

regular schedule of hours and thereby economize time and strength. I have already scheduled about every thing that will come under that head until my thoughts are well nigh scheduled. I wish, however, that they were quite scheduled, for then when the time came to write I could then merely sit down, irrespective of feeling, draw out a sheet of paper, dip a pen into the ink and lo, a letter is the result.

But when I began to write this I did so with the intention of saying something very particular about the Seminary. But there are so many particular things that my head goes into a whirl when I try to sort them. For we have nearly everything of every kind here. We are a church, and a school, and a community with regular laws, and a village, and I scarcely know what not. We have Bible classes, Theological classes, Secular classes; we have preaching services, prayer meetings, church meetings, church committees, etc.; we have a Literary Society, a Foreign Mission Circle, Band or organization; we have English meetings, teachers' meetings, faculty meetings. "We want a school attendance register," says the head teacher, who has just come. "Yes?" I interrogate. "Give me a postal card please, to write for one, is the answer. So the card is given, but the unity of my letter is broken.

But Miss Hatch is sending you a list of the students names for this LINK, so probably this letter is long enough, and I need not trouble myself about the "unities."

Samulcotta, Aug. 8, 1892.

J. R. STILLWELL.

DEAR MRS. NEWMAN.—We are on tour—Annamma and I—and are having such good times, that I want to share our joy with the readers of the LINK. This is the transplanting season, when the Christians, the low caste men and women and high caste men are in the fields all day long. With the Christians and low caste women we have done little more than exchange greetings. If we go to them in the early morning, they are too busy cleaning their teeth, combing their hair, and cooking the meals for the day, to sit down and listen to us. They do not return from the fields until sunset, then they pound rice for the next day, cook the evening meal, pour water over their children, and retire for the night. Our work, therefore, is altogether among the high caste women. In the villages hereabouts they are all Kammias, a caste we do not meet in or about Akidu. These Kamma women are by far the most intelligent Telugu women I have met, and they know more about their own religion than women of other castes.

We have been here at Peyeru three days and they have welcomed us to their homes, have listened with marked attention and interest while we stated and explained leading truths of the Gospel and told the sweet old story. About the latter they invariably say, "Oh gods and goddesses we have many, but of none is it written after this sort, of none is it told that he gave his life to save us from our sins."

We go into the village (Mr. Craig's boat is our home these days), about 9 a.m. and do not come out until 5 p.m. or later; we rarely spend less than one and a half or two hours at a house.

Four women in this village can read, and last evening as we were coming away, they asked us to meet them on the morrow and show them from our Shastras (sacred books) the Divinity of Christ. They appointed the time and place, and we went; found thirty-three women, some with sewing in their hands others stringing bead

necklaces, others nursing their babies. With but few exceptions, they paid the closest attention for three hours, while Annamma and I opened unto them the Scriptures, while one and another among them questioned where they did not understand, while others discussed and compared Jesus with their own gods, and all the while there would keep coming to my mind the words of David: "Among the gods there is none like unto thee, O Lord; neither are there any works like unto thy works." At the close, I asked, "What think ye of Christ, of His work, of His life, of His death on the cross for us, His resurrection?" One replied, "All you have told us is good and your Shastras say wonderful things, and true, but we must know more, you must come to us often." Another said, "We worship as our parents before us worshipped, how can we leave it for this new religion?" Yet another acknowledged that all we had said was good, and worthy of acceptance, and declared her intention of believing. All with one voice bade us come often and tell them again these good tidings.

Never before have I been asked by a heathen woman to conduct a meeting of this sort, and I hope this one invitation may be but the forerunner of many others. During Mr. Craig's absence we hope to use his boat and visit many villages, meet face to face many souls who have not yet accepted Jesus as their Saviour, and many more who have not as yet heard that there is such a Saviour. Pray for us!

Yours in Christian bonds,

F. M. STOVEL.

Peyeru, India, Aug. 10th, 1892.

DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS OF THE EASTERN ASSOCIATION:—Mrs. Parker asked us each to write a letter to be read at the Association, and suggested that I write something about the women. There is so much about the life of every Hindu woman to call forth pity from all people, especially those of her own sex, that I hardly know what to write. First of all, ask all of the mothers present who have little girls, to imagine their own dear little one for whom they have great hopes in the future, in the place of the little Hindu girls. Undoubtedly you intend to educate your little girl in various branches, to develop whatever natural abilities she may possess, and above all you will be careful that she learns the teachings of the Bible; in short you intend that all shall be made of her life that is possible. What is all this for? It is in order that she may be a better woman,—may be a greater blessing to the world; that the world may be better because she is in it. Let us contrast this ambition with that of a Hindu mother. Hers is only to get her child married. If she has a cousin she must marry him, however dissipated his life may be, whatever diseases he may be suffering with. Suppose she has no male cousin. Perhaps the very hour the little girl is born, if perchance it be in a very respectable family, half a dozen or more men may be outside to banter for the little one. He who promises to expend the largest sum of money in jewels to be presented to her upon her wedding day, is the successful suitor. And this little girl the first day of her life is betrothed, to whom? A kind, generous hearted young man; or to an old man who cares only for money, his opium or toddy to make him happy, who is unkind in all his ways, but wants somebody to wait upon him? This innocent little girl is sacrificed. He goes to his home which may be in another town. The little girl grows up playing gaily, doing about as she pleases, for