

Of course, in foreign dress, we cannot go into the homes. They must come to us. However, as I have a long native outer garment, I mean to visit several houses near the wall where it is quiet.

The ladies will probably remain with us at the new place till further arrangements are made.

Since I finished the last sentence my husband told me that our first probationer has been taken. My woman was a probationer, and, of course, will be transferred and added to the other. I think she is as good a Christian as I am. She begins her work at five in the morning, and never considers it done as long as there is a baby awake to be cared for; nor does she ever confess that she is tired. When we came she lived on a mud floor; the hens perching upon the chair-backs or table were as much at home as she. Now, her room is very tidy and entirely different. Pray for them that the last remains of superstition may be uprooted from their hearts by the power of the Spirit. We have a right to expect great things from God.

Several years ago a poor washer-woman here was converted and carried the good news to her country home. It was true leaven, for as a result there is now a most flourishing church. Her friends seem to have caught her truly earnest spirit. She has been known to pray all night for a penitent. So the others are willing and glad to go on preaching tours to other villages, stopping at inns, the most wretched excuse for comfort; nor do they wish pay. They also contribute to the support of their pastor. As there are no foreigners there, there are of course no rice-Christians. I wish I had time to go into the details of some of these Christians' lives. They suffer persecution for His sake. The old washer-woman died last fall in great peace, and was taken home.

Pray for us and for those about us, that they may also become true messengers to their own people to whom they can talk better than we ever can.

Please remember me to Mrs. Strachan and the other members of the Executive Committee whom I met in Toronto, and above all at the throne of *Grace*.

Yours in Christ,

A. M. STEVENSON.