

and sells different things, by which she makes a good living and is able and anxious to give to poorer Christians, and to the Church. She used to be an opium eater, but has given up that habit since becoming a Christian. Miss Hatch heard that she was selling opium now. Through Martha a message was sent that this was wrong and against the law of the land. As soon as Mavulfama received this message she said she would give up selling it. She did not wish to dishonor Jesus. To show her sincerity she stood the loss of the opium she had in stock.

Just now Mary, who learned to read after she was the mother of several children, is telling of her work. I cannot understand her words very well, as she speaks very quickly, but it is very interesting to watch her expressive face and frequent but appropriate gestures. I wish I could report to you as these women are telling them, the stories of people who are listening well and with interest. Monikyamma has told us of a caste husband and wife, both of whom are educated. They are asking questions about baptism. She also tells of one of her little day scholars who was ill, and could not come to school. In her home this little girl, Gungamma, told the whole story of Joseph. Verramma told of a good month's work in the school. The fourth class, and little ones especially, are coming very regularly and learning well. An old Mohammedan man calls for the children and brings them to school. Lately his sight has been getting very dim and we have thought the work was suffering on that account, so this month we added to our staff an old caste woman. It is decidedly funny to see how much more earnest the old grandfather is in his work, since the old grandmother has joined the forces. Rivalry is a good thing.

I wonder if you have heard of our Grace. She is the wife of Miss Hatch's adopted son, Joshee, is a matriculate and very sweet and charming. Last Wednesday afternoon, at the request of Mr. Krishna Rao, my munshi, I called on his wife and mother, taking Grace with me. His house is a fairly large one on Brahmin street. Opposite his house is a small temple. At the front of the house, as is usual here, is a raised platform a yard or more wide, and covered. The steps of the door are in the centre. The door enters into

a large room in the centre of which is a low place where water is drained away, I think. From this large room all the other rooms open off. The munshi garu's wife had three chairs placed. She sat in one, Grace in another, and I in the other. At quite a distance from us, over by one of the rooms at the side, stood the mndnshi's mother. She is a widow, and therefore must not be treated with respect. However, in spite of this fact, she is the real ruler of the house. Mr. Krishna Rao is very anxious to improve his home, have things neat and clean, as he thinks they are here. He is a high school teacher, and teaches science, altogether in English. His wife is quite willing to carry out his wishes, but the mother holds to the old customs, so they are obliged to give in to her. Mrs. Krishna Rao's little two-year-old daughter sat in her mother's lap all the time we were there. We talked of different things in the home, and I showed some Toronto picture post cards. We sang a hymn and talked of the meaning. Several little girl relatives were there, and were each glad to receive a picture card. The mother remained at a distance and listened to, and talked with us. It is needless to say that Mrs. Joshee did most of the talking. My Telugu is not yet very free or extensive. They told how the son and husband scolded them for keeping things untidy, but I imagine they can also scold. I do wish I could introduce you to this sweet young wife. Will you not pray very earnestly that her heart may be opened to receive the truth as it is in Jesus? Also pray that the munshi who has ceased to believe in his own religion may have courage to live up to the light he has in order that further light may be given him.

You will be glad to know that two of his younger brothers who are High School students are among the young men and boys who come to me on Sunday afternoons for English Bible. Last Sunday ten were present, some of them from the senior classes. The munshi had advised them to come to my little class. I have promised a small illustrated gospel of Luke in English to those who attend regularly. Pray that the truth may be brought home to these young Brahmin boys.

Yours, in Jesus' name,

LUCY M. JONES.