

clothes, fuel and the remaining articles of diet. The rice alone costs from 12 to 14 annas a month. I have found that some are not able to pay this. One man took his daughter away after she had been at school only a month or so. I said "would she not eat rice at home." The reply was, "No, when we are very hard up, we all go to Colair Lake and dig up the bulbs there and eat them." I think it is the bulbs of the water-lily that they eat, but I am not sure. Others paid for two months or more and then stopped. Hence I have decided to ask only 4 annas a month for the present. At some future time the fee may be increased.

You will be glad to hear that I have been able to erect a nice large building for the girls to live in. Instead of building a row of small rooms as at Cocanada, I have built one large room with veranda all round, the back and part of the ends being walled in for store-room, cook-room, bath-room and sick-room. The large room is 27 ft. long and 18 ft. wide. Fifty girls can be accommodated easily and I think seventy-five could be provided for, if necessary. This house has not been dedicated as yet. It has been finished since I left Akidu a month ago. I expect to return before long. We shall probably have a dedication service in it on the first Sunday or Monday of September. Now that we have ample accommodation for a large number of girls, I hope to see a much larger attendance when we re-open. The lowering of the fee, too, will enable some to come, who would have been hindered otherwise. In the case of orphans, I shall ask the church, of which their parents were members, to provide the 4 annas monthly. I forgot to say that the house described above has cost about \$530, and that this sum has been subscribed by relatives and friends in loving remembrance of my late wife, Martha Perry Craig. Hence the house will be known as the "Memorial House." I intend to wall in the back yard, and this will probably add \$20 or so to the amount mentioned above. I am meditating a change in the teachers, about which I will let you know later.

Each girl costs about \$15 a year, including teachers' salaries. Of course the number of girls in attendance will affect the amount provided for teachers, but with ordinary teachers and an attendance of 15 girls, \$15 a year would cover the cost of each girl.

So far I have spent only a small proportion of what was voted for this year, but with the large attendance I hope to see during the remainder of the year, there is not likely to be much of a balance left over at the end of December. At the close of the year I shall send you an account of the expenses of the school.

After the school re-opens a few weeks hence, I shall try to send you some account of both the girls who may return and those who may come newly to the school. I trust this school will soon become a great power for good.

In my estimates for next year I have asked for \$200, the same as I asked a year ago.

Hoping that you will have a good meeting at Ottawa in October, and praying that God may bless you more and more in your work.

I am, your fellow-laborer,

JOHN CRAIG

Annabaram, India, Aug. 9th, '83.

### The Memorial House, Akidu.

In my report to the Board I gave some particulars about the new house at Akidu for a girls' boarding school. The building was finished in July, but a suitable time for dedication services was not found till Sunday last, Oct-

7th. On that day we met at 2.30 p.m. in the Memorial House instead of the chapel, and I preached to the Christians assembled, taking as my subject the last chapter of Proverbs. I spoke of her to whose memory the house had been erected, reminding the women and girls present of the example she had set them by her brief but consecrated life in India. In regard to the house, I said we had met to thank God for it and ask His blessing on it, that very many girls might find a home in it, and while there might learn not only such things as reading and writing, but also their duties as Christian women; that after a few years of study at Akidu they might go back to their various villages to train the children they might find there; that so the influence of this Memorial House might be felt for years in numbers of villages on the Akidu field. I am sure that all our sisters at home will join us in these desires.

Our people do not have many feasts, so it is wise to arrange one for them occasionally. On Monday, the 8th, I provided a feast to which about seventy sat down. It was the feast of dedication, so it was partaken of in the new house. Cooking the food furnished as much pleasure as eating it, I think. Two sheep had been bought on Saturday; also a good supply of rice and the various spices and other things used in making curry. An unoccupied house on the compound was taken possession of on Monday morning, and the performance began. The sheep were killed before I was up, I think. The rice was boiled in large pots; then poured into a basket, set over a pot, to allow the water to run off, then taken into the house of the feast and poured out on mats. I suggested that what was spread out first would become cold, but was told that the hot rice to be poured out last would heat up again what was spread out first. It was wonderful to see the piles of rice. The curry was in pots, as was also a sort of pea, that had been cooked to mix with the curry and rice. When all was ready, the people sat down in double rows, facing one another. Then we asked a blessing, and proceeded to dispose of the food. Do you suppose every man, woman and child had a crockery plate? Not by any means. A few had brass plates, the rest had large leaves, in fact they were water-lily leaves. First the rice was passed round on large trays. One man carried the tray and another man helped out the rice with his hands. So with the curry also. Last of all a sort of gravy with the peas was distributed. This was poured out on small pots on the rice. Then rice and curry and gravy were all mixed together by the feasters with spoons? Ah no! but with instruments made before either knives or forks or spoons were thought of, of course I mean hands. Although I have been nearly six years in India, I had never sat down to partake of native food in native fashion, so I decided to try it last Monday. I did not sit right down on the floor, but sat on my heels, a way the Telugus often sit when having a conversation, and then I secured a leaf, and some rice and the other things, and proceeded to mix them up together and convey them to my mouth with my hand. I was not surprised to hear a laugh follow my first attempts, but as I am not bashful, I kept at it, till I had eaten quite as much of that kind of food as I cared to take in one day. I forgot to say that the curry consisted of the mutton, cooked with a number of spices. My objection to the food was that there was too much pepper and not enough salt. However the people said it was good, so I was satisfied. We intended to have plantains to close with, but our market-day being Wednesday, I found the plantains spoiling on Saturday and distributed them then.