

**CIHM
Microfiche
Series
(Monographs)**

**ICMH
Collection de
microfiches
(monographies)**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

© 1994

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- ☒ Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur
- ☐ Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée
- ☐ Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- ☐ Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque
- ☐ Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- ☒ Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- ☐ Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- ☐ Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents
- ☐ Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la
distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- ☐ Blank leaves added during restoration may appear
within the text. Whenever possible, these have
been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées
lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte
mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont
pas été filmées.

- ☐ Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- ☐ Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- ☐ Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- ☒ Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- ☐ Pages detached/
Pages détachées
- ☒ Showthrough/
Transparence
- ☐ Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- ☐ Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue
- ☐ Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

- ☐ Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison
- ☐ Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison
- ☐ Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

- ☐ Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

**This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.**

A number line starting at $10x$ and ending at $32x$, with major tick marks every $2x$. The line is divided into 12 equal segments. The labels $10x, 12x, 14x, 16x, 18x, 20x, 22x, 24x, 26x, 28x, 30x, 32x$ are placed above and below the line. A diagonal slash is drawn in the 8th segment, between $18x$ and $20x$.

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

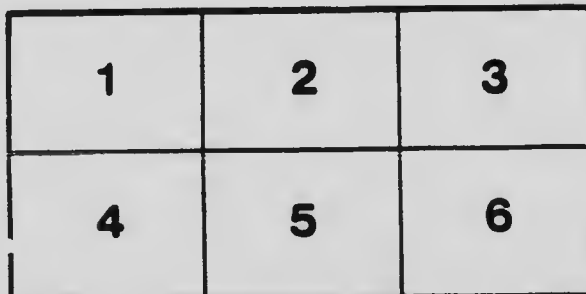
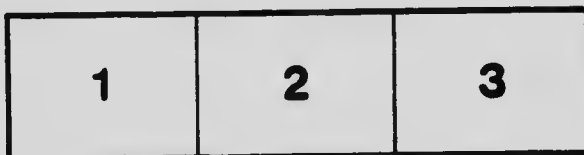
McMaster University
Hamilton, Ontario

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol \longrightarrow (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ∇ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagram illustrates the method:



L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

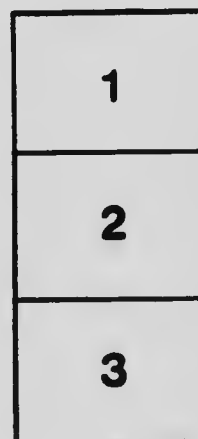
McMaster University
Hamilton, Ontario

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

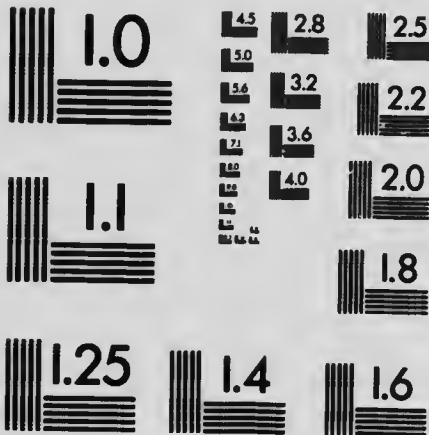
Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole \longrightarrow signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ∇ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.



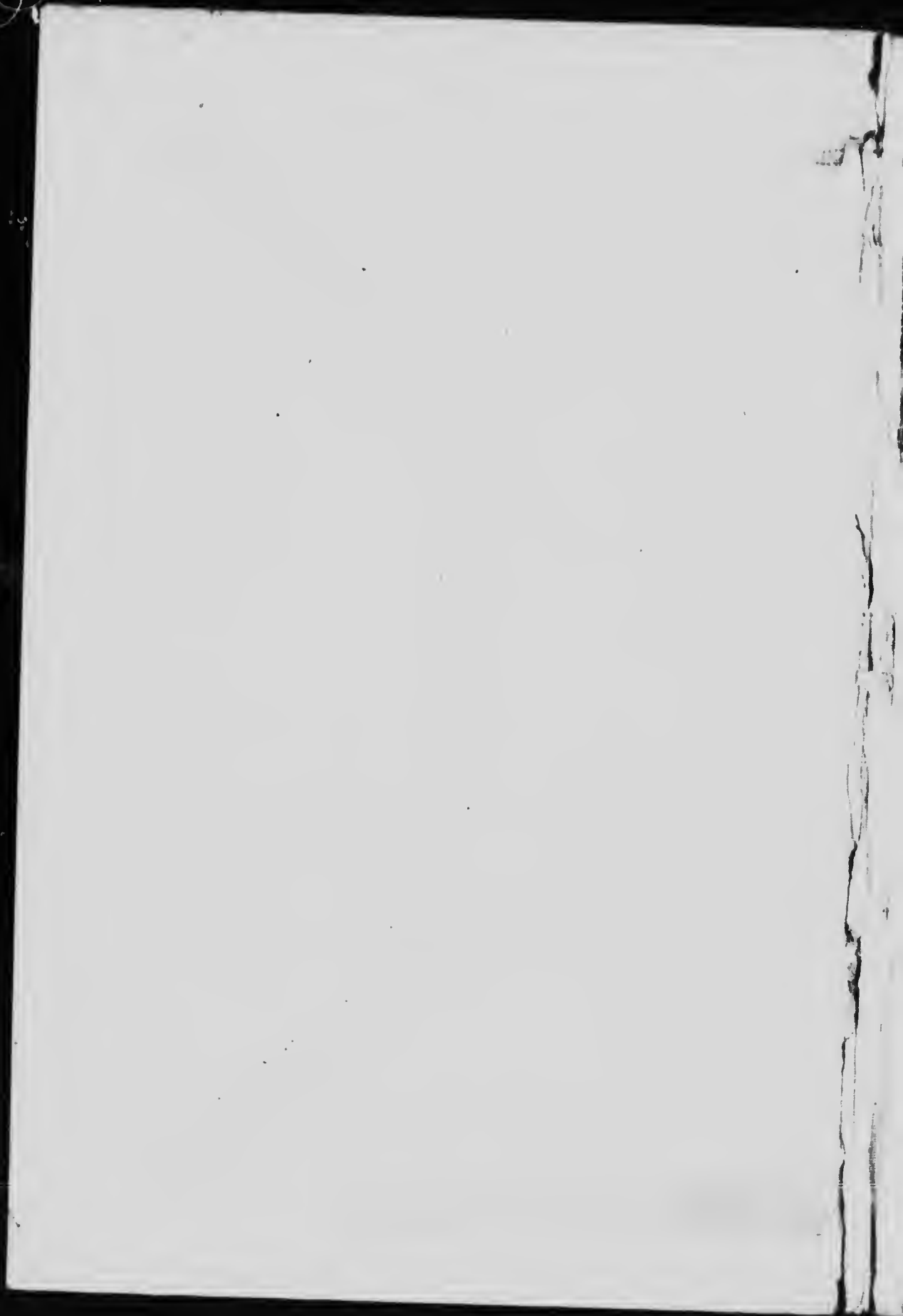
MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)





Mrs. George Churchill



From Aunt Sarah

to Mary

1 Xmas 1917



**LETTERS FROM MY
HOME IN INDIA**

Being the Correspondence of
Mrs. GEORGE CHURCHILL
(1871-1916)

Edited and Arranged by
Mrs. GRACE McLEOD ROGERS





THE MISSION HOUSE, BOBBILI—MY INDIAN HOME

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

EDITED AND ARRANGED

BY

GRACE McLEOD ROGERS

AUTHOR OF "STORIES OF THE LAND OF EVANGELINE"

ILLUSTRATED

McCLELLAND, GOODCHILD & STEWART
PUBLISHERS : : : : TORONTO

Copyright, 1916, By
George H. Doran Company



Printed in the United States of America

PROEM

AT Wolfville, Nova Scotia, where I so-journed for a time last year to recuperate from my illness, I met as though by chance the talented writer, Mrs. Grace McLeod Rogers, M.A., there to visit her noble sons who had enlisted from the University in defence of their empire. Through a seeming casual conversation at table she spoke of my long residence in India, suggesting to me that I should write a book about our mission work in that country—"a bright, readable, devoted chronicle of real missionary life"—to stimulate new interest and fresh resolve, and to preserve some annals of our early ventures and first labourers. "Write it yourself," I made answer, for I felt the Lord had given her the ability to do it and had Himself perhaps put it into her heart so to speak to me. Then I told her of printed letters, of diaries, and other matter available for the book, if she were willing to prepare it. But life is full of duties and demands these days—head and hands and heart

PROEM

strained to the utmost—and she could not see the way clear to consent. Months elapsed, without further word between us, then we met again and she offered to do the work—a rendering back to her Lord for what “gift” He had given. I passed over my matter into her charge, confident that if it was His plan He would direct her in the fulfilling of the expressed desire in compiling and arranging; and resting sure that His blessing would follow her throughout her task. That task is now completed; the letters, into which form Mrs. Rogers chose to put the story, are ready to be sent forth. I send them in the Lord’s name, believing He has directed in everything in bringing out the book. Into His hands I place it, to use for His glory. All gains from it go to further His cause. Thrice blest am I to have had some small share in spreading abroad His love.

MATILDA F. CHURCHILL.

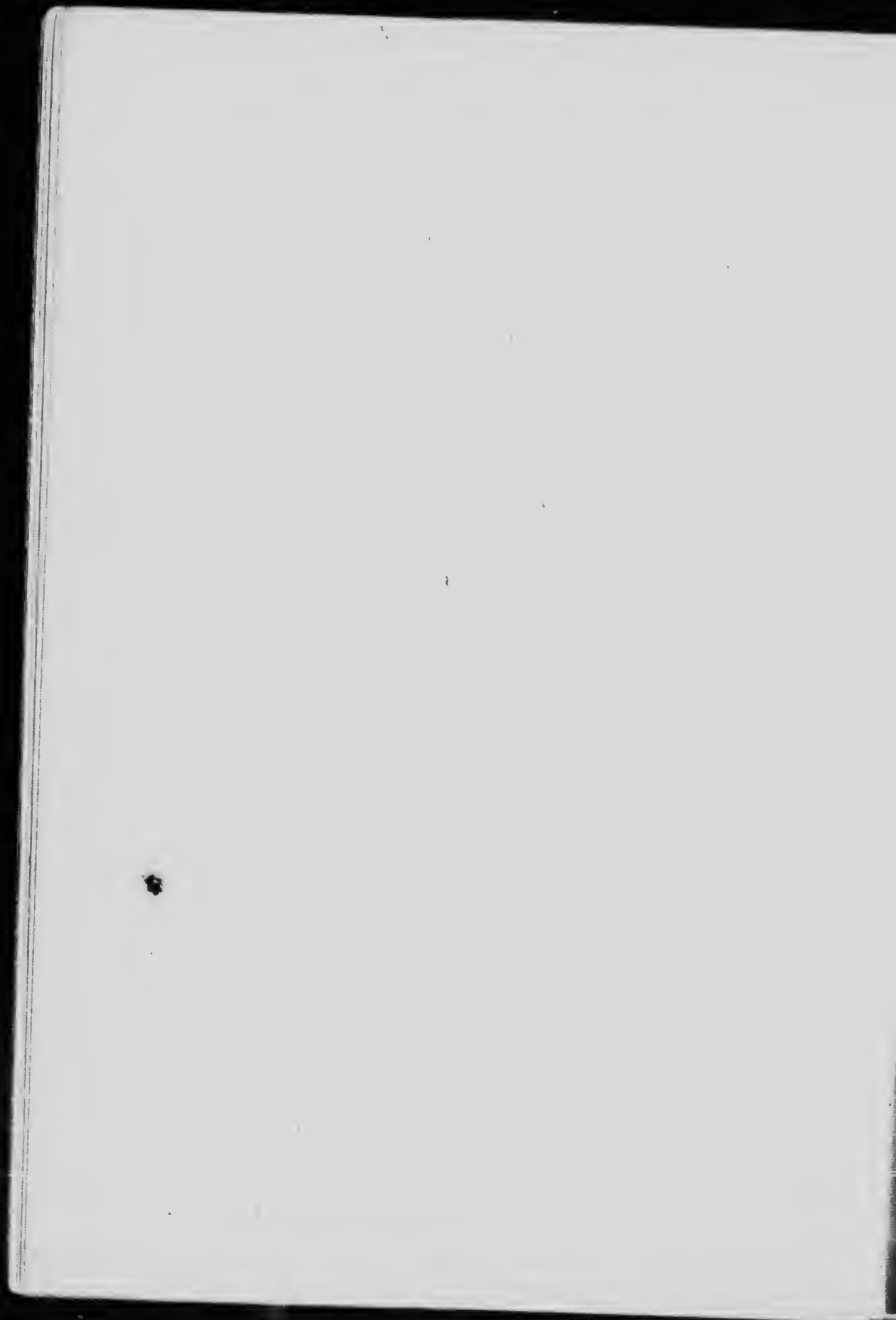
Toronto, Canada,

July, 1916.

TO OUR SOLDIERS WONDERFUL AND DEAR,
MY OWN THREE, AND ALL OTHERS, WHOSE
RENUNCIATION AND OFFERING HAVE STIM-
ULATED SACRIFICE AND SERVICE IN EVERY
SPHERE OF DUTY, I DEDICATE MY WORK
—A LABOUR OF LOVE FOR MY LORD, OUT
OF THESE SAD AND TROUBLED TIMES.

G. McL. R.

DUNVEGAN,
AMHERST, NOVA SCOTIA.



ILLUSTRATIONS

The Mission House, Bobbili—My Indian Home.	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Mrs. George Churchill.....	PAGE 24
The Churchill Memorial Home for the Lady Missionaries of Bobbili.....	58
The Late Reverend George Churchill.....	90
Mrs. George Churchill's First Girls' School in Bobbili.....	126
Mrs. H. E. Stillwell (Mrs. Churchill's Daughter). .	158
The Chapel School-House, Bobbili.....	186
Original Seven Missionaries, Maritime Provinces, 1873.....	218
The Old House in Bimlipitam where the Church- ills and Sanfords Lived.....	250
A Street in Bobbili.....	282



LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

"My soul is not at rest. There comes a strange
And secret whisper to my spirit from the eastern world,
The voice of my departed Lord,
'Go, Teach all Nations,' comes on the night air
And awakes my ear."

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

Retreat Cottage, Truro, Nova Scotia,

December, 1871.

. . . I MUST tell you of the great and abounding joy that has come to me this day. Mr. Churchill, who is under appointment to go to the fore'gn field, has written and asked me to accompany him as his companion and co-labourer. At last I am to be a missionary! For many longing years my heart has yearned to go to the heathen to tell them the wonders of God's love and grace. I think that the impulse first was born at the time of my conversion, a little girl of fourteen. How well I remember that happy time. Our home was then in Stewiacke, and through the consecrated zeal of a Mr. Banks and his wife, newcomers to the community, a series of wonderful meetings was carried on, many being converted, seven of us cousins among the number. We cousins were all baptised on the one occasion, and ever since then

I have wished to be a missionary. Reading the wonderful story of Dr. Judson's life and labours raised the fire in my heart to glowing heat—a burning desire that naught else I could render would quench, a motive power in all other aspirations and undertakings.

When we moved here to Truro and I was thus enabled to attend the fine Model and Normal Schools, I prosecuted my studies for the different ranks, always with this aim in view, to fit myself for proper service. But there seemed no open door to my great Desire. We had no independent Mission Board, and few were the women who from this land had pointed their footsteps to the foreign field. When possible opportunity offered, my parents kindly but firmly opposed it, not willing that I should venture alone to such strange and distant climes. Wise and loving guides they have been to me in all else, and I was not led to override their decision in this. At such times I would say to myself—Is it the Lord calling me, or only a wish for something new and unusual—am I fitted or worthy to carry on His great work abroad—should I not instead be throwing my full strength into activities at

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

home? Then I would teach my Model School with redoubled zeal, comforting myself with that wonderful scripture that Christ who gave unto some to be "Apostles" and "Preachers," gave also to some to be "Teachers." But though somewhat encouraged by this, yet always the other claim stayed in my soul. Next the thought came to me that perhaps by giving a portion of my substance to support a native preacher, I could be doing my "portion," and gladly did I yield a full third of my salary toward it, eagerly receiving tidings from time to time of the labours and successes of my "substitute." But why try to buy with money what I should render in flesh and spirit, and I was not "satisfied." Then one day, while especially troubled over it all, a new field of labour came straight to my hands. Sitting in the church choir, one Sunday, I saw two coloured men come up into the gallery, and something seemed to say to me almost as distinctly as if I heard a voice—"Who cares for *their* souls? You are longing to go to the heathen but why not try to save and teach these people?"

"I will care for them, Lord Jesus," I answered; and straightway that week I secured

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

consent from the trustees to have the church open on Sunday afternoons, also visiting the "Island" where the coloured folks live, from house to house inviting them to come to a service on the following Sunday.

Large numbers attended, and the Mission became well established, many students from the Normal School assisting, and some members of the Church also giving us great aid. On week evenings I have had a night-school for any of them who wish to be taught reading, writing and arithmetic; gathering in our home kitchen at first, and as they increased in numbers overflowing into the big dining-room. It is a glorious work and I love it—something really definitely mine to do. Yet my heart has not been at rest, the old fire still burns for foreign service. So when the letter came to-day telling me of Mr. Churchill's decision and asking me to share his life and labour, I felt that at last the way was opened up. And I took the letter to my family, leaving them to read it together, confidently believing that if it was God's will that I work for Him on heathen soil, He would so rule their minds to give me consent; that if He needed me there, He could

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

raise up someone here, to care for the loved and loving sister whose long illness had hitherto made me appear necessary in the Home. It seemed to me, I *must* have the long vexed question settled, and if ever I prayed about it, I prayed then, that God would make me willing to be used as He saw best to further His kingdom—here in Truro, or in far Burmah. When I came down for my answer, they gave their consent, not gladly perhaps, but willingly, and devotedly. I feel that theirs is the greater sacrifice, for I go to my long Desire, and my happy heart is full of joy—God's work and earth's love included, how rich has been His blessing! I am all unfit for His service but He who gave me the longing will lead me out, and on, and up, will show me His power and grace. Praise be to His name forever and forever.

Philadelphia, November, 1872.

. . . You will want to hear how I am getting on in Philadelphia. It seems wonderful that Miss Eaton and I could get here at study so soon after our momentous decision. Miss Eaton is to be one of the outgoing mis-

sionaries. She is a great worker, and grand comrade. As our Board earnestly recommended that the missionaries equip themselves with the best culture possible, general and theological, Florrie and I determined we should be no whit behind our men in this preparation. Both Miss Norris who is already on the field, and Miss DeWolf who has returned on furlough, impressed upon us the great value of medical knowledge, as an aid in reaching the heathen women in their homes, so we felt we must come here to Philadelphia, in attendance upon the Woman's Medical College. It was hard to leave the home nest. A tinge of the long parting so soon awaiting us all, coloured our leavetaking at this time. My beloved sister from whom I have not been separated since the beginning of her illness, seven years ago, was loath at first to let me come, but yielded with patient and beautiful grace when fully understanding my great need of the equipment. It was sad, too, giving up my school—all those young, eager lives committed for a time to my hands to teach and fit for their place in life. Sometimes when the pang of parting was sharpest the Tempter would tell me that this

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

work I loved so well was labour enough, and that I did not need to go hence to "desolate places." But only momentary would be the temptation, for great as is my interest in my school, this work for my blessed Saviour in heathen lands is filling my very being with sacred joy that I am accounted worthy to undertake it.

We have rented a room in a small house across the street from the college, and here we study, cook, eat, and sleep, finding little time for recreation, much as we could see for both profit and pleasure, in this beautiful city, had we opportunity. Three evenings a week we spend in the Dissecting Room where we often remain till near midnight before our findings are accomplished for next day's recitation. You remember my nervousness, so you will not laugh when I tell you how good Florrie is to me, going into the room ahead always, and lighting the lamp, and allowing me to pass out first again while she remains to extinguish the lights. But I will overcome my shrinking in time, and though we neither of us greatly love this portion of our work, we are here for knowledge, and will neglect no part of the course.

Last evening we attended a large missionary

meeting. Prof. —, who has from our arrival been much interested in us, because students for mission work, took us up to the front after the service, and introduced us to the speakers—Mrs. Carpenter and Mrs. Hovey, sisters—one of them a missionary from Burmah. We had a very pleasant profitable talk together, upon nursing, medical knowledge, and many other phases of service most valuable as aids in the work. Before parting, they seemed to feel it necessary to inform us, most earnestly and gravely, that there were no matrimonial opportunities on the foreign field, except with a widower whose helpmate had gone on before to the Better Land. As we had deemed ourselves such staid and assured “single” women, taking our work so seriously, we were rather surprised at their counsel, but accepted it in a kindly spirit, and I did not think it incumbent upon myself to announce to strangers that my own future in that direction was quite assured.

There will be a series of missionary gatherings here next week, some of which we plan to attend. The instruction and information given by the different speakers will be of great value. I hope to be able to remain throughout the

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

entire college year, but we have not very long purses, and money fairly melts away even with most careful expenditure.

To supplement our funds we have each taken a hand at canvassing for a book, and when we can find a few spare hours we go out to get subscriptions. When we sallied forth yesterday, a fish-woman came directly behind us, all down the long street calling out "Cat-fish," "Cat-fish," "Cat-fish," which in the street monger's jargon, sounded so much like "Canvass," "Canvass," that we felt as if she were heralding out our employment, of which we are not particularly proud nor enamoured—and soon as we came to a corner we took a quick turn and escaped her, not however relinquishing our labours until a subscription apiece had rewarded our efforts. For a few days last week, I was rather ill, with erysipelas in my eye and face, caused from mosquito bites. It was most painful. Our Dean came over to see us, and she says she will take me out to her own home if Florrie has to leave at the end of this term. It is exceedingly kind of her to make such an offer. I do want to remain till close of the college year and could not stay on here alone. It

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

is one of God's "doors" opening to me. How blessed I am to have Him for Friend and Leader. How small and imperfect look all my little doings compared to the great needs; but He will guide me into greater efficiency, and always will I praise Him that He has allowed me to labour in His vineyard.

Someone gave me a text book for the coming year, and on New Year's Eve I slipped it under my pillow. Early next morning I read my New Year text, "My times are in Thy hands." I have chosen it for my support in all that awaits me ahead—Yea, Lord, lead me, and I will strive to follow. I can trust Thee to the end.

Windsor, August, 1873.

. . . WE missionaries have been formally accepted and taken over by our Convention—"We are seven"—Mr. and Mrs. Sanford of Billtown, Mr. Armstrong of Sydney, Miss Armstrong of Wolfville, Miss Eaton of Canard, Mr. Churchill and myself. The two single ladies will be supported by the Women's Aid Societies which Miss Norris so valiantly and successfully organized before her departure for

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

Burmah last year. She is already on the field, and upon our arrival there, will be united in marriage to Mr. Armstrong, one of our band.

The meetings of the Convention have been wonderful, a beautiful spirit of consecration manifest through all the proceedings. There have been earnest and grave consultations over the final establishment of our Maritime Independent Foreign Mission Board. The Convention feels that the resources of our denomination are abundantly sufficient for its support, both from the ordinary church channels, and from the funds so generously raised by our Aid Societies. For the two past years it has been the question uppermost in the minds of our Baptist people, but the severance of our relations with the American Union was a grave issue, needing wise and careful deliberation, so the matter has dragged on through several sessions. We have been most fortunate in having Dr. Camp as our leader in the movement, aiding and advising through all the discussions, and carrying on himself most of the correspondence concerning the sundering of the old ties and the formation of the new Board.

This year a most important question came

before the Board—*where we outgoing missionaries should be located for our labours*. Different localities were proposed and freely discussed, each seeming to have some special desirability. But it has now been finally settled that we go to the Karens, and Laos tribes, taking up the study of the Karen language, looking forward to work among these people, both in Burmah and in the Kingdom of Siam. Mr. Churchill had been accepted by the American Baptist Union, and designated to Tavoy, but when our own Mission Board was formed, he desired to go out under its auspices, so made application for release, and obtained a most cordial consent from his American brethren, who are taking the kindest interest in our new missionary venture. The release was gratifying news to me, for though I would labour gladly in any part of the Vineyard assigned me, yet the ties of friendship, and of home interest, will contribute largely to our comfort and happiness in the new strange land to which we shall so soon be going. My wedding day has been fixed for September 16th, and on October 1st we all expect to sail from New York on our long journey. The

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

closing meeting of the Convention, when we were solemnly committed to Divine guardianship, the prayers of consecration, the fervent charge of the venerable Fathers in the ministry, and the farewell hand-clasps with many whom we shall not meet again on earth, can never be forgotten.

“Friends, connections, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell? Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?
Yes I hasten from you gladly—
From the scenes I love so well:
Far away, ye billows bear me,
Lovely native land farewell!
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.”

“At Retreat Cottage, Truro, Nova Scotia,
on the 16th of September, 1873, by Rev. J. E.
Goucher, assisted by Rev. E. Clay, M.D., Ma-
tilda Moore, daughter of William Faulkner
Esq., C. E., to Rev. George Churchill of Yar-
mouth, missionary elect to Siam.”

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

Truro, September 25, 1873.

. . . My last morning at home—Since our marriage we have been in Yarmouth, visiting my husband's family. They received me most lovingly and I have formed with them new attachments and linked my interest in their lives. But O, how close and tender are the ties with my very own family, how hard the parting. Our breakfast together was a silent one this morning, and my Father's prayer a broken petition.

Sister Lizzie and I had our farewell last night. Hours we spent together, far into the night, talking over the old childhood days at Stewiacke, the girlhood years here in Truro, her sickness and the long weary period of pain and retirement—my teaching and mission work, my wedding-day, and the new life now stretching out for me ahead. She was very brave. We did not weep. It was rather a retrospect to record our joys and our mercies, and the seal of our mutual love. Of her own renunciation of desires and ambitions, she did not speak.

"You are to go out to do the work," she said, "and I am to remain at home to pray."



