

up the mission work she has laid down for a time, and we are both content to have it so. It is nice to let the Father plan for us.

One year ago, I did not expect to come here, but it is my happy home now, and the mission work in Bobbili is a part of the work we love.

There is a difference between the Bobbili of to-day and that to which Mr. and Mrs. Churchill came five years ago.

We find a compound, and all that pertains thereto, in very good order, which shows that some one has worked and planned before us.

We cannot write of Christians being gathered in, but there are many evidences of faithful seed-sowing, for as we go into the streets of the town or the adjacent villages, we find that the name of Christ is not strange to the people, so we know that the missionaries and their helpers have been holding up their Master before them.

We came here in the early part of February, and lived in the little bungalow till our friends left on the 28th, and did not really take up the work till then. After they had gone we moved into the mission house proper, which we find much cooler than the other, arranged ourselves, and are now quite well prepared to give our time to the matters before us. As far as possible we intend to continue to sow the good seed, but while doing so we are looking anxiously about, from side to side, for the first fruits of the harvest. Ere this, surely the sunshine and dews of heavenly grace must have nearly ripened some sheaves, and we are expecting to catch a glimpse of them soon amid the tall grass and weeds which so abound.

Six of my boarding girls came here with me. Cassie is teaching in Bimili. Since we came have adopted another, and, I suppose, her best friend in Canada is Bessie Churchill. Her name is Chinny, and she comes from among the lowest class of people. I have been among these, the Telagas and the Vellamahs, who all listen very well. The pupils of our girls' school in town come principally from the Telagas, but, I fear, their love for the school in itself is not very great.

The little school on the compound has recently met with a loss, which is rather comical in itself, but which really gave it quite a shake. Three boys from the Gadaba village, near by, used to come, and Mrs. Churchill gave them a small cup of rice daily. Before she went away she sold those cups, but before doing so, fearing the young gentlemen might make some tantrum, we took the precaution to measure one of my cups by hers, and gave the boys from one of mine for some days. However, as soon as Mrs. Churchill was gone, there was a strike, and the boys declared they would not come to school unless I gave them some clothes and more rice. They said I did not give them as much as she did, and that I was treating them unjustly. I talked to the young good-for-nothings and so did the helpers, but evidently they meant business. One night I met a number of the Gadaba people a short distance from the compound, and seating myself on a stone asked them to sit down on the ground and have a chat with me. They complied and began immediately upon the rice question. After some talk we disposed of it amicably, and they promised to send the children to school. Then we conversed upon the propriety of drinking toddy. Some of the men said they drank, while others said they did not, while all, both men and women, said that Gadaba women never drank. I enjoyed the talk and hoped better things from the boys, but they only came a few days, and we have not seen them now for some time. I should have been over to their village ere this, but it is too far to walk and the car-

riage cannot go, so we are planning to go in a native cart, and then those boys will be expecting us to go straight for them. But it is not at all probable that we will, yet we will try to tell them something good. I think the boys will be back one of these days, rather regretting that they have lost so much rice.

We have one promising Gadaba boy, Zoogy Raju, as a boarder. He works like a cooly out of school hours and seems to enjoy it. He is not a Christian, and still loves his old habits and customs. One day he asked permission to go to his village to attend a marriage. I said, "No," and though he reasoned his side of the case most stoutly, he had to admit that my reasons were better than his, and he did not go. Only a day or two afterwards he asked to go into the town to see the Wunna feast which was in progress. I refused rather tremblingly, fearing it might be too much of a burden for his weak back. The tom-toms were making sweet music in his ears, and it was hard to make him feel. I asked him to promise that he would not go when out of our sight, but he would not; so I told him rather laughingly to go into the room and stay till he was ready to do so. He is about sixteen or seventeen years old, I should think, and the big fellow looked very funny as he turned to obey. When he got into the room the ludicrous side of it struck him too, and after a moment he came out saying he would not go without leave. Sometime afterwards the boy who had heard the conversation came and told us he had gone, but we were most glad and thankful to find that he had not.

He is getting on nicely and some day we hope to see him a Christian. Truly yours,

CARRIE H. ARCHIBALD.

Bobbili, March 25th.

THE WORK AT HOME.

To the Circles of Ontario.

MY DEAR FRIENDS.—Since our annual meeting last October, I have received very few direct communications from any of you. Encouraging reports have appeared from time to time in the LINK as to the progress and prosperity of some, but I have felt a little anxious sometimes whether others might not be losing their interest, and be getting half-hearted or discouraged in the work.

We are more than half way through another year, and thus far I have only heard of four new circles having been formed—those of Springfield, Plympton, Simcoe and Lewis street, Toronto. These, with two new Bands, are all the aggressive work that I have heard of as accomplished this year, so that we must all work hard during the remaining months, if we wish even to attain the standard reached last year.

In the beginning of last January the Rev. Mr. Stewart, of Hamilton, the secretary of the General Society, appealed to our Women's Societies, through the LINK, to endeavour to raise more money than we did last year. If we could raise \$3,000 in 1883, why not make it \$4,000 for this year?

Our watchword must indeed be "Forward," if we would keep pace with the urgent and ever growing claims of the work in India. I think that you are all aware that a young lady, a Miss Gibson, of Cocanada, has recently been appointed to help Miss Frith in her Zenana work, and besides this Miss F. writes that it is highly desirable, and even necessary for her to be accompanied