

If so, thank you, Vernon. Your scrap-books are specially nice, because they have so many colored pictures of children and people in them. The Indian children like them so much better than pictures of court houses or parliament buildings, or English mottoes. Our little boys and girls love to gloat over these pictures of strange little white children and tell stories to themselves about them, I suppose, like children—the wide world over.

When Mrs. Cross came she brought me some nice bags from the Olivet Mission Band, Calgary, given to her for me by Mrs. McConnell, an old friend of ours. Thank you, Olivet. These parcels are just in time for our Christmas S. S. Rally next Sunday. I was examining Mariamma's School of about forty caste children this morning, to find out who would get prizes. Quite a lot will, as they know lots of stories. And what do you think? They have finished the book of New Testament Stories, and will want to be started on something else. The one story the children knew better than any other in Mariamma's Sunday School, was the story of Paul and Silas in jail. They thought it very wonderful that Paul and Silas should be so happily singing hymns out loud in jail at midnight, and it was, wasn't it? I asked them what they thought was the reason, and they said: "Because they trusted God." They sang such a pretty Telugu hymn called "The Cradle Song," that Mariamma had taught them. It is set to a swinging sort of tune, and tells about the birth of Jesus. You could just imagine someone swinging a cradle and singing the hymn to baby to soothe him—and put him to sleep. There are three specially nice girls in that Sunday School who know the stories better than anybody else. The Bible-woman goes to their place every week to teach them, besides what they learn in Sunday School. They do seem to love to learn about Jesus, and they know the Lord's Prayer, too, and say they use it when they pray at night before they go to bed.

We have thirty-seven Sunday Schools now on our field and about 800 scholars. These Sunday Schools are scattered in as many villages, almost, all over the field—only here in Avanigadda town there are three. There are hundreds and hundreds, yes, many thousands of children left who never go to Sunday School at all. What shall we do about them? We haven't nearly enough teachers to teach them all—oh, how I wish we had! Perhaps you will remember about them in your prayers, for they are on my mind a good deal of the time.

Mr. and Mrs. Cross and Kathleen came last Friday, and weren't we glad to see them! I was just tired of being all alone in this big bungalow, built for us by the Toronto Sunday School children six years ago. It does seem so nice to hear people moving about and speaking in the other rooms. They were tired when they got here, for though the station is only six miles away, it takes a long time to come that six miles. First we have to come three miles over an extremely bumpy road in horse-jutkas. A "jutka" is a long cart, covered, with no springs, and you just sit on the floor of it with your feet spread out in front of you (if there's room), or doubled up with your knees under your chin (like a jack-knife) if there isn't; you hang on for dear life while the pony tears along, and your poor head bumps against the top and sides of the cover. It would be a lot worse if you didn't wear a topee—being hard it takes the bumps and saves your head. Then at the end of three miles you reach a canal, and so you get out of the jutka and cross the canal on a ferry. You walk about a quarter of a mile and reach the river—the Kistna, which is the northern boundary of the Avanigadda field. The river is over a mile wide, but at this time of the year there is more sand than water in it, and in the middle of it a big island. We walk through the sand and climb on to the ferry-boat, which has big paddle-wheels. Lots of other people, Indians, get on the boat with bundles of straw, baskets of

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