MRS. GEORGE CHURCHILL

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

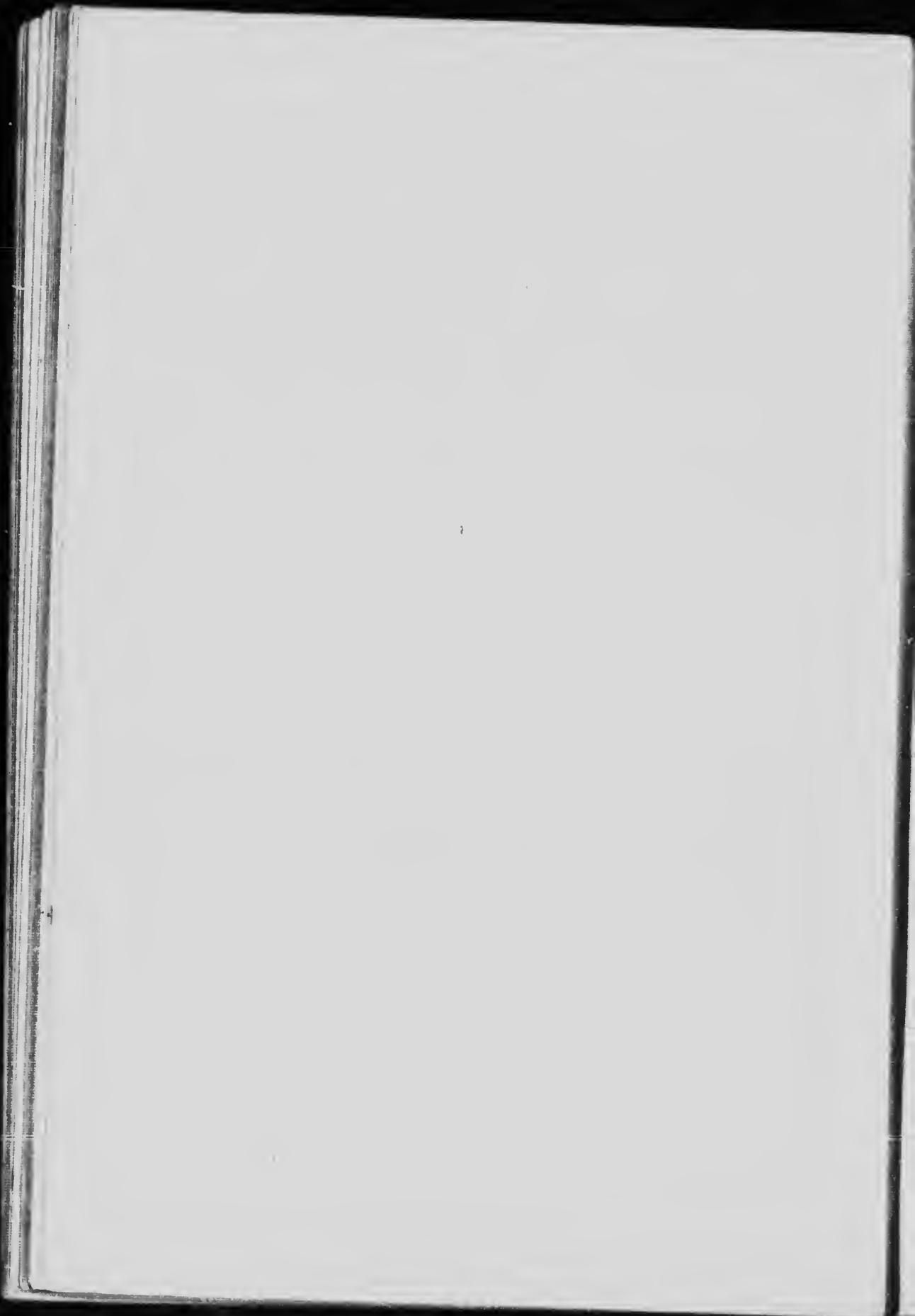
To go is often easier than to stay, and I feel that hers is by far the harder lot. But the God we both love will comfort and strengthen her. In His name I go forth and in His name she tarries here. May He sustain us each in our appointed ways.

My last minutes are to be with my Mother. My Father and brothers will go with me to the train—Burmah and Siam look far away this morning to us all.

There will be a public farewell meeting in St. John, a day at Newton Centre, and a day in New York. Rev. Porter, Saunders, Kempton, Boggs and Dr. Cramp, are to journey with us as far as New York, true apostolic fashion, "accompanying us into the ship."

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

“And I will go. I may not longer doubt
To give up friends and home and idle hopes,
And every tender tie that binds my heart
To thee, my country! Never was it His design
Who placed me here on earth that I should live at ease
Or merely drink at pleasure’s fountain.”



Glasgow, Scotland, October, 1873.

. . . HERE we are at Glasgow, safely across the stormy ocean. Thirteen days we rolled and pitched and tossed upon its dashing waves, but no harm befell us and we are once again on land, taking a needed respite here before starting out on the long voyage to Burmah.

As the land faded from sight the first night out, and darkness settled upon the deep, I felt to the full bitterness the parting pangs that I had before sought to repress. Never can I forget our leavetaking at Truro—that last look of my dear home town—my Father and brothers—the assemblage of loving friends. Warm upon my face shone the sun that early morning, and warm in my heart were God's promises or I could not have borne the "goodbyes."

In New York it was a bright and beautiful day when we embarked. The "brethren" who had come with us to our ship, stood on the wharf long after we steamed away, and the last recognised object was the beloved form of Dr. Cramp, his long white locks waving to the

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

breeze, his face lifted as if in prayer for us all. We felt it was like a benediction, and very quietly went below to our cabins.

The stay here is likely to be much more lengthy than we desire. We had hoped to take a boat very soon after arriving, but alack for hopes! we shall be delayed until November 25th, six long weeks. Seven American missionaries arrived this morning on the "Californian," and they also are detained. A hard waiting it will be, for we are all so eager to be at our work.

Mr. Churchill and I have taken two small rooms and will do light housekeeping. Florrie is boarding quite near us. She and I are at our medical studies again.

It might be interesting to you to hear how the Lord opened a door for us here, as at Philadelphia last year. Feeling that we should make the waiting time pass profitably as possible, we concluded to see if by any means we could get admission to lecture courses at the Royal Infirmary. One day while passing the Andersonian University building, we saw posted on one of the pillars a notice, announcing a lecture on Chemistry, to be delivered

there that evening, so we decided to attend it. Messrs. Armstrong and Churchill accompanied us thither, and at its close, learning that there were to be further lectures, on Anatomy and Physiology, we applied and obtained tickets for the whole course. On the evening of the Anatomy lecture it rained very heavily, with a violent wind, and Mr. Churchill who had another engagement urged us not to go out alone in such a storm, but we had no intention of missing it, so after his departure, we started forth, reaching in safety the University though finding rather to our chagrin that we were the only women present. As we were leaving the hall after the lecture was over, Dr. Buchanan came up and spoke to us, saying he understood we were on our way to the East, and asked if we would like to visit the Infirmary while here. This was just what we did want, so he gave us a card of introduction to the matron, inviting us also to visit his own wards, and to be present at any operations we cared to witness.

You may be sure we accepted his offer, and felt fully rewarded for venturing out alone in the storm and the strange city. Miss Tait, the matron, is taking such a friendly interest in us,

and through her kindness we have been introduced also to the superintendent, who has admitted us to the Infirmary as regular nurses, during our stay, thus giving us the freedom of both wards, medical and surgical.

The Board Management has allowed Florrie in as "resident," while I go every morning at ten o'clock, the head nurse as well as the officiating physicians showing us every attention; and if you could look into these wards any forenoon between ten and one o'clock you would see your two missionaries hard at work, aprons on, sleeves pushed up, dressing wounds, bandaging limbs, or attentively following the doctors on their rounds from bed to bed. There are about five hundred cases, constantly, and it is a great opportunity for us to become practically acquainted with a variety of human ills and their various treatments. We feel it is Divine Guidance alone that led us thither, and so opened the hearts of these entire strangers to admit us to such privileges.

Over and above all this kindness I have related, the physician in charge of the Laboratory gave me a note to the druggists from whom they purchase their medicines, and another to

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

the instrument maker, so that I shall be able to get my drugs and the few instruments I need, at wholesale prices. Is it not all very wonderful, how truly and signally God has directed us, surely we can trust Him for *everything!*

There have been many missionary meetings arranged for us, the party under the American Board usually being included; one gathering was in Paisley, another in Edinborough. As we were leaving a hall one evening where our Nova Scotia men had given addresses, we overheard a person say "*Why they are about as white as we are, and speak English well, too, even if they are Indians.*" Evidently we are supposed by some people to be aborigines!

But we are certainly receiving great kindness and attention from all the churches with whom we meet, and though the tarrying is hard to bear, we trust it may through those many public meetings redound to the glory of God and the spread of His Kingdom.

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

*On Board the S. S. Tenasserim,
Suez Canal, December 14, 1873.*

. . . THUS far the Lord hath led us on. We arrived yesterday at Port Said, and went ashore awhile. All that I saw—men, women, donkeys, camels, houses, plants and trees, are so new and strange—I felt I must be in a dream, or gazing upon pictures instead of reality. Such a mixture of people from different nations I suppose one could not find in any other town. I have been seasick nearly all of our voyage from Glasgow, and it was so good to see land once more, even though it be but burning wastes of sand. We had a long walk on shore, and since returning have had a prayer service up on deck, making the desert vocal with songs of praise. But for this wonderful canal our journey would have been lengthened by about twenty-five days. From London to Bombay by Cape is something over eleven thousand miles, through the canal it is only six thousand. We are now past Port Said, and some distance in, but are only allowed to proceed at slow speed—six or seven knots an hour. Three steamers are anchored in shore, such a change from the loneliness of

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

the wide space of waters over which we had passed. It is nearing the end of 1873, an ever memorable year to me. Before it closes I want to record the loving kindness of my dear Heavenly Father who has done for me all that I asked and much more than I hardly dared to hope. Instead of being in America, longing and praying to be sent out for this work, I am actually on my way thither, sailing to that land of darkness where I may labour to bring the light to the poor perishing ones who have not heard of the Saviour and His love. How good God is to give me the desire of my heart when I am so unworthy the honour.

When in Glasgow, we heard a great deal about Livingstone, some of the older ministers remembering his first humble starting away, and also his splendid welcome back. They told us of the parting with his parents when he came to announce to them his decision to go to the dark continent. All night long he and his father and mother talked together. As day began to dawn they read the 91st Psalm and committed their separate ways to the God who had promised to be their refuge and their fortress. Then the father and son set out over

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

the hills for the long walk to Glasgow, from whence Livingstone was to sail on the morrow. No work in his home land would satisfy his soul. "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold," kept ringing in his ears.

We loved to hear about him. That Psalm shall be mine also; every word of it is fraught with God's wonderful promises. . . . Believing that, one need not be afraid to go to the uttermost parts of the earth. I feel so eager to get out of the canal and into the Indian Ocean, for then Burmah is not far distant.

Bangkok, March, 1874.

. . . THANKS be unto our Heavenly Father we are now in Siam, after a series of short water trips from Tavoy, occupying about twenty days in all. When I first set foot on Burman soil I felt to say, "My God, I thank Thee for allowing this great and precious privilege to be mine;" and each day since then have I echoed those words.

Miss Norris and Mr. Armstrong were married in Rangoon, on Saturday evening January 31st, and on the following week we all

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

started for Tavoy, they leaving the steamer after entering the river, and going on ahead, that they might be in the Mission House at Tavoy to welcome us when we arrived. There we all tarried together for a month, studying the Karen language, and getting accustomed to Eastern sights and sounds. The first hymn I tried to learn in the new tongue was, "How can I Sink with Such a Prop." It was sung at a little Karen prayer meeting on the Mission House verandah, and never will I forget the emotions that swept me as I tried to join my faltering voice in the strange speech of these people with whom I am to labour—my privileges, my responsibilities, rolled upon me, almost overwhelming—and with all my heart I prayed to be fully, wholly consecrated to the work.

But pleasant though our life was at the compound in Burmah, we did not feel content to be merely supernumeraries, and after much careful deliberation, it was decided that Miss Eaton and ourselves should remove here to Bangkok, Siam, where we hope there will be opportunity for mission work as well as study. Our journey thither was most truly oriental.

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

We left Tavoy on March 10th, our goods packed on ox-carts, and all the party walking with us, under a scorching sun, to the river, three miles distant. There, after our boxes were disposed upon the boat, and the favouring tide had risen, we said good-bye. So long we had been together, so bound we were by ties of native land, we had come to be almost like one family, and parting with them seemed like leaving home again. Tavoy is forty miles up the river, which though broad, is very shallow, and the large boats can come only half way up. At this half-way point we changed from the small and uncomfortable police-boat, to the steamer "Amanda." But one European besides ourselves was on board, the others being Burmans and Chinese, and it was close stowing to get them all packed away for night. Their arrangements for sleeping are of the simplest description—a mat, room to spread it, and something to place under the head. We foreigners were given for beds, a sort of cane settee, in the dining saloon. For several days of our journey we sailed through the Mergui archipelago, hundreds of islands, of all sizes, covered with dense tropical foliage. Not many

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

of them were inhabited, though we noted a few fishing villages on some of the larger ones. They are infested with tigers and wild hogs. At Penang and Singapore we landed, remaining a whole day at the latter place, meeting the English and American missionaries and receiving from them much kind attention, taking steamer from there again and continuing thence an unbroken voyage of eight days to our destination.

The first impression one gets of Bangkok, as you approach, is of trees growing in the water. This is explained by the fact that the land is very low and is being built up by quantities of sand and mud brought down the river. Soon as this deposit is high enough to be exposed at low tide, the mango tree takes possession, growing right in the salt water, the trunk above the surface resting on a mass of roots four or five feet long. Among these trees are multitudes of monkeys, or gay plumaged birds.

The principal part of the Kingdom of Siam is a low level plain that has been gradually formed by this rich mud deposit brought down from the interior of the country, and it is very

difficult to get foundation upon it for heavy buildings.

The banks of the river Meinam on which the city is built, are lined by gardens, where oranges, cocoanuts, pineapples, and palm-fruit abound. In among these may be seen the huts of the natives, looking at a distance like the camps of our Micmac Indians. Back of the gardens stretch immense fields of rice and sugar cane.

Always on the river are multitudes of boats, all sizes and all shapes, the native ones being merely dugouts from tree trunks, while the better class have sides of teak built up on the dugout, and a small covered house in the centre, as shelter from the sun. There are also floating dwellings built on bamboo rafts, some very finely fitted up. They are fastened to shore by chain or cable, and line the river for six or seven miles, thousands of them.

The poorer class who live on land have miserably filthy habitations, but the nobles and princes have magnificent dwellings elegantly furnished in European style. Most of the traffic of the city is carried on by means of canals, as there are only a very few streets at all pass-

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

able, many being mere swamps, full of frogs and covered with slime. As the ground is so low and swampy, there can be no wells, so those who have tiled roofs catch enough water during one rainy season to last into another, storing it away in earthen jars. The poor are forced to get their supply from the river where all the city's filth is thrown. It seems to us that they must all die under such conditions, but we are told that it is not especially unhealthy here.

We are providentially provided with a dwelling place, a vacant house belonging to the American Baptist Union, placed at our disposal by Dr. Dean. Mrs. Dean sent her servants to assist us in unpacking, and we have commenced housekeeping. In addition to our studies Miss Eaton and I have decided to get some pupils, as a start in our mission work. We hear that a number of Chinese and Siamese boys, anxious to study English, will pay for instruction. Their payment will cancel any necessary output, and if we can, by teaching them to read and speak English, also teach them of the one true God, we meanwhile getting some knowledge of Siamese in return,

we shall feel that our labours are not in vain.

In the heart of the city is a neat little chapel built by the American Baptist Union, in which the Christian Chinese worship is held. We often go there with Dr. and Mrs. Dean who conduct the services. There are also services at the English church every Sabbath, the missionaries taking part in turn, and we have a union prayer meeting every Wednesday afternoon. Last Sunday we attended our first sacrament since arriving here. There were present at the table of our Lord, Siamese, Chinamen, Karens, Englishmen, Portuguese and Danes—so will it be in Heaven when we sit before the Throne.

Bangkok, September, 1874.

. . . WE have been teaching our little school since June. For a week only one pupil attended, but we did not despair, for he was a precious soul, and God could direct our efforts toward leading him to the light. At the end of the week another arrived, and about a month later seven more enrolled. One has to be pa-

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

tient in this land, and learn to wait, for nobody hurries, and our western energy and fervor are constantly getting a check. We meet the listlessness and procrastination in all ranks, and are told that the climate itself, its languor and its burning heat, is largely contributive to this characteristic.

The morning our seven pupils arrived we were filled with rejoicing, but by nightfall I was greatly saddened by the news in a letter from Halifax, that "Retreat Cottage," my dear Truro home, had been burned to the ground with all its contents. There were no particulars of the catastrophe, nor tidings concerning my family, and how hard the waiting was for further and more direct word. It did not seem to me possible that my dear invalid sister could survive the shock, even if all were rescued alive.

How one clings to a home and all our household goods—things sacred by sentiment and association. Room by room I could see in my mind's eye everything of their contents, and my foolish heart at first mourned their loss. Comfort it is to know that while our earthly habitations may be cast down, yet the house

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

not made with hands is awaiting us—the mansions in our Heavenly Father's home. After ten days of anxiety came the joyful news that all my loved ones had escaped from the fire unharmed. How good God is to me, always better than my fears. There were reports too of a glorious revival in Truro, so many whom I know and love have been brought to Christ. This, and the safety of my family is great cause for rejoicing. We hear also that Mr. Boggs has been accepted by the Board and plans to sail for Burmah this month; if all goes well arriving here before the New Year—good news to this household.

I had my first invited company to-day, a little dinner party, seven of the missionaries here who have so often made us welcome in their homes. I felt a bit nervous, but it passed off very nicely and we all had a happy evening together, talking of the work and the country.

Yesterday was the twenty-first birthday of the young King of Siam, and there is a great display through the city in honour of the occasion, the principal buildings illuminated all along the river. We attended part of the evening ceremonies, in company with the Chan-

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

dlers and Mr. Alabaster, an English lawyer, who had charge of much of the arrangements. Though most of the guests were assembled shortly after eight o'clock, the King did not put in appearance until ten, borne on the chair of state, carried by his servants, and followed by a large retinue of attendants, gaily attired. He passed around the throne room, shaking hands with the ladies present, and here and there with a man whom he knew. Miss Eaton and I were introduced, and received his salutation. He is a slender, rather pleasant looking young man, said to be very intelligent, and is accounted to possess statesman-like qualities. His dress was European style, with the exception of the "panung" which takes the place of trousers. This is a square piece of cloth about four feet long and wide, wrapped around the waist, the ends tucked between the legs, then brought up again to the waist and twisted together. It is worn by all classes of Siamese, and as it reaches only to the knees, the upper classes wear long stockings, making the whole costume quite becoming, and respectable in appearance.

About three hundred were present, most of

them the nobility. It was very interesting to us to see such a gathering, and to note the dress and customs of the country. In size the Siamese are considerably smaller than the average European. The women are short and usually stout. The face is oval and in colour much like our Indians.

I was surprised at the elegance of the appointments in the palace. We were allowed to go through several apartments. The museum also was most instructive. And of course you will know that we did not remain to the grand ball, which followed the reception, but took our departure at eleven o'clock. Thousands of people were thronging the streets outside the palace, and at the river-landing there were *acres* of boats drawn up, waiting to carry away the guests. It was indeed with much difficulty we could procure our own and make a passage out through them. I wore my wedding gown, and felt quite festive to be in the midst of such a gay and splendid fete, but our quiet home is better than all the splendour of the palace, and not for all the king's gold would I exchange my Christian's hope.

Mr. Churchill is expecting to leave on a short

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

tour next week, with two medical missionaries who have lately come to Zimmay. It will be a great opportunity to see some of the country and to learn the modes of travelling. While he is absent Miss Eaton and I will get established in our new quarters. The owners of our domicile have returned, and wish to take possession next week. We had been househunting for many days; could get no suitable place, and were almost discouraged when to my great joy and surprise our kind friends Mr. and Mrs. Chandler offered us shelter in their own home. They will send their boat down the river for us and our belongings. Though feeling reluctant to obtrude upon them, yet we are deeply thankful for the friendly proffer, the commodious pleasant house, and their own congenial society. I feel that the Lord has dealt very kindly with us, but we do so desire to get settled in a dwelling of our own, and established as to the place of our labours.

Bangkok, January, 1875.

. . . MR. BOGGS has arrived and you may be sure he received a warm welcome. Oh! how

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

good it was to hear all the news from our "ain countrie." And we have had our first Christmas in Siam, the morning of which was made glad by the Xmas gifts so lovingly sent out from dear friends at home. In the afternoon all the Baptists here were invited down to "tiffin" with Dr. and Mrs. Smith, so the hours passed very pleasantly far as outward observance was concerned, though beneath it all, a procession of other Christmas days, past and gone, in the old home, filled my heart with memories and with longing.

I presume you now know what we have been keeping to ourselves during the year but doubtless is by this time an "open secret," that Mr. Boggs and Miss Eaton are to be married—a romance begun at our farewell meeting in Windsor before our departure from Canada. Fortunate man he is to secure such a helpmate in his labours here. For two weeks we were a very happy household, but Mr. Churchill and he are now away on a long tour, and Florrie and I will be alone for about two months. The preparations for their tour have been most arduous, involving great labour on the part of the men, and co-operation from us all. A cer-

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

tain special native boat had to be procured, search being made for one in many directions, without success, until finally a Siamese nobleman offered the loan of his own, on account of his friendship for Dr. Chandler. Then trusty men were to be hired, for the rowing and portage work, provisions for two months gathered, packed and stowed away in the boat—books to study and books to give out or sell—jars of water purified and got on board—mosquito coverings made, cooking utensils, medicines, fire-arms, chairs and cot-beds provided. But finally all this was accomplished, and though it was then night and the others plead with them to wait for morning with a favouring wind and tide, our men said “No,” they were “ready,” and they would not “delay.” So we all knelt on the verandah, while Mr. Chandler in a fervent and affecting prayer committed them to the guidance and protection of our Heavenly Father. And just as the clock struck seven, they started away, Florrie and I going with them far as Dr. House’s, returning alone, rather silently, but very thankful that the Lord had provided us with such a good home in which to stay during their absence. May God prosper

them and make them a blessing to someone, and return them in safety. We commit ourselves and them into His hands.

The tour will result, I trust, in deciding permanently where we shall locate for our missionary labours. There seems to be much indecision and uncertainty as to the best locality, both with us here and with the Board at home; and this journey is undertaken to gather reliable information and to ascertain the real facts concerning the Karens of Siam to whom we were first sent out. They seem to be scattered in much smaller numbers than we had expected, inhabiting chiefly the mountain ranges, hard of access, and we have been told they are constantly emigrating across to British Burmah, so that in some districts where two or three years ago whole villages were located, now not a single Karen is to be found.

Mr. Sanford and Mr. Armstrong are making investigations in their part of the country, and will meet Mr. Churchill and Mr. Boggs somewhere mid-distance, probably at Rahaing, to compare notes and consult together concerning future movements. It has been suggested from home that all should come

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

to Siam, and undertake mission work among the Siamese proper. We who have already lived here a year are naturally deeply interested in such a proposition, for well we know how great is the need of this people, utterly ignorant of God and the gospel of His grace. So far as we now can learn no evangelistic work is being done in all the districts from Bangkok to Chang Mai, and "how shall they hear without a preacher?" But there are some serious disadvantages in undertaking labours here, one of which is, that there are no native preachers to be employed, and another that no scriptures are now available as Dr. Jones' translation is out of print. Land, too, for mission purposes could be procured only at exorbitant rates—a consideration especially vital to us at present because our Board has so little available money to launch the undertaking.

At the last session of the Burmah Baptist Convention, we were invited by the unanimous voice of missionaries and native brethren to take up any unoccupied field we desired in British Burmah, and I think we missionaries here rather lean toward such a choice, unless the investigations on this tour show us another

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

and a wiser course. We already have quite a knowledge of the language and have become interested in the people. British Burmah in particular presents an inviting outlook, as under such wholesome and beneficent rule there should be immense advantage and assistance in carrying on our work. Its population is increasing marvellously by immigration of Karens and other peoples, and in time Independent Burmah also must open its doors to missionaries of the Cross, thus offering most auspiciously a great field for future development.

We talk together of all these things very earnestly and prayerfully, for we are so very anxious to get at our work and to be well equipped for all its requirements. As soon as our travellers come to their decision, they will send in their report to the Board, and how I pray that we all, you at home, and we here on foreign soil awaiting our marching orders, may be led aright—guided by infinite wisdom.

Bangkok, April, 1875.

. . . MANY things have transpired since I last wrote you. During my husband's ab-

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

sence on tour my twin ba' . . . were born—a boy and a girl—but only my boy lived—the little daughter never opening her eyes on earth, nor breathing its air. If it had been God's will to leave her with me how I would have loved to train them together, watching their separate development. But He cannot be unkind, and I must feel it is best. Since the very moment my boy was born, I have tried to consecrate him to the Lord's service, and over and above all else I wish, do I desire that from his youth up, he will be truly God's child.

Not until baby was ten weeks old did my husband return from the tour, and glad and thankful I was to have him at home again. Their journey was exceedingly interesting. Messrs. Sanford and Armstrong had crossed from Tavoy on elephants, meeting the others about three hundred miles up river; and from observation and what actual knowledge could be gained, all four felt sustained in the opinions they had already formed of the people and the country.

In line with this they presented to our Board a report, embodying their joint decision, and their proposals as to the most promising field

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

to occupy. Certainly they were most conscientious in their conclusions, considering not our own ease or interest, but solely the Lord's work, and the ability of the Board to finance the operations. After submitting the report we heard that our brethren at home were greatly attracted to the Telugu country, in Southern India, where our Upper Canadian Missionaries are labouring with great success; and that they might wish us to settle there. But we made no further plea in the matter, feeling willing to accept whatever decision was made, as coming from the Lord's ordering.

Meantime, we had our expected wedding. Mr. Boggs and Miss Eaton were united in marriage on the 9th of March, at Mr. Chandler's house. Mr. Churchill accompanied them to the British Consulate early in the day, where the legal ceremony was performed by the Consul; and in the afternoon the religious marriage took place, Mr. Churchill officiating, and Mr. Chandler giving the bride away. It was a very pleasant and happy event, about forty guests being present, the foreign residents with whom we and the Chandlers were acquainted, and all the members of the Ameri-

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

can Union. Beautiful great spreading branches of oleander trees, loaded with waxy fragrant blooms were formed in an arch over the wedding party, and used in profusion as decoration throughout the house. The bride went through all the occasion very sweetly and bravely, though we who loved her well, knew that the sacred ties were not entered into without many a backward thought of the dear ones at home from whom she was sundered. It was a pang to me to give her up, we have been so much together, so intimate in our association both in our preparation for the work and in all activities since our arrival here, that I shall greatly miss her companionship and the interest and affection she was able to bestow upon me and our work. They are now at Singapore, visiting with Dr. and Mrs. Dean, and we are hoping we will not be separated in our new field of labour.

Mr. Churchill has just come in and tells me that Mr. Chandler has been pointing out to him a favourable spot for the location of our mission, if we should be assigned to the Siamese people. It is above the city proper, in the midst of a large population, principally engaged in

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

fruit culture. They appear not to have come much in contact with Europeans, and it would seem a promising field. He also called on the "Kromatah" or foreign minister, and had some conversation with him. He was very affable, assuring Mr. Churchill of his good wishes for our success; so there seems no difficulty in the way of labouring here, though with what results we cannot know, for Buddhism has its stronghold in this country, and much money, time and labour must be expended to give them our gospel instead.

Cocanada, India, August, 1875.

