

Two, three, sometimes four times a year, for nine (9) years we visited the village and always this same old man spoiled our work. Sometimes he would be sitting on the canal bank; then there was no getting into the village without his seeing us, and as I said he would follow us down the one little street the village boats, and the doors on either side would close as if by magic.

One day, about the end of last transplanting season, the old man was not visible and we crept quietly into the village, hoping to get, at least, work in one house before he heard of our coming. We were seated on a verandah, the women all about us, when along came some boys; they asked me for papers and I gave to each a Telugu Gospel hand bill. One among them immediately tore his into shreds and threw them over me, "that boy needs a good shaking" said I, and quick as thought rose to give it to him, whereupon the boy ran round a corner, into a yard and on to a verandah. I followed, but on the verandah was met by the old man who had given us so much trouble all these years. For a minute I wondered what would happen next, then was reassured by the old man, who welcomed me with "Oh Missamma, you have come to my house, I am so glad you have come to my house, do sit down." He spread a mat for me and called his wife and daughter-in-law and widowed daughters and bade me open my book and read to them. I did so and we had a nice time together and later had good hearings in two other houses that same afternoon.

Thinking that perhaps the old man's friendly spirit was largely due to his desire to shield his naughty little grandson from the shaking he richly deserved, we were a little doubtful as to how we might be received when we again visited the village, some months later. So we stopped at almost the first house we came to, and after spending a good hour and a half there, were passing along the street when we met the old Brahmin. He was delighted to see us, and asked if we had just come. "No" I said "we have been sitting at so-and-so's house," to which he exclaimed "you did not come to my house first! you must always come to my house first!" and he led the way to his house, spread a mat on the verandah for us, and as before, called his women folk and we again had an opportunity of making plain to them the way of salvation, and we came away feeling assured of our footing in the village for the future and praising our Father for this "open door."

Pray for Chinnakapavaram!

Yours in the Lord,

FANNY M. STOVEL.

Akidu, India.

MISSION BAND LESSON.—PEDDAPURAM.

Leader.—Before 1890 we had four stations only in India, with resident missionaries, Cocanada, Tuni, Akidu,

and Samulcotta, but between 1890 and 1892 five more stations were started. It is about one of these that we are going to learn something to-day. First let us try and get some idea of where Peddapuram is. Will some one tell us how near it to Cocanada?

Ans. 1.—It is twelve miles north of Cocanada, and the nearest railway station is at Samulcotta, so that when the traveller leaves the railway he has to drive three miles. The road is a government one, usually in good condition and passes through the town of Samulcotta, by our Seminary buildings and then by a gradual ascent, the winding shady road reaches over mission premises at Peddapuram.

Leader.—The mission house faces the road, and the compound, or land on which it stands, is 2 acres in extent and is beautifully situated. What does Mr. Walker say about it?

Ans. 2.—It occupies a position quite near the Government offices and just outside of the town proper. The elevation is comparatively high, so that standing on the front veranda one can see far away over the fields, at a distance of from 40 to 50 miles the peaks and blue outline of the high hills beyond. The house itself occupies a spot near the north-east corner of the lot, behind it stands the kitchen and storehouse. Farther away and at the extreme south side are ranged the houses of the helpers. The chapel occupies the north-west corner of the lot, behind it are the dormitories and cook houses in connection with the Boys' Boarding School.

Leader.—How large a place is Peddapuram?

Ans. 3.—It has a population of 13,000. It is the headquarters of two high Indian officials and has a Government Treasury, a small Jail, a Police Station, and a Government Dispensary. These buildings are beautiful structures and are within a stone's throw of the mission compound, on the road to the town.

Leader.—It was here that Mr. and Mrs. Walker went in 1891 to take charge of the district known as the Peddapuram field. At that time there was only a small house on half an acre of land and there was no church in the town; there were churches in two places near, with about 80 Christians in them, these Christians were in 20 villages. Now there are seven churches with a membership of 300, and Christians in 60 villages. Mr. Walker had gone to Peddapuram to be one of God's witnesses, to bear the Good News that although unseen, there is in the world a loving, living God, who wants to save men, and that the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ can make a man unselfish, kind and good, but He was received with suspicion. Someone tell us about it.

Ans. 4.—Mr. Walker tells us that the merchants would not take coins from his hands for the goods bought. He says, "A long iron ladle was held out upon which we were requested to place the coin. It was then drawn in, and in some cases immediately deposited in a dish of water, to be purified I suppose. The parcel of goods was also delivered by means of the ladle, or pushed far away from the seller. By and by the coins were simply left on the floor of the veranda where the goods were sold. Little by little the pot of water fell into disuse, so that long before we left, there was no one who would not receive our money and deliver our parcels in the regular Canadian way.

Leader.—The blameless life had begun to tell. At the request of the Government, Mr. Walker took the position of Chairman of the Dispensing Committee, all the other members being leading natives of the town. For