

ly stopping for breath, and tells the most minute details. After she is through, the others often clap, and she is much delighted, for truly, she has deserved it.

Sometimes, if the villages are too far away, we go out to a traveller's bungalow, and have them come there. Often the women and children will walk four and five miles. This is a great annual event for them, and I am sure that they really look forward to it. They are all eager to gain Dr. Hulet's prize, too. She has given one each year. Last year, the women of one church took their prize money for cups and cloth for the Lord's Supper. I have been surprised at the Bible knowledge these women possess, but am sure it is because their work is co-ordinated, and because they have definite lessons to learn.

Last Sunday I had the pleasure of having Mrs. Stillwell with me at a rally twenty miles from here. We drove eight miles in Mr. Gordon's cart, with my pony. After that we changed to a horse jutka, driven by a Mohammedan. We had to sit on some straw on the floor, and our topees came uncomfortably near the top, but the little pony trotted on steadily for twelve miles, and we had a very good journey. There, in the traveller's bungalow we rested for a while, and ate the meal that Dr. Hulet had sent for us, across the fields by the shorter cut. The women and Sunday School children, to the number of over two hundred, gathered at about two o'clock. They were all very glad to see Mrs. Stillwell, and she thought they acquitted themselves very creditably. We had soap to give the Sunday School children, as Dr. Hulet is making that her parting gift to them. It takes a good deal to provide each one with a piece. One young lad bit into his and made a great outcry, when he found it was for external, not for internal application. Some people were there who had become Christians "in Mr. Stillwell's time." They crowded around Mrs. Stillwell and were overjoyed to see his picture and that of their two daughters, whom they always

speak of as "Big Miss Baby," and "Little Miss Baby."

I wish you all could see these women. You would indeed be encouraged and thankful that you have taken up the task of sending the Gospel to them. If you could see the difference between the Hindu woman and the Christian woman, you would realize, as never before, the meaning of the words, "The entrance of Thy Word giveth light." And then if you could put alongside of them the educated Christian woman, you would indeed praise God that the light in Vuyyuru, which dawned some thirty years ago, is "shining more and more unto the perfect day."

I want to thank the Tabernacle Sunday School, Montreal, and the workers in Westmount, for their cards, books and cloth and doll. The latter has made happy a poor little sick girl in the boarding school, while the others have been prizes for many Sunday School children.

Yours sincerely,
E. Bessie Lockhart.

From a letter written to the editor by Mrs. Gordon Jury, (Elsie McLaurin).

Judson College,

Rangoon, Oct. 12th.

Our first glimpse of Rangoon, as we sailed up the river on a hot, bright morning between the low, flat banks, was of Shine Dagon pagoda, lifting its rather sensuous beauty above the trees. Rangoon itself was full of red dust, blinding glare, and crowds clamoring from dawn to dusk. Soon after we came from the hills the rains began, and the city has been beautifully green since, in rather an overgrown way. And no wonder, for it has rained pretty constantly for four or five months. This would be a great country for a naturalist, but is no place for a housekeeper. Books, clothes, pictures, furniture and everything leather mould overnight, and anything that can't mould tries to rust. It is heart-piercing to see one's books spoil. Ours have been varnished and are kept in glass book-cases, but the bindings of