

"CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS."

Although I have been in India so many years I do not remember seeing bread cast upon the waters till this year. Perhaps you know that rice is sown in seed-beds first and then transplanted. Usually the sowing in seed-beds takes place while the weather is very hot, so that one might easily fail to notice it. The beds themselves are conspicuous enough after the seed sprouts, as they furnish lovely green spots for the eye to feast on while all around is burnt up. Imagine large beds in a garden with the walks between them very much higher than the beds, and the latter covered with water. The sower stands with his seed-basket on the walk, and throws the seed over the water. I think they told me that the water would be let off after a day, but it would be let on again after the sprouts came up. The seed is soaked until it sprouts a little before it is sown. a

I suppose the seed sown that day produced a nice bed of young shoots that were duly transplanted, and now the harvest is near. Sometimes the harvest comes soon in our mission work and sometimes it is after many days, but the harvest is sure if we are faithful. Lately a good many have been baptized in three new villages on the Godavari side of Akidu. Although this station is in the Godavari District, it is just on the borders, and a large part of our field and the great majority of our members are in the Kistna District. The Gospel has been preached for very many years more or less regularly in all the three villages, where at least some have yielded to its claims. The converts seem to be thoroughly sincere. One of them is blind, and because he is young, I am having him taught to read. He is living at Ganapavaram where the pastor, Mr. Gudavalli Satyanandam and his wife have undertaken to teach him. Pray for this blind man. We expect great good to result, if he learns to read well, because very many will stop and listen to him reading the Scriptures. It will be such a strange sight to see a blind man reading.

"Thou shalt find it after many days." In some cases where the seed produces a harvest, the sower does not find it till long afterwards. Some months ago a gentleman who is a very earnest worker, told me by letter that God had used a sermon of mine for his conversion. That was sixteen years ago. Perhaps some of the greatest surprises awaiting us will be in regard to those who have been blessed by our very imperfect service. This is all of God's grace; but it seems easy enough to adopt the Lord's words and say as He told us to do: We are unprofitable servants; at the best we have only done what it was our duty to do. Oh! for grace to do better still in the coming year!

JOHN CRAIG.

Akidu, India.

**EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER TO MISS BUCHAN,
FROM MISS STOVEL.**

Akidu, Oct. 26th—The N. E. monsoon is upon us to-day, and I seize my pen and the opportunity to write to you. . . . Early this month I took a little holiday, spent a day with Miss Hatch, who had expressed a wish to see the *Glad Tidings* before beginning on her own boat; and at the same time gratified a longstanding wish of my own to see the Ramchandrapuram station. Then I went on to Cocanada, for a few days with Misses Simpson and Baskerville, whom I had not seen since March. By the way, to-day rounds out seven years since we three (Misses Simpson, Baskerville and I) landed in Cocanada. Thinking of it this morning, "under His shadow" seemed to sum up the history of the years. I could fill pages detailing His wonderful goodness, His wonderful kindness, wonderful patience with me all these years. Truly He has not failed of any good thing that He promised, but I like those three words: "Under His shadow," they tell it all.

But to return to the work, with exception of that week spent on the Cocanada side, I have been since the middle of September, working among the Christian women and children.

This is the time of the year when there is little or no field work, and one can safely count on Christian women for a meeting, or on good hearings among the laboring class any time between 10 or 10.30 a.m. and 3.30 p.m.

That is one of the drawbacks, or shall I say hardships of the work on this field, it calls for our best effort during the hottest part of the day, and this at all seasons; and an Indian noonday sun can be very hot indeed, even in October.

Well, to come back to the Christian women, there were two methods of work among them—one is visiting them in their homes and the other is holding meetings. The former has many advantages, in my opinion, for, as they tell of their joys, sorrows, hardships or difficulties, one has opportunity to read an appropriate portion or teach a helpful verse, and often heathen women (neighbors,) who could not be persuaded to attend a meeting in chapel or schoolhouse, will gather in and listen attentively to reading and prayer, and frequently learn the verse taught, too. I don't know but that I enjoy this personal work best.

However, this month past the meeting plan has prevailed, due largely to the fact that I have been trying to have the Christian women memorize portions of Scripture. Yesterday, in Javalapalein the women gathered at 11 a.m. My lesson was on obedience; prompt, implicit obedience; Gen. xxii: 1-10, after which came recitation of the story of the Prodigal Son, from Luke xv. For perfect recitation I gave by way of reward small books, and after dwelling upon the precious truths in the