

occasional falls are the griefs in the work. There is now a goodly company in the Seminary—somewhere about eighty students, including wives, of whom there are nine this year.

A very pleasing thing I am sure you will be glad to learn, namely, that Miss Hatch has succeeded in raising sufficient money to build seven students' houses, which will accommodate thirty or thirty-five students. As the houses are needed, it is most welcome to us all here—students especially included—and I am sure that you will rejoice with us. The houses cost \$60 each, and should any sister have anything above her usual subscription, to devote to a particular object, I am sure Miss Hatch will be happy to receive it towards the building of another six houses.

You will remember that this report is supposed to give an account of all work done from the 1st July of one year till the 30th June of the succeeding year; but, it so happens that we delay writing reports till the latest possible mailing day, much trying the good Secretary's patience at home sometimes, I fear, and so we are well in another year's work when we begin our report. You will see by the date attached to this report that we have reached the middle of August, and that accordingly we have already put in six weeks of Seminary work of the ensuing year. As to these six weeks, we are glad to report everything in a most prosperous condition.

But probably my report is quite long enough, and, therefore, I shall close with the hope that as in the past, so in the future, and even ever increasingly more so, the work done will be such as to command your hearty approval and sympathies. May God bless with His richest blessings all the home workers, who, though in Canada, are doing so much for the work here.

Yours ever faithfully in the work,

J. R. STILLWELL.

August 14th, 1891.

Akidu.

A year's work! How much or how little those words mean is hard to put in black and white. It is hard to give a report of seed-sowing and upbuilding among our Telugu sisters, Christian and heathen, nevertheless I must try.

During the twelve months, the Bible-women have been but four in number, all working with me, or immediately under my direction. In Akidu, and in every one of the surrounding villages the number of caste houses open to us, and visited by us, has increased, while not one has closed against us.

The way of life has been unfolded. The old, old story has been repeated o'er and o'er. Christ has been lifted up, and He is drawing unto Himself. In many homes we see evidences of a growing distrust in the gods that are no gods, and a growing faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. The two widows of whom I reported encouragingly last year, are both firm in the faith and their decision for Christ. One is enduring for His sake terrible persecutions at the hands of those of her own household, being bound with chains; we pray that her bonds may "fall out rather to the furtherance of the Gospel."

The other has returned from a long absence in a distant village. Before going she made me pray for her, that she might not forget what we taught her, and now her first words were, "I have not forgotten, I have not forgotten Jesus; every day I have told about Him, how He loves and cares for even a widow; how He hates sin, and how He died to save us from it, and how different He is from our gods. They laughed at me, and some among the elders of my people beat me but, I did not

mind that, I couldn't keep still and telling it, and telling it, I couldn't forget it, you see." Her face, as she said this, was radiant.

Another widow has but recently claimed the Saviour as her Saviour. She is a timid little body, who, fearful of her elder brother and mother-in-law's wrath, has not made bold to tell her new-found joy; she only whispered it to me one morning by the village tank, whither she had come for water.

I wish you could see the happy face of the blind girl as she sings the hymns we have taught her, and tries to tell their meaning to those about her. She is learning much of the precious word, too. How precious it is to her, you can hardly realize. After such passages as, "I am come as light into the world, that whosoever believeth in Me should not abide in darkness," she will say, "and these are Jesus' own words! lingering lovingly on the 'Jesus.'" Her husband is a dreadful man.

In the Christian homes we have endeavored to obey the Saviour—"teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you," and we trust that many have been led on to better and higher things. (Our hope is in the power and faithfulness of these Christian women, as witnesses to the truth.)

Often have I felt that Akidu and the villages within a radius of five or six miles (twenty in number), were all and more than we could possibly manage, and that we must confine ourselves to these if we would do any really lasting work. For a month or two we would devote our whole time to them, then would come a call from the pastor of one of the churches—"Come and help us," and there would rise up before me visions of village after village with their hundreds of homes, and their hundreds of women—SOULS, SOULS, and remembering that if we do not tell them the way of salvation, no one else will, we get us away on a tour to the regions beyond. Time would fail me to tell of each tour separately. Ruth and I, or Ruth Annamma and I have spent a week, ten days, and even twenty days in one church; working in that particular village, and going out to the villages round about.

Among the Christians it has been our aim to give them something that would abide—teaching them some passages of Scripture, teaching it till they knew it word for word, and could in some measure grasp its meaning. This has been accomplished at women's meetings, and in the homes, as we visited from house to house. Then, just as we have learned to know our sisters a little, just as we have gotten somewhat into touch with them, and the evening Bible-class is full of interest, and the children have learned to know the hour of their daily meeting, and in the caste houses fear has given place to trust, then we must move on to some other church, and begin again the work there.

Though oftentimes our message is scorned and rejected, and we ourselves are abused, still, in visiting these villages months later, we find that our faces and our words have not been forgotten, and often in the schools visited the lesson of three months ago, can be given in substance by many of the pupils. All this is encouraging, and we thank God for it.

The Sunday schools are making progress both in numbers and in character of the work done. There are now ten schools, nearly all of which are attended by parents as well as children, for all need the same instruction; even the parents are mere children in Christian knowledge, and with all it must be "line upon line, line upon line, precept upon precept, precept upon precept; here a little and there a little." After many months they have grasped