

was bidding good-bye to the dear home and its loved ones, and to the home friends. It seems as if I still can hear the sweet strains of that hymn "God be with you till we meet again," as it came floating to me as the train moved away. The future lay before me then unknown, untried, —not one step before me could I see, but the Father was so near and whispered, "Lo, I am with you alway," "And the Lord. He it is that doth go before thee: He will be with thee. He will not fail thee, neither forsake thee, fear not, neither be dismayed."

Now six months of that future has joined the past, and the prayer that followed me that day as I left home has been most beautifully answered. God has been with me.

Six months gone! Can it be possible? In some ways the time seems so short and has been so filled with new experiences that come crowding into my mind that I hardly know of what to write. But the months have not passed without my learning some lessons, such blessed ones, such as only the Father can teach. One of these has been that happiness is not wholly dependent upon surroundings. I find myself much happier and more contented here than at home. Why? Because I am in the place the Lord would have me and I know now as I never knew before that, "Anywhere without Him, dearest joys would fade," but, "Anywhere with Jesus is a house

of praise." Truly "He turneth the wilderness into a standing water and dry ground into water-springs."

Since coming here it has been my privilege to witness three baptisms, two in the Bay of Bengal and one in the baptistry in the mission compound. Both were most impressive scenes, more so than any I ever witnessed in the home land I think, perhaps because those who were thus obeying Christ in this ordinance were those who had come out of heathenism. Once they worshipped gods made by men, now they are publicly professing their faith—no longer in gods that cannot save, but in the One mighty to save. Let persecution come, as is generally the case, let friends forsake and they of their own house become their enemies, let them be made outcasts, yet as for them they will serve the Lord.

How small and insignificant seemed everything which had to be given up in coming here, while witnessing those baptisms. Here were three souls once in the awful darkness of heathenism, now rejoicing in Him who is the light of the world. Would that not recompense anyone for toiling many years in India? But God has still better things in store for us, I am sure, and the coming year shall witness many of these Telugus accepting Him who died for them.

Many times, dear sisters, have I wished that you could have attended the Telugu Association held at Chica-