

by the sickness of some whose help was very essential. Then the continued fatal epidemic of smallpox that has visited many parts of our field, and is still at work, interfered sadly with our plans. But the tours we were able to make impressed on us that God is speaking by His spirit to hearts. It was good to have a chance to visit with Chittama (a caste woman mentioned last year) at the time when her neighbors were cooking their evening meal. She had a chance to tell out something of her heart experiences. Among other things, she told us that the women about her could not understand why our visits meant so much to her, and were careful to leave her alone for hours after, lest they should share the defilement (through contact with the missionary). When I suggested that we have prayer together her eyes filled with tears, and she said she had been longing for this very thing. A pleasant surprise greeted us in a small village, where we were so kindly welcomed to a new house, and this was explained when we found that one of the young women was an ex-pupil of our Caste Girls' School in Vizag. Although it is years since she left school, the hymns and Bible lessons are remembered. She asked me to read from John's Gospel, and chose hymn after hymn, singing them with us. Before we left, she told us quietly that she never forgets to pray to Jesus. In another village an interested listener was an old pupil of Mrs. Churchill's. These experiences make us realize that we are workers together, and that the work done in the Caste Girls' Schools, is far-reaching. Homes that were closed to us in years gone by were opened to us this year; indeed, invitations were sent us to come. In one such, the home of wealthy people, there were a number of women, and they listened so carefully as we told the old story as simply as possible. Some of them thanked us as we left, saying, 'If you had not come, how could we hear these things? for we never go outside the street door.'—Miss Priest, Tuni.

Touching Gifts for Leper Work.

"Touching gifts for the lepers and from the lepers have been made. They have come from little children, from the India churches that have to struggle to support their own pastors, from Wo-

mens' Societies in Rajahmundry and elsewhere, from Mission box collections, from College Girls, from Boys' Leagues, and from many individuals. One lady, in possession of a colt, brought it up for the Lord's work. When it was sold as a horse, rs.76, one of the shares, fell to the lepers. Caste widows have also given. A Rajah woman has last year contributed rice and currie for one meal. The lepers are taught to look to God to supply all their need, so that every gift is a special cause for thanksgiving. They themselves, out of their small allowance, support a leper, and contribute a little toward the pastor's salary. They had special cause for thanksgiving this year, for while cholera and smallpox were raging in villages near them, the plague did not come nigh them, neither did the pestilence enter their dwellings. So their thank-offerings were generous, and we re-divided between Home Missions, Sunday Schools and Bible Society work. This year they, not only contributed to the war relief funds, but when they saw some lovely woollen mufflers that were sent to them, they said to send them to the poor soldiers instead. They were so glad to be able to do one little bit."—Miss Hatch, Ramachandrapuram.

With Royalty.

"The year has brought us not a few Ranis and other royal patients. Because we know that "God regardeth not the person of man," therefore we try to serve rich and poor, literate and illiterate alike. And so we have deemed it a privilege not only to gain access to, but to have unrestricted access to, some of the highest of the land. The Gospel is freely given to the poor, but many of these rich women would have no other opportunity of hearing were it not for the medical missionary. The month spent in the palace at Parlakimedi was the means of opening that palace to our missionaries there. Nurse Venkamma and I could do very little ourselves, as we do not know the Oriya language. Like parrots, we learned to sing three or four Christian hymns, and taught them to the Rani. We could not talk to her except through the language of love. But that was probably more effectual than Oriya in opening the palace. Our Christian nurse gave such satisfactory service in the palace that we have since had two calls for our