

from labor in the Home Circle, the W.C.T.U., and the work of missions, she has been called by her King only to a higher form of service. Here, she must have often wearied not of, but in her work. There, she knows only the delight of labor; no dulness, no weariness, no fear or mistakes to mar her work. We miss her. We had been looking forward to the time when from other duties there might come a respite which would enable her to assume the duties of Co. Sec'y of Yarmouth. But we do not grudge her the higher service, nay, we thank Him, who through His blood has fitted her for it. And then, "Are they not all ministering spirits sent forth to minister to those who shall be heirs of salvation?" "Wherefore comfort one another."

INDIA LETTERS.

CHICACOLE, Nov. 7th, 1891.

Dear Miss Johnstone: A few words for the LINK. On the 22nd we took our little girl and went out to Calinga to meet the Barss's. They arrived on Sunday, 25th. We all stayed in Calinga and had a good Sabbath there. Monday about 3.30 a.m., our bandies were all loaded and we were soon off for Chicacole. When we arrived at the house we found all the Christians packed upon the front steps. In front was a large arch with "Welcome Mr. and Mrs. Barss," in large letters. The decorations of the arch were very gay, and revealed a large amount of taste and ingenuity. The Christians are cheered three times, and then sang an original Telugu hymn composed for the occasion by P. David. After this, the last chorus was accompanied by the clapping of thirty pairs of hands. The lower row contained the boarding children, while behind them stood the older ones. After the singing, the centre was broken up and the thirty pairs of feet lined the both sides of the steps from the ground to the front door. Then the welcomed new comers filed up the steps and received welcome "salaams" on either side as they passed. It was a capital reception and made our friends feel that they were indeed welcome by those for whose welfare they had come to this land. The best part of it all was that the Christians had planned the reception and carried it through with little or no help from us. To the Barss's the whole thing was a surprise and was highly appreciated. In the evening a welcome meeting was held, when an address of welcome was read (in English.) Mr. and Mrs. Barss responded fittingly. Prayers were offered and hymns sung, and all of us seemed very happy. On the following Sunday we had a grand day. At 6.30 a.m. three happy believers were baptized. In the afternoon thirty or more of us sat down to the Lord's table. The Lord's supper service was an unusually impressive one.

We have been praying this year for sixteen souls on this field. God has thus far given us twelve. We feel sure that our prayers will be answered and that the other four will be given us.

There are twenty-four in the Boarding Department. All are doing good work. Pray for us.

W. V. HIGGINS.

As Mrs. Higgins and our little one-year-old were in need of a change I took them with me on the 25th ult. for a tour in the neighborhood of Tekkali. Our camp was pitched in a lovely mango grove, and for two weeks we enjoyed exceedingly the experience of tent

life. After six months of enervating heat, a necessity for heavy blankets at night, and the experience of teeth-chattering in the early morning, were very welcome. It was our plan to remain in tent three weeks before going on to Kimeddy. Finding that there were about fifty villages lying around Tekkali within a radius of four miles, we wrote out the names and decided to visit as many of the villages named as possible. We rose early, dressed by candle light, ate a hearty lunch, spent a few minutes in prayer, and then started off for a walk of several miles to some of the villages. The more distant places were visited in the morning, and the nearer ones in the evening. After spending an hour or two in telling the people about the Saviour of men and the way of life, we returned to the tent about 10 o'clock tired and hungry. Frequently I have a bullock bandy in waiting to bring us all back from the village, and we are thus saved much fatigue. At four in the afternoon we go off again returning at dark. During the two weeks at Tekkali we visited twenty-seven villages, and for the most part found ready listeners, though the people everywhere complain that the crops have been destroyed by drought, and the prospect of famine makes them wear long-drawn faces. The palm of the hand is placed upon the stomach, and then the empty fingers are lifted to the mouth—significant gestures by which the Telugus express their desire for help, and the prospect of "hard times." I wish I could graphically picture to you the scene which we often behold in our visitation of the villages. Suppose our visit is to a Mala hamlet. The village may contain a few (or many) small circular huts huddled promiscuously together, or there may be a long narrow street lined on either side with a continuous block of houses. In either case the thatched roofs reaching almost to the ground make the houses look like so many stacks of old hay. If the people live in a block of huts along the side of the street, there is generally a narrow mud verandah along the front side of the house, over which the roof of the house extends. While we stand in the street these verandahs are often filled with the more timid among the women and children and with the more lazy and disinterested among the men. As we sing a crowd gathers around us, which must be seen to be fully appreciated. The inner circle consists of naked boys and girls (as dirty as pigs, noisy as crows, and numerous as grass hoppers often are—but withal an interesting and welcome lot), who generally sit upon the ground in front of us. In the case of these children frequently the hair is entirely shaved from the head with the exception of a small spot at the back where a long tuft is allowed to grow, and waves in the air. When the children have colds in the head the need of a handkerchief is variously illustrated. Behind the children crowd men and women who generally stand. Some of our hearers as they emerge from beneath the low eaves of the house, are scarcely awake and do little but yawn and rub their eyes or shiver with the chill of the morning. Babies at the mother's breast are busy getting their breakfast while the mother stands in front of us cleaning her teeth with a twig and occasionally making unfavorable comments about our teaching. Suddenly we become aware that satan is busy (we knew he was there from the first but did not before realize his presence so vividly). In one quarter a mother is trying to pacify her screaming child. Hei yells and cuffs, and the child's screams make things pretty noisy, but to help matters along three or four other babies begin to howl simultaneously, each on a different key. Then two women have a tongue fight,