

ness of the work and the need for more helpers to carry it on.

The faces of those who had prayed and toiled for years showed the joy of their hearts over battles fought and victories won. To me it was a great spiritual uplift to meet those who had labored so long and hard, and yet were so ready to embark on another year's arduous work.

The conference requested me to go with Miss Robinson to Akidu, from Jan. 20th till the last of April, as otherwise she would be alone. After two weeks of very pleasant fellowship with Mr. and Mrs. Craig and others at the Mission House, I left for Cocanada.

The evening before we had a very delightful gathering at the Timpany School, with the lady teacher and all the missionaries of Cocanada. It seemed like a joyous occasion for those who so seldom lay aside the heavy cares and responsibilities of their laborious lives.

From Cocanada I went to Samulcot where I met Miss Morrow, with whom I travelled to Akidu. Being invited by Mrs. Stillwell, we spent a very pleasant evening with her and her husband and Mr. and Mrs. Timpany at her home, from which we left in the Mission boat for Akidu. We were two nights and a day and a half coming. The boat moved so slowly that I would often say to Miss Morrow, "Why we have stopped"; but she would say; "O, no; see, the men are pulling."

They run along the banks and pull the boat with a long rope, except when there is wind, then they spread the sail and it is a pretty sight to see the little craft gliding along the canal, with beautiful fields and trees on both sides, and here and there a populous village, and boats passing with various kinds of freight and many of them loaded with passengers.

On the afternoon of Thursday, Jan. 21, we landed at the Mission Compound in Akidu. Long before reaching the landing we could see the tall trees, planted by Mr. Craig many

years ago, and which now beautify the place and also shade it from the burning heat.

Mr. and Mrs. Chute, the children and Miss Robinson were glad to greet us, and now after a month I can understand how the sight of one of one's own kind would be gladdening.

We had a happy evening together at the Ladies' beautiful new bungalow, and next day Mrs. Chute left with the children for the Hills, and Mr. Chute for a tour of several weeks. Miss Morrow remained two days and then left for a trip to the Vuyyuru field, to attend the native Association of Workers.

And now, just a word about Miss Robinson and myself; here we are, the only white people in this town. But the hours and days are so crowded with duties from morning till night; Miss Robinson manages, and I struggle away at the language. Sometimes the brain whirls and I get weary, but language must be learned and with God's help it will be. Without it, how helpless we are in a strange land, of strange people and customs and every thing.

Well, I forgot that too much talk is wearisome, and though there is so much to say, I must stop.

In closing, let me thank you for the prayers which I know are ascending to God in my behalf. Many times, yes, daily, I am conscious of the uplifting power of prayer, and the strength which comes from the messages from the homeland.

Time will not permit me to speak of the love and fellowship which we have together here. We thank God for it, and go on our daily round, glad that He has counted us worthy to join the ranks of His noble servants, the fruits of whose labors for Jesus sake. We shall not know till that great day when we shall see "The King in His Beauty," when the ransomed of the Lord shall come with songs and everlasting joy to Zion. Pray that some may be in that happy throng because I have come to India.

Yours in His service,  
CARRIE M. ZIMMERMAN