

on the South Cocanada field, about eighteen miles from here. They are both experienced workers—the former having worked at one time with Miss Hatch and later on the Tekkali field. She and her husband have been living for some time in Tallaravu and she has done something among her heathen neighbors, but as she could not go out much alone did not visit far from her home. Recently a Colporteur and his wife Elizabeth, have been placed there. Before her marriage she was a valued worker in the Lutheran Mission. So now these two women are anxious to do regular work and in order to get them started I made a short tour out there.

Tallararu is on the canal and as we were able to have Miss Hatch's boat for a week, we visited there, and in the neighboring villages. Miss Corning had holidays that week so accompanied me. We took two Bible women from here who with the two out there made quite a band. We divided into two parties each day and so were able to visit a great number of houses. We worked in six villages, beside Tallararu, in all of which we were well received and in many places they asked us to come again. So the Bible women will see these places regularly and will, no doubt, be received in many other houses when they get to be better known.

• When the women would ask "When will you come again?" it was a greater joy than I can tell to say that the Bible women would visit them regularly. In so many of the outside villages to which we go when they ask us that question we have to tell them that we do not know when we shall be able to get back again. So it is a great comfort to have these two Bible women to work that large section and do regular work. I was much pleased with what I saw of their work, their manner with the women and their zeal for the spread of the Gospel.

I would like to ask your prayers for them that they may be faithful and that God's blessing may be upon their labors in that large and needy field.

We are looking forward eagerly to the coming of Miss Morrow and Miss Jones. As soon as we hear of the appointment of new members we start to pray for them and so they seem to belong to the "family" even before we have seen them, and we want them to feel it. I think they usually do. I know I did. We are all so happy together. With love,

Yours very sincerely,

LIDA PRATT.

Cocanada, India, Nov. 4th, 1907.

My dear Mrs. Porter.—The letter Mrs. McLaurin sent has made me ashamed that I have never written to the Link, and now I shall try to do my duty, even though it is particularly hard for me to write for a paper.

Last March, when I was feeling somewhat discouraged over my progress in Telugu, Miss Murray invited me to go out on tour with her and I am glad I went. It was interesting to see life as it is out in the villages.

We left Yellamanchili early one Thursday morning. If I were at home I would say it was a delightful day, but one soon grows tired of remarking about the fine weather in India, for it is always bright and clear except in the rainy season. It is a grand country in which to study the stars for, for months at a stretch, there is never a cloud to hide them.

We stopped for a while in a large village just about three miles from our tent. Miss Murray wanted to see a patient of Dr. Woodburne's, to urge her to come into the hospital. She happened to be a relative of the wealthiest man in the village, so someone very gladly offered to escort us there.

He was a surly-faced man with black side whiskers and heavy eyebrows. Like all wealthy men in India, he was fat and lazy. He received us quite cordially and took us through a narrow dark hall-way out into the court-yard. There was a calf in one corner and a lot of chickens and ducks and several big crows. Around the four walls were many doors and the women and children were coming out of them to have a look at us, at least, we must have had an audience of thirty or forty persons, but they didn't listen at all well. Only the old grandmother seemed to want to hear and I enjoyed watching her. Miss Murray had only nicely started her preaching when the man appeared again. He sent the children flying in all directions, by one growl, and then sent off the old woman. Then in a most pleasing way he asked me to see one of his wives who was sick. All I could do was promise to treat her if he would send her to the tent for my medicine chest, or rather Dr. Woodburne's, which he was good enough to loan me, had gone on before us. The audience was gone so we had no choice but to get out.

Right near, in a little mud house, we found a welcome and a hearty one too. We sat on