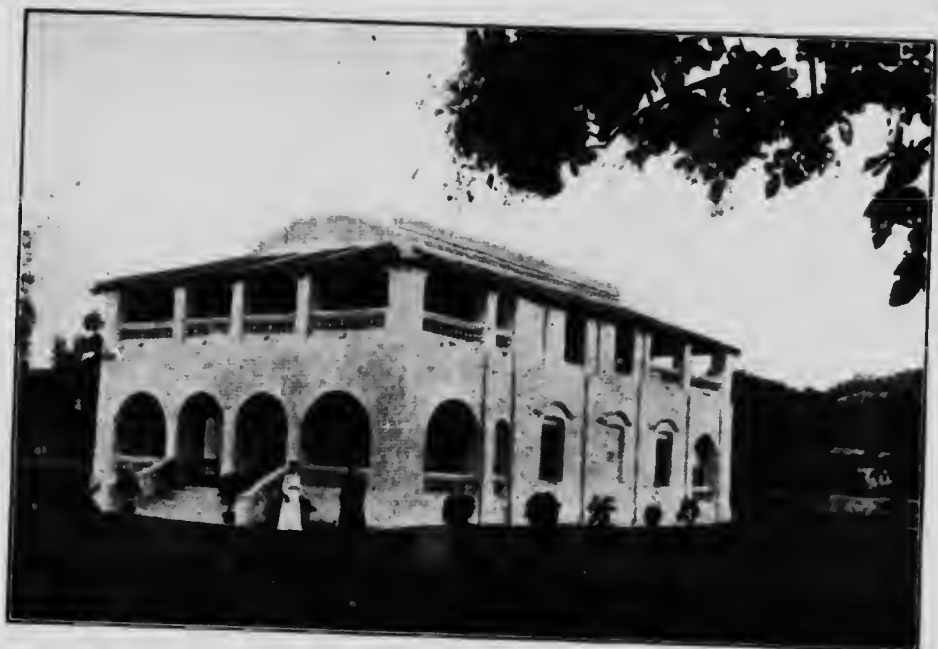
. . . ON May 28th we received our "mandate," in the form of a cablegram from our Foreign Mission Board, instructing us all to proceed to Cocanada, Central India, where our Independent Mission is to be carried on among the Telugus. The message took only six hours from St. John to Singapore, Mr. and Mrs. Boggs who were visiting there making all haste to bring it to us at Bangkok. We were somewhat surprised at the decision, and perhaps at first a bit disappointed, but all else was

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

soon lost in satisfaction *that the question was settled*, and the waiting time at end. As for myself I cannot tell you what a feeling of rest and quiet has descended upon me ever since the cablegram came and I knew for a certainty just where we were to labour for the dear Master. I feel so happy and eager for the work, for though not very strong of late, I am confident that if God has need of me in His vineyard, He will give me strength. The parting with the kind Bangkok friends was sad, as farewells ever are—the last prayer meeting—the last day with our little pupils—and the good-byes in the home where we had been made so welcome by our dear Mr. and Mrs. Chandler. God will reward them for all the kindness they bestowed upon us so freely and liberally.

And here we are at Cocanada, safely brought across the waters to our “desired haven.” Mr. McLauren met us at the boat, extending a most cordial welcome, and bringing us all to his home for a few days till we could get established in our own quarters. We call our new abode the “Nova Scotia Barracks.” It is a large house, quite different from any we had seen before coming here, is one story in height,

the floor being raised four or five feet above the ground. The house proper is 114 feet long by 26 wide, with a broad verandah all around it, and is built of brick, immensely strong, with walls two and one half feet thick, the great strength of wall being necessary on account of the violent and heavy storms which often sweep this country. The roof is flat and there are steps to go up to it, so we can literally "go upon the house-top to pray," if we so desire. There are five large rooms. Here all four families will live for a time, the Armstrongs, Sanfords, Boggs and ourselves. It is very difficult getting enough things together for housekeeping as there are no European stores, but Mr. Churchill has purchased some logs and had them sawn, and with the help of a native carpenter is making some very presentable tables, cots, and seats, so we shall get on very well. The most important thing at present is to acquire the Telugu language. My teacher comes each morning, and I never enjoyed study as much as now. May the Lord give me patience, faith and memory, that I may soon attain this strange tongue and be at work among the people who speak it.



THE CHURCHILL MEMORIAL HOME FOR THE LADY MISSIONARIES
OF BOBBILI

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

When I go out with Mrs. McLauren and hear her read and talk to them, how I long to speak to these souls in darkness.

We are by this time getting some knowledge of the Telugus. They are rather bright and intelligent looking—more so than the Siamese, and are also much taller and larger featured, more like the European in form and stature. Almost all of them have painted upon their foreheads the distinguishing mark peculiar to the god they worship—black, white or red in colour. The success heretofore gained in mission work among them is cheering, but a very small amount has been done compared to the vast extent of population, and the converts thus far have been mostly from the lower class who have least to lose by a change of faith.

Mr. McLauren has asked Mr. Churchill and Mr. Boggs to accompany him on a tour to the north, and they will thus be able to get a knowledge of the extent of the field and the operations required for dispensing the gospel. The contrast between this region and Siam is in some respects very great. There, a vast extent of the most fertile districts is uncultivated, while here every acre fit for tillage seems under

improvement. Cocanada is in the heart of the Telugu country. From it in every direction we go there seem to be hundreds of villages, and the people swarm everywhere in great numbers, a teeming population. The villages are mostly back from the roadways, or surrounded by groves of trees.

About the only mode of conveyance through the country is by bullock cart, or "bandy," as they are called here, a rather primitive looking vehicle. The wheels are about six inches higher than our cart wheels at home, and the axle-tree very short, so the cart is very easily upset, as I know to my sorrow. On the axle is fastened a frame about eight feet long by four wide, covered with bamboo mats. To make this comfortable for travelling, a lot of paddy straw is laid on the bottom and on this is placed a mattress, upon which you may sit or recline at your will. Travelling is mostly done by night, as it is too hot for either man or beast during the day.

We have not yet decided upon the best division of our forces, nor the final establishment of the respective fields to be occupied. But we women feel that while we are acquiring the lan-

guage we ought also to be carrying on schools for children, and the matter is resting heavily upon our hearts, because to do this we must have funds to pay the salaries of native teachers, without whose help we could not successfully undertake the work. The building operations for our several missions will, we know, be a heavy drain upon our Board, without extra grants for school purposes, and we are hoping that the sisters of the Aid Societies will decide to assume all expenses of school equipment. Though education should not have first place in mission work, it should play a very prominent part, both in the foundation and throughout the whole structure. The older people have within them, from their youth up, the knarls and kirks of heathenism, even though converted now, but the young of the land, trained in schools, are our hope. If we can gather some of the little girls around us for a few years, early in life, they will present a very different type of womanhood. And we do so yearn over those children, to be able to have a place and means to call them together a while each day, away from the surroundings of their heathen homes, that we may exercise a fitting

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

influence over their habits, as well as instructing them in their studies.

I had a talk with my teacher one day lately about the women of this country. He belongs to the Rajah (King) caste, and he told me that the girls of his caste were never allowed to go outside their homes after they were six and seven years of age, and that education for them was prohibited, "for they were *wiser than the men anyway*, and if instructed would be *too wise*, and the men *could not manage them!*"

But the "morning light" is breaking over such benighted views as this, and just as our girls at home, to-day, are thronging college halls and reaching out for higher learning that fifty years ago no woman even there could obtain, so here in this heathen land the women shall not remain in darkness, and I believe I will live to see all over India colleges established for education of their girls. Do not forget to pray for this. Earnest believing prayer will do much to bring it to pass.

Madras, June, 1876.

. . . I WRITE you to-day with a heavy heart, for we have been in sore straits. But my

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

God will, I am sure, carry us through this, as other hard times, and make of it a blessing to our souls.

My husband was taken ill in Cocanada, very soon after his return from tour. It was thought probable that he was poisoned by drinking water from a contaminated source. We doctored him with all the remedies available but he showed no signs of improvement and was daily growing weaker. So we went to Bimlipatam, and later to Vizianagram, to consult the English physician with the troops there. After a few months' treatment the doctors advised us to come to Madras, to see if a change of air would revive his strength, but though some slight relief was experienced, he continued so ill that a long sea voyage was ordered as his only hope of recovering—indeed his sole chance for life itself.

And he has gone to Australia, and baby and I are here in Madras. How I wanted to accompany him. It seemed cruel to us both to send him forth alone, in such a state, for beside his bodily ills, he is greatly discouraged in mind at thus being laid aside from the work we had but just taken up. I could not ask the extra

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

funds from our Board, and we had practically nothing of our own, nor was there anyone here from whom we could get a loan even had I felt justified in borrowing. O, how burdened and troubled I was to know what was my duty! I took it to the Lord in prayer and decided that I would go to the steamship office, ask if there would be a reduction in fares if we both went, and in case of a favourable answer, I would accept it as a sign from God that I should accompany my husband. Not a cent would they take off. So feeling that the answer to my prayer was for me to remain behind, I purchased Mr. Churchill's ticket and he left on the following day, so weak that he had to be carried on board ship. The suspense will be terrible. We cannot hear from each other for many weeks, yet I am sure the Lord will watch between us, and do what seemeth Him best.

The night after his departure, I was filled with doubt as to the wisdom of my decision, fearing that I might not rightly have interpreted God's will, and this doubt was harder to bear than all else. Bowed down with oppression there seemed no ray of hope or comfort for my heart, far as human aid could min-

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

ister. But into that black night came a great joy. The mail brought me a letter from home, telling the glad news of my beloved brother's conversion, and baptism. He had been everything we could wish except that he was not a Christian, and my sister and I had agonised in prayer on his behalf for many, many years. So, into this time of doubt and depression comes this happy word, showing me so clearly that God is guiding us all, and in His own time, and His own way will bring to pass what is best for us each.

My heart was lifted up. I began to see that there might be something of great import for me in this waiting time, and upon application I find I can attend the hospitals, by lectures and practical work gaining medical knowledge that shall stand me in good stead in my labours when we return to Cocanada. A converted Brahman, whom I have met here, tells me that if we can minister to the bodily ailments of the heathen women, thus being able to enter their homes and to gain their gratitude and esteem, it will be an entering wedge in our missionary enterprise, as while attending them medically we would often be able to speak of our Great

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

Physician who can heal their souls as well. I am therefore working diligently at the hospital, some portion of every day, troubled at heart I must admit, but realising how strange and wonderful it is that out of this trying experience in our lives God may be blessing me by putting in my way this opportunity to prepare for the work ahead.

Madras, August, 1876.

. . . You will see that my letter was broken off at this point, and are no doubt surprised to learn from the above heading that I am yet at Madras. Baby became quite ill the day I was writing you, with what seemed only an ailment of the stomach, that we could arrest and cure by prompt and careful treatment, so I devoted my whole time to him during the following week, with no opportunity for further letter writing, as you can well imagine. We did everything for him, but in spite of all my care, he did not recover strength, just lay in my arms day after day, white and listless. The doctor from the hospital gave me medicines for him, but still he did not improve. A kind friend, Mrs. Downie, who was then in the

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

Hills, wrote me to come to her, but when I consulted the doctor he said "No, there are plenty of children's graves up there now, you must take him to St. Thome's, by the sea," and he gave me a note to a clergyman living half way over who held service there, and who would, he said, tell me of a suitable place to stay. Leaving Willie with a friend, I started out on my quest. The clergyman was absent from home, but his wife gave me a letter to a Mrs. Firth who lived at St. Thome's, and I journeyed on to her. After hearing about my child and my desire to bring him thither, she sent her Ayah out with me to see if we could find a small house to rent, but we could get nothing suitable and I returned to tell her so and to bid her good-bye, when to my great surprise and gladness, she told me to come to her own home, that there was a vacant room at my disposal for two weeks, and that I was most welcome to it and to her table. Was it not remarkable to receive such kindness from an absolute stranger? With a thankful heart I sped back to Madras for my boy, and we were next day established in that lovely place. The house was just on the brink, I might say, of the Bay of Bengal, and

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

the sea breezes were wonderfully exhilarating. In less than a week Willie was on the road to recovery, and by the end of our stay had fully regained his strength, so that since my return here, I have been able to leave him with my Ayah while I continue my instruction and lectures at the hospital.

As the head doctor understands that I am a missionary, and why I wish the course, he is especially interested, and allows me many privileges. I have in view of this conducted over a score of childbirth cases, myself, in order to be efficient in helping the women through their times of trial; for by this means I can get entrance to their homes to talk to them of my Saviour. I am so thankful for such an opportunity to get the knowledge, though it came to me out of sore trial—a silver lining to my dark cloud. Truly when I was left alone then did the Lord take me up, sending to me friend after friend for each time of need. Miss Peabody, of the American Baptist Board, and several other medical missionaries who were here walking the hospitals, have been most kind, and I thank my God for every remembrance of them. Without their company and aid I could

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

scarcely have borne the separation from my husband and the long suspense of not hearing from him. Yesterday came the first letter, and I am so rejoiced to tell you that he arrived safely in Australia, staying several weeks in Melbourne, then going to Gisborne, Victoria, where he will remain for most of the time at my cousin's, George Woodworth's. He is experiencing a slight relief from his malady, and trusts that a longer stay there will completely restore him, so that he may be able to return to us and to his loved labours. As he cannot expect to be back before the new year, I shall not tarry here much longer, but will make my way again to Bimlipitan, where I hope to take up active mission work once more, better fitted than I would otherwise have been but for this testing time of trial in Madras.

Bimlipitam, August, 1877.

. . . WE had an eventful and exciting day in our quiet life when the box arrived from the dear home land. I was teaching my little school on the verandah when the bandy drove up, but it was very near closing time so I dismissed the pupils, and soon as Mr. and Mrs.

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

Sanford joined us the parcels were taken out and opened. Everything came in perfect state, hams, apples and all. We could not wait long for a taste of the *beans* and *apples*, but had some cooked that very day for dinner, and I can assure you they were delicious, the home savour making them doubly good. Our hearts were filled with love and gratitude to our Heavenly Father for giving us such dear friends. I feel as if I must write to each one who sent things a note of especial thanks, but that is impossible where the gifts were collected over such a large area. Some had no names on them at all. So I have asked the Lord to bless and reward every giver, in the way He sees best. May they receive an hundred-fold both spiritually and temporally.

You will have heard before this that my husband is safely back from his long absence, much improved in health, and we trust able for long service in the cause he loves so well. It was to us both a time of great anxiety but also one of especial mercies from our God. So many times when the darkness seemed the thickest I have seen His hand so plainly stretched to help, that I could not and do not doubt but the trial we

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

passed through was one of the "all things" that "worked" for our good. And now that we are again a united family, with seeming prospect of remaining here for the work, I feel I cannot praise His name sufficiently nor devote too much time to His service. For the many tokens of His love, for kind friends raised up in distant lands, we have reason to thank our God, and to offer Him our whole lives in the endeavour of extending His cause among the heathen.

The Sanfords and we are living together at present, in what we call an "up-stairs" house. So few dwellings have upper apartments, that we are fortunate to procure this one so suitable for the two families. We change about in our occupancy of the "flats," just now the Sanfords are on the ground floor, and we are "aloft." From where I am sitting I can look out over the whole town, and the beautiful Bay of Bengal, the ships passing and repassing over its blue waters. Some are anchored off about a mile, outlined clear against the cloud horizon. In another direction a high hill rises and upon its summit is a great heathen temple, hundreds of steps leading to it, up which the weary wcr-

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

shippers must go upon their knees to offer their devotions to the gilded idols within. On feast days thousands mount these stairs to make their offerings, without which they cannot expect to be heard. It is sad to us to see it, knowing how easy of access is our God, and that we can approach Him without money and without price.

I teach a little school on our verandah. The attendance waxes and wanes, but on the whole is very good indeed. They are getting quite a start now in reading and sewing, and in memorizing portions of scripture. I like to see their sparkling black eyes uplifted so eagerly to mine when I am giving the Bible lesson, and how I wish the words would come faster to my lips, for until a missionary can *feel* and *think* in the language of the people he will be anything but satisfied with his efforts. Besides the school, I am trying to do some work outside. There are many small villages within a radius of half a mile, and when the sun is low enough not to threaten sunstroke, I visit among them, taking with me Miss De Prazer, a young woman from my Bible class, to be mouthpiece in explaining the meaning of the precious

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

words I can read to the women and children who flock around us.

This young girl has been converted, and baptised, and her Christian course thus far has been most consistent and beautiful.

The villages are made up of ten, thirty, or perhaps fifty mud huts, all huddled together, without any order, without streets, and only room left to walk around each hut. We are never asked to go into a house, and indeed do not greatly desire it unless we were needed within. The roofs come down so low, you must stoop to enter, or to look in, and the interior is usually very filthy, for these are mainly Pariah settlements, the lowest class of natives about here. We walk around among the huts, talking to such women as are outside, tell them our errand, and ask them to follow us to where we can get an open space. There we sit down on a cot they will usually bring out for us, and the people squat around on the ground. We seldom have fewer than twenty and sometimes nearly fifty before we are through. They are often quarrelling among themselves, seeming not to listen, once in a while asking foolish questions to try to trouble us, and even scoffing, and

our hearts are very sore and sad for them. When we tell of the love of God they will say "Yes, He loves *you* and gives you everything you want, but He does not love us or He would not let us starve as we often do. We keep crying 'Davoordoo,' but He does not give us *rice*, and we have to work so hard we have no time to worship as you do, we are so ignorant we cannot understand Him."

Once in a while we meet with encouragement, and hope the good word has fallen into good ground. One day a very aged man joined the group, listening most attentively to all we had to say, and just before we left came to us, asking us to tell him all over again the way to believe on our Jesus. Another time, we found a fine looking old lady who treated us so well and answered our questions so intelligently that we hoped she was not far from the Kingdom; she was very earnest. But they are so deeply, darkly ignorant of everything spiritual. What shall we eat and how to keep from breaking caste, seem to occupy all the thoughts they have. Some of the villages are caste, but very low caste, yet when we ask the parents to send their children to our school, they refuse

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

indignantly, giving as reason that we have not a caste servant on the place and that their children might drink water that a Pariah had brought, and thus break caste. A "Pariah," we feel like exclaiming, *who* can be lower than you are yourselves, for all the little ones are naked and filthy alike, and to distinguish between them by appearance or conduct would be an impossibility. But such is their slavish prejudice to this terrible system.

A number of these Pariah women consented to come to us on Wednesday afternoons, and we teach them on the verandah. You might be disgusted to look upon them. They are filthy and ragged, their hair matted, and so forlorn and despairing looking; not pleasant to labour with, nor are their children, but I think of the people of the streets who thronged and pressed about our Lord Jesus Christ, and He "suffered them." It is the soul, and not the body that lives on, and their souls in the Kingdom of Heaven are precious to Him who came on earth to save them. A few seem to be learning a little of the way of life. I pray I may not weary in my efforts for them, nor offend "one of these little ones" of His.

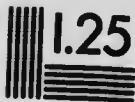
LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

Why should I regard
Earth's little store of borrowed sweets!
The vows of God are on me
And I may not stop to play with shadows
Or pluck earthly flowers,
Till I my work have done and rendered up account.



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



4.5

5.0

5.6

6.3

7.1

8.0

9.0

10

11.2

12.5

14

16

18

20

22.5

25

28

32

36

40

45

50

5.6

6.3

7.1

8.0

9.0

10

11.2

12.5

14

16

18

20

22.5

25

28

32

36

40

45

50

5.6

6.3

7.1

8.0

9.0

10

11.2

12.5

14

16

18

20

22.5

25

28

32

36

40

45

50

5.6

6.3

7.1

8.0

9.0

10

11.2

12.5

14

16

18

20

22.5

25

28

32

36

40

45

50

5.6

6.3

7.1

8.0

9.0

10

11.2

12.5

14

16

18

20

22.5

25

28

32

36

40

45

50

5.6

6.3

7.1

8.0

9.0

10

11.2

12.5

14

16

18

20

22.5

25

28

32

36

40

45

50

5.6

6.3

7.1

8.0

9.0

10

11.2

12.5

14

16

18

20

22.5

25

28

32

36

40

45

50

5.6

6.3

7.1

8.0

9.0

10

11.2

12.5

14

16

18

20

22.5

25

28

32

36

40

45

50

5.6

6.3

7.1

8.0

9.0

10

11.2

12.5

14

16

18

20

22.5

25

28

32

36

40

45

50

5.6

6.3

7.1

8.0

9.0

10

11.2

12.5

14

16

18

20

22.5

25

28

32

36

40

45

50

5.6

6.3

7.1

8.0

9.0

10

11.2

12.5

14

16

18

20

22.5

25

28

32

36

40

45

50

5.6

6.3

7.1

8.0

9.0

10

11.2

12.5

14

16

18

20

22.5

25

28

32

36

40

45

50

5.6

6.3

7.1

8.0

9.0

10

11.2

12.5

14

16

18

20

22.5

25

28

32

36

40

45

50

5.6

6.3

7.1

8.0

9.0

10

11.2

12.5

14

16

18

20

22.5

25

28

32

36

40

45

50

5.6

6.3

7.1

8.0

9.0

10

11.2

12.5

14

16

18

20

22.5

25

28

32

36

40

45

50

5.6

6.3

7.1

8.0

9.0

10

11.2

12.5

14

16

18

20

22.5

25

28

32

36

40

45

50

Bimlipitam, October, 1878.

. . . ENGLISH mail to-day and I have been having a feast over all the home letters, so full of loving interest and encouragement, just when sympathy and love was needed, for we seem to have been under a cloud of discouragement for several weeks past; my Ayah has been stricken with fever, my little boy and baby Bessie both very ill, and my own strength almost inadequate for the care of all three. During their sickness Mr. Churchill was absent in Bobbili, the new station which has been selected for us. And while he was there our most promising young native helper, Lazarus Edwin, was called into eternity. He was bitten by insect or reptile, a most poisonous bite, and though we called in a doctor, and all worked diligently over him, with every known remedy available, nothing helped, and he passed away, perfectly willing to go, saying over and over in moments of consciousness that Jesus was calling him. His death is a severe blow to our mission and a test of our faith. When we are in sore need of helpers such things are hard to

understand, but we know He whose this work is can raise up others to carry it on, and we *must* trust even though we do not now see the reason.

About a week after this sad event we were all attacked by a violent fever—ten days or more of a very serious illness, occasioned by miasma arising from the water tanks, and poisonous gases from the low wet land in the vicinity of our dwellings. It was most distressing to experience, and though recovered from the acute stage we are not yet fully restored to health.

All these events have largely interfered with our getting established at our own station at Bobbili, but Mr. Churchill is now there, erecting the temporary dwelling where we will live until more permanent buildings can be erected.

It is a great and indeed laborious undertaking to get the three mission stations—Bimlipitam, Bobbili, and Kimedy, supplied with buildings suitable for mission purposes. The labour greatly interferes with Mr. Churchill's study, but he feels that unless it is rightly directed and personally overseen, it can not be successfully accomplished, and he is taking for

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

his especial encouragement the text "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might."

The journeys back and forth to Bobbili have been fraught with many dangers and much discomfort. On one trip in, a terrific storm overtook them, torrents of rain washing out the roads, so that they were forced to wade through paddy fields for many miles, in mud to their knees, and on their return they encountered much worse perils in the swollen rivers, the current being very strong and high. But the Lord brought him safely through, and he is now pushing the work with all possible speed. Some native carpenters are helping him, but all labourers here are very untrustworthy; only when present and actually working *with* them can you get full equivalent for money expended in their wages; and their deceit and trickery is most annoying, calling continually for great patience. So you have need to pray for your missionaries when they are building, as much as when they are preaching the gospel, that their faith fail not, nor their love and zeal grow less. Still you may be sure we realize that discouragements are to be met in the work at

home as well as out here, and we try not to be cast down by seeming hindrances, for there are compensating bits of brightness, and continued and abiding joy that God deemed us worthy to help spread abroad His truth in this land.

I have rented a small house in the town and am carrying on a Caste Girls' School there. To-day one of my little girls, about six years old, who had been absent a week, returned, and all the rest were eager to tell me that she had been married while away. Though the little bride herself seemed shy about it, hiding her face behind another girl when they were telling me, yet she appeared very happy all through the day, smiling, and singing louder and answering more questions than usual. Her father is a jeweller, and she had numerous extra ornaments on, and a new garment. Of course the marriage was only the betrothal ceremony, and she will not yet go to live in her husband's home. Many of them are betrothed when only infants.

The Feast days here are legion, and when I first started the school, I did not know just what course to take about observing them.

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

However when the first one came, which lasts three days, I did not know of it, and went to school as usual but there were no pupils. The Telugu teacher who helps me, told me that it was a Feast, and as the word *feast* is almost exact in sound with *pigs*, *teeth*, and *fruit*, I did not comprehend his meaning, and bade him go call the children together as usual. He did so, and they all came. After the lessons were over with he explained about the mistake, telling me that there must be no more school on feast days, that government schools were always closed, and that if I did not also give the holidays the people would all take their children away. I gave it careful thought, and prayed over the matter, and the only proper solution of it seemed to be that I should persevere in what I judged was right. So I informed him that *Saturdays and Sundays were the only holidays in our school*, and rain or shine, feast days or no feast days, he could call the children together. Since then, though there have been many times when I have noted the government schools closed, we teach on, and all my pupils attend. Therefore, I think the question was settled wisely, from all standpoints—why do

we ever need to *fear* to do right, when God is our helper and strength?

Two of the teachers in the school profess to have received the Lord Jesus Christ into their hearts, and the time is set for their baptism. They are of good caste and will have to bear much persecution to follow in the new faith. We had been praying and looking for "helpers" to accompany us to Bobbili, and these young men now tell us that they wish to go. They speak English pretty well, and have a fair education, one of them being a Brahmin from one of the best families in Bimli. His people will cast him off as dead, performing funeral ceremonies for him. Certainly the ordeal through which the converts have to pass is a severe test of their sincerity. The one who speaks English best will give his time to preaching, while the other will continue to teach. I am much pleased with his manner of imparting the truths. We are greatly rejoiced over their conversion and decision, and trust it is all the Lord's doing.

We are having a cyclone this week, heavier and continuing much longer than usual. Three or four days ago word came that a steamer was

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

at Cocanada, with our dear Miss Hammond aboard, but the gale would prevent them landing here and they have probably run past and gone in to Calcutta. I am so eager to see her.

Our roofs are leaking badly to-day, basins set around where leaks are heaviest, and the wind terrific, but we are fortunate to have even a leaky roof over our heads. Many houses are blowing down flat, a whole village not far away being entirely demolished.

I trust the Lord will give Mr. Churchill a comfortable shelter and a safe return. He is living in a small tent, under a banyan tree, while there, and would be much exposed to the terrible gale which has now lasted three days and four nights, scarcely abating an hour in its fury during all the time.

Bobbili, August, 1879.

. . . HERE we are at last, in our own home in India! And happy I am, and thankful, every hour of the day, that after all the weary years of waiting, wandering, and anxiety, we are in God's good providence now settled in our own especial field of labour. God

grant that our coming here may be for the furtherance of His cause. The field is a broad one, to all human appearances, but Omnipotence is on our side, and I trust we are willing and ready for whatever is sent us to do. If I were to choose, now, I would ask that unbroken labour be ours, for many years to come, direct mission work, preaching and teaching, and personal contact with the thousands of benighted souls who make up this heathen Hindu town. But should He have different plans for us, even yet, sickness or sorrow awaiting us ahead, I trust that blessed text, "My times are in Thy hands," will sustain me, and carry me confidently through. Without such a trust we can do nothing acceptably. It is a great source of satisfaction that Miss Hammond arrived in Bimli before we left, to carry on the things I must drop in removing here. No one likes to see the work he has started and in which hands and heart have been engaged, fall through, and of none is this more true than of missionaries, who must labour so hard and so continuously for even the smallest result. The Eurasian Bible Class, the Verandah School, the Hindu Day School will all continue under her charge,

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

and she will throw into them her full strength, two young sisters in the church, and a Christian Telugu teacher, assisting her until she is at home in the language.

