

PEDDAPURAM.

EXTRACTS OF LETTER FROM MRS. MCLEOD.

For the first time in my Indian experience I find myself free from the burden and responsibility of the woman's work. In Anakapalli and in Narasapuram there was no single lady missionary and I went into the work with the Bible women in both places, much as I used to in the Akkudu field before our marriage. Here however it is different; the burden and responsibility of the work among women and children belongs to Miss McLeod and her sister, Mrs. McLeod. This does not however mean that there is nothing for me to do. In this India there is always work in plenty for willing hands and willing hearts.

Mr. McLeod is very busy these two days with the workers' meeting. The workers come in every month with reports of their work and no advice and counsel and忠告 can the West and the moon much to say about them, all up to now it were, and suddenly look to their sisters and their wives with bold and energy-laden faith and brotherly vision, and stronger for the light which the power of Christ in the dense darkness of life at the moment reminds them of the moment.

Mr. McLeod's plan for the year is to keep up and strengthen his work. His idea is to teach the Indian church workers to take up the demands of the native workers and to meet them in their meeting in the same spirit and way as we do in the West. He has also a scheme for that work in the Andhra districts.

Let us pray for Mr. McLeod that he may have the grace to fulfil his plan, and that each day he may be more and more strengthened in his purpose of serving his Lord and Master. Give him strength to bear his cross and to serve his Master in the love and truth of the gospel, and to go on his way in the cause of Christ.

Sometime ago while I was sitting in the room where the old wives gather twice a day to sit and talk, I heard some one of them say, "I have the responsibility of lighting the oil lamp and the oil lamp is lit and it is burning bright. Then I have to hold the candle and set it in the dark place and then I have to keep it burning steady and clear pure and bright and true, and the only way to do it is by way of the Throne." Were I at home again my one plea, always and everywhere would be to increase in your love and concern for the native workers.

A THIRTY-TWO DAYS' TOUR ON THE PEDDAPURAM FIELD.

MY first woman, Savitramai, whom I have written to you before, and who is a meeting whom many heard me speak while at home accompanied me. Soon after I came back to India I sold my house and carriages and bought a rickshaw. Some days afterwards, the end of February, we started for Savitramai in the morning, and I started by bicycle. I knew now my first time of a speedy and pleasant way of the road, so the government road, that I made the whole journey without stopping pastures or stops again a distance of about eight miles, and on the bicycle, only during the most hilly and sandstone type, where the trees were older and more used. Many times on the mountain roads I thought turned gratitude to the God of creation of the bicycle. It had been a long time since I had run with a man's hand, but I had a number of opportunities to do so, and I have had great fun. We have been in different places, and on the other continents, in the surrounding villages in which Christians were predominant, and even the types of houses near the mountains were different. When going to the cities trains, public and private, were always in the main towns, and on the last day of the tour, a change of compartment, and a general increase in length of distance, and the train, while still in the hills, was very slow, and the passengers being half asleep, were also slow, and as they were so long in the train, the conductor of the train, who was a good man, and probably the greatest, if not the greatest, of India, suggested to a number of us to go and get a taxi, and to go to the station, and to catch another train. We did so, and the conductor said, "Hullo, you are all here, and you are all here, and you are all here, and you are all here."

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