

verandah, lay hold of his or her boy or girl and march them off by the hair of the head. One man was very troublesome; he was not content with seeing that his own children did not come under our baneful influence, but he made it his business to try to keep all other children away too. If in spite of all his efforts the children came to us, he would make raids on the school and laying hold of as many as possible, drag them off. God honored our faith, and one day this troublesome man's curiosity to know what was really taught the children was too strong for him, and he slid into a class of boys and listened, then learned the verse for the day, and the following Sunday not only came himself but brought his son and daughter with him.

Another Sunday, right in the middle of the opening prayer, the whole school rose and rushed away. I was at a loss to account for this, but years later had the same experience with another school and learned then that when we asked for silence, closed eyes and bowed heads, and began to pray, they (the children) thought we were repeating some charm over them to make them Christians "Willy-nilly," and so they ran away. This was our first Sunday School. Others were organized in different parts of the town later on. One, from the very first went quietly on without any thrilling experiences, but all the others had their ups and downs, their days of light and shadow. To-day, of these heathen Sunday Schools we have five in Akidu—one in the large malapilly, one in the small malapilly, one in the weaver quarter, one in the shepherd street and one in the brick-layers' palim. Together the average attendance is over 200. There is also a school in each of two little villages near by. But to go back to those early days. After we had got fairly started in Akidu we ventured out to near villages. At first the women were afraid of us. Mrs. Craig had found her time fully occupied with household duties, the Bible and Sewing classes, and general care of the boarding school, and the caste women who are a bit secluded and never come in to market, had really no opportunity of ever seeing a white woman before, and not only were they afraid, but they could not understand the freedom with which we went about, and they could not understand my being unmarried, and it was long before we won their confidence. Indeed, in some of these near villages it was years before we really got a foothold and felt that we were sure of a good hearing.

Then the preachers and pastors began to request that we come to their villages, "we cannot talk to the women, do come and help us," they plead, and thus the touring began. With one or two Bible-women I would take up my abode in a chapel or school-house at some central point, for two or three weeks. Every morning we were off to one of the many near villages and back

for a noonday children's meeting, followed by a Christian woman's meeting, after which the afternoon was spent among the heathen women in the homes, and the evenings were given to general Bible-class. In this way we visited all the churches on the field and managed to accomplish a good deal in their immediate neighborhood, but the many, many villages between these centres were untouched because there were no chapels and no place we could stay in. In '94 this need was met by the home people and a house-boat was built. In it I make my home always, and in it I go for long tours of a month or more. This district is well supplied with irrigation canals and there are many, many villages along the banks of the main water ways. We visit in these, staying one, two or three days, as the work demands. To the more distant villages inland there are small canals branching from the main, and into these we put a small row boat and are either pulled or poled along.

In the early days it was quite a task to get work started in these villages where no white woman had ever been seen before. Our usual plan was to walk slowly down the village street hoping that some one would speak to us, thus opening the way for conversation. Sometimes a potter at work in an open yard would give us an excuse for standing and talking, or a tree all in flower would offer an opportunity to ask a question, perhaps of a woman in a doorway near by. By the time we had asked the name of the tree and a few particulars as to fruit, etc., it would be her turn to question, and by the time she had asked us who we were and where we came from quite a crowd of women would gather, and we would be catechised—our sex, age, reason for being unmarried, number of brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts and cousins, then the question for which we had been waiting, "Why have you come here, what is your business in our village?" We reply that away in our country we heard that they were worshipping idols of wood and stone, and what not, and that we had come to tell them that these idols were nothing and that there is but one true God, and perhaps suggest that if any of them have a shady verandah, we could all sit down and hear about this one true God, and the one way of Salvation. If we have succeeded in winning their confidence a bit, one of the women will lead the way to her verandah or to her cowshed, or to her back yard, and we all sit down and the hymn book and Book of books is gotten out and for two, sometimes three, sometimes four hours we worked on (the Biblewoman and I taking turns). In that time, perhaps, our audience would change once or twice. If among them any woman suggested that we come with her to her house, we went, otherwise it was always best to stay on where we were so long as our audience came to us. Six months or a year later, on revisiting the village, we usually found many who were ready to call us