Our journey here was made in this wise—Mr. Churchill in a bullock bandy with our boxes, the children, Ayah and I in our pony carriage. When we had come about nine miles we expected to find a band of coolies to take us the rest of the way, as they had promised Mr. C. to do, but none were awaiting us, so he and I had to walk on many miles to ease the pony. We finally encountered a band who took us far as Vizianagram where we rested a while, proceeding on our journey again at midnight, all in bullock-carts, our mattresses spread on straw in the bottom of the bandies. At daylight we stopped for breakfast, heating water from the river, and eating gypsy-fashion by the river bank. That day was too hot for travel, so we tarried in a roadside bungalow, trying to keep cool, at sunset starting on again, going all night, Mr. Churchill and I walking long distances at a stretch. The Oriental night was wonderful, soft and languorous, the skies hanging low, the stars shining in the deep blue

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

as if they were little moons. Jackals called to one another from clumps of trees, ready for raid on smaller animals living or dead. Flying foxes snapped and quarrelled from branches overhead, and the crickets made continuous streams of music in the low bushes of the pathway. Just as the sun rose, we stopped before our own bungalow in Bobbili.

I am very much pleased with the site chosen for our compound. It is the prettiest spot to me in all the place. The house which has cost my husband such labour to prepare, is just a tiny one, where we can stay while the Mission House proper is being built. We will be cramped for room, but 'tis home, and glad we are to rest.

The town of Bobbili is large compared with Bimli. When I ride or walk through the place it seems as great a sight for the people as if an elephant or camel should saunter through our streets in Truro: groups of men, women and children gather at the doors or stand at the wayside to see "the white woman and her children" pass. How I long to tell them all of my Saviour! A great responsibility for their souls rolls upon me. Many of the boys from the

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

Government School have already been to see us. Of course they are hoping to learn English by coming, but the Lord may use this as a means of giving them a knowledge of Himself as well, and we have asked them to meet with us Sunday afternoons to study the Bible. Nine came on the first day, and on last Sunday we had nineteen. How long it will continue we know not, but we feel we must neglect no opportunity to place our Bible before them, so welcome them gladly.

I wrote to the Ranee, the ruling personage over this district, and asked an interview. She is Regent for the Rajah who is not yet of age. She sent her *peon* for me, and received me most kindly, shaking hands with me on both entering and leaving—asked me all manner of questions—thought it a good thing to establish a Girls' School, and that I would have no difficulty in getting pupils. It is the first time I have been allowed to come near enough a high caste woman to touch her. I greatly enjoyed the visit and trust she will feel friendly enough not to oppose any of our undertakings. She could, if willing, greatly assist us by her influence. Several Brahim women have called, and

have promised me their girls when I shall see my way clear to start the school. Some other high caste women have also come "to your visit" as they politely explained, and have asked me to go to see them in return. This is just what I want to do, talk to the women in their homes. How I hope the Lord may give me favour in their eyes that I may teach them the way of life! Most every day since our arrival, numbers of people have come "to see," as they say when I ask them what they wish, and if only the Telugu could roll off my tongue readily I would have a great opportunity to talk to them of Jesus, for they make long calls, often remaining for an hour or more. Sometimes I do attempt to speak to them and they listen at first and seem to me to be understanding, but soon as they catch the drift of my remarks they shake their heads and wave their hands to let me know they cannot comprehend. But if I change the subject to something about themselves, their dress, or food, I get their attention quick enough. So the natural heart is the same everywhere.

Owing to their caste and other prejudice, we shall make slow progress for a while. To give

A

all see
other
your
asked
s just
their
ve me
m the
rival,
they
nd if
read-
lk to
often
nes I
isten
ling,
arks
ds to
ut if
nem-
tion
ame

we
give



THE LATE REVEREND GEORGE CHURCHILL

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

an example of this caste, Mr. Churchill was at a village some miles distant securing logs for lumber for the Mission House. His sawyers took their food with them and hung it up on the boughs of a tree. Passing under the tree Mr. C. happened to touch, with his hat, the pot containing their food, and they considered it so defiled that they threw away both pot and rice—having nothing to eat the entire day, and they were young men, too. Surely they put Christians to shame in their religious observances, heathen ceremonies though they be.

This is Convention week with you at home, and you are meeting in my dear old Truro—so many whom I love, so many who have befriended me and helped me in days gone by—all of you my “brethren.” I can see the beloved old church where I so long worshipped, and one and another of the Baptist fathers wending their way thither from the good homes of the members. I hear the notes of the organ, and the voices of the singers, as in other days, and I am praying earnestly, all the week, that the presence of the Master shall be felt and realized in every session. I am praying that wisdom be given in every discussion and deci-

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

sion in reference to the spread of His Kingdom. Next to Truro, Bobbili is now the dearest place on earth to me—it is Home, in India, and home wherever it may be is a loved spot to a woman. If you could see our tiny shack here you would note a great contrast between it and my old Truro abode, but we might have a very much worse place, and are thankful indeed for even this shelter, small and rude though it be. My only complaint is because we are cramped for room to carry on our work. Last Sabbath we were really overrun. I had invited Mr. Churchill's day school class to come to learn to sing on week evenings, and they begged to come Sunday afternoon as well, so last Sunday I had more boys on the verandah than I could manage, while the dining-room where the children's cots have also to be kept, was filled to overflowing with young men listening to Mr. Churchill's instructions. To refuse any of them admission might be to lose the chance of reaching them altogether.

Some are very interesting, appearing anxious to learn of our mode of salvation. Others are indifferent and full of pride, seeking to obstruct the teaching. We treat all alike, and

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

labour on as best we can. Our great need now is native Christian helpers—so much work and so few to do it. If we had to depend for success upon our own wisdom or strength, we should give up in despair, but we work for a great and gracious Master, whose is the power and who best knows what will prosper His cause here on earth.

As I write, three men are standing in my room looking around at everything. They were peeping in through the shutters of the door, and when I asked what they wished, gave me the customary answer "To see," so I threw open the door and said, "See, Sirs." The older man is reading aloud the Telugu text that someone sent out to me in the box.

God is Love—There is one Lord—

"True words are these," I say, and they read it over again. I am glad I let them in, for now they have some precious words to carry away with them. For a time the seed can be sown only in this small and scattering way, "forbidding" none, and "sowing wherever we go." When I am passing through the streets if any

women are at their doors I go up near and talk with them a little, of my school, of their children, of anything that I think will arouse their interest in us and our work. Yesterday I went to the house of one of the young Brahim men who had asked me to visit him and his grandfather. The old man is 92 years of age. A mat was spread on the doorstep and I was invited to sit down upon it, the grandfather sitting on the floor inside the house. He proved to be a very entertaining old man, well educated, and very anxious that I should know that he was a much learned Pundit—said he had read all the sacred books, knew about all the gods. After listening to him a while I asked if he had ever heard anything about Jesus Christ. "Yes," he said, he had "read once about Jesus, and of John also, but the Vishnu, Brahma, and Jesus Christ were all the same God." He also said he had read 120 books about Vishnu. I told him there was only one sacred book about *our* God, and got him to promise to read the Testament which I am to send him to-morrow.

Not very long ago I heard of a very rich Telugu caste woman who had great influence

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

on her street, and who, if I went to see her, would send me many pupils for my school. So a day was appointed, the visit made, and the children promised; and yesterday she returned my call. It was a great sight to behold how richly she was attired. Her native dress was some sort of thin gauze like silk, with gold thread spots all through it. Upon the garment were sewn gold and silver ornaments and jewels, sparkling and shining. On her toes and ankles were numberless bangles making a lively jangling music wherever she moved. Around her waist was a wide gold band with little golden bells hanging from it—on her fingers gold and jewelled rings, on her wrists dozens of gemmed bracelets, and the chains and ornaments hanging from her neck covered her whole front. Jewelled pendants were in her nose and ears, and her hair gleamed with gold combs and precious stones.

The value of her ornaments would more than pay for the Mission House and the Girls' School building we need so sorely. She seemed much pleased with her reception but I had not opportunity to talk to her as I wished, because of the numerous women who accompanied her.

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

I wanted to tell her that I had something in my heart more precious than all her rich attire. We have promised, though, to be good friends, and I pray my God to give me some means to reach her dark mind, that I may be able to impress upon her the value of a righteous life. It pained me to have her go away so steeped in idolatry and vain display. I long so to reach the women of this land. Some of their lives are very hard and bitter. Especially is this the case with the widows, who are the drudges of the household, never allowed to marry again even if widowed at the early age of seven or eight. The Zenana work is most interesting. Through some of the missionaries in Madras, I was allowed while there to get a good understanding of that feature of our labours, and to this end I toiled in the hospitals that I might by medical skill gain entrance to the homes.

The Zenana is the room in the house in which the women are secluded. They are never permitted to walk abroad through streets and fields as we are but must stay in the one bare room, which rarely contains more furnishing than a mat, a box or two, a cot, and a few brass utensils for cooking. In many instances this apart-

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

ment is very dark, so that entering it from bright sunshine without, you can scarcely distinguish different persons or objects. Here the mother and daughters spend their days and their nights, never leaving except to go to the little cook-house in the high walled backyard where they prepare the food for their husbands and brothers—waiting upon them, and receiving for their own portion only what remains from the men's serving. The rooms which the men use are always much larger, brighter and lighter. Women of the lower castes, and the Pariah class, do not live in these *Zenanas*, they go out freely as we do, but most of the higher caste are thus secluded, as it is considered more respectable. Very few of them can read or write or sew, their time being spent in idle gossip, telling stories of their gods, adorning themselves in their jewelry, quarrelling and sleeping. How can we ever expect to enlighten this dark land until we better the condition of these poor prisoned sisters of ours, making possible for them light and joy in life, and hope beyond the grave. For even here among these heathen women, it is the *mothers* who may and must play the most important part in national char-

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

acter building. Give us right-minded, high-souled women, and we will have righteous noble men and children, a truth which should be recognised everywhere, both here and in the home land.

Bobbili, December, 1879.

. . . I AM feeling quite myself again, after a long and weary illness. For many weeks we had neither physicians, nurse nor friend to aid us, and thus shut off from any external help realized more fully than ever before the nearness of our Great Physician. Often did I call upon His name, sometimes almost in despair, but He has heard my cry and raised me up again, if not to my full strength, yet to a much larger measure than I ever expected during some of the hardest, darkest days. I feared I had done my last work, and it was very hard to give up my hold on life and all I had desired to do in this heathen land; but the Lord may still have further use for me, and if so He will give me strength to carry me through. Health is the great desideratum in this country. I hope at home you always pray that your missionaries may have health.

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

Soon as Miss Hammond knew of my sickness and could arrange to leave her station she came to our assistance. Happy we were to have her, and to receive her kindly efficient ministrations. She is still here, is sitting near me now, writing her home letters, for this is our outgoing mail day.

Through the open door I can see Mr. Churchill and the coolies busy outside, making preparations for building our new Mission House. It was very cheering and faith-sustaining to receive tidings that the sisters in their Aid Societies had remembered us in such tangible and generous offering for our building operations. We are exceedingly grateful and will certainly try to make every dollar spend to its utmost value. The stone is drawn, the trenches for foundations all dug. About half an hour ago Mr. Churchill called to us that the "corner stone" was about to be laid, and we hastened out. It was not attended with military, masonic or other display, but we feel that our Lord hearkened and heard, and will answer the prayers for the success and completion of the work. Our compound is now a busy place. In a large shed are thirty or more men and

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

women making tiles. They all, as well as their children, must live here on the compound during their labours. They have made nearly 300,000 brick, and everyone of these I have counted, evening by evening as they become dry, to save Mr. Churchill's time for the more important work. Then there were thousands of arch and pillar brick to keep count of. Nearby in another shed is our saw mill, and the carpenter shop. My husband has not only had to do much of the actual labour, but also has to oversee everything. All day long he is employed with the workmen, marking, directing, planning every move; for each one of the sixty or more labourers is a careless, irresponsible, unprincipled heathen, who will shirk his task unless you keep him constantly under a watchful eye. I can assure you we would like to be rid of this secular part of our work so we could get at the real work of saving souls, but unless a missionary has a roof over his head and rooms for those who come to seek the truth, his labour is in vain; so we toil on over this preparation part, hoping soon to be established in the greater occupation of religious instruction alone.

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

Last Sunday while I had my Bible class around me, we heard the fife and drum suddenly strike up, and guns fired from all over the town. The boys became very excited, and when I asked the reason of the salutes they explained that a young Rajah was born at the palace.

"How do you know it is not a girl child?" I asked.

"O," answered they, "no one would play music, or fire guns if only a girl was born!"

Next day the news was confirmed, also the sad tidings became known that the young mother, only fifteen years old, had died. Her body was buried with great funeral ceremonies. The Rajah, as yet a minor, only eighteen, will in a few months come of age, and the Maha Ranee, on whom I called, will then have to pass over the palace and the government into his hands. We believe he is a very intelligent and well-meaning young man, who will seek to rule wisely and beneficently when he comes into power. If only the grace of our God would enter his heart how greatly could he further the cause and spread abroad truth and light among his people.

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

The one thing I have noticed particularly during this time while set aside from my active and usually all engrossing duties, is the paddy fields. "Paddy" is rice in husk. Through March, April and May the fields all about are bare and brown as the roads, not a sprig of green to be seen except a small patch on each farm where they have thickly sown the seed to be used for transplanting when the rain comes. The fields are ploughed, and the little shoots from the seed patches set out, and then soon as the rain is over, what a transformation! For miles and miles, terraced back toward the hills, the fields "stand dressed in living green"—O, so very beautiful, all shades of verdure, up, up and over, far as the eye can reach, the countryside is waving these light glossy plumes to the breeze. Higher up than the paddy field are great tanks to hold the water for irrigation. Each terrace is made very even and level to retain its moisture in which the grain must grow till ripe and ready for harvest. Just at this season it is being reaped, and great stacks of it are brought into fenced enclosures where it is thrown loosely upon the ground, while yokes of oxen driven round and round over it tramp

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

the paddy off the stalks. After the straw is removed, it is winnowed by the wind, and then stored away in granaries. Whenever it is needed for food, two women with long poles ferruled with iron, stand beside a large mortar, into which the paddy is put and beaten from the husk. The rice falls out, gleaming and white, and is winnowed again by the women, with chutas made of split bamboo, in shape like a dust pan.

A bounteous harvest there is this year from those brown and arid stretches. So did I receive comfort from the "grass of the fields." So shall His word be that goeth forth out of His mouth—it shall not return unto Him void.

Not in our time, mayhap, but in God's time if we labour faithfully, will this country teeming in idolatry and ignorance, these barren stretches, blossom as the rose. And thus these fields of paddy waving to the breeze were a message of love and hope to me through the weary months of sickness.

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

Bobbili, November, 1880.

. . . WE had a short vacation last season, which greatly refreshed me—a little visit to Bimlipitam, to which place we journeyed to see Mrs. Armstrong and family before they embarked for the home land. It was good indeed to be with them and the other dear friends, and to hear of the grand work being started there and at the other stations. Since my return seven months ago, I have not looked upon an Englishwoman's face, but we can be happy here without our friends, much as we love them, if only health is ours and opportunity to spend all our time in teaching Christ to these people.

At last we have succeeded in getting a place in town for school work, and preaching, and I have opened up my Caste Girls' School there. It is a new building, on the principal street, and just in the centre of the town. Earnestly do I pray that this house, purchased by the consecrated money of the home sisters, will be speedily filled with girls to be instructed in the way of salvation, and that I may have strength and grace to faithfully teach them. Twenty Brahmins enrolled on the first day, several more through the week, most of them very in-

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

teresting pretty girls, who could soon learn to great advantage if only they would attend regularly. I went to call upon their parents to urge that they be sent each day, and one rich Brahmin suggested I should send a carriage for them! I have secured a good teacher and helper from Bimli, who though not yet a pronounced believer, is a Christian at heart, and will, I trust, soon take a decided stand for Christ.

A great many people visit the school. Indeed when I leave the door open they throng in off the street to watch us, and if I shut the doors they come around to the windows, and fill up all the openings with their heads. As you may well suppose this is not an aid to good order or attention, so I often have to close windows as well. If only I had another native teacher to go *outside* to talk while we labour within; or if we had another missionary here to help carry on the work in Bobbili. Surely there must be some sisters in the home churches turning their faces toward this glorious cause. In our new house there will be ample room for one. We would willingly forego the increase in our own salary, lately

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

offered, if by so doing a reinforcement could be sent out at once.

There are many homes open to us now, and opportunity for personal work is great, if only I had more time to devote to it. Two very bright Mohammedan boys, sons of the man from whom we purchased our school property, have attended my Sabbath School class from the very first. One day I asked them if I might visit their mother, and to our great surprise Mr. Churchill and I were not long afterward invited to dine with them, at six o'clock. Wishing to be friendly, we accepted, and went. Our host and his two boys received us, in a small room 10x12 perhaps, without a mat on the floor, and containing no furniture but an arm chair, a cane stool, and a table. I asked to see his wife and daughters, and he replied that they were cooking, but could be seen after they had made ready our dinner. Our servant boy had brought with us a basket containing plates, glasses, knives, forks and spoons—for according to the custom of the land we could not eat from their dishes—so soon as a cloth was spread upon the table and our plates and cutlery arranged, the food was served—a heap-

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

ing platter of pillawed rice, another of curried chicken, a bowl of mango pickles immersed in oil, and two thin unleavened cakes. We were told to help ourselves, our host standing by the door, refusing our invitation to partake with us.

After we had dined I again asked for the women, and in about half an hour I was conducted to another room to see them, as they could not, of course, appear before Mr. Churchill. They were both very intelligent and nice looking, though the mother had a rather careworn face. She was dressed in a thin white material, and the daughter in red, both of them much adorned with jewels. Their language is Hindustani, the women understanding only a little Telugu, so they were forced to talk to me through an interpreter, but as their sons are learning both English and Telugu they will soon pick up a fair knowledge of both these languages. My heart yearned toward them, and I called soon afterward, hoping to see them for a long talk alone, but the man was at home, and very few of these high caste women will talk in the presence of their husbands.

The people who live across the way from

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

the mission compound are Vellama caste, Gosha, and the women are not allowed to be seen outside, nor do their husbands much desire to have them visited indoors. Between us and them is a garden, and grove of trees, and the women sometimes come out there when no men are around. One Sunday when I was teaching on my verandah, I saw a group of them, up quite close, listening to our singing; and that same evening when the children and I went out to sit on the wall to sing over the hymns we are learning, I saw one of them come over under the trees, a nice looking motherly old soul, who to my great surprise did not run away when I spoke to her, but seemed very willing to talk to us. After a while she asked me to enter their enclosure, which I gladly did, and quite a number of the other women gathered round. When I left they asked me to come again next day, and the old lady when escorting me to the gate cautioned me not to let my (Dora) *husband know where I had been for he would forbid me from going again.* On the following afternoon I took a Bible picture and my hymn book, and went over quite early. A great number of them had come together,

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

and I talked with them and sang for them, arranging to go an afternoon each week. They always welcome me gladly, listen quite well to the teaching, and talk freely to me of their ailments and troubles.

Yesterday a mother of one of my school children sent for me, and though it was very hot and I was weary from the intermittent fever I have been bearing of late, I did not think it wise to refuse, so took hymn book and umbrella and started off, a little girl following with my camp chair. Arriving at the place, I found a great many women and children out on the verandah. As the little girl placed the chair for me on the end of the verandah, I heard from all quarters "Tuppoo, Tuppoo"; ("mistake") and when I asked what it was, they shook their heads and waved their hands to show me that the chair must not be brought near them, that I must sit down on the verandah floor like they were doing, as they all belonged to the Rajah class and it was contrary to their caste for me to sit on a better seat than they were themselves occupying—so hedged about and chained they are with the forms and demands of this system.

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

Oh, the questions they asked: how we cooked, ate, and lived generally, why I wore no jewels, and why I covered my body with clothing in hot weather, etc., etc.; one of them gave me my text, by asking *why and how I could always look as happy as I did*. When I questioned her as to what *she* thought was the reason, she said, it was because I had all *I wanted to eat and wear*. But I gave her a far different answer, trying as best I could to make them understand that everybody, poor or rich, could be happy if they would only let our God reign and rule in their hearts and lives. They have asked me to go again and I surely will.

But now I must not longer write you for it has been a weary day and is nearing its close. I have made out my accounts, the little ones have been to kneel at my knee while they prayed their simple prayers for home, and the dear friends in America, and are now asleep in their cots under the swinging punka. Soon Mr. Churchill and I will be lifting our own voices in supplication, for this is Friday evening—the night on which we all of the Cocanada Mission unite to offer special prayers for each other and for each station's work.

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

"Though sundered far, by faith we meet
Around one common mercy-seat."

Bobbili, June, 1881.

. . . As I write, the sunset sky is glorious. Over the far distant Eastern Ghauts and the many solitary hills between, the filmy clouds above them are a gorgeous picture. Willie has been by my side looking at it, and he says, "Mamma, I think that is God's glory shining out through a crack in Heaven." He loves all nature, and when we go on our journeys through the country is so interested in all we see. The cactus hedges abloom with pink and white flowers, a beautiful sight, are a great joy to him, and the Flame-of-the-Forest, a tree which in blossom is completely covered with brilliant red flowers, is his especial favourite. He and his father brought home a pod of the seed, and planted them. The young shoots are growing up finely, so some day we hope to have their beautiful shade and flower in our own compound. The real tree of beauty in our India landscape is the palm tree, growing up so straight and high, thirty or forty feet sometimes, without a branch, and the crown or frond

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

of leaves on the top six or seven feet across, waving gracefully to the lightest breeze that blows.

We continue to have busy days with the building operations, but are now having the tiles put upon the roof, and the plastering done, so if nothing unforeseen happens to prevent, we will be enjoying the cool of our new home by the time you receive this letter.

The house is built in the form of a cross, the centre room running from front to back, divided by a screen into dining and sitting rooms. There are doors and windows opening off the verandah, to the right, into our own and our children's sleeping apartments. On the left is the study or "young lady's room"—if the Lord sees fit to send us such a needed helper.

All our chunam bricks and tiles had to be digged from mother earth, and made up by or under the superintendence of Mr. Churchill. All the timber (either purchased in the log or cut in the forest) sawed and made up under his supervision or by his own hands. He has put into it every whit of strength and skill he possesses, and I have myself been able to help out in many ways. Soon as our bathing and

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

dressing is over for the morning, a swarm of coolies and other workmen are waiting to be set at their labours. So I weigh the nails that the blacksmith makes over night and give some out to the carpenters; set the masons at work; start the women sifting chunam and sand; stretch the lines for the coolies who are digging the foundations for the stone fence—and many another such task, for I can thus ease the masterbuilder for more technical overseeing. He is indeed overworked. Such a year of toil, anxiety and untiring zeal he has put into this building that I sometimes fear he will not have strength left to complete it. Last night he said, "I don't believe even Dr. Cramp feels as old and feeble as I do." But the Lord for whom we have done it knoweth our frames, and has given us His aid, day by day, as we needed it most. And now our prayer is that we may also have health to remain here to lay the foundation, and build up in Bobbili, a structure of a more durable and spiritual nature—a *church body* to praise and adore His Holy Name.

Our dear brother Timpany has been the means of securing us two native helpers. Nur-

siah is the preacher's name, and he seems to be an earnest hard working man, coming to us highly recommended for Christian character. Siamma, his wife, is to be my helper, and promises fair to make an excellent Bible-woman and teacher. She is about 18 or 19, a nice looking girl, has one little child. They live in a mud house of two rooms that Mr. Churchill has constructed for them here on the compound. We are so glad and thankful to have them.

Siamma can sing a few English hymns, and I noticed Willie coming over from their house last night with his hymn book in his hand. I asked him where he had been, and he said that Siamma did not sing the tune quite right and he had gone over to teach it to her. Although only six years old, he has a wonderfully correct ear for music, and would have been capable of even teaching her an entirely new one. I take Siamma with me every morning when I go to my school, and she stays out on the verandah to talk to the men, women and children who gather there. In the afternoons she accompanies me in my zenana rounds, and if she continues as good as she has begun, will certainly be worth her support.

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

My conveyance these days is more useful than elegant. Between Christmas and New Years our pony was frightened at something and ran away with the carriage, smashing it badly. It was broken right through and between the front and the hind wheels, but upon the latter the seat and the top remained. So my husband turned his talents for a space from housebuilding to carriagemaking—strapped two bamboos on for shafts, nailed a board across for my feet, and with two coolies in front and one behind, I can still use it for a vehicle. Can you see me in your mind's eye, going to and fro in this primitive "carry-all?" I do not at all object, so long as it conveys me safely to my duties.

There is a great deal of sickness in town just now, a usual accompaniment to the extreme heat we have been enduring for many weeks. Mumps, fevers, chickenpox and smallpox are very prevalent. The coolies in bringing me home from school one night lately told me that over fifty children had died from smallpox in the street through which we were then passing. The people make no effort whatever to clean their houses after an outbreak of disease,

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

and I am often asked to go into the smallpox district, where there may be a concealed case in the very house I am visiting. But the Lord has mercifully preserved us, thus far.

"Immortal till my work is done": how often I think of Livingstone's words as he left England to return to darkest Africa the last time. I believe he was right. I would like to live up to such a faith, and to his wonderful resting in an over-ruling providence.

Bobbili, September, 1881.

. . . How little I anticipated when writing you last the great sorrow that was hanging over our home. Our darling boy was taken from us on Saturday night at eleven o'clock. Both he and Bessie had been ill through the week, with intermittent fever, but were very much better, and on Saturday Willie was playing around as usual up to about four in the afternoon, when the fever set in again with great force and more severe than ever before. At five I heard him cry out sharply, and we saw he was in a convulsion, and though we tried every remedy at hand, nothing eased him. He

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

grew steadily worse, and near midnight after sufferings terrible to witness, breathed his last breath on earth—our beautiful noble boy, just six years and seven months from the day we thankfully received him as a precious gift from the Lord.

No words can express our grief. The sorrow seems almost crushing, all other trials are as nothing. But it is the Lord. Let Him do what seemeth Him good. Are not all His dealings with us in love and mercy? We *must* believe they are wisest and best, and wait till bye and bye to understand them.

But the conditions were all so hard, and it was so very sudden. As far as Christian friends were concerned we were all alone in this great town. I had to myself dress my boy for burial, as he must be laid away by early morning. So Mr. Churchill and I went into the night to our garden to choose his burial place. It was such beautiful moonlight, only a few white clouds over the deep blue, not a stir to break the silence. All through this and the other events a wonderful strange calm had possessed us, but as we stepped back again into the study, where he lay, the flood of tears burst forth, and to-

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

gether we wept for our first-born. So hard it was to give him up—

“It was so exquisitely fair,
That little form of clay,
Our hearts still lingered by his clay”—

But other and harder duties awaited us. Though bowed with grief and weak with fever, Mr. Churchill was forced with his own hands to construct the coffin for his child; and in the early morning hours we laid the precious dust in a quiet corner beneath the mango trees—in the garden where he had played, under the green growing things he had loved so well—never more to be amid them here, but transplanted, we knew, to our Father’s garden of glory on high.

Groups of people came from the town to look on, to see how we would take our grief, and how we would conduct a funeral, and God helped us, and sustained us through all the trying hours. How much we need him in life, but O, how great is our need in the face of Death!

