

FROM MISS ROGERS, JAN., 16TH.

"I am beginning to feel quite at home in Tuni, and am enjoying the work. This week has been, as regards our work, a rather peculiar one. It has had four feast days, and when there is a feast on it is not much use to go to the houses; but I went to my school across the river in a caste village on Tuesday morning and found the dearest lot of children I have ever seen in India. A part of the performance is to bathe the children in warm water, so they were clean and all tinted with saffron, and they behaved better than they ever had before.

"On Wednesday I went on horseback to the village where Abel preaches. I was on my way before sunrise and we reached the village in time to tell the story in four different places before my 11 o'clock breakfast. "I was ready to go with the Bible women at 2 o'clock to another village, and such crowds as came there. There were a lot of men, but I never count them and I tell them they must stand back and let the women hear. On the way home we stopped at another village and had a good hearing. The moon was shining when I reached home, and I was tired enough to sleep soundly that night. On the 4th day of the feast the women put on their best clothes and jewels and wandered round, so we have been having an 'At Home' for two days. Such crowds of women, they seemed to come in families and the size of some of them has been surprising. I have had the Bible women singing and preaching to them and I have shown pictures. I have a number of colored ones that they have at home in S. Schools, and talked to them till we were all tired. This is Saturday and as the feast was supposed to end yesterday, I did not suppose they would come to-day, but we have just had a visit from 20, so I expect they will be coming all the afternoon. In the two days nearly 500 women or more must have visited us. At one time there was such a crowd on my verandah that I counted them as one of the Bible women was speaking and there were 150.

FROM MR. CRAIG, JAN., 20TH.

"Our medical lady is needed now more than ever, for more people come now than a year ago. I have had several cases lately that I could do nothing for. It sometimes seems as if a missionary ought to know everything when he lives in a place like Akidi."

FROM MISS BASKERVILLE, JAN., 30TH.

"The Bimbi conference is just over, those who attended it were richly blessed. I did not go, though I should have liked to. As I am going away in a few weeks now, I thought I had better stay with my girls. Late last year I was discouraged in the work; you know there are more discouragements than encouragements in this work, looking at it from a human standpoint. How many times I have felt my weakness and insufficiency and gone to my knees to confess failures and blunders; how many times I have felt that unless God Himself took hold of these girls, I could do nothing. After a weary struggle of two long years it was such a joy to know that the power of the Spirit was beginning to be felt among them. Veeramma told me one morning of how they had called a meeting entirely of their own accord and had exhorted each other to try to do right, to be faithful in their work, to be obedient and to give as little trouble as possible. Then the proof that this movement came from the right course, was that they knelt then and there and prayed for the strength from above. They have not been by any means perfect

since then; but it is an unspeakable comfort to know that they have the 'good mind,' as the native people say."

On Sunday afternoon in the malapilly a poor mother was wailing over the death of her baby. When I went over there to Sunday School the children told me that the child had died. They were then making ready to take the little body away and while the verses were being taught we could see the people gathering about the house and finally a little group moved away carrying the corpse. The mother's cries were heart-rending. As soon as I could I went to her and tried to comfort her. She knows me well; nearly every Sunday she comes and stands for a while near the spot where the children are sitting on mats spread under the trees, for our Sunday School is in the open air you know. The little form that she usually carried in her arms is gone from her forever; how very, very sad a death in this country is. All is so dark. When she saw me coming she called, "Oh, Miss Amma." Miss Amma my little boy is gone. Her pretty face was worn and haggard, her hair and dress all disordered and the tears rolled down her cheeks as I took her in my arms and told her of the loving Father in heaven who loved her and loved her babe. I told her that her child was too young to know evil and that the good Father had taken him to Himself to live in heaven, in peace and joy and where so sickness and pain and death never come. Her cries and moans gradually quieted as I told her this over and over again, then I kissed her and left her. May the Lord lead her to Himself, the source of all true comfort; she is so quiet and pretty, quite a superior little thing and intelligent, too. The country is full of this hopeless grief, for there is no hope for the dead in a land of idolatry like this. Such a scene as I witnessed last Sunday afternoon would stir the hardest heart to pity. Oh, when will the country be filled with the love of Christ?"

SAMULCOTTA SEMINARY.

SICKNESS. Not a cheering item that, with which to begin my letter, yet it is quite an important one with us, for during the last five or six weeks, sickness among the students has prevailed to such an extent that as many as twenty in a single day have been absent from the classes. We have during the last four years tried every possible change, improvement and device, but with little apparent effect, for as regularly as the year returns, does the fever pay us its annual visit. Our bad time is during the rains and the cool season. The rains are invariably accompanied with fever, while the winds that prevail during the cool season seem to be feverish, sweeping down as they do from the mountains, and wake up an almost unquenchable fire in the native system. Happily, however, few cases prove fatal, and we generally succeed in doctoring our patients back to health, though in some cases this is accomplished only after the fever has run its course, and after the lapse of days during which the wasted strength has been slowly regained.

KARRE LABAN. This year we have seen for the first time one of our boys die. Others have died at their homes and their names are recorded in past numbers of the LINK, but since the reopening of the Seminary in 1888, no one has died while in the school except K. Laban. He had been very ill with fever, so ill that the fever had scarcely abated when dysentery set in. This last disease is a fearful one and does its work terribly