

come Home" in large letters covered with silver tinsel; these had done duty for Mrs. Laflamme's welcome a week or so before.

We had quite a family gathering at dinner. Miss MacLeod came down with us, Mr. Davis, the Laflammes, the Woodburns, and Miss Gibson joined the party, and it was a very pleasant hour. They were having special meetings in Jagganadkapuram so we could not have the evening together.

Last night (Dec. 9th) there was a welcome meeting for all this year's arrivals in the Telugu church, Mrs. Laflamme, Mr. and Mrs. Madden and myself. It was sad to think of the vacant places, but it makes one realize how much is depending on those who are left. Jonathan and Amelia were always familiar figures at such gatherings. They were not there and many others are gone in the little time since I left.

There were hymns composed in honor of each, in fact there were two for me, one of which ended up with "Welcome, Mother Salaam" in English. It sounded very comical coming at the end of the Telugu. I had my two from the school girls on Saturday morning however, so I was somewhat prepared. The girls were out the day I arrived and sang a welcome hymn as we passed, then by taking a short cut they were ready for us at the gate.

It all seems very natural, even the new bungalow does not seem strange to me; it is really like coming home; as I look about I ask myself, "Is it all a dream, have I really been in Canada at all?"

#### NEWS FROM THE FOREIGN FIELD.

*Akidu.* "After touring with Miss McLaurin on the Vuyuru Field seventeen days we came on to the Akidu Field and Miss McLaurin helped me for eleven days. We had a good time. Some new villages heard the Gospel and many say they are believing in one God and that the idols are not gods at all. Altogether I was away on this just five weeks. One morning there was a carpet snake, which is supposed to be very poisonous, found on my boat, and on a former trip while we were out in a village there was a large cobra coiled up near the head of my cot. I had not slept on the boat that night as I had gone to a distant village and wanted to spend two days there so stayed in the chapel to save a long walk. That was the only night I slept off the boat. How good God is in protecting us thus.

"I suppose you have heard there is prospect of good harvests in this region and the poor people are looking forward with expectation to having the price of rice lowered shortly.

"I have taken two Bible women on salary but they are not those who can tour with me except in villages near their own for they have husbands and children."

*Anakapalle, Camp Kondakarla.* Two women whom I mentioned in the Anakapalle report have

been baptized. You can imagine our joy over those who break away from the old life of heathenism and all that that means and come out boldly on the Lord's side.

Your plan to have all the presidents and old workers take part in the annual meeting is splendid. I suppose you will be having a quarter century review. May the meetings be a grand success! We here will be in prayer for you those days, and will look eagerly for report of the sayings and doings. To hear of the meetings is the next best thing to being there oneself.

You will notice that we are in camp, we have been here a week. The Bible women are with me and we are having such good hearings. The women of the villages hereabouts listen so eagerly. Yesterday I was working in a Brahmin house; a lot of women were about me, and when I finished, an intelligent, middle aged widow who had giving close attention all afternoon, said: "Amena, what you have read to us and told us is good, and we are persuaded that you are in the right and we are in the wrong, and if you would stay six months and teach us daily, we would understand fully this new way and we would accept it; but you come once in a year, and can you blame us if the memory of your words grows dim and we cling to our old customs and the religion of our fathers, when we know so little of the new."

As I walked home I wondered how the average Christian in Canada would get along on one sermon a year.

FROM LETTER BY REV. J. E. DAVIS TO A BRANTFORD BROTHER.

I am on the boat and it is Sunday night. To-day I preached in Murumanda and the church was pretty well filled up. We welcomed twelve new converts to the Lord's table who had been recently baptised. The first two years since my return to India I spent a portion of the time excluding members from this church and I was in great sorrow over their spiritual condition, but last year I was led to spend a week with them preaching twice a day in the power of the spirit, and one night while we were praying two men who had been enemies in the church for fifteen years ran across the church, shook hands and forgave each other while tears fell freely from their eyes. Then began a series of confessions of sin. The little flock who had backslidden have been reclaimed and there is joy in this little church and joy among the angels in heaven. I used to dread my visits to this church, it was so dead, but to-day I shed tears of joy over them. I believe there will still be a great harvest through the Christians in this church. This village is fourteen miles from Ramachandrapuram and is only one of the five churches that I am striving to care for. On the other side of us about nine miles is the Nalbun