I feel constrained to write you a little about Willie. His light on earth went out so soon, and he and we had such high hopes for his fu-

ture. We had felt that with his disposition and the direction in which he seemed to be developing, he would in time become an efficient labourer in the Lord's work here. Yet in his own childish way did he "minister," even among us, and to those with whom he came in touch, and I would like to record some annals of his short and lovely life here on earth. He was born in Bangkok, Siam, in 1875 and when five months old came with us to India. He talked when very young, when only two years of age could kneel at my knee and repeat a little prayer. As he grew older he prayed without prompting, often coming to me and saying, "I want to pray now." He could sing in both English and Telugu before he was three years old, had a perfect ear, catching a new tune so quickly that he seemed to know by intuition what chord was coming next. Often when resting at noon time, as we all must in this climate, he would take his book and sing hymn after hymn, for he knew a great many.

He was very much stirred up always about people worshipping idols, and would often talk earnestly to those he knew were worshippers, for he could speak the common language as

well as a native, and they loved to listen to him. Before we moved into the new house, he told me one Sunday evening that he wanted to have a Sunday school of the very little children, on the compound, the same time that I had my Brahmin classes on the verandah, and when Sunday came round he was so happy, had his "Peep of Day" and "Jesus" books all ready, and told many stories from them. That very morning before his death he came along where I was writing, and seeing our text for the day, learned it at once—"Washed us from our sins by His own blood"—when I questioned him about the meaning, he answered as well as I could, I think. I had not set him to read the Bible regularly, for I thought he would understand better the stories from it written in child language, but he began reading it of his own accord. The day before his death, noticing that he was very quiet for a long time, I turned round and there he lay on the dining room table, one foot up over the other knee, the large Bible resting against them, reading away, oblivious of us, and seeming very happy in his occupation.

On the last morning here, he asked us at wor-

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

ship to please sing a hymn that was in his book as well as ours, so he could lie on his chair while he sang. I turned to "Forever with the Lord," and in this beautiful song our three voices blended for the last time on earth, though little any of us thought it then. After prayers he asked me to sing it over again for him, which I did, also several other of his favourites.

As he died in the throes of those terrible spasms of pain, there were no fond farewells. He breathed his last breath unconscious of those who hung above his cot in agony of love. No longer is he ours to cherish here below, "absent from us he roams"—never will I hear that hymn but the echo of that baby voice in my heart will follow it through. Yes, mid the choral harmonies of Heaven, in his Father's house on high, he sings it now, "forever with the Lord"—And I down here must learn to say "Amen, so let it be."

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

“Let me but know
I have a friend that waits to welcome me to glory,
And I joy to tread the dark and death fraught
Wilderness that stretches on!”

Bobbili, April, 1882.

. . . WE have been out on tour for ten days, and as we needs must take our little daughter with us had to carry along the greater part of our establishment, including the pony and cow. The tour was through the villages west of Bobbili. The native roads are only bandy tracks from village to village, and in many parts it is difficult to find even this pathway. To the north the mountains presented a very fine appearance, cultivated patches all up the sides of the hills, the narrow strips of higher land covered with tamarind trees much resembling elms though greatly larger, the trunk of one we measured being seven feet in diameter, and the spread of its branches thirty-three paces, a magnificent specimen. The natives of the hills bring down immense quantities of tamarinds and castor oil beans which they exchange for salt, cloth, and meat from the people of the plains. We met great numbers of them coming down to the Sunta or weekly fair, with their seed products, the men carrying them upon their shoulders,

the women on their heads. The tamarind is a wonderful tree, wood, bark, leaves and flowers all having market value as well as the bean itself, and in flower and foliage so beautiful that it is used for ornamental purposes also. I wish we might have some on our compound for shade trees. On one hillside were clumps of a magnificent flowering shrub, a species we had never before seen, the blossoms very near the colour of our "tiger lilies."

One night as we journeyed on the natives were burning grass and bushes, and we had a grand illumination for many miles. Down through a valley between the hills flowed quite a large stream, the music of its waters gurgling and singing along, sounding so like home that my heart gave a homesick thump for "Streams I knew so well of yore." The sound of running water, except in the rainy season, is a rarity in this country. Also was my heart lonely and longing for the little lad who had accompanied us on our former tour, his bright eager eyes so quick to note all the new sights by the wayside. But I must not mourn above my strength to bear, and well I know there are little graves in the churchyards at home, and hearts as long-



MRS. CHURCHILL'S FIRST GIRLS' SCHOOL IN BOBBILI

ing as mine. We have been sent out here to labour for our blessed Master, and must toil on despite our sorrow. You and I have the hope of a blessed resurrection for *our* dead, while here in this dark land they die not in such a hope, unless we bring them the message.

The people in three of the villages we visited were worshippers of Siva. They have no idols, but make their devotions before a framework of wood into which are set, on curved branches, metal cups containing burning oil. Around this they dance, and sing weird incantations, claiming that when the oil is lighted a divine being or spirit is in it—a strange belief unlike any other we have yet met, and I could not but think of the “Candlestick of the Lord, within the tabernacle.” We spoke to several groups of the people and sold them some of our books. In one of the villages on our road, we found a good audience, to whom we talked until dark; not one man in the place, however, could read, but we gave a book to the Naidoo who promised to have it read aloud by the first educated man who should come this way. From village to village we jolted along, sometimes spending the night in our tent under the mango trees,

often just sleeping in the bandies, too weary to pitch the tent. The people for the most part listened well to what we had to say, but many were of course merely curious to see us. Very few had ever heard the name of Christ.

At one place we had a very hospitable reception. The Naidoo, a substantial looking old farmer, called his people together and took us into his cow-shed to hold our meetings. As the sun was fiercely hot we were thankful for even this shelter, and our native preacher who accompanied us gave a very plain and earnest talk.

The Gadabas were quite numerous through this district. They are a strange people, an aboriginal tribe, retain their own language and religion, but have no written language, and are very ignorant, and superstitious, yet there is something about them that makes them most interesting, and Mr. Churchill is very desirous that some way will open up to get among them. Their men are great hunters, our Maha Rajah giving them fields in the vicinity of Bobbili with the understanding that in return they shall always bring him news of game in the hills, and be ready to accompany him on his hunting

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

expeditions. The men dress like the Telugus, but the Gadaba women are more gaily attired, their clothes of blue and crimson, their ornaments showy and heavy; the bracelets, of which they wear a great number, the neck chains and head bands, anklets and earrings being made of brass, lead or shells. They are more simple and truthful than the Telugus, and hold much the same position with regard to the Telugus that the Karens do to the Burmese.

One afternoon, while we were resting, four pundits or wise men came to our tent to ask us questions. One was an old man, blind from his birth, the shrewdest sharpest mind we have yet met out here. Our helpers and he had a long and stormy discussion over religious tenets, but before departing we gave him a New Testament and sang several of our Christian hymns. How fervently we need to pray for these perishing multitudes, and how greatly we need a new missionary family to help in extending the work all through these districts.

I felt so loath to leave them, but repairs on our bungalow necessitated our return; and after the long jolting and exposure to burning sun, I must admit that it is good to get back

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

once more to our home compound, though even here the weather is extremely hot, the glass rising above 100 degrees every day, in the shade.

The repairs consisted of an entire new roof on our dwelling, the ants having wholly destroyed it. Those white ants are the bane of living in India, they are everywhere about, and into everything. Lay a board down on the grass and in a few days it will be completely demolished, nothing left but the mud, under cover of which they work their destruction. Leave your shoes on the floor when you retire and you need not expect to find them whole in the morning. Our floors are made of chunam, well pounded down, and covered with a woven split bamboo mat. Unless this is vigorously swept each day the ants will come up through the chunam and eat the mat. They make big hills out in the open, often three feet high, right on our own compound. We get men to dig them out and find the queen, if possible, for if the queen is taken away the rest all desert the hill. She is sometimes two or three inches long and an inch broad—good eating, some natives think. Both she and her subjects are white as milk.

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

When perpetrating their destruction upon doors and window frames or any article of wood, they first bring up mud and plaster the surface over entirely, only eating under this screen. During some seasons, when the rains are on, swarms of flying ants come into our dining room; if we are at dinner they are attracted by the lamp, and fall into our soup plates very thickly. Then there are other varieties which infest our food, and to be clear from their depredations, we have to keep the legs of tables set in basins of water, constantly filled to the brim, or the pests will completely cover every article set out. The legs of all closets or "safes," as we call them here, where food is stored, must also be stood in stone bowls of water, and even then they often "cross the moat," and through a crack or crevice take possession of everything within. Eternal vigilance is the only way to be rid of the nuisances, but now that we have a new roof over our heads we hope to be somewhat free from their destruction.

Besides these needed repairs we have also got the business settled concerning the lease of the compound; a long and weary negotiation it

has been, but at last the papers are signed and the land is the Board's for forty years, beyond any doubt.

There have been three baptisms since our return; one man was a carpenter, bright and interesting in appearance—another was a man of the merchant caste, and the third is a brother-in-law of the Naidoo of his village. We pray most earnestly that they may be steadfast in the new faith.

I am glad to be able to tell you that Miss Hammond is much improved in health, and it is a great joy to see her again going about her labours with her brisk, lively step and cheerful ways. But she cannot hope to fully recover till she has a furlough. This country steals something from our vigour and strength that can never be replaced here. She needs the bracing air of her Canadian home. We pray daily and so earnestly that others will offer themselves for this work. There must be some one preparing to take up our labours when our resting time comes. Bobbili cannot be left without a missionary family and we cannot ourselves hold out much longer without vacation.

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

Even the casual survey of the field which we gain on these tours, oppresses us sore with the great need, and the vast extent of the work to be done in giving the gospel to this part of the country. About seventy villages have been visited during the year, but it would not be reasonable to expect that any very permanent impression should be produced by a single brief sojourn. They need regular and continued ministrations, and within a radius of twenty miles not one fifth, possibly not one tenth of the villages have been reached, probably not two in a hundred thousand people have any intelligent knowledge of Christ or Christianity.

Humanly speaking, if the gospel ever comes to the present living multitudes about here, it must for the most part come through our mission. How great the work compared with our feeble efforts or the preparations at home to advance the cause. May the Master give us each and all the power and guidance of His Holy Spirit, that we may not fail in our daily labours, nor fear to launch out into the deep to attempt great things for Him.

Bobbili, February, 1883.

. . . OUR usually quiet town has been in quite a state of excitement for the last week. Thousands of people from the surrounding districts are here to take part in and to view the various ceremonies attending the marriage of the young Rajah. To each of these ceremonies we were invited, learning later, however, that English people would not be expected to attend the marriage celebration, nor the installation, as they took place at very early hours, but that we would be most welcome on the following afternoon, when the Rajah would send his carriage for us.

At the appointed time the equipage arrived, and we were driven to the palace, where after shaking hands with the Rajah and congratulating him upon his marriage and his having come into possession of his estates, we were ushered into the throne room and requested to seat ourselves upon the sofa at the left of the Musnad.

Soon the Collector and his Lady appeared, the Collector escorting the Rajah to the Musnad, on which he leaped and seated himself cross-legged, his bare feet each resting on a white

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA.

satin cushion. The seat of state also was covered with the white satin, glinting and sparkling a foot deep with gold and jewelled design. At the back, suspended from the ceiling of the pavilion, over the seat, hung a magnificent scarlet and gold curtain. The canopy was decorated with silver and gold, supported by silver wrought rods an inch or more in diameter.

The Rajah was dressed in a robe reaching below the knees, of white satin, embroidered in gold, white satin pants, his breast and shoulders loaded with strings of pearls, diamonds and emeralds. His cap or crown was elaborately worked with gold and pearls, while a large and lustrous emerald hung over his forehead.

After sitting a while, engaged in conversation, we were told that the elephants would now be brought. They were something gorgeous to see, especially the two prepared for the Rajah and the Collector. The Rajah's *howdah* was completely crusted with devices in gold, the Collector's in silver, and the elephants' bodies even to their faces were covered with rich cloth hung in gold and silver ornaments.

We were asked to join the procession, and

as it was purely a state function, in honour of the ruler's installation, and not in any sense a religious or heathen ceremony, we consented to accompany them. I had never before enjoyed a ride on an elephant. Our steed was painted around the eyes and ears, and attired in a very fine and gay cloth.

In front of the procession was carried the marriage palanquin. Following this were elephants bearing the musicians, who kept up a continual blare with wind instruments and drums. Behind these came bands of native musicians, barefooted, dressed in English clothes and wearing tali beaver hats. We were next in place, the Collector and his Lady directly behind, followed by a large open carriage containing the brother of the Rajah, and other relatives. The Rajah himself, in his robes of state, his elephant and *howdah* sparkling with jewels and gold, was an imposing sight.

It was a beautiful moonlight evening, but the moon was eclipsed by the hundreds of torches, and the blue and red lights which flashed and burned brilliantly all around us; the continuous stream of fountainlike fireworks

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

making the procession a most brilliant spectacle. We moved very slowly, only traversing a circuit of a mile in two hours and a half. Far as one could see was a surging crowd of people, their black swaying faces with eager eyes upturned to the passing cavalcade and the blazing torchlight.

After we returned to the palace the Rajah asked us again to be seated while the musicians were brought in. When these had performed, we were told that a dinner for the English had been prepared at the Old Palace, where the Collector and his Lady were stopping, so we had only time to return home to see that our little girl was all right before going on to the dinner at eight o'clock.

As we passed through the yard inside the Old Palace wall, we saw thousands of Brahmins lying on the ground in every direction, covered with their white cloths, waiting their turn to pass out of the gate to get the Rajah's present. Every man and his male child, seven thousand in all, received a gift—some twelve and one half cents, some twenty-five and others as high as fifty. Many of them had come a distance of sixty and seventy miles to witness the

sights and receive their portions. Twelve thousand dollars were given away at this time in these royal gifts.

. . . THERE were not many guests at the dinner, just a little company, who sat down to eat together for the first time, and probably the last, too, unless we all are permitted to sit down together at the "Marriage Supper of the Lamb."

A call from the Rajah himself the next day, and one from the Collector and his Lady in the evening, finished our dissipation with royalty, and we returned to our work the following morning none the worse, we hope, for the little unusual variety in our simple uneventful Bobbili life. But you might not have thought our life uneventful this morning could you have been here to witness the excitement we had over an unexpected and most unwelcome visitor to our abode. I needed some medicines before going out to my zenana work, and sat down on the mat in front of the medicine box, for some time, compounding and putting up what was required, little thinking that a deadly cobra was coiled behind the box. It had in some wise worked its way in there, entering the house

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

probably through the shutters of which the upper parts of our doors are made, and I only discovered its presence when I went to put down the lid of the box. Such a terrible evil-looking thing it was. I shudder yet to think what might have happened had I been attacked. The men were able to dispatch it. It was as much as six feet long and fully as large as my wrist. So there is one viper less in India, but they are a continual menace to our safety, and we need to observe great caution to keep our homes free from their intrusion.

Bobbili, December, 1883.

. . . My Girls' School is prospering, and occupies such a large place in my heart. Where other and more direct ways of giving the truth to the people are forbidden us, *this* one lies at our hand, and I dare not neglect it, slow process though it be. Teaching so many years in the home land has shown me the value of first and early impressions. Even though the girls will be taken from the school when they marry, their young minds have been opened to new truths and new ways of life, Bible verses have

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

been memorized, the plan of salvation put before them, and though passing out from under our direct influence I do not believe they will ever make the heathen women and mothers they otherwise *would*, had they not received this Christian training in their early years. If I could only have some of them wholly under my care, in a boarding school on our compound, I could expect better and quicker results. This is what I want and what I am praying for; I would like to train some for teachers and helpers in the mission. In my day school are several smart obedient diligent girls, but they are caste families, and their parents would rather they starved than come to my house to eat food prepared by other than caste hands. But I am asking the Lord to send me some, and am confident that in His own time if it seemeth good to His eyes, this work will open up.

A few days ago I was visiting a sick Brahmin woman whose husband had begged me to attend her. After I had ministered to her illness, and quieted her babe, she asked me to sit on the verandah and sing to her. Quite a crowd of women had gathered round, and they listened very quietly to my prayer and singing.

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

One of them came and stood near me and I saw that it was a girl I had taught when I first opened up my school four years ago. I asked her if she would sing a hymn I remembered she had learned at that time, and to my glad surprise she sang it all through, without missing a line; she also repeated the Ten Commandments to me. Some day she may come again under the teaching of Christ's word, and these Bible verses and hymns may prove an "entrance" for the greater light to penetrate her dark mind. So, I toil on, and on, and try to be willing to leave results with God, for it may be my part only to sow these precious truths of His, and never myself reap the harvest.

There has been a terrific cyclone to-day. I was out visiting in the homes, saying good-bye to some of my zenana women, when the clouds began to gather, and I made haste homeward, for these tropical storms are very violent. It burst upon us in all its fury before we could reach the house, clouds of dust so thick and so high that we could not see a yard ahead of us, like a fierce blustering snow-storm at home—thunder and lightning deep and continuous, and so vivid, with torrents of rain and a furi-

ous gale of wind. Large trees are uprooted, one near the corner of the verandah. A species of acacia on which the humming birds love to flutter when the blossoms are out, is completely torn up. I shall miss it. Two large mangos, and many of our papia trees, loaded with green fruit, are also down. The storm lasted several hours, and glad we were that our dwelling had sure foundation. Many of the frail structures of the natives are completely demolished in these tornadoes.

We have a newcomer at our mission house, George Herbert Churchill. He came to us last November, and is a much loved member of our household, a solace for our sore and saddened hearts. We do not look ahead, but just love him from day to day, so thankful to the Lord for giving us the joy of his baby voice, and praying for wisdom to guide aright his little feet o'er earth's rough pathway. Bessie loves him very dearly and plays with him so tenderly.

I also have two weddings to tell you about. The first and most important was the marriage of our dear Miss Hammond to Mr. Archibald, the new missionary, who persuaded her to give

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

up her independent life as the "young lady" of the mission, to become Mrs. Archibald. The ceremony took place in the mission house at Bimlipitam; witnessed by about thirty friends besides the native Christians from both Bimli and Bobbili. We all enjoyed a wedding breakfast together, and then the happy pair departed for the hills for a brief honeymoon. When we go home on furlough, as soon we must, relinquishing reluctantly our loved duties here, it will be great gratification to me to leave the work in such experienced and competent hands as theirs. And I can assure you they will receive a warm and loving welcome from the retiring missionaries when they arrive at Bobbili to take our places.

The other nuptial event, in which we all were much interested, was the marriage of Kotiah, one of our Christian helpers, to Neila, one of Miss Hammond's boarding girls. Neila was first with Mrs. Sanford, when we all lived together in Bimli, and I remember her well as a little girl there; she is now a very prepossessing young woman, and will, I am sure, make a good wife for Kotiah. This happy event was celebrated in the mission house at Chicacolo.

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

They are to live in Bobbili, and will set up a native Christian home. We can employ Neila in the school, in some capacity, and I think I can also gather a little school of Gadabas. If we can only get some of their children to train and educate, and to teach them God's word, we may through them reach their people. I feel so loath to go away and leave them in darkness. Perhaps Neila will be my means of reaching them.

Bobbili, February, 1884.

. . . As I sit here in the mission house, the last Sunday afternoon of our present sojourn in India, many thoughts crowd upon my mind and many scenes come up before me. Nearly five years it is since we moved to Bobbili, years of joy and gladness, of precious seed sowing and pressing anxiety, of hard work and heart-breaking sorrow—yet everything has been of God's ordering, and I ought, and do try, to thank Him for each experience, sorrowful or glad.

The mission compound is all beauty and verdure now that was barrenness and desolation

when we came. In that part of our work we can see the actual results. In the moral and spiritual departments, the fruits we so earnestly desired do not appear in proportion to our labours expended, but we know there must have been some good accomplished. In the hearts and lives of my school girls the "torch" of knowledge and truth has been lighted. To the Telugu women the gospel has been faithfully preached, the story of the Cross many times told, and the name of Jesus lifted up before them. In all parts of the town as well as in hundreds of villages around, the missionary and his preachers have unfurled the banner of Christ, and distributed the scriptures. The "leaven" *must* be somewhere working the dull and hardened mass to new life and we must be patient.

But this is the time for the heathen Feasts, and it is especially saddening to see on the eve of our departure such a number of processions and observances to their foolish idols. On Saturday and to-day they are making offerings to the snakes. Taking with them milk, fruit and flowers, the worshippers go to a white ant's nest, in which a cobra is likely to be, and they

pour down the milk around the nest, placing their other offerings upon the top—telling you, if questioned, that it is done in honour of the serpent that upholds the world, also to propitiate the *goddess* of the snakes, thus securing immunity from their bites. And when I was coming home yesterday from my school, which is on a main street, midway between the morning and evening bazaars, I came into the midst of a great festival to the village goddess, Umma Tullie. A large crowd of people thronged the way. The worship is performed to keep her in good humour that she will guard well the town from sickness and famine. The sacrifice is offered at night, at the shrine, and this was only the day procession—a grotesque, and to me, a meaningless show. My heart was pained to gaze upon it, and I prayed with all my strength that this darkness would give way and these people lose their faith in dumb idols and foolish incantations. The burden of it presses sore upon me, and all the while I shall be away from the land will it haunt me. Never could I be satisfied to spend the years of my life in any place but here, where I so long to see this heathen people brought into the light. There

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

must needs be long and patient telling of the gospel story, unfaltering faith in our message, years of waiting perhaps before any receive it, but sure as God is in His heaven, He will sometime redeem His promise to *give the heathen to his Son for His inheritance*. How honoured I am to be allowed to render my feeble efforts toward that day!

We expect to go from here to Bimli, spending the Sabbath with Mr. Sanford, going from there by steamer to Madras, from whence we take boat for England. The parting here is sad, but the welcome awaiting us will be joyful and so we bridge the wide separating waters between our two homes—India and Nova Scotia, Bobbili and Truro. When I return here again, I must leave my girlie behind to be educated. That is one of the crosses we missionaries must bear—and the waters will seem wider than ever before, and the years long till we can have her again in our home.

Truro, October, 1886.

. . . OUR furlough is at end and we are on the eve of starting out once again for India.

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

Have you ever heard of missionaries really resting, except in change of work and scene? A few weeks freedom on Prince Edward Island is the only actual respite I experienced, but the homeland, the kindly friends, and the many days with my loved ones here have been blessed privileges. And we trust that our stay has been helpful also to the development of the missionary spirit at home. Mr. Churchill and I have attended nearly one hundred public meetings, speaking on each occasion, and I have myself organized twenty-eight Aid Societies. Through these meetings many new interests for the work abroad have been formed, and the mission and its needs plainly presented, so that we shall, I hope, have a better mutual understanding in all future labours.

It is with great joy that I return to my loved labour, though it is no visionary or imaginary life to which I now go. The real missionary life is far different from the ideal one. All the petty worries, the anxiety and loneliness, the depression of mind and body consequent upon the enervating influence of the climate and the sights and sounds by which we are surrounded, do not appear in the ideal. The heathen too

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

are quite different from what you imagine them to be. They are real men and women, with an everyday absorbing life of their own, of work and of worry, sin and shame, sorrow and trial; and the usual indifference with which they receive the gospel you offer them is not as you saw it in your first zeal for the work. But though I now know these hard places and cannot but shrink from many things awaiting me, I do not feel dismayed nor inclined to falter, for I hear the voice of my Master saying, "Go forward, my grace is sufficient for thee."

Of course you are aware that the especial trial awaiting us in going out this time is that we must leave behind us our darling daughter, not to see her again, even though all our lives shall be spared, until she is a young woman and her education completed. I confess that it threw its shadow over all these joyous home days, and bound me to her with such strong and brooding love that made the cross at times seem heavier almost than I could bear. Only parents who have passed through the same experience can appreciate such a parting and the days and years of longing anxiety for the ab-

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

sent child. In India I had thought of several homes where she might be placed, but when we went about here, among the friends and kindred, there seemed no suitable opening. Mr. Churchill's family live in the country, no school near enough to attend. My own parents are in feeble health, and the care of my invalid sister seems all the burden they are able for, nor would it be a suitable home for such a young child. Up to three months ago there was no "open door," though we had prayed much over it all. Then in such a remarkable way our prayers were answered, in one of God's beautiful providences that unfold without our own determining or choosing. How can we ever doubt His all-embracing care! It came about in this wise: Shortly before Convention, in August, Mr. Churchill had been speaking in Fredericton, and other places in the vicinity, and heard there that a classmate of his at "Newton," for whom he had always entertained a deep regard, was pastor of the church at Houlton, Maine, only a few miles across from where he was last speaking, so he went over to see him, and in conversing of our plans spoke of us having to leave our daughter

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

behind when we returned to India. They said at once that they wished they could take her; their only little girl had died and they would like to have one in the house again, but could not decide until they had seen both me and the child, nor did they feel sure that Mrs. Dutton's health would allow her such a care. If they could arrange to leave home they would perhaps go to the Convention at St. John, and meet us. In the meantime, not knowing anything of this, I had proceeded to St. John, and as sister was unusually ill that week, I had, quite contrary to our plans when Mr. C. left, taken both the children with me. When my husband met me he said "Perhaps the Lord has shown me a home for Bessie," and he told me of their conversation.

