

Chapel, which is situated in the heart of the town, we are greeted by a number of bright faced, happy little tots. They have come to Sunday School. The children continue to come in, until at 7.30 when school is opened, from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five are present. In addition to this, one of our young men has a class of fifteen or twenty little street Arabs, every Sunday. He sits down with them, under the trees near the Chapel, and tells them about the children's Friend. I wish I could tell you about my class, but I am afraid it would take too much time and space. But I will tell you this much. It consists of fourteen boys and girls, about nine years of age, as interesting and lovable as any I ever saw in the home land. I am encouraging them to memorize Scripture, and they have become very enthusiastic over it. Yesterday, thirteen of them recited three hundred and thirty-three verses from John's Gospel. One little girl repeated seventy; a boy sixty-three; another boy forty-nine. I was much amused with one little Brahmin girl. In the intermission between Sunday School and preaching service, she with some others, was jabbering over her verses as fast as her tongue would allow her. Suddenly Setharama stopped and exclaimed, "Amma if you will excuse me from repeating my verses today, I will have them well next Sunday." I was quite surprised at this, for she usually had a large number of verses, and recited them very correctly. So I said, "Can't you repeat any?" She answered, "Amma mistakes will come. I can only repeat ten or twenty." By this you may know, sisters, that my little Setharama aims high.

As it has been already hinted, a preaching service immediately follows the Sunday School. Quite a number of the caste children remain, and it is very pleasing to note the attention they give to the Word. We cannot

help but believe that the seed is falling in good soil, and that by-and-by when the Master gathers the sheaves into His garner, there will be some gathered from the seed sown in the little Chapel in Bobbili.

In the afternoon we have prayer-meeting. Afterward as the sun begins to sink in the West, we with the native helpers, go to the villages within walking distance. One or two Sundays ago Miss Harrison and I accompanied by five of the Christian women, walked out to Old Bobbili, a village, a mile or more away. There we divided into three groups, and went in different directions. We were all well received, and the women listened very attentively. A man who thought he knew everything interrupted us when we first began to talk to the women. But we told him he was not polite to treat us that way when we came to his village, and unless he behaved himself, we would go away. He behaved himself.

We returned home in the moonlight. One of the most prominent Brahmins of this town, overtook us and walked home with us. He seems to be quite interested in eternal things. Pray for him sisters, that he may have strength given him to accept Christ, and confess him before the world.

The crowning feature of the day's work is the children's meeting. After we come in from the villages, the bell is sounded, and in response to it, the christian boys and girls gather on the verandah for their evening prayer-meeting. Sometimes, one or more of them have a story to tell us of some little work they did for Jesus through the week. Others want to know the meaning of certain portions of Scripture. All of them want to sing. And as their childish voices ring out in the evening air, one forgets all about being tired or discouraged, and we enter with them heartily, in their songs of praise. Then their heads are bowed,