

found in old "Visitors." Miss Susie Hinman has sent us a sketch, "How I spent my first Christmas in India." She adds: "I am so busy studying Telugu, for examinations come November 27th and 28th. This sketch is not flowery or descriptive, but it is just as I would talk to the children." I am sure you will all agree that it is very interesting, and gives us many of the little details we so much like to hear.

Dear Girls and Boys,—Did you go in a sleigh to spend Christmas day last year? You will not be surprised to know that I did not. Miss Baskerville and Miss Pratt took me with faithful old "Commissioner," over to Cocanada station and started me off to Vuyuru to spend the holiday with my cousin, Dr. Hulet. Have you heard about the trains in India? They are divided into compartments each with two seats facing each other with a passage between, and have a door opening out on either side of the car.

After a short ride, I came to Samalkot, where we have to change for the mail-train between Calcutta and Madras. Here I had to call for a coolie to come and transfer my luggage. One has so many bundles when travelling in India, for in addition to "bag and baggage," as we say at home, here one usually takes "bed and bedding." As we did not reach Beswadi, the station, until nearly midnight, I had time for a little rest. I expected only rickshaw men to meet me there, but what was my delight when Miss Zimmerman came to the door of my compartment. She was taking a train some few hours later for Cocanada, to spend her Christmas there. She thought it wise to let the coolies who had brought her, rest awhile before taking me back, so I remained with her, and for two hours we reposed on the table of that stuffy waiting room. Guess why? Then we

went out and awoke the men, who were lying on the ground, all wound up in their clothes, and as sound asleep as only Indian men can be. You see, I had been in the country but three weeks, and so my Telugu was very limited. Miss Zimmerman told me what to say if I wished to urge the coolies on, and what to say if I wished to stop them. You may be sure they needed the former injunction more than the latter. But I became puzzled to remember which was which, and therefore didn't dare to say "go on" for fear it might mean "stop!" That twenty miles seemed very long. All night we were meeting heavily-laden ox-carts, the drivers sound asleep on the seat out between the two white bullocks. The faithful animals go slowly, steadily on, if they do not follow the example of their drivers. I wish I could make you feel how weird and creepy that night seemed. Everything was so new and strange, and I felt so hopelessly at the mercy of those rickshaw men.

As day began to break, I saw crowds of work-people going to the fields, for that district is given up to agriculture. The process of flooding the fields from the canals is very interesting and I had good opportunity to witness it that morning. The fields are divided into little plots separated from each other by ridges or dykes left uncultivated. The rice is grown, as you know, under water, and each little plot in turn has to be filled from the canals. Various shades of green are presented by neighboring plots as they are in different stages of development. These make a very pleasing sight in comparison with adjacent dry and colorless fields.

When within six miles of Vuyuru, we stopped to change coolies. The men motioned for me to get out. I very much wondered what they were about to do with me, but they insisted, so I