Portion of letter from Miss Churchill telling of her journey to India.

A very happy New Year to you all, is my wish to-day, though the idea of cold and snow is so closely associated with the thought of the first day of January, that if it were not for the calendar, I would scarcely known this was New Year's day.

Here we are, really in our Bobbili home at last, and by this time quite settled. So often during the past year, I have thought and wondered adont this coming to India and many a plan have I made; but after all, the reality has proved quite different.

After the long ocean voyage, the journey in the cars to Vizianagram was like all railway journeys—no, I can not say that with truth, for in many respects it had nothing at all in common with the railway journeys taken in America. There one does not look out upon miles and miles of land where almost every bit of grass is burned up by the sum where even the crops of grain cultivated with all the care the natives know how to give and watched oh so anxiously, are poor and parched, and where at every stopping place little brown faces look up to the windows so pitifully. Of course, as I have often been told this is a country where professional beggars abound, but even knowing that fact, it is none the less touching to see the children holding out their hands and calling Umma, Umma in their plaintive tones.

But as I have remarked, we came in the train as far as Vizianagram and here came in, the altogether newfeatures of travelling. To begin with, it seemed strange not to start out on our journey to Bibbili until evening, for it was after seven o'clock before Mother and I had settled our selves in the front of the bandy, our smaller hoxes and bundles packed in behind us, and had given the signal for our coolies to start.

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At first it did seem as if those men were determined to tip us out, but as time passed and no accidents occurred, gradually I forgot my desire to cling to the sides at every rise or fall of the shafts and then I decidedly enjoyed the