

there is only a few inches of water. Last Saturday Miss Churchill and I went down and watched a woman as she slowly drew from one of these wells a few cupfuls at a time with her palm leaf basket. It was quite muddy, but she said that it was good. We said to each other, "what will the people do?" In another tank there is quite a quantity of water, but it is bad, and must certainly be the death of many who drink of it.

This scarcity of water is not confined to Bobbili, but extends over all south India. The great Godaveri river is the lowest it has been for sixty years—so they say; and I heard that the authorities in Bangalore had fined some people who were wasting the precious liquid. When we remember that there are yet five months before the monsoon—before we can expect anything more than a few stray showers—the prospect is indeed very dark. Mr. Churchill says that he never saw it so dry in Bobbili at this time of the year. During my three years in India the word 'famine' has been echoing and re-echoing over our field, and I fear this is the worst yet.

Mr. Mrs. and Miss Churchill returned to their old home about a week before Christmas. It is so good to have them back. Now we are feeling quite settled, and looking forward to touring and working together for sometime before another furlough intervenes. But in the meantime Mrs. Churchill has had a slight attack of inflammation of the lungs. She caught a heavy cold, and it quickly developed into something worse. We hope however that she will soon be able to be up and about the house again.

Miss Churchill seems very happy in her Indian home and with the Telugu people. She has begun the study of the language, and is learning to give her own instructions to the natives.

In my last letter to "Tidings," if I remember correctly, I wrote you about Peddapenke, where they made so much