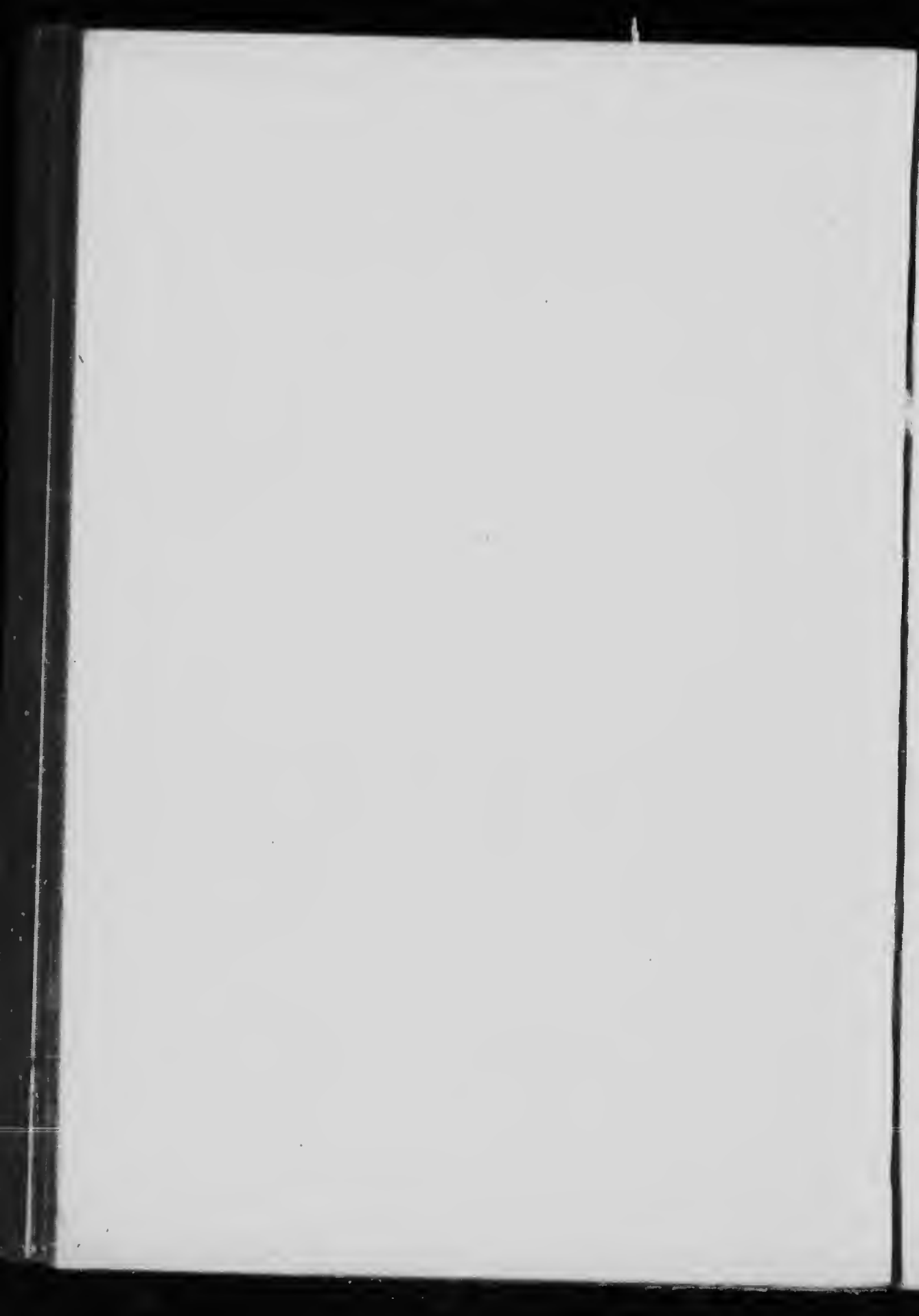
Mr. and Mrs. Dutton came to Convention—Americans they were, utterly and absolutely strangers to ourselves or our interests, except the old student bond of comradeship in the years long past. The lady with whom we were staying invited them for dinner that night, and we all met. As we walked together to the church, on our way to the meeting in the evening, Mrs. Dutton slipped her hand in mine

and said, "I think I would like to have your Bessie, to mother her for you for a while, but I cannot decide it just yet." She was a lovely woman, and it seemed to me I wanted to leave Bessie with her more than any place I had before thought of; I said, "I thank the Lord!" and we talked it over, somewhat, their final decision coming later, by letter—a beautiful letter, breathing devotion to God's service in every line. And now she is with them in Houlton. About a week ago I took her on, remaining a day in their home. That last morning together, before we rose, I taught her "When my father and my mother forsake me then the Lord will take me up." She slipped away from the breakfast-table and went upstairs, alone, coming down again when the carriage arrived to take me to the train. And when I said goodbye to my weeping child, unclasping her arms from about my neck, she hid her face on Mrs. Dutton's shoulder and thus I left them. I tried to be brave and keep back the tears, but safely aboard the train I too hid my face, and cried all the way to St. John. The tears, though a luxury I do not often allow myself, "dulled the inward pain," and helped me through, so

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

that I have been enabled to bear the other partings this week, lifted above their poignant pain. I knew it will be "well with the child," and that God's love will comfort us all, separated though we be.

To-morrow evening we leave Truro for Rimouski, thence by steamer to London where we expect to meet our dear friends Mr. and Mrs. Sanford, and once again we four will journey together to distant India—loved India.



LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

"Let me but know
There is an arm unseen that holds me up,
An eye that kindly watches all my path,
Till I my weary pilgrimage have done!"

Bobbili, April, 1887.

. . . THREE months have flown by since we returned to our mission work, and busy months they have been, but we now are quite established in the old routine, and life goes on as usual. After the first few days of welcome and greeting had passed, and school and visiting was resumed, I could scarcely believe I had been away at all, except for the refreshed spirit with which I took up the duties, and for the many new keepsakes about the house, to remind me of the kind friends at home. I cannot tell you how it warms my heart to see these offerings which so express the love and thoughtfulness, and the generosity of so very many people. The oil stove sent out from Windsor stands in a corner of the study, and what a comfort it is going to be to us! The album-quilt made and presented by the dear invalid friend in Yarmouth, is spread upon my bed. I never look at it without remembering the pain she bore while piecing it all together so patiently, and it will, I hope, always stimulate me to go on and do the work the

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

Lord allots me, whether in suffering or weariness. The verses written upon each square will ever cheer me, bringing a thought of her devotion and example.

We have not yet taken the school into town, for David and his mother are ill with smallpox in the dwelling beside the schoolhouse, so I teach here at home. About thirty pupils are now attending and of course many more will come when we go back to the town building. Mr. Churchill and Nursiah are absent on tour, have been away nearly two weeks, and Siamma and I are holding the fort. Yesterday (Sunday) we had such a good day for work that I think I must tell you about it. Sunday school was at nine o'clock, with an attendance of forty. Siamma and I and our day school teacher taught them, dividing into three classes for the lesson, all meeting together again for singing and prayer before the closing. Two of the young men present said they would like to come in the house to talk a while, so we permitted them. They seemed very astute in argument, yet so childish in other things, but I trust we imparted to their hearts some valuable truths. When the bell was rung for



MRS. H. E. STILLWELL (MRS. CHURCHILL'S DAUGHTER)

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

Georgie and myself to come to our meal, the young men asked if I would allow them to see our food and our manner of eating it, and while we sat at table asked us many questions before finally taking their departure. At three o'clock we rang the big bell for meeting, nearly forty gathering for the service—Siamma giving one address, and I the other. After the meeting several of the Brahmin boys came in to ask for newspapers, which they greatly covet. Another lingered to seek explanation of a chapter I had given him to read in the morning. Soon six Brahmin women arrived, very covertly, for fear of meeting someone who would know them. They seemed so restless, and fearful, that I called them into the study, shutting the doors and the venetians, and we had a good long talk with them, praying and singing also. They appeared much interested in all we taught, and pleased with their visit, and when I gave each a rose, as they were leaving, one of them, a young widow, said she did not *want* to go back to her home at all—would like to stay here always, with us. Then after partaking of my belated dinner, we had one more service, by moonlight this time, an ear-

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

nest talk with all the people who work for us, in house or on compound. And later, when Georgie's good-night stories had been told him, I felt we had truly that day "sowed beside all waters." O that those who heard would receive into their hearts the precious truths presented!

Last month we were away from home twenty-two days, three of which were spent very happily with our dear friends the Hutchinsons and Archibalds, the remainder in tent, or bungalow, or going from village to village in effort to reach the people. Mr. Churchill had his two preachers, and colporteurs with him, while I had Neila, the wife of Kotiah, one of the preachers. I was much pleased with Neila's manner, and her way of approaching the women. I think I wrote you once about her marriage, and that she was one of Mrs. Sanford's first "boarders" in the Bimli school. I remember helping teach her there, before we moved to Bobbili. She was at that period not very attentive to her sewing lessons, but strange to say is now a most efficient worker in that line, so that I have her for instructress of sewing in our school. A bright and beau-

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

tiful smile endears her to us all, and is a great asset in her teaching. She was so enthusiastic over the touring, frequently exclaiming as she came to my tent at close of day, "O how I do love this work!" Her words always found an echo in my own heart, for I do not remember of ever being happier than on some of these afternoons when we would have fifty or a hundred persons listening attentively to our words, and songs of praise. In some of the villages cholera was raging, in others a great outbreak of smallpox. In one place those who had died were simply carried out and thrown into a field, neither buried nor burned, for fear of offending the goddess who has charge of these diseases.

The day we returned home one of our school boys was baptized, quite a bright boy, one of our "boarders" living on the compound. During the ordinance, with over two hundred people assembled to witness it, I was thinking how small a return this was from all the long and patient teaching, when quick to my mind came a rebuke—a little incident of our tour, a lesson of faith taught me by Georgie, my little son. He was very busy all one morning

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

at the tent door, making a garden, and planting in it grains of rice in very even rows.

"But we go away from here to-morrow," I said to him. "Never mind finishing it, they will not grow."

"God sees the seed that I sow, Mamma," he replied, so gravely and sweetly, "and He will take care of them, and make them grow!"

And that indeed is just the way we should feel, as we go from village to village teaching God's truths. Though it often seems to our human eye "like a garden that hath no water," yet we must leave it all with Him whose wisdom is infinite and whose time is eternity.

Bobbili, October, 1887.

. . . SOME weeks ago a former pupil in my girls' school called to see me. She is about fourteen years old, can read, write and cipher well, can sing Christian hymns and repeat many verses from the Bible, and in every way is much improved from having attended the school. She came to tell me she was to be married soon, and asked me if I would come to the wedding if she called me. I promised I would,

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

for I was very glad to be able to witness a native wedding. In a few days her aunt came to the house to inform me that the marriage was in progress, would be finished in a couple of hours, and that they wished me to come quickly.

Arriving at the place I found a large *pandal* erected, with bamboos, in front of the house, covered with palm leaves and festooned with mango foliage. Three or four men were holding torches, replenishing the light every little while with oil from their vessels, for the night was very dark. Under the centre of the *pandal* was a cot on which was spread a white cloth, and around this the people were gathered, talking, clamouring and shouting at the top of their voices. They were weighing the band of gold the groom had brought for the neck of the bride, and were quarrelling with him and his friends because it weighed lighter than he had promised. They disputed violently for a while, berating the groom soundly for not fulfilling his word, and shouting to him that if he deceived in this he would be a cheat all through. You would have supposed there would be no marriage after such altercation,

and I seated myself on the chair Siamma had brought with us for that purpose, and thought how different weddings were in this country and in ours. But soon the trouble was apparently settled and the ceremony proceeded.

The groom was dressed in a scarlet coat, trimmed in gold and tinsel, white *puncha* with broad stripes of gold, thick soled wooden sandals, and another white *puncha* thrown lightly around him. He was brought and introduced to me, and probably I am the first white person with whom he ever spoke, as he did not appear to know till told that it was proper to make a salaam to me. He sat upon the cot while the younger brother of the bride washed his feet, in sign of the subjection that her family would be in to him. Under the *pandal*, a few feet from the door of the house was a raised place about a yard and a half square, called the *pandal-penah*, covered with unhusked rice over which a white cloth was spread. Soon we heard the music strike up briskly, fresh oil was poured into the torches, and out of the house appeared the little bride, arrayed in a thin pink *quoka*, with a white

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

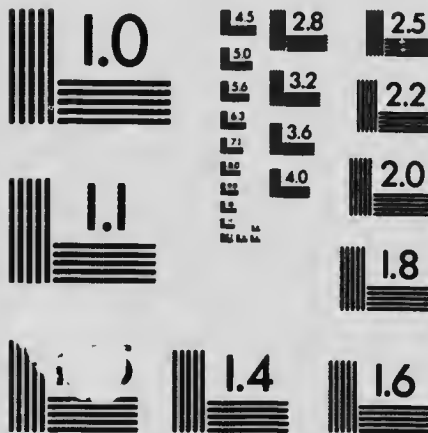
muslin *wanee* thrown over her shoulders and wound around her waist, her head, ears, nose, neck and arms glittering with gold and jewels, a circlet about her waist, and her feet heavy with golden anklets. The groom took hold of the little finger of her left hand, and after they had circled three times around the *pandal-penah*, they sat down upon it, the officiating priest facing them.

In front of the couple were placed two large brass plates filled with rice, and there was a long performance over this, the rice being put into their cupped hands, and dropped from the top of their heads into a dish beneath, each time the rice fell the Brahmin calling for money, coins being freely given him by friends of both families. Then two more coins were called for, one of which he tied in a corner of the groom's *puncha*, the other in a corner of the bride's *wanee*, the two garments knotted together, and thus joined the pair were taken out to worship a star, all the attendant relatives accompanying them, and the music sounding forth again. It was hard to find a star, for the night was cloudy, but presently the groom espied one and performed his rites.



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

1653 East Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax

The bride could not seem to see one, though they pointed in many directions, so she did not go through the worship. I wondered why, and my heart bounded with sudden joy to think that perhaps she did not *wish* to observe the heathen form, and took this silent way of evading it, using her woman's wit, young though she was, to know that on such an occasion no questions would be asked.

Returning they again circled three times about the *penah*, before seating themselves upon it, and then the *poostie* or marriage jewel was brought, a flat gold piece, strung on a cotton string, very yellow with saffron. The groom rose, bent behind the bride, and tied it round her neck, the priest giving saffron and rice to all the people near to throw upon the seated pair. Next two rolled-up mango leaves containing saffron were tied upon their right wrists and a small brass cup of milk was brought, into which a beetle leaf was dipped and placed in the groom's mouth while he made worship to the Brahmin. The bride was given the same, and was supposed to do likewise with observing the religious act, but I noticed again that she failed in the perform-

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

ance itself, though going through the initial part.

The pair then stood up, a cloth was held between them, the bride putting her right foot underneath it, toward him, he stepping upon it to show her subjection to him in all things; after which the priest announced that the ceremony was at an end, and the twain one. There were offerings of cocoanuts and bananas to the priest for a marriage fee, and a call for presents to the bride. I handed in mine, some Christian books, at once, for a storm was coming up, and I must hasten home before it burst in violence. We could scarcely get along, the wind was so high and rain fell in torrents. Siamma told me afterwards that the people all went into the house when the storm burst, continuing the festivities until morning.

Three days later, to my great surprise and pleasure, Narsamma the little bride came to see me, to say good-bye, as she was going away to her husband's village to live. I asked her about her nonperformance of the worship in her marriage rites, and she told me that she had endeavoured ever since leaving school *not*

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

to worship idols, but only our one true God, and as far as was possible would continue in her faith in her husband's home, though she could not come out openly. But she promised to read the Bible and sing the hymns she knew, to the women of the village where she was going, and we prayed and sang together before parting, wept together too, I must confess, for I could not keep back the tears to hear this little child-wife so earnestly announcing her faith in God, and her determination to keep it, even in the midst of the idolatry in her new home. My heart yearned to fold her close and safe among us here, but that is not God's way—this little tender shoot must be left to grow alone, and I prayed for fostering soil and sun that it might not scorch by the way, but grow unto perfect fruit, blossoming as the rose in this wilderness of heathenism.

Will you also pray for her, that through the long and barren life stretching ahead, her faith fail not, that

“God will light her weary way,
Will lead her faltering feet,
That while she stays on earth she may
E'er find His mercy sweet.”

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

Bobbili, June, 1888.

. . . THE native association met in Bimli last month and I very much enjoyed attending it. It was formed in 1883, and no one who sits through the sessions can have any doubt of the immense value it is to the native Christians who attend them. Their ideas are sharpened, their minds expanded, they learn the value of qualities for leadership, and to do business in a businesslike way. Moreover they are beginning to understand responsibility, and will thus, we hope, rise to greater labours.

One of the preachers from Jeypur brought along his "sheaves" with him to the association—two men, who told their experience and stood their examination, in the Oorya language, the preacher translating it into Telugu for us all. They seemed well grounded, answered the questions propounded them most satisfactorily, and were received for baptism, the ordinance taking place on Sunday morning, in the sea. I think that you should know that we are most careful in our examination of professed converts, as indeed we needs must be, for there are many who profess outwardly, "rice Christians," they are sometimes called,

who really make the advances merely and solely for some personal or pecuniary gain. In talking to a group of women and girls one day in town, one of the young women appeared especially impressed, accepted without dispute all we said, even following us to the carriage for a last word. Next day she came to the house, to talk, and again on the following morning, and we were hoping she would receive the blessing of conversion when our expectations were suddenly chilled by having her tell us that she was going away from Bobbili to live with relations, and not having a suitable garment she asked if we would give her a new outfit!

On another occasion a woman listened so well and asked so many intelligent questions in a really earnest manner, that she gave us cause to think she was not far from the kingdom. Imagine our consternation when we learned that she was the chief woman in Bobbili employed in buying up little girls for a life of shame, and she had hoped she could by winning our favour become acquainted with our school children and wean some away. How I wished she would come again to the house, so I could

talk plainly with her and urge her to abandon such a wicked business—but I have not seen her since. Then one evening, at dusk, as we were paying coolies for their work on the helper's house now in course of construction, four young Brahmins came onto the verandah and waited silently till all the others had departed. They then said they wished to talk and inquire about our religion, so Mr. Churchill invited them in, took the Bible and showed them from it the nature and requirements of Christianity. They seemed much pleased with the tenets set forth, saying again and again what a good religion it was, its precepts so holy, and they would be glad to embrace it. But before they really accepted it, they wanted, if we were willing, to ask one question—*what inducements as to money and other help we could give them to pay for leaving their own faith.*

“Pardon, joy, and peace in your souls,” answered Mr. Churchill sternly, “an opportunity of earning an honest living by your own exertions in *this* world, and in the world to come life everlasting.” They very promptly took leave of us, and have never returned.

Thus you perceive we are by these and many

other instances, made wary, and watchful, urging a waiting time always for those who profess conversion, that we may see if to all outward appearances at least, they lead consistent lives. For we do not want to bring disrepute upon our religion in this strange country. I speak of it to show you that we have our peculiar problems out here. But we are not always disappointed in our converts. One of the town pupils, Chinnamma by name, is truly converted, and gives me great pleasure in her changed life, is anxious to be baptised, but her parents, though frankly acknowledging the benefits she has derived from the school, are not willing for her to be called a Christian. She is a very modest pretty girl, about eleven years old. In calling at their house one evening lately, I met her father for the first time. He spoke of her as his "pearl" and told me she read the New Testament aloud daily in their home, and that he was beginning to like it. We had a long earnest talk and discussion, and I tried to get him to promise to come to service with Chinnamma but he would not pledge himself. They were not very willing for her to attend school regularly, but I

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

offered her the post of conductress—to collect the girls in the mornings in good time for opening—and for the little pay given her they now allow her to come each day, at which both she and I are very joyful. I love Chinnamma and she loves our school. She will kneel before all her playmates and pray so earnestly. Since my own little girl is absent from our home, I find my heart warming more than ever before to all my school children, and I think I do more patient loving work with them because of the longing and loneliness for Bessie. A letter from Mrs. Dutton this morning tells me that my child is well, and much interested in her studies. I praise the Lord continually that He has given such a home to her. I know He is caring for her, and will continue to do so even if I should never see her again on earth.

Bobbili, July, 1888.

. . . A LITTLE more than one short week has passed since I wrote you, and yet in that time what a change has come over our Bobbili home. Then two little restless pattering feet made music on the mats from room to room.

Two little hands were always busy at something—repairing playthings, writing letters on his slate, building block houses and temples. Two little arms so often folded tight around my neck, and the sweet voice would say, “O, Mamma, how *much* I love you.” A little heart beat in unison with ours in all our work, and eager questions would be asked us every night about our school, our street gatherings; what stories we told, what pictures we showed, what papa’s Telugu sermon was about. Now all that eager pulsing life is stilled, everything in the house is silent, naught but the ticking of the clock to break the hush which death has brought upon us. The little doggie lies sleeping at my feet; the wheelbarrow and cart, the train of cars, the bats and balls, are strangely still; the picture books that scattered our floors are piled away and the little lad who loved them all has left our home—the quiet never again to be broken by his coming, the playthings never more moved by his touch, for he has gone to Heaven, and the mission house will know him no more forever.

The Lord took him very suddenly, as He did our Willie seven years ago. On Wed-

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

nesday evening, as I returned from work in town, our darling came joyfully to meet me, as was his custom, climbing into the carriage, and seeming well as usual. asking such interested questions all the way home. Next morning he woke with a chill. Fever came on quickly, and in an hour or more he was in the throes of a convulsion, heartbreaking to witness. We called the hospital dresser, a very intelligent native, and he pronounced it small-pox. Proper remedies were administered, but though recovering from the convulsion, his mind did not clear. He tossed with delirium throughout all that day and night, and the next day at noon passed away.

So, beside Willie's grave, on which he had loved to place his sweetest flowers ever since we returned to India, our other precious boy was laid to rest—their bodies there, the earthly forms we had cherished and caressed, but their happy freed spirits—are they not together before the Throne, for the Lord Jesus has said "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

"I joy to think of the Father's care
That folds them safe till I meet them there."

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

We have been stricken sore, the quiet and lonely days will be hard indeed to bear, but we must take up our work and go on. If the Lord's cause here is to be advanced by this sorrow we shall feel it was for the best. May He give us special strength to bear the blow! I had hoped that both my boys would be spared to take up and carry on the labours when we should fail. There seemed such promise in their future. But though that future is now sealed from our sight and knowledge, we do know that God lives and reigns, and works out His purposes by means we cannot always understand.

The light has gone out of our home, but we still have Christ the Lord, the "light of life."

"He is with us—with us always
Leading, loving, to the end,
Brightening cloud and lightening sorrow,
All to-day, yet more to-morrow,
King and Saviour, Lord and Friend."

Bobbili, February, 1889.

. . . How much we appreciate all the loving tender messages of sympathy received

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

from the kind friends at home and that beautiful expression of condolence from our brothers and sisters assembled in Convention. These kind remembrances, and the many heartfelt prayers offered for us in our loneliness and sorrow, have wonderfully helped. We can truly say that the Lord has heard and answered, and is comforting our hearts. Daily I feel round me His everlasting love, and He has given me some sweet glimpses, by faith, of the joy into which my precious boy has entered.

I must tell you a little incident that occurred last month which greatly lifted my heart. The Rajah of Bobbili was taking unto himself a new wife, his former one having died some time ago. He told one of his favourite servants that he too must be married at the same hour, giving him a generous supply of paddy and rupees for the occasion, that it might be observed with much display. The little bride selected for the man was a child ten or eleven years old, a pretty little thing, one of my brightest pupils. Of course I was not consulted, nor indeed could I have done anything to prevent, but I felt very badly

about it. At the time of the marriage I was ill, and after my recovery, as she was absent from the school, I supposed I would not see her again. But one afternoon she appeared at the mission-house, had heard of my sickness, and came to pay me a visit. She was dressed in her bridal costume, a thin India muslin *quoka*, and white *ravika*, with much adornment of jewelry. Her husband's sister, some friends of her own, and a number of other women, all strangers to me, accompanied her. They wished to look around the house, peeping and prying into every part. After their curiosity in this direction had been satisfied, I told them all to sit down upon the mats, and I talked to them a while of God and of proper worship, singing them "Nothing but the Blood of Jesus," in which Appalanarsamah, the little bride, joined, singing all the verses through with me to the end of the hymn. I asked her if she could pray also, as she had frequently done in our school meetings, though I hardly dared expect her to consent. But, with only a moment's hesitation, she kneeled down, her face to the floor, as our people here often do, and made a very earnest beautiful prayer, her

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

eyes filled with tears as she rose. It seemed to me that the angels must rejoice over the sight. So childlike and pure she looked among these older care-worn women, her little dark oval face shining like a cameo from above her bridal white. I could not refrain from gathering her to me and kissing her—the women looking on so hushed and solemn.

And I wondered if God had bereft me of my own, the little daughter across the waters, and my three in Heaven, that I might hunger and thirst more over these dark-skinned children of India. I do not know. I can but wonder. But I slept that night all through, without waking, the first since Georgie left me, and go forward with new courage, seeing Him who is invisible by my side, upholding, strengthening, guiding, directing, and blessing. However dark the way, however deep the sorrow, there is His promise—"Lo, I am with you always."

It was this blessed promise that helped us through our Christmas—a sad and lonely Christmas eve, with no little socks hanging by the cots, the first time for thirteen years—no joyous morning greetings. The house was so

lonely that I knew I must keep busy all day, doing for others and thus get a reflex blessing from their happiness, so we decided to have a Christmas gathering and feast for the school children in the town schoolroom. Outside and in the place was whitewashed and made clean, afterwards decorated with palms, plantain leaves, and flowers. Forty-eight of the pupils came. The headmasters of the Rajah's School and many of the parents of the children were also present by our invitation. We had singing, prayer, and the story of Christ's birth told, the pupils repeating verses bearing upon the subject. After this the visiting men made some remarks, complimenting us upon the result of our teaching and upon the influence of the school. Then we presented gifts in the form of prizes—for merit of attendance and deportment, a few books and pictures for highest standing, and clothing to the lower grades, a full suit to those who had passed into higher classes, a skirt only to those in their A B C's. All these, with a treat of fruit and sweet-meats were joyfully received, and thus our day was spent, not a *merry* Christmas, but a blessed one from sense of service.

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

Since the New Year we have been touring, our two helpers with us. We would move our tent about six miles every four or five days. After morning worship Mr. Churchill and Nursiah would go to the more distant villages, visiting, preaching, and distributing literature, while Bassavanna and I went to the nearby places, singing and telling the gospel story wherever we could gather a group of women. The sun is too hot in the afternoons for much exertion so we would rest a while, going out again in the evening. The nights were beautifully moonlight, and the people flocked in large crowds in some places, listening for the most part very well. My good Siamma had to remain in Bobbili to help in the school during my absence, and I do not feel I can succeed as well without a Bible-woman. But Bassavanna and I got on very well together and perhaps it was the Lord's will that I had only him. Anyway, I know it is *always* His will that we make the most out of what we do have, and not mourn over what we cannot get, so Bassavanna and I did the very best we could, and had a good hearing in nearly every village visited, though at one place where we had taken shelter

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

under some trees near a Brahmin's house a haughty looking man came out and bade us be gone. All hours of the day there would be many women and children around the tent, some of them just asking to see the white face of the "Dorasanamma," so I would go to the door and speak to them a minute or two, new ones appearing soon as I showed myself.

On the last days out we toured through the district we had visited two years ago, when Georgie was with us, and when I returned from one of the villages, where I had been speaking, I found that Nursiah had pitched our tent under the same tree where he had made his little garden plot. It gave me a pang at first, then I recalled his words, "God will look after the seeds and make them grow," and I needed just that lesson that day, for we had been received with indifference in the last place visited, preaching we felt to empty hearts, no friendly response like we often get to cheer us on. And how very precious were these words from my little son, dead "yet speaking," to encourage me in my labors. Later on we went to Conference at Bimlipatim

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

—a refreshing season; from there on to Chicacole to the native association, and to visit Mrs. Sanford, who has been in very poor health. While I was there the men proceeded to Parlakimedi to survey and select land for a new mission station, also on to Tekkali to organize a native church. About twenty native Christians joined this new church, an off-shoot from Chicacole; and Subaraidu is to be their teacher and leader. May they all, as we ourselves, be conscious of the honourable work given to us by our ascending Lord—to be bearers of His name and of His great Salvation—witnesses both by word, work, and life before the heathen—fellow-workers with Him, the all powerful, the unchangeable, the eternal God.

Bobbili, September, 1890.

. . . For twenty days I have been sole occupant of the mission house, Mr. Churchill being out on tour. To-day I had calls from three Englishmen who were passing through Bobbili and had put up for the night in the Rajah's bungalow across the way, the first white faces and the only English voices I have

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

seen and heard since my husband's departure. But my time is full of work, and I have the assurance of the Master's presence in an especial manner. The first day alone, all the waves of my great trouble rolled over me again and the tears flowed as if a torrent were sweeping me, but I knew I should not thus sorrow; that I had no bodily strength to bear its wrecking effect, so I carried it all to Him who bore our griefs, and He has given me great peace and contentment.

