

church there. Would write you of this fine, new chapel, and of the grand efforts at self-support they are making, but must pass on to my tour. The meetings closed, Mr. and Mrs. Craig and children returned to Akidu, leaving Krupavati and me alone.

India's women have been trodden under foot for so long, that 'tis hard for the men, even Christian men, to realize that women has any need of a knowledge of God's Word, and need to grow in grace as anything else save that which pertains to cooking and household duties generally. And as it happens that the women receive little or no encouragement to arrange their work so as not to miss evening prayers or Sunday services, with this in mind I planned to devote this tour to work among the women of our churches; making Gunnanapudi head quarters, we went out to the Christian villages, spending one or two days in each. In one village we visited in every Christian home, gathering the women about us for prayer, reading of the Word and little talk. It would do your heart good to find that with but two or three exceptions, in every house in a village the name of Jesus is loved and honored. In another village we found it answer our purpose better to meet the women all together and again we could find time for both visiting and meeting.

Rev. Karro Peter, the pastor at Gunnanapudi accompanied us to Moturu, where we spent last Sunday and Monday. Before the morning service (Sunday) we had an immense children's meeting. The chapel was full to overflowing with children of all ages and sizes, naked and dirty, (this last does not apply to children of Christian parents) and we had a real good time together.

After breakfast we went on to a village a mile distant; about half the way was under water, which offered a barrier to my going, but this was surmounted by one Samuel, who brought a cot, sat me thereon, four men raised the four corners to their shoulders, and away we went—my first experience of travelling after that fashion. After the service, which was attended by the whole village, one woman and four men were buried with Christ in baptism. Wish you could have heard that woman tell of how the Lord had dealt with her and brought her to Himself. It was refreshing.

Monday was a day I shall not soon forget: the early morning was spent in the Kapu part of the village, where we met with a wonderful reception—everywhere willing listeners, on every street open doors and invitations to enter and tell the story. We had appointed a women's meeting for 2 p.m., so hastened to the chapel and by the time our noonday meal was over they began to arrive. Such a meeting, 125 or 140 women, many of them Christians, all earnest listeners and some, I believe, honest seekers after the truth.

Then we hied us back to the village and in the morning found ready hearers on every hand; how time did fly! The sun had set, the short twilight hour was gone and darkness was upon us ere we retraced our steps to the chapel. It is seldom that we enter a village and meet with no rebuffs or abuse of any kind, but this was an exception, even the men had not a word of objection, they even followed us pleading that we tell to them our message to the women. How good the Father is in thus giving us these little encouragements by the way.

And now we are in Peyerree, and the rain is falling in torrents, the roof (a grass one) leaks all over, can scarce find a dry spot for my chair, added to this the west wall (mud) is half washed away and the other half threatens to follow if the deluge continues.

The Christians here are very very poor, and until a month ago, they were without a teacher for a long time,

consequently Sunday services and prayer meetings were neglected, and coldness and indifference reigned. But little more than a month ago the silver lining of the cloud became visible; one of the teachers in Samulcotta seminary and the teacher of Akidu school who is just now pursuing his studies yet further in college, decided that they would support a man here; think of it *two men* supporting one. They are both Gunnanapudi men and soon found a man of that village who said "here am I, send me." Think you it was an easy thing for him to do? Not at all—these people are very strongly attached to their own villages and homes, and pressing indeed must be the need and very long the call that takes them away from it. But Mr. Krunanandam willingly left a good home in Christian Gunnanapudi and the office of village clerk, which office is not without honors, especially as he is probably the first Christian in all the Telugu county who has ever been appointed to this office. He has a hard work before him but is very brave over it. I am hoping for much from his wife, who is fairly well educated and seems willing to do all she can.

Pray for these two and their work here. Had hoped to do much to help them, but all day yesterday, the live-long night and to-day, the rain has come down in right royal fashion, and I sit writing, unable to set foot outside the door; occasionally little groups of women rush in through the rain, but the work we intend doing is as yet untouched.

Mr. and Mrs. McLeod, and Mr. Barrow reached Cocanada in due course just about same date as we three (Misses Simpson, Baskerville and I) arrived. By the way, we have entered upon our third year in India, how time flies! Looking back over the months, the weeks and the days, personally, I am very thankful and rejoice in a sense of my Saviour's care for me, and in all the way He has led me, and in the good hand of the Lord upon me. I wish you could realize some of my joy in bearing the light into these dark homes, giving to the inmates new visions of life and its meaning, of the future and of the great Father's house. Yes, it is a glorious work.

We are looking forward to our Quinquennial conference with hopes for great blessing during those days together, pray for us. Conference opens on the 29th December, closing January 3rd. We Akidu people will probably spend Christmas in Cocanada.

I am, ever yours,

FANNIE M. STOKEL

Nov. 6th, 1890.

Some Extracts from Miss Rogers' Home Letters.

While driving in another part of the town, we were only a little way from the cemetery, so we went and saw

MR. TIMPANY'S AND MR. CURRIE'S GRAVES.

It is a very pretty place, much more so than I expected. In the same grounds the English Church and Catholics bury their dead, each have their separate corner divided by drives and rows of trees, the whole is surrounded by a stone wall. This week is the

TIGER FEAST.

next Wednesday will be the big day. The people get themselves up in all sorts of ways. This feast is a Mohammedan affair and they hire the Hindus to play the fantastic. It seems to be a sort of carnival. They put on tigers' faces and paint their bodies striped and spotted.