocanada, she is beginning it here, and in her one or two hours' daily conversation in Telugu, a requirement of the curriculum, she has, while talking to these Christian students, felt the necessity of urging upon them the matter of giving either their tenth or their anna to the rupee. Some two or three had been persuaded, others had doubted and some others had said the thing was impossible. Why, where could they limit their expenses? They used no tobacco, so they could not limit there; they bought no jewels, so they could not limit there; they drank neither tea nor coffee, so they could not limit there. The only limit was in the amount of rice, and if they did not have enough of that they would starve; they might take less salt in their curry, or less curry-stuff, or they might have vegetable always instead of mutton, or perhaps chicken, which in itself was a rare treat, but what else could they do? If they had more they might give, but how could they give now?

This senior student had been thinking it all out, thought he could not do it, so sat there with his head down. While finishing this hymn and beginning another, "Oh, how I love Jesus," the others of the class who were evidently anxious to pledge themselves, could wait no longer, and all rose, one by one, then some of the next form, and some of the next lower came and signed. Again we sang, "Stand up for Jesus," "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver," and "What hast thou done for Me?" But the Holy Spirit was working as we sang and as we prayed, else how could so many, one after another, come and give so willingly; so gladly of their little. And they did so gladly; we could see it in their faces, so bright, so willing, and some of us for very joy shed tears. We sang again, "Stand up for Jesus," and the senior could resist no longer, he came, too, just as joyful as the others had done. Then many other students, then the other part of the congregation; the Bible-women all, the Christian servants, the disciples from the mala-pilly, one month-old Christian among the latter, of whom blind Uppanna, who supports himself by doing cooly-work; so many came consecrating themselves and promising their gift.

The service was over. Hearty, mutual congratulations were extended, "See the fruit of your labors, the answer to your prayers," said one to her who had conversed so much on the subject. "A great entering in," said another. Those who in classes had often heard of the duty of giving, and who thought it impossible that they could give anything, were now apparently astonished to think that they now realized that it could be done. It was indeed, a joyful, a hopeful, a glorious opening of the building consecrated to the Master's use.

On reckoning up the gifts that will come in month by month, we found that these church members will be able to support a student in the Seminary, and a teacher in the village school, and thus help education; give their proportion to the Home Mission Society, and thus help

Home Missions, support a preacher, and thus help Foreign Missions, and still have some to give to Bible Society and other objects.

My dear sisters, has not my heart been indicting a good matter? Have I not told you of the things touching the King and His kingdom? Will not your hearts respond? While hearts here have responded to your gifts, and to your prayers, and have believed in the Lord Jesus Christ for their salvation, will your hearts respond to these more than three score and ten persons who renewed their consecration on this opening day? Will you, too, renew your vow, making Christ your all, and in all? May He be everything, all else nothing! Will you like them, henceforth devote your tithe, your portion (the larger the income the larger the portion), that Christ not only being all, and in all to you, may be all and in all in your home, country, and in the broad, broad world? If so my prayer will be answered. I shall know why God has laid the burden upon me to thus write you. Your secretary asked me by card last week to write you a letter, but nothing was given me to say. The joys of last Sabbath so deeply impressed me that I must needs write thus, though the word may now scarce reach you.

Our hearty greeting to you all. We are praying that the Holy Spirit may be upon you. The Lord be with you, be to you your all and in all.

Your sister in His name,

S. I. HATCH.

Miss Hatch writes, Sept. 30: "I have some very good news to tell you, namely, that a caste widow of Samalkot has been baptized. My heart seems almost too full to write any particulars just now, and yet I must give you the word, "Blessed be the Lord, blessed be His glorious name! The Lord hath triumphed, He hath triumphed gloriously."

In the same letter, speaking of Miss Folsom's work, Miss Hatch says: "The work has grown wonderfully under her supervision, indeed every person and every thing that comes in contact with Miss Folsom seems to be blessed. Only the other day, a caste man, one of her servants, was converted, through the influence of her family prayers, which she conducts daily in Telugu."

Miss Hatch asks the Quebec and Ontario Bands to give \$100 towards Miss Folsom's travelling expenses home. The missionaries are giving the rest themselves.

Akidu.

Let me give you a brief account of our doings during the last few months. Six months ago to-day I returned to Akidu from my last tour. The hot season seemed unusually trying to me. I had a month of dyspepsia, and as Mrs. Craig and I both needed a rest, we decided to finish our fourth year in India by a trip to Bangalore. We left Akidu on July 1st and reached our destination via Cocanada and Madras on the 16th of that month. There we rested and grew cool until the 17th Sept. On the 18th we found ourselves in Madras once more and the climate we found to be a stewing one. On the 27th we reached Cocanada, and after a few days of delightful intercourse with fellow missionaries, we set out for Akidu bringing our new acquisition with us; I mean Miss Stovel, who is now settled in our east room. We reached home on the evening of the 4th inst., and on Sunday held the usual monthly meeting of the Akidu Church. The Lord's Supper was observed and one man was baptized. Last Sunday we had another high day; nineteen were baptized, namely, nine men from a village two miles distant; five men from the small mala hamlet not far