I rejoice to tell you that at last I have secured the Government grant for my school. The amount is *222 rupees*. It was really allowed me seven years ago but the money could not be drawn until a certain official gave a completion certificate. We tried over and over again for this and Mr. Archibald has given us great assistance in our appeals, but we had a series of disappointments over it all. Last month, when the Inspector of schools came to this district, I arranged a meeting, placed before him all the correspondence, and made one more plea that he would put the matter in a favourable light to the various dignitaries of education and of state. This he

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

promised to do, without further delay, and to my great satisfaction I finally received the full amount. When the money actually came into my hands I thanked the Lord, and said to myself, "*In due season, if ye faint not,*" and I shall try to remember it for a lesson to my impatient heart. We have placed the amount in the savings bank as a nest-egg toward the church we are going to build here some day, for if you at home and we here, labour on and "faint not," the Lord is going to give us converts, and "in due season" a church building in Bobbili filled to overflowing with earnest worshippers of the true God of Heaven. Beside this grant, we have received from the government toward our teachers' salaries during the past year the sum of *195 rupees*. So by thus becoming somewhat self-sustaining in our school, we leave more funds for other phases of the work which have been sadly crippled often for lack of means.

The fever I have had lately weakened me very much, so that I am not able every day to get down to the school in town, but there are always the boarding-pupils here to care for and train. These children of the boarding-school

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

are usually from the outcast class. They are kept here on the compound and are much under the personal influence of the missionary. Their food, clothes, a room to eat, sleep, and study in, are all provided them, and they are instructed in the branches of a common school education, as well as to sew. Particular attention is given at all times to their moral actions, and the truths of Christianity lovingly taught them. There are six girls and four boys now; the last two of the girls have been baptised lately and seem such true, trusting converts as I watch them in their daily life. When I look at Chinnie, one of the girls, and see the great change wrought in her since I took her in one Sunday morning, years ago, a little filthy beggar waif, I cannot help praising the Lord. If now her soul is saved it is worth all the time, care, and money spent upon her. She is learning, too, quite readily, and gives me great pleasure in many ways, though not especially bright in some branches of work. She was my first boarder. I had been trying for months to get some girls to keep and train, praying to the Lord to send me some, and when I found her, hiding under a shelf, where she had been



THE CHAPEL SCHOOL-HOUSE, BOBBILI

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

stealing from me, I asked Mr. Churchill if he thought this one *so* unpromising could possibly be the answer to my prayers, and I did not dare to send her away.

Just before taking up my pen to write you, I had been having a talk with eight men who entered without bidding and sat down on the mat in front of me. Often these groups of men and boys come in to see us, and we never refuse to listen to their questions, but try to present Christ to them, and the way of Truth and Life. These men told me they had never heard of our God, so I talked with them nearly an hour. Whether they understood, or believed, I may never know.

One morning last week six youth presented themselves at the door. I asked them why they had come to the mission house. "To your visit," they replied in quite good English, so I asked them in and inquired what they wished to talk about.

"The Life of your Jesus God," they said. After a long conversation one of them took a Hindu tract out of his pocket and gave the chapter and verse in the Old Testament where sacrifices are commanded, and said he liked

the Old Testament, but not the new one. I turned to the Commandments and read them, the first, and the second, and asked if they were willing to observe *them* as well as the *sacrifices*. They said they would think about it, and would read the Commandments through.

Next day another group arrived, not as intelligent as these, but were eager to have me explain our religion. They are school boys, and may only come to get practice in speaking our English tongue, but I cannot judge their motives. I only know that they ask me about our true God, and that I must not turn away any seekers after truth. God will do all the judging. Even very young lads here are interested in theological discussions, so different from our boys at home, who, even though Christians, would seldom be found calling at the minister's house to reason upon religious questions. An Eurasian youth was here yesterday for me to talk with him, saying he *wished me to save his soul*. We read God's word together, and I showed him as best I could that I could not do this for him; that he must himself approach the Saviour. He took away with him three

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

Chapters of John to read before he should come again.

That same night an old man from Old Bobbili, leading a blind man, arrived at the door, asking to be let in, three Vellama men with them. One could speak quite a little English, and they all listened very respectfully while I read and prayed and sought to tell them of Jesus Christ. Poor things, just enough has found entrance into their hearts to show them the dense darkness, and though they seem to long for light, they are afraid to openly seek it, on account of the ill treatment they would receive. It is a comfort to think that God knows their hearts, and understands them perfectly, and if their desires after Him are sincere, He will "satisfy" them, but I always feel a pang when they "go away sorrowful."

When Mr. Churchill left to go on tour this time, I had felt so disappointed that it was not thought best for me to accompany him; it seemed as if I were being left out of the gracious work; but now I know that these hungry souls needed feeding, and that my work for this month was right here. I wonder when, if ever, I am going to wholly learn that God is

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

*leading me, now and always, in the paths where
He would have me tread.*

Bobbili, —, 1891.

. . . THE crop prospect is giving us all much concern. For two months there was little, if any, rain; then came a few light showers which only moistened the top of the ground. The early crops were a failure, and the paddy that is now transplanted is dying for lack of water. At this season the tanks should be full, and water should be within five to ten feet of the surface, but all tanks are low now, and water twenty to thirty feet down. Three weeks ago we had a heavy cyclone storm, which made a slight break in the drought, a very heavy downpour near Bobbili. Mr. Churchill was out in it, returning from one of the stations, and says he never saw it rain as hard. The paddy-fields and low places became in a few minutes like ponds, and some of the distance he had to wade through these knee deep. He was so glad to have it rain that he did not at all mind the drenching, but the ground had become so parched that even this downpour

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

was absorbed in a few days, and now for two weeks there has been a brazen sky and a blazing sun; so dry below, and the sun so molten overhead, that to look up into the sky, day after day, it almost seems as if it could never rain again.

The Brahmin priests are in a bad fix. They promised the people bumper harvests this year, in order to get special offerings for some pagan festivals, and if famine comes instead, it may unsettle the faith in their gods. The price of rice has gone up very high, and those who cannot buy are beginning to plunder. They have formed into a mob in several places near here, breaking into stores and carrying off whatever they can get their hands upon. We hear that at Bimlipitam a mob looted the bazaar, and robbed the bank, a company of Sepoys having to be sent out to quell them, fearing a greater uprising. This week the price of paddy rose from Rs. 40 to 70 and 80 the measure, prohibitive prices for the majority of the people, and for some days it was difficult to get any even at those rates. The Collectors advised the merchants to sell at lower figures, but they refused. Our Rajah, however, who has a great deal of

paddy stored away in the districts, has opened his go-downs, and is selling at the rate of Rs. 60, and if he continues in this, will help matters very much about here. We have sent to see if he will let us have a couple of measures, called *garss*, each of which contains 1,800 quarts, for we must have supply enough to care for our school children, and there will be also many among our workers whom we should help somewhat. If the crops are good in the Jeypoor country and in the Godavery districts, large quantities can be imported from there, so we may all pull through without the terrible suffering now so imminent—though the poor must in any event be put to great straits. Will it turn this people to our God, I wonder? We would like that they should come in days of prosperity, but it may be that adversity has its lesson to teach. We are not, even in the homeland, drawn wholly by love and absolute belief. Often clouds of sorrow and affliction cause us to flee to Him who alone can succour, and who understands all our weakness of will.

I had quite a personal encounter to-day with one of the heathen gods. Neila and I had been out visiting a number of Telugu women who

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

needed our help. I had just dismissed Neila at the corner nearest home, and had come again on the main street when a bull, that had been given one of their god's names, *Simhadi Appardu*, on whom many of the people are placing their sins to be forgiven, came up in front of the bandy, stopped the coolies, and then scurried behind it, putting his great head underneath, so that I expected to be instantly overturned. There were people all around in the street but they offered me no help, as they would not dare interfere with a sacred animal. I shouted to the coolies who had run away, for I did not get down, lest he attack me, and with high walls on either side the road whither should I flee from the enraged beast? Seeing my great distress and danger, the coolie who had been pushing behind, now returned, armed with a long pole, and drove the animal in front of the bandy, where it stood with lowered head all ready for combat and charge, if we should start on again. I felt the situation rather ridiculous; the missionary's wife at bay before one of the heathen gods, in the shape of an infuriated bull; and as the way was open *behind*, I told the coolies to turn the carriage quickly,

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

and we were thus able to get on another street, and safely home. They consider this creature sacred, feeding him and praying to him wherever he appears through the town, but I have written a letter to the sub-magistrate, detailing my encounter, and requesting that he have the nuisance kept in safe quarters after this.

Miss Fitch and I have been alone here while Mr. Churchill and Mr. Laflamme are out on tour. She is such good company and we have great talks when we meet at table or spend an evening together.

She is making grand progress in studying the language. It greatly astonishes her to see how interested the natives are in the way we eat, often coming on to the verandah and gazing in at the door during the whole meal. No doubt the performance is quite interesting to them, considering the simplicity of their own way. So just now I have called to her to come see one of our workwomen and her little boy eating their morning meal of *congee*—cold boiled rice, the universal breakfast for natives in our part of India, the poorer classes eating it with only a little salt sprinkled upon it, while the richer ones add chutney, pickles, onions, or

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

chillies. The woman and her son are squatting on a pile of chunam stones, between them a brass dish (for they are caste people) and near them a small black *chatty* or pot in which the *congee* has been cooked, and brought here just at the eating time by an old woman of the family. Also there is a brass drinking dish filled with water, brought by themselves. The *congee* is poured into the brass plate by the old person, for this woman who has been working here all the morning may have been touched or had her clothes touched, in passing, by my dress, or some of the pariah people, and so must not herself touch the pot *until she returns home, takes off her clothes and bathes—lest she defile it.* The mother and son, each with fingers of the right hand formed into a sort of cup, take up the *congee* and convey it to their mouths, into which it is tossed by the thumb being placed behind it. They drank in turn some of the *congee* water left in the dish; then some water from the drinking vessel was poured on the hands, and their mouths and fingers washed. And the meal being ended, the old woman walked off home, carrying the empty dishes on her head.

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

We are commencing to build the chapel schoolhouse, have many stones drawn and some lime stored, and when Mr. C. returns from tour he expects to put in the foundation. The place we have has become too small for my school, or my school too large for it. Then, too, it is quite unsafe on account of the work of the white ants, and the wear and tear of time and weather. The government offered one third the cost if we would put up a new building, so we are submitting plans and estimates to them for their approval and help. I shall be so glad when we can have more room for our teaching, and Sunday school classes. I hope you will often pray for us that we may be successful in getting the building done, and that many souls may be born again through the influence of the gospel preached there.

Bobbili, July, 1892.

. . . WE have had delightful showers and a cool wind to-day, and feel like new creatures, for both May and June were scorching months, preceded by two almost as hot, and not a drop of rain for fully seven months; the fields bare and brown as the roadways. Each

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

day the mercury went up above 100° , often 108° and 110° —at night never lower than 90° . It was well nigh impossible to get asleep. The *punkah* waved over our heads, but kept only the hot air in motion, bringing no cooling breath, and we would turn and turn, and sigh for sleep which came not. Sometimes we would sprinkle water over the beds, making them quite wet, throwing it also on our mats, and often hanging a dripping sheet over the *punkah* as well, repeating the process several times throughout the night, till finally, the drip, drip from the wet sheet, as the *punkah* waved, would cool us off a bit, and woo the slumber to our eyelids.

Coming from Sabbath school yesterday, I saw many Brahmins gathering and sitting around the door of another Brahmin's house. I asked my coolies what they were doing. They told me that a little girl had been born there and that these rich men had come to secure her for a wife, paying a great price for her. Whoever gave the most, to him the child would be sold. No matter how ugly or maimed or sick or cruel he might be, the highest bidder got the baby; and when she is old enough she must

go to her husband's house to live, to be his slave, having no decision, nor choice herself, in the matter. It seemed very cruel to me. I hope I will live to see this terrible custom broken down, and this gospel we preach opening the blinded eyes to freedom of thought and life for the women of India.

One day last week a man came to the mission house, saying that the Pashapanta Ranee was in town, and wished to call to see me. I told him that I would be glad to have her call and that she better come at once, as I was then home. She did not appear, so at 3.30 I went down to my school; had only been there a short time when the same man came again, informing me that the Ranee had come to the mission house and was waiting for me. Much as I desired to meet her, I felt my first duty was at the school, so told the man I was engaged with work and could not leave. The prayer-meeting with the pupils which we always hold on Friday evenings, and some sick children and women who had to be visited on the way home, detained me much longer than usual, so that it was nearly sundown when I reached the compound, and what was my surprise to see the

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

Ranee still there, sitting in her *palanquin*, waiting for me. She belongs to the Rajah caste, who do not allow their women to be out in public.

I had her brought around to the front door and asked her and her ayah to come in, gave her a seat, and Neila and I sat down to talk with her. I thought she must be in earnest about seeing me for some especial reason, when she had waited three hours and a half, so I asked her why she came. She said she had lost her husband twenty-five years ago, did not mourn very much over him, because she had two sons left, but in the last year both of the sons had also sickened and died, and her heart was broken with sorrow. I noted by her face that she was used to weeping. Then she told me that her sister who was the wife of another Rajah, had told her to come to see me, for I too had lost my sons, but that I had comfort, peace and joy, and she had journeyed all the way to ask me *where* I found my comfort. You may be sure my heart opened wide to take the poor sorrowing bereaved mother in; and we told her the source of all peace, pointing her to Him, who would be her strength and stay. She

listened so eagerly to every word Neila or I spoke, and when we told her what Jesus had done for her, she said, "What is His name?" repeating over again and again after us, "Yasu Chreestu," "Yasu Chreestu," (Jesus Christ). She stayed for a long time, listening and talking, announcing on her departure that she would come again next day, which she did, remaining all the afternoon. At her request, I taught her a little prayer, and when I sang her, "Nothing but the blood of Jesus," she kept repeating the first verse after me, until she could sing it well herself, keeping the tune too. Such a soft, tender voice she had. Before going away, I gave her a copy of Matthew, and we prayed together again. She said she would never forget the prayer, nor the hymn.

I have not had such a meeting since I came to India; it was wonderful, and I am going to trust my Lord to save her soul. Her home is about twenty miles distant. We may meet again. I thought I would like to write you about it; that you also could be praying for her.

And as I have told you in days past, of great sorrow when it came upon me, so now I must not hide from you the great joy that has come

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

into my heart in the conversion and baptism of our only child Bessie. When I left her behind in the homeland, I placed her in God's hands, and I want you to help me to praise Him for bringing her thus early into His fold.

Ooty Cottage, Ootacomund, May, 1893.

. . . I FEEL that I am far away from my station and my work, but they are never far away from my heart, and in a few weeks I shall return to them, I trust, with renewed vigour. Though we have been eighteen years in the East, this is our first visit to this lovely sanatorium of Southern India. We are very pleasantly situated here at Ooty, with Mr. and Mrs. Baras, renting a small house and carrying on our housekeeping together. Mrs. Baras does not improve in health as we had hoped, but a month's longer stay should give new strength.

The past year has been rather a hard one for me. Mr. Churchill's absence, helping erect the buildings at the new stations, has left me much alone, and in addition to my own usual routine of work, I have had to assume many of his duties as well. Often, the burdens seemed

too heavy for me, but always did help come from on high, and I was enabled to meet each demand. I was so glad to get through with the examinations and prize-giving, in my school, before leaving Bobbili. We had a most successful closing. The Inspector of girls' schools for the northern division of Madras presidency, was with us, and examined the pupils, speaking very highly indeed of the work accomplished, as well as the discipline and tone of the school. H. H., the Rajah, was present at the prize-giving, also the Sub-Magistrate, a number of Hindu gentlemen, and all the Europeans then in town. Mrs. Brander urged the native gentlemen to send their daughters to us to be educated, and one of the men in speaking said that more of them would send their girls here "*if Mrs. Churchill would refrain from teaching so much religion in the school.*" The exercises had been opened with singing and prayer, and cards on which were some Bible scenes and a text or two, had been presented to both visitors and pupils, so I suppose he felt we had made our religious teaching very prominent. But somehow I did not stand in any fear of their criticisms, and replied that when

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

I possessed anything in my heart so good as our Christian faith, I did not feel right to withhold it from others, and must therefore continue the Scripture instructions. I am glad I was not afraid, for to my great surprise, before I came away this very Hindu gentleman arranged with me, not only for his daughter to continue her studies, but for his new child-wife to attend.

Miss McNeil had been drilling the pupils in a gymnastic exercise, which they went through very nicely indeed, greatly to the pleasure of the assembled guests. The prizes were presented, garlands and bouquets given the visitors, and then before we sang the closing hymn, "God be with you till we meet again," I was led to ask one of the girls to pray, a child about eight or nine years old—Ummanna by name, a caste girl. She was the prettiest little thing, dressed in a flowered calico *ravika*, and gay skirt, her hair braided in two braids, a jewel in the strands, a string of pearls about her dusky throat. Quite often of late she had prayed at our Friday service, and I did not know if she would feel brave enough to go through it in public, but with only an instant's hesitation she

stood up, and with clasped hands and her little dark head bowed in reverent devotion, repeated the Lord's Prayer. It was a beautiful sight, and stirred my heart to hear her fresh young voice raised in petition there to the King of kings and Lord of lords.

O, how I love that girls' school! I believe though many of their names may not appear in the church book down here, that we shall hear them read out from the Lamb's Book of Life on High. At the present time there are in our three Baptist missions, eight of these caste girls' schools, numbering about 600 pupils, who are daily being taught Bible truths along with their other instructions. Unless these caste girls' schools are established, *caste* girls will stay outside our mission schools, and thus outside of our Christian influence, to a very large extent. Coming from a land where woman's high position is what it is, because of Christianity and education, I feel that our influence as missionaries should always be on the side of female education for *all* the women of India. And I look upon these schools not only as a means of expanding the mind and teaching morality, but as a large factor in the evangelisation of the

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

country, for we must recognize that it is the *mothers* of India who largely teach idolatry. It is the mother who teaches her children how to worship the idols, and trains them in this day by day; the *mothers* who have the future of India in their hands, if they and we would but know it. So we strive to get the little girls into our schools, while their minds are young and plastic, to tell *them* of the *true* God; how He must be worshipped; how they can find salvation, and I do not believe that when they become mothers themselves, even though not openly Christians, they will ever teach idolatry as it was taught to them. Largely through these schools we hope to break down the *caste* which is so great a hindrance in presenting the gospel. My Christian women teach the caste girls. Our Christian little ones go also to the school, sit beside them, play with them, recite in the same classes, and all show much respect and affection for each other. Pupils decked in jewels from wealthy homes sit beside those who are poor and needy, for caste must not be considered where we teach that in God's sight all are equal. When we go to their streets to talk to their people, our pupils do not stand

off at a distance, or pull their clothes away if we approach, as children do who have not been in the school, but they come together and sit down, or stand quietly by listening to what is said, and understanding it too. They join us in singing a hymn, if it is one they have learned. The mothers of our school children also listen better than the others, as a rule, for the interest we show in their girls is a bond between us.

By having the day school, where a part of the time is spent in the study of the Bible and in learning Christian hymns, I am able to gather around me on Sundays a band of intelligent little girls, who can read and recite, and thereby understand better the Word of God presented to them by verse, song, and picture. Some at the age of five can repeat the whole of the Ten Commandments without a mistake. When I hear the Word of God from these little heathen lips, I bless Him for putting it into my heart to establish in our Canadian Mission a Caste Girls' School; and when I go to our Friday evening school prayer meetings, and hear so many youthful voices joining in hymns of praise, or calling upon our God in earnest prayer for themselves and their par-

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

ents, I forget the trials by the way, and take fresh courage, even though they have not yet put on Christ by baptism. For I *know* there must be a new life growing up in India, which some time will have telling effect upon the whole population.

“His word shall accomplish that which He pleases and prosper in the thing whereto He sent it.”

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

"Henceforth then,
If storm or sunshine be my earthly lot,
Bitter or sweet my cup;
I only pray God fit me for the work.
 God make me holy,
And my spirit nerve for the stern hour of strife!"

Mission House, Bobbili, February, 1895.

. . . It is good to be back in my India home, with my husband, and among all the workers at the station. On Sunday morning when I went to our Sabbath school, as I entered, they all rose and said in concert, "Jehovah bless our Manager," and then such a shower of flowers as fell upon me from each little hand! It was a sweet welcome. I can scarcely realize that I have been to Nova Scotia, and that I made all that journey and the return one, alone, so far as friendly human protector was concerned. But I was not alone. From Madras to Truro, it was as if the Lord took me by the hand, and led me, every step of the way. When I journeyed on through Italy and France, at places where I must change trains, some English voice would be at hand to tell me the way. Once, when particularly puzzled on getting into a compartment, neither French nor Italian words at my tongue's end, a lady opposite me said, "Do you speak English?" and she proved to be the wife of an Italian representative who had once been

in Halifax. We had a great talk; she was so glad to hear about Canada and Nova Scotia again, and was so interested in learning of my work here in India. When leaving the train she passed me over into the care of some Italian ladies, explaining where I needed to change again. At Turin and Calais there were others to help, and thus from providence to providence I passed along. On reaching London our agents telegraphed for steamers, and found just *one berth vacant* in a boat leaving Liverpool for New York next day, and you may be sure I took it, so thankful not to be delayed. A Scotch lady befriended me all the way across, and put me on my train for Boston. But troubles yet awaited me for I did not know where to find Bessie. Her latest letter had said Mr. Dutton might move to Fairfield, but that *she* might go to Truro or Yarmouth. My ticket was through to Truro, and the conductor said I would forfeit it all if I did not go directly through. But I told him my story, that I *must* stop to see my child, and he came back after a while and sat down with me, telling me that the superintendent of the road lived at the next station; that he would put me off there, and I

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

could go myself to him, to see if my ticket could be extended. How many people conductors have to befriend. This one was surely good to me. "Houlton or Fairfield, Truro or Yarmouth?" said he. "Why, it's like hunting a needle in a haystack to find her, but this is the best I can do for you."

I felt like a tramp, to go to that big official to tell my "tale o' woe"—but I was thankful I had Bessie's latest letter with Indian postmark, to corroborate my story. And big and busy as he was, that good man wired to Houlton, and to Fairfield, found out that Mr. Dutton was at Fairfield, wrote on my ticket—"good for stop-over"—and sent me off rejoicing, to find my child. Blessings upon him! And would you believe that when I finally reached the parsonage door, and was admitted by Bessie herself, we did *not recognise each other*. She had just got up from a severe attack of typhoid fever, was thin, and white, and hollow eyed, and *so* changed from the wee girlie left behind me seven years before. I was glad to be able to relieve Mrs. Dutton of her care, for she had been so good and kind; and I took Bessie home with me to Truro, where I also

found my mother and sister very ill, so I surely was needed there, and *understood* why the "impelling" had been so strong to take me home alone, over the long way. I nursed my child back to health, placed her at "Acadia" to be educated, left a capable nurse to care for the home ones, and crossed the oceans again to this loved India home, guided by my Heavenly Father through all the perils of the way—able, I trust, for better work than I have ever done before.

A letter that came in our mail to-day greatly rejoiced me. It told me that a class of coloured women from my old Truro Church wished to support and pray for a Telugu child in my school. As you may suppose, these women have not much means, and for them alone to support a girl here is remarkable, for many a whole Sunday school attempts no more. You know the coloured people of Truro were my "first love" in a missionary way, and I have had many a proof of their faithful zeal. It is strange too, that of the young ladies who helped me in that undertaking, four beside myself are now missionaries—Miss Eaton (Mrs. Boggs); Miss Norwood (Mrs. Lyall);

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

Miss Norris (Mrs. Armstrong); Miss Lowe (Mrs. George). Through that effort there our hearts burned for labour out here, and we are blessed to have been allowed the gracious privilege.

Mr. Churchill is quite determined we should finish our chapel schoolhouse this year. I found him hard at work upon it on my return here. There is much worry and a continual strain upon him, until it shall be completed, and I am going to ask you to pray for us every day, that neither *strength*, *patience* nor *funds* fail us, so that we may go on with joyful courage to the end. When it is done may the Lord fill it with His presence, and with earnest seekers after Himself.

Bobbili, November, 1896.

. . . WE have had two long tours this past season, on our mission field proper, Mr. Churchill with his two preachers and I with my two Bible women. On the last occasion we were out three weeks, and the women did such good work. Siamma is a grand earnest speaker. The people listened so well that our hearts were

filled with thanksgiving all the time. One day we were at a village where we could tell that some of the women were believing, by the earnestness with which they asked important questions about our religion, but there was no opportunity to see them alone, and I felt so disappointed to leave them thus. Two nights later, after we had retired, Siamma came outside my tent, calling softly, "Ammah, Ammah, get up and come out, quick, good news!" I slipped my feet into my shoes, threw a shawl over me and came outside, where she told me that those women from this village nearly two miles distant, had come to speak with me secretly. We went away back of the tent, under some trees, and very soon a little group of women joined us, and we all sat down on the ground and talked together of our God. They were just like frightened deer. If a leaf fell, or at the slightest sound, they would spring up ready to flee. They told us they were believing in Christ and wanted to be baptised, but felt the way was not yet clear, for when they came they must leave all their kindred and stay where we were, as their relatives would never recognise them if they became Christians. It

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

was soul-satisfying to talk with them, even those few minutes, but at a call which was an arranged signal of danger, they jumped up and ran swiftly away. Next day we went back to that village, to the home of one of the women. She summoned all the others, and we had a long conversation. I am praying that they soon may see their way to come out bravely.

On our return at night, as we were passing along a street on which the Rajah caste people live, we stopped to light our lantern near the house of a rich family. Some of them came out, but seemed very sad and quiet. When questioned they told us that their oldest son had just died, and had been buried that day. Pausing to make a few inquiries about his illness and death, the father and a crowd of friends gathered around us and Mr. Churchill spoke to them a little while. They paid great respect to his message and asked us to come again. The Rajah caste is next to the Brahmins in social position. If any from this *caste* renounce their Hindu faith and accept our religion, it makes more of a stir and spreads the truth in larger circuits. Several of these people in different villages have seemed much inter-

ested of late, and have been to see us at the mission house. Two of the men who came had read the New Testament through, and are anxious to join wholly with us, but always those barriers of families and friends block the path, and so few even though apparently true believers, have faith to trust that God can protect and keep them in this new way. I was laid aside during two days of the tour, suffering from sun-stroke. It was exceedingly hot weather, and though I had tried to hold the umbrella well over me as we journeyed along, yet the jolting of the oxcart over the ruts and bumps prevented me from keeping in one position long—most of the way my head being exposed to the burning sun. So I became very ill from the effects of it and was forced to remain in my tent till the fever had somewhat abated, but suffered no after effects, and was so very happy and thankful to have had the great privilege of carrying God's message of pardon and love out in those distant places.

And now I have something really remarkable to relate you. Last Saturday evening I sat up quite late, reading and writing. As I was about to retire I heard steps on the veran-

NDIA

t the mis-
had read
e anxious
those old
back their
ntly true
can pro-

I was
, suffer-
ngly hot
hold the
d along,
uts and
one po-
d being
ne very
l to re-
newhat
nd was
ad the
age of
es.

narka-
ing I
As I
veran-



ORIGINAL SEVEN MISSIONARIES, MARITIME PROVINCES, 1873

dah and asked who was there. "Some new Christians," a voice replied in Telugu. On opening the door in walked one of our preachers, followed by six strangers, men and boys, and a young man whom I knew of, Prabba-Dass by name. The evening was cool, and the strangers were wrapped in blankets, so that I could not see them plainly. Prabba-Dass had been a convert at Chiccacole some years before, but had partly returned to his old faith, and had been dismissed from Church fellowship. As the famine was coming on, I supposed he had brought these people to us, hoping to receive help. But he soon disabused my suspicions in that regard, explaining that they were not beggars, but Hill-gentlemen, with lands and crops, from Chekkagoorda, a village in the Rayagadda Valley, about forty-five miles from Bobbili; that they were true believers, and had walked all this distance to be baptised into our Christian faith. I proceeded to question them, and was amazed at their intelligence of the Scriptures, and of our fundamental doctrines. Such an experimental knowledge of salvation I had seldom known in young converts from heathenism. The story of their conversion was

most wonderful. Nearly a year previous, a Lutheran missionary making a tour through this Rayagadda Valley had induced Tamandora, the head man of Chekkagoorda Village, to purchase two portions of Scripture, Genesis and Matthew. These books were read a little but apparently not much understood, so were laid away on a shelf in Tamandora's dwelling.

