

Hatch for more than twenty years. She is a wide awake teacher and has the work well organized. After I had distributed cards, books and pencils as rewards for good work I went to the teacher's home and there was able to examine the Christian women in Bible verses, etc.

As it was getting late and we must return to the boat before dark, we set off for the caste homes. First we went to the home of a young man who is helping Marthamma in the school. His mother and grandmother both sang a hymn and repeated Bible verses. The grandmother is very sad, her husband is dead and she is all alone. She said "What can I do, I am all alone, God only can help me and comfort me." From this home we went on to another, relatives of the people in the first house. Here we sang and told them the Good News. Then we passed on to the home of one of the Kamana boys who is studying in the school at K. Here the people were not so friendly, especially the old lady. They had had a death in the family quite recently, so were feeling sad. I did not know that when I went there. They brought a chair and placed it on the verandah for me. I sat down and asked them about their children and other members of the family. Then the woman's daughter brought her little six months old baby out and handed her to me. She is a dear wee mite full of play. I had a real good play with her for about five minutes, when I looked up and saw the old lady whose face had looked anything but pleasant when I went there, just beaming? Why? I had taken an interest in her little granddaughter, and the wee darling had responded to my fun. Here was my point of contact. I handed the baby back to her mother and we gave our message. We had a good time in this home where I at first feared we were not welcome.

Alas! the rain came and we were forced to spend a longer time in the above house so that we only had time to see another house before going back to the Mahla Pili. All along the little narrow village streets the people were calling for us to go to their homes, but we had to refuse.

When we reached the end of the caste part of the village, Vankataswameygarn (the teacher's husband) met us with umbrella and coat. He said I could not go back to the Mahla Pili, the road was submerged in water and the bridges too narrow and slippery to walk on, so I had to wend my way back to the boat. It was certainly a tiresome journey through mud and water until we reached the canal. The "De la Haig" (Mr. Stillwell's boat) was a welcome sight after our long tramp.

My only regret was that I could not have longer time to spend with the Christians and the Hindus, they were all so eager for the message. Pray for this village that the workers may be filled with the Spirit of the Master.

Yours in His service,
Bertha L. Myers

FROM MISS MUNRO

A Letter To Her Quilt

Parlakimidi, Ganjam District,

Sept. 19th, 1922

Dear Quilt,—You have given me food for thought today in addition to gentle protection from gnats and occasional mosquitos. Tonight my mosquito net will be my protection and you will be my warmth. I thank you.

Your patches are all pieced so nicely, five circles to each square, seven squares to the strip, four strips to the quilt, and I've been picking you to pieces, for the last half-hour—please don't think of this as a serious symptom—you know how