Portion of letter from Miss Churchill telling of her journey: to India.
A very huppy 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 rirst day of January, than if it were not ior the calendar, I would suarcely known this was New Yem's day.
Here we are, really in our Bobbili home at last, and by this time quite settled. Sn often during the past year, I have thonght and wondered adont this coming to India and many a plan have I made; but after all, the reality bas proved yuite different.
After the long ocean voyage, the journey in the cars to Vizianagram was like all railway journeys-no, I can no t say that with truth, for in many respects it had nothing at all in common with the railway journeys taken in Amertca. There one does not look out upon miles and miles of land where almost every bit of grass is hurned up by the sun where even the crops of grain cultivated with all the care the natives know how to give and watched oh so anxiously, are por and parched, and where at every stopping place little brown faces look up to the windows so pitifully. Of course, is I have often been told this is a country where professional beggars abound, bat 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 Vizimagram and here came in, the altogether newfeatnrés 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 boxes and bundles packed in behind us, and had given the signal for our coolies to start.
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

