

ers were all members of her Sunday School class in their young days, and now are Christian men, all engaged in Christian work; two are Y.M.C.A. secretaries, two Sunday School Superintend-

ents, one a minister, one a President of a Sunday Circle. So her work will go on here although she has passed to another sphere, where she will be with those who serve in His presence.

## FOREIGN MAIL BOX

Vuyyuru, Kistna District,  
October 24, 1920.

Dear Readers of the Link:

I am sitting on the verandah of your bungalow and ours here in Vuyyuru, on a Saturday afternoon in October. In Ontario, this would be a glorious autumn afternoon, but here we are thankful to have a breeze. The weather has been very hot lately, but it is somewhat cooler now. We have not had much rain this season, and consequently have found the heat trying. Later on, after the sun goes down a bit, and we can go out without topees, we shall take a walk over the rice fields. How I wish some of you could come with me and see the beauty of this fair district, with its fields of rice and corn stretching away and away. We have the canal system throughout this part, and so, while fields in other parts of the mission are parched and dry, in the Kistna District, we have the promise of a bountiful harvest.

But there is another harvest which is whitening for us here, and for which we are praying for laborers. Here the people are coming to Christ, and, after coming, oh! how much they need to be taught. You can hardly realize what it means to have a whole constituency and church-full of illiterate people. Here we are educating the boys and girls, but most of the older people cannot read a word. Just as I write, three school boys have come up, asking permission to go to the bazaar to buy some coconut oil for their hair. One boy, who is just recovering from mumps, proudly showed a rupee, with which he is going to buy some cloth for a shirt. It will take much more than that, though. To buy one shirt for his boy, that father would have to work four days. Then the cloth seems to be very, very poor.

What I should like for the women who support our work here, would be to see the Christian women's rallies. We have ten churches, with about a hundred and twenty villages where there are Christian women. It is the duty of the pastors and teachers to see that all the Christians are taught Bible truths. Twice a year, Dr. Hulet has made out a catechism of questions and answers and stories on the regular Bible course. Last term since March, all our Canadian Baptist Mission workers have been studying Joshua, Judges, Corinthians and part of Romans. All are required to take half-yearly examinations. On this field, all the children in their Sunday Schools, all the women in their meetings, and all the Christians are being taught this regular course. Dr. Hulet's aim was to have the pastors' and teachers' wives responsible for the teaching of the women. Where this could not be done, of course, the teachers must teach them. In September, the workers and the boarding school children, and a few of the worker's wives, came in to Vuyyuru, and sat down, a hundred and sixty of them, in the Claxon Memorial Church, to write the examinations. Since then every Sunday, Mrs. Gordon and I have been having the rallies of the women. And how we have been delighted at the way they have learned. People at home do not learn to tell stories as these do. A woman will be asked to tell the story of Samson. At first she, a poor coolie, who cannot read or write, will feel very shy, and hang her head, while silence reigns. Then, gathering courage, she will perhaps titter a bit, but will pull the corner of her cloth up over her head, and, with eyes downcast, will begin to speak. Well, after she has fairly started, there is no stopping her. She goes on and on, hard-