

great friends who have not seen each other for some time,—but nothing of the kind,—they probably see each other every day. Often in the street an auto will come along and be apparently blocked by a large flock of llamas. In another street one will see a long line of pack donkeys making their way along. The streets are mostly narrow and I never know which way to turn,—am always dodging people. One afternoon, right after dinner, we went up the hill to an Indian section, where there was a big Indian fiesta. Of course we see lots of fiestas (at Peniel Hall Farm), but this was the biggest I have seen. It was in celebration of the coming of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost, and it seems almost a sacrilege to even mention such a thing when one has seen the awful celebration. We climbed up on a mud wall and overlooked the whole scene,—the immense crowd of people, the dancing Indians dressed very brilliantly and masked, the little church, and away in the distance, those great mountain peaks just peering over the edge of the "bowl" in which La Paz is situated. It certainly was a picture I shall not soon forget.

The following is from a letter written in August, two weeks after the Mission Conference which was held in Cochabamba.

"During Conference we were busy morning, noon and night. We had special services every night for the natives, and I was glad to become acquainted with the native church. There are two or three promising young men who may make workers some day with training. One thing we did at Conference was to decide on Wednesday as a special day of prayer for our Mission, when we Missionaries will have special prayer. Out here on the Farm, we have a little prayer-meeting nearly every day with the Ruizes, just after dinner. I wonder if you

will make it known that each Wednesday is our special day of prayer? I think it would be a great help if our friends at home would unite with us on that day. After a perfect orgy of fiestas, we will now have peace and quietness for a couple of months, and a chance to have a good night-school. We had 26 out last night and we will probably have a much better attendance still. The boys love to go out on fine nights, and when nothing else is on, come to school. I do like these times when everything goes along peacefully."

Seldom does a letter come from any Missionary without the request for prayer. Dear friends here at home, let us be very faithful in this our share of the task of making known the Gospel in the sections of Bolivia and India for which we are responsible.

B. C. Stillwell.

#### BIMLIPATAM

On the 19th October we received two men by baptism, one a Goldsmith, the other a Panchama. Recently we have had two or three other baptisms. One was a bright young Brahmin, a member of our teaching staff. He was kidnapped, and with the connivance of the Police, taken to Vizianagram. Later he was rescued and returned to us. His wife forsook him and vowed she would never come to him again unless he renounced Christianity. This was a sore trial to him for he loved his cultured wife and he knew that she loved him dearly and very earnest prayer was made for the both of them. All communication with her was cut off, save via the Throne, and she went away to Yellamanchilli. After two and a half months' silence she wrote and urged him to come for her at once. In a vision a white man with a long beard had appeared to her saying, "Will