

a most picturesque village stretching itself along the bank of the winding canal, and extending back to some distance. Always here and there between the thatched roofs of the different houses are trees of various kinds in view; sometimes houses are seen grouped around a beautiful immense spreading shade tree. These are passed, gum-arabic orchards are passed, then further inland we come to large cocoanut gardens and graft mango topes walled in by high walls on either side of the road, and either in front of or behind these gardens, the houses of the wealthy land-owners, with their women walled in by still higher and greater walls, impregnable they seem to be, these surrounding walls being some ten feet or more high, having a gable tiled roof along the full length of them. It is to these houses we are going. We have been before to some of them and are pretty sure of a welcome.

Satyavedam is our Bible woman now, and she has gone ahead to let them know. This is not an easy task, for there are walls within walls, and the gate in the outside wall may be a long way from any one within hearing. The front verandah with one door may open to the road, but the men are probably there. However a way is found and just as we enter the gate in the wall, we meet one of the men of the house coming from the front part. He speaks respectfully and we sympathize with him in the death of his mother, of which we have just heard. He gives us a few particulars. Then we pass in through a long lane between two high walls till we emerge again in an open space, pass through another door and find ourselves near a back verandah, which is to our right. There we find seats have been placed for us, and the daughters-in-law of the house came

one by one, most of them bringing gifts of either fruit or flowers. The approach to the verandah from the inside is from an enclosed garden, where some of the more precious fruits are nurtured. One very happy thought I had here was that the dear old lady who had passed away had been so specially interested in our message the last time we were there. It is long since I began visiting here, and before my former visit a long, long time had elapsed, as I had thought them rather indifferent, but I thought I had better come again. How glad I was that I had come that time last December, for the old lady had listened so gladly, wanted to know so particularly just how she could be saved, and had us have prayer with her before we left. May we not hope that she is with the redeemed in Paradise? Yes, I think we may.

I have just been reading Van Dyke's "The Art of Leaving Off," so though I have so much more to say, I must stop before I get wearisome in telling you of all this new experience, of having a continual companion with me in my work. I have had others come to see our work, and one to bear the burden in my furlough leave, but dear Miss Jones has come to stay. She is to be here, and she is so hearty, so wholesome, so companionable and so good, and she belongs here, right here, so our hearts are very full of thankfulness and gratitude for this wonderful new experience.

Yours, as ever,

S. ISABEL HATCH.

LETTER FROM MISS PRIEST

Tuni, Godaveri District,
India, Sept. 7, 1908.

Dear Link,—The rain is pouring down just now! What a welcome sound. It makes me feel like laughing