Prabba-Dass was at this time wandering over Northern India, visiting Hindu shrines. Passing through the Hills he stopped at Chekkagoorda where he was stricken very ill with fever—the Naidu taking him into his own house and supplying all his needs. One day after his recovery from the fever, seeing those portions of the Bible upon the shelf, Prabba-Dass asked Tamandora if they were read among his people. The Naidu explained that neither he nor his people had been able to understand them. "I know them well," said Prabba-Dass, "and I will read and teach them to you." When he had finished his instruction, the Naidu announced himself a true believer in the Christian faith, the Lord opening his heart very wonderfully to see and understand the

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

truths of those Scriptures. Prabba-Dass, who had been rather a strange character up to that time, partly a convert to Christianity, but not fully following in all the Christian requirements, seemed now himself converted in a thorough fashion; and in recognition of the kindness received at their hands, offered to remain to teach the people the accepted word, also to instruct their children in reading and writing. As a result of his labours these six men had become believers, and since we were the nearest Baptist mission they had come to us to be baptised.

Mr. Churchill was away, twenty miles distant, on tour. I told the Bobbili preacher to take the men to his home, and I would send a messenger in the morning to Mr. Churchill, which I did. Scarcely could I sleep the night, so full my heart was of praise to God on this great awakening manifested to us. On Sunday many of the members of the church talked with them, reporting themselves satisfied with their conversion. Mr. Churchill returned on the following day, called the church together, and the new believers received a searching examination. They proved most zealous in their convictions,

all were accepted, and as evening had come on before the deliberations were through, they were baptised by the light of the lantern, in our baptistry—under the spreading boughs of the large Mango tree on our mission compound.

After baptism we all met in the school-room, where the new members were received into church fellowship, and partook of the Lord's supper. Then rejoicingly Prabba-Dass and his six disciples started back to distant Chekka-goorda. Joy there was in Heaven that night, and more joy on the mission compound in Bobbili than had ever been before. "What hath the Lord wrought," from the truths of His Word, scattered so long ago in that obscure spot! The Lutheran missionary who carried it had been stricken with fever on his return journey and died, not here on earth ever knowing the fruit of his toil—the wandering native teacher only half believing the sacred truths, had been led into full radiance of the light by a new perusal of the word, and from what looked to our human ken a strangely indirect means, had come these strong new converts. Truly "God moves in a mysterious way, His

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

wonders to perform." The wonder is that we should ever doubt His power.

Mr. and Mrs. Higgins have left us. I could not give them up till the very last. It seemed so hard to think that these two so well qualified for the work should have to lay it down. But if ever any one sought God's guidance, they did, and all we can say is, it is the Lord's will, and He will make them a double blessing at home.

Kelso Cottage, Ootacamund, June, 1897.

. . . How happy we were to receive the new missionaries. At the time they landed at Bimilipitam I went out to help welcome them, and to spend Christmas with them and our dear friends the Morses. The travellers arrived on the 24th, so it was a joyful Christmas we all spent together; a touch of the homeland gatherings, so different from our usual India holiday. How can I ever sufficiently thank the donors of all the beautiful gifts sent me in "the box," that the missionaries brought—the quilt from the Cheerful Gleaners, so deftly pieced together in form and beauty by those little fin-

gers; the scrap-books so gay and beautiful, for my school-children; the lovely dolls, with all their names printed on their dresses lest the little Bobbili girls who get them might call them a Telugu name. A dollie is what every child in the school especially craves, and I am going to make these home ones do all the good I can by only bestowing them upon the girls who come regularly and study well. The scrap-books will be presented in the same manner, for they all so love pictures. I have now 117 names on my roll, and you ought to see the bright eyes of these little Telugus turned upon me when we show the Bible pictures and explain their stories. They memorize the Scriptures very readily, especially the portions about the pictures, some of them learning six to twelve verses every Sunday. Last Sabbath our scholars numbered one hundred and forty-eight. We had a class of English-speaking boys all ready for Miss Harrison, and she is now installed as teacher over it, giving to those Brahmin youths great inspiration and knowledge. It is so good to have her with us, and she loves my schools; says they are the most beautiful sight in all the mission.

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

We went together to the Canadian Conference at Chiccacole, the latter part of January, taking with us little Mabel Held, whom we were to place in the Timpany Memorial School at Cocanada. Starting from Bobbili at four in the afternoon, by the swaying, jolting jinrikisha express, we reached Vizianagram at daybreak, meeting there Mrs. Sanford, Mr. and Mrs. Gullison and Miss Newcomb, and soon as early breakfast was over, all took train to Chiccacole road station, where Mrs. Archibald's carriage and jinrikisha awaited us—a ride of nine miles bringing us to the mission house. The rest of the missionaries had arrived before us; the ten from Ontario land coming on the following day. It proved to be a most helpful conference, the blessing of the God whom we served being continually felt in our gatherings. Six days were spent there, and at the Telugu association which followed after.

Since then we have most gratifying news to tell you in reference to the progress of the work at Rayagadda, in the village where those people live who came to Bobbili one night in December to be baptised. They told us then that some

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

of their women were believing, and Mr. Churchill and Mr. Archibald went out to see them, but the women had been persecuted and were afraid to go to hear them openly. I have been so anxious, ever since, to visit there with my Bible woman. So near the last of February we started out, reaching the place on a Saturday morning; set up our tent and housekeeping under a grand old mango tree, with great outspreading branches, and in the afternoon went into the village to find the women. They were indeed very shy at first, but after we talked a while they got better acquainted and spoke freely of their belief in the Saviour and their great desire to follow Him. A meeting to examine the foundation of their hope was appointed at the tent, for Sunday morning, and though it was quite a test to ask them to come, they all were present, and Mr. Churchill preached the Gospel to them, reading and explaining every point very carefully. At close of the sermon, one after another of them told of their faith and their experience. Six women, one man and a boy were received for baptism, and in the afternoon, at the time appointed, these all came out to the tent again, from

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

whence we walked together down to the river. It was a lovely spot, the hills towering above us on either side, the water flowing on so beautifully and musically, and just one place where some rocks jotted out and an eddy had been formed, that seemed like a natural baptistry. A lonely little company we looked there in the wilderness, but I felt that a mighty host of angels was with us, rejoicing over those earnest converts as they walked out fearlessly, and with joy in their faces, to be baptised in God's name. With the rippling of the waters blended our song of praise, and one after another rose from the liquid grave and went on their way, followers of Christ. In the evening our table was carried into the village and placed in front of the chief Christian's house, with the emblems of the Lord's death upon it. The eight who had followed him that day received the right hand of fellowship into our Bobbili Church, after which by the light of the lantern we all, twenty-one in number, sat around the table and remembered our Lord as we partook of the bread and the wine. I suppose there were hundreds looking on and listening, enemies of Christianity, but all was hushed and solemn as in one

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

of our churches at home, subdued and quieted by the power of God—"And Heaven came down our souls to greet, and glory crowned the Mercy Seat." O, happy, happy day! I said as I went to rest that night.

A few weeks later one of our boarding girls, Unkama by name, was married to Prabba-Dass, the young man whom the Lord had used in conversion of these people. She is teaching their children, and holding meetings with the women, and from time to time we hear good reports of the progress of their united labours, the Naidu or head man among the people giving them every aid in his power. Many of those who opposed the converts have moved away and built another village, calling Chikka-goorda—"Christ's village," and will have no dealings with the converts there, any who seem inclined to be friendly being forcibly kept away.

To us, on the Hills, where we now are for a short but much needed rest, came two letters to-day, one from the Naidu of Chikkagoorda Village, the other from my Bible woman Siamma, translation copies of which I am sending you, for I know you will read them with much

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

interest, as they bespeak the Christian faithfulness, and the change the Gospel of Christ makes in the heart and life of the Telugu.

Chekkagoorda, May 27.

To the Dear Rev. G. Churchill:

Your dear brother, P. Tamandora, desiring your blessing, gives praise to the Lord Jesus Christ, and to you salaams making, have caused to be written the following matters: Though we were cooled by the winds, our thirst quenched by water, and by the fire warmed, yet we were ruined by sin. But to us the riches of the gospel by you came, therefore toward you we are grateful. That you will pray for us, we make our request.

Alas! for three weeks Prabba-Dass was very ill. Fearing that he die we greatly grieved. Though we gave him much medicine he did not recover in Chekkagoorda. Then having made a stretcher, with my own servants, I sent him thirty-two miles to Belgaum Hospital. There having stayed ten days he came back, being partially recovered. Therefore rejoice we greatly. Because he was sick we borrowed trouble. Because he came to our village and

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

spoke the Lord's teaching we consider him the Second Head! You are our Third Head.

Farewell—Our salaams to you and mother, please accept. This is all.

ZOGI ZAZAI (Signature).

The signature of Tamandora.

Bobbili, 16th April.

Dear Mama:

Your kind letter to hand on 10th inst. I felt too much glad to hear of your welfare. We are all going on well on our duties. I know what sad opportunity occurs in your health, but I believe our God grants wings to all our sorrows by kindling the lamp of the Holy Spirit in our hearts. I and my family pour our prayers at the feet of the Saviour that our Superior should feel glad, healthy and strength. I feel sorry to visit the mission house, as I cannot find there my mother, the friend's face. We are all doing well by grace of the Almighty—hoping the same from you. Convey best compliments to Master, and to Miss Harrison. All the members of my family sending their

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

compliments also. With loving kisses to your two cheeks.

Yours ever most obedient,

"G. SIAMMA."

Bobbili, March, 1898.

. . . THE little rest on the Hills, away from the stifling heat of the plains, was refreshing while we were actually there, but no great permanent gain to our strength seems to have been derived, and I am so disappointed. We do not desire to relinquish the work just yet, would much rather wait a year or more for our furlough, but our fellow missionaries are lovingly urging that another year might bring a complete breakdown. So we have about decided to take our rest though I leave most regretfully, for the work here lies very near my heart: indeed it is my very life.

Great changes have taken place since first we came. Then it was all pioneer work; homes had to be made, and religious teaching commenced at the very lowest step. There have been difficulties to overcome which will now never again confront our missionaries. The

spiritual condition of Bobbili in those first years of our occupancy was most hopeless. Among the 14,000 inhabitants, none, as far as we know, had ever heard of the true God, not a knee that bended, nor a voice lifted to Heaven in prayer. Oft in weakness, oft in sorrow, oft almost fainting beneath the weight of thousands of lost souls pressing past us into utter darkness, the old, old story has been told, the Christ held up as the loving Saviour of men. More than a hundred names have been placed on the church roll of those who have witnessed a good confession, and though we praise God for the fruits that do appear yet we long intensely for the thousand-fold that should be gathered in.

A wonderful temporal improvement also has taken place in the town, due largely to an enlightened and progressive Rajah who encourages and assists municipal reforms. He associates freely with Englishmen, and is quite a traveler, having had a tour in Europe, and a visit to England where he was presented to our noble Queen Victoria. For a purely native town it is in some parts now well laid out, the principal streets wide and comparatively clean.

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

The Rajah's palace, the high school buildings, temples and hospitals are all fine edifices. And our own compound, once the bare and barren field that surrounded the little roofless mud hut we first lived in, is now a very pretty place, with gravelled roadways, vegetable and flower gardens, fruit orchards, and good wells, all surrounded by a stone wall with iron gates. The Flame of the Forest trees which Mr. Churchill and Willie planted from the seed so long ago, are now thirty or forty feet high, and the branches in blossom time, one mass of vivid, glorious scarlet, have grown out over the walls into the street, so dense and spreading that we have had to cut away the lower ones to allow room for the Moha Rajah's processions of elephants and dignitaries to pass under. I love to be here when they are in flower, bringing to me as they do precious memories of the little hands that planted and tended them, and the sweet voice that shouted in glee when first he saw the parent tree in all its glowing splendour in the forest. The little graves in the mission compound are hard to leave. If I may not regain my strength, I would fain be laid beside them here. But there is the dear daughter in

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

the home-land, and we long to be together again, so I have taken it all—the present and the future, to the tender and all wise God, who will guide and direct me into whatever paths He may have laid out for my steps. Mr. and Mrs. Gullison and Miss Harrison will remain in charge here during our absence, and well I know will carry on the work efficiently. May wisdom and strength be given them in great measure, during the coming days, and many sheaves be theirs to gather from the Bobbili field!

Mission House, Bobbili, December, 1899.

. . . HERE we are again in the dear Bobbili home, where we received such a hearty, loving welcome from Miss Harrison, our native helpers, and Christians, and all my dear pupils in the school. We arrived at Bombay on the 8th inst., and took train for Madras that same night. Mr. Hardey met us at Perambore, accompanying the party to Miss Day's, and on Monday afternoon he and Miss Williams were married, Mr. Curtis officiating and Mr. Churchill assisting. Eleven missionaries were

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

present, and it was a most enjoyable affair, all congregating after the ceremony on the verandah of the mission-house, where Mrs. Curtis served cake and tea. From Perambore we journeyed to Vizianagram, spending the day with the dear friends there, and at seven in the evening started out for Bobbili, Bessie and I in front of the bandy, our smaller boxes and bundles packed in behind, and our coolies starting off at a fine pace. It was a beautiful moonlight night, white and wonderful, and Bessie felt as if she were in Fairyland all the way home. The chanting of the coolies, weird and plaintive, the waving branches of the tall palm trees in every direction, the long avenues of mango, and the tamarinds with their dense foliage, the cactus hedges—all seen and experienced before when a child, seemed now an echo of a long forgotten dream, and she did not sleep at all, but enjoyed it to the full. We reached Bobbili at five in the morning. Our Christians had put up arches of banana trees beside the gate-posts, and twined branches of palm across, under which we must pass. Half-way up to the house was another arch with "Welcome to our Missionaries" upon it, and

over the entrance to the front verandah was a third. It was a glad and happy surprise, and as soon as they knew we had come the Christians and boarder-pupils came flocking in with smiles and kind words of welcome. Then they sang a hymn they had composed for the occasion, and we joined in prayer and thanksgiving for our safe return and for all the blessings and mercies bestowed upon us in our separation.

It is such a joy that our daughter should be willing to return with us. Though she does not come as a missionary of the Board, I know she will find something to do for her Master in India. We were greatly gratified to have been present at her graduation at "Acadia." That seemed a special proof of God's kindness, but when she made known to us her decision of returning to Bobbili, instead of taking up teaching in Canada, our cup seemed running over with blessing.

Miss Harrison is very happy in her work, says she loves it more and more each day, and she surely has done nobly for Bobbili since we went away. All the various phases of the mission seem in prosperous condition, and we

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

are praying and expecting a great blessing. Four of my Bible class, and one from Siamma's class, have been baptised since we returned. To-day my school has been examined, on the secular work, for a government grant, and I have been at the schoolhouse all day. The children did admirably, their attention and discipline were so good that the government examiner remarked upon it more than once. I will not know the results until to-morrow. We are anxious for the grant, because so little money from home seems available compared with the vast need here. There is great scarcity of both water and grain just now. The famine funds we were so thankful to receive will be bestowed direct to the real famine district, but we kept a small portion for Bobbili as there is also much suffering here. The poor cannot possibly get enough to eat, nor cloth to cover their nakedness, and as the cold season is coming on will surely die from exposure and starvation. Such a contrast it is to the land of peace and plenty we left but a few months since. How little you can realize it! Some of you are hoarding riches in banks and bonds who might by carrying on this work be laying

up priceless treasure in Heaven! Many have been aided by the money already sent, but large numbers come begging, many of them pitiable objects, and I plan to keep rice and sorlu always on hand to bestow upon the very old people. I have also given a cup of rice on Sunday mornings to the very poorest of my school children.

Just now I have had to stop writing to attend to two little tots from the infant and kindergarten department of the school. They came to see if they had passed "first class" in their examinations to-day, and were as eager and earnest to know as if they had been seniors at "Acadia." I told them I was quite sure they had "passed" for I had noticed they seemed to do all the work required and answer all the questions asked them, but I could not say about their rank being "*first-class*" until I received the report from the inspector. They looked half fed, and had only a bit of cloth about six inches wide around their bodies, but asked for nothing, and I could not resist giving the little chicks a cup of rice each, though there was scarcely room in their cloth in which to put it. They went away glad

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

and happy as could be, assuring me they would be at school bright and early next day.

The first death in Bobbili among our young people occurred since our return, and I felt it deeply. Chinnamma was taken. She gave us such a warm welcome back to India, even cried, her joy was so great at seeing us again. She was a half-starved little orphan caste-girl we received into our home about eleven years ago. Both of her parents had perished in the famine and she had wandered to Bobbili, where a poor Mala woman succoured her and gave her to Siamma to bring to our mission house. We took much interest in her education and development and Chinnamma herself was greatly pleased with her new life, taking on very readily many of our English ways, and most grateful for all the care we bestowed upon her. She found Christ and was baptised a year or two later, afterward being married to our table-servant and going to a home of her own. In the girls' school she taught sewing and went out with Neila in the afternoons to visit the women in the town. A nice, gentle, little girl she always was, eager to do what work she could. Her illness extended over several

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

months, a form of stomach trouble with severe suffering, but she was very happy in her faith that her Saviour would raise her from the sick bed if it was His will, and, if not, then she was resigned to die. During her last hours she said she felt she was going Home where there was no more pain. And thus our little boarding-girl passed beyond the pearly gates to the Heavenly Mansions, where I am sure a welcome awaited her from Him whom she tried so faithfully to follow here on earth. How I shall watch for her little dusky face when I too pass through the Gates!

Bobbili, November, 1900.

. . . THIS week's mail brought me the tidings that my dear, loving mother had gone to her Heavenly Home. Four times she has given me up with a smile, though heart was near breaking, that I might come to tell India's daughters how to find the way to those eternal mansions where now she dwells. Thrice has she been in the dear old home to welcome me back, but now no mother's welcome ever again awaits me on earth. "Stay a little longer,"

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

she pleaded when this last furlough was at an end, "just another year, long enough to tuck me away to rest." And O, how my heart yearned to grant her request, but the vows of God were on me, and my other ties made other claims seem first. So we talked it over together. Mothers know and understand as no one else can, and she agreed that I must go, though the parting smile was a bit more wistful than ever before and the handclasp more lingering. And how strange it is that exactly to a day was that "year" at end! Her prescience was most wonderful. Five years ago, when my honoured father passed away, I felt that I was indeed bereft. A stay and a rest he had ever been to me through all my varied experiences, always wise in counsel—his sunny face and pleasant ways the joys of my home-comings; and life has been lonely since he left us, with no more on earth a father's proud and tender love. Now my mother also is gone, and I have been on the opposite side of the globe when each was called; no part in the last fond offices of comfort, no farewell embrace. But my Heavenly Parent knoweth best in all things, and my lonely and sorrowful

heart may be turned with deeper desire than before to these mothers in India who had not the blessing of such a home as was mine. "To whom much is given much is required." And even though my days may be long in the land they will be all too short to render back in labours here any adequate return to my Heavenly Father for His precious and wonderful gift to me of my earthly parents.

Mr. Churchill, Bessie, and I, with our preachers and Bible women, had a good two months' journey among the villages on the Bobbili field. We met with many things to encourage us in the work and our messages were almost everywhere listened to with great respect. Many came boldly to the tent to talk after the services, asking questions about the truths presented. Some of the women were very shy and would only approach under cover of darkness. Siamma found quite a group of them one evening, hovering near among the trees, and they would only consent to come inside if we would close all the curtains. As they stole in with such evident fear of observation, I thought of the young man who came to Jesus by night. So many of the Bible

stories and sayings are made plain out here, where their setting is the daily life before us. Some of these women seemed true believers; they joined with us in prayer, and say they know it is their duty to come out publicly for Christ, but have not yet courage to bear the persecution, and the severing of family ties. It is here in this country where the "leave all and follow Him" is literally carried out. In the homeland we say the words over, but they seldom demand a really tangible sacrifice.

Mr. Churchill has been out to Rayagadda for two weeks since we came back, baptising several converts there before he left, and two here in Bobbili after his return. He and Mr. Sanford are planning to go to the Jeypore country to interview the Maha Rajah of that district in regard to land at Rayagadda for a mission compound, also to see if anything can be done to prevent him from taking the lands away from our Christians at Chekkagoorda, which is determined on by his agents there. It will be a long, hard journey, by oxcart, through a feverish tiger-infested country, but writing to the Rajah would be of no avail—a personal interview alone will count. We will

hope for a successful issue, for we are desiring so earnestly to be able to start a mission in that promising field where the Lord has so signally gone before us and opened up the work. It should be one of our principal stations, and a missionary established there with a staff of native helpers. Forty-seven persons have already been baptised. Even the enemies of the converts who would not live in the same community with them at first are now quite friendly again; the head man, once our bitterest opponent, coming openly to our meetings, when we last visited there. He also asked me to go to his own village to show the Bible pictures, and had all the young men of the place assembled when we arrived. We feel that if we are faithful there will be a large ingathering of these Konda Doralu, or Hill gentlemen, as they are called. After much persuasion they have consented to send some of their children here to school, and we are so glad at the prospect, hoping for much in the future from them when they are thus educated and instructed in Christian precepts. A Brahmin widow from there who seems most intelligent, and earnest in seeking the truth, is

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

already here. As she speaks Oorya better than Telugu we have given her to Miss Harrison, who is learning the Oorya language; and if the Lord wills it she can be trained for a Bible woman to the Ooryas. We call her Margaret, and I believe she is going to be a very useful helper some day.

Bobbili, August, 1901.

. . . WE are a very happy family of three these days, our daughter taking as much interest in all the work in which we are engaged as if she were a missionary by appointment. For the last year and a half she has been head mistress of my girls' school. We have so much less money for the expenses of our schools than we need that she offered to take up the teaching, with a Telugu assistant, and thus save the head master's salary. It is a walk of a mile, morning and noon, and the labours are rather wearing, but she keeps valiantly on, remaining here alone with all the varied responsibilities when Mr. Churchill and I were on tour in January. It seems a sweet and blessed thing that I can be thus eased of the load by such loving service.

At our last Conference the missionaries voted to make the Bobbili school a central boarding-school for girls, from all our stations, to pursue their studies here up to lower secondary examinations, and to receive practical training in work among the heathen women. Two most promising and attractive girls, daughters of the preacher at Palcondah and at Tekkali, have entered this year. Since the Maha Rajah started a caste girls' school, some of my Brahmin pupils have gone there. Very many of the Brahmins in Bobbili are his dependents, tenders at the temples, writers, clerks, and priests of his household, and all these, as well as all of his Telugu servants, are compelled to send their daughters where he commands. He gives costly prizes of gold and jewels to first-rank pupils, and a suit of clothes to each scholar, all of which is a great attraction. But we still have some Brahmins, and are prospering in many ways, our roll call always showing between 90 and 100 in attendance. Twenty-four are Christian children, eighteen are boarders, a number of these being supported by mission bands at home. Bible and religious instruction occupy one hour daily,

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

the remaining time being given to other studies and to sewing. The pupils with scarcely an exception attend the Sabbath school also. Often when we are singing our hymns or when every head is bowed in prayer I can manifestly feel the presence of the Great Teacher among us and I do not doubt but He is working in the hearts of these "little ones" of His.

All in the higher forms went up to the government written examination this year, and all passed, many first class and the rest second—no thirds. The children in lower forms had the viva-voce exams. We have two high caste girls who are very interesting. Their father is dead, and their mother whom we have visited much, is willing for them to attend, though they meet with much opposition from their older brother and the Hindu community in which they live. They are people of means, and one of the girls, a widow, has decided to continue her studies up to matriculation. She is a noble girl, fine looking, clever, and self-contained. I feel that the Lord will use her to glorify Himself. The other is married and will soon have to give up the school to go to her husband's

home, but I have large hopes for them both in the years to come. They have been leaders in forming a Girls' Improvement Society. At the society meetings the members come to the platform and read papers of their own composition; very creditable efforts they are, on such themes as Female Education in India, British Rule in India, Duties of Women, etc. To graduate from our school is about the same as an entrance into "high" at home. It surely means a long step from the condition of ignorance in which they would have remained had not the school been established. Three of our band who "passed" successfully, went to the "Nellore Training Institute" and we hope to send some there each year.

So often in our visiting and touring do I meet my former pupils, in other villages, in their husbands' homes, and their dusky faces light in such a welcome smile that my eyes are blinded by the tears of joy. Their shy, glad greeting is exquisitely sweet to me, and though absent from the school for years they seem not to forget the songs of praise learned there, but join most readily with our Bible women in starting the hymns. I watch them as they

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

sing, and though they are not open believers in our Saviour, their faces are alight with an intelligence above their fellows—the torch of knowledge in their heathen minds—the flame of the new life of which they sing, and as I lay my head upon my pillow these nights after I meet them, I beg my God to bring them, some day, these little ones whom I have loved and laboured for, into the full effulgence of His Glory, that in His light they may shine for Him in dark India.

Bobbili, September, 1902.

. . . A PROCESSION of travelling magicians has just passed by the mission house. I wish you could see them. In all countries people are fond of the marvellous—the eternal youth in us delighting in mystery, but in no land is this more especially true than in India. It seems to be the natural home of the juggler—the innate credulity of the people making them good spectators. They see, and marvel, but do not try to find out the means by which the marvels are accomplished, though indeed it is almost impossible for anyone wholly to dis-

cover the methods of their wonderful feats. The country is full of them, from the common snake-charmer to the man who completely bewilders his audience. They deck themselves in gay dress, beads, and brilliant cloths, grotesque headgear, and myriads of jingling bells, and thus attired, beating a tom-tom, march through the principal streets, proclaiming the marvellous deeds they are about to perform—the villagers following them to the place provided for the performance. Their tricks are legion—they toss cocoanuts in the air to a height of fifteen or twenty feet, letting them descend exactly upon the crown of their heads, the cocoanuts cracking exactly in twain! They throw a cannon ball high above them, catching it on the nape of their neck and by bending and quick turns make the heavy ball roll round, up and down the spine, along the outstretched arms and legs and back again to the neck, from which place they throw it once more into the air to a great height. They swallow swords, putting a two-foot blade so far down the throat that only the hilt can be seen—or they are bound and placed in baskets, the cover tied tightly down, and in five minutes



THE OLD HOUSE IN BIMLIPITAM WHERE THE CHURCHILLS AND
SANFORDS LIVED

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

when the basket is opened it will seem to be perfectly empty, the boy who had occupied it being seen some distance up the street!

In some of their religious ceremonies, so called, the performances are most barbarous and frightful, in worship of their idols, and these jugglers are skilled participants, on all such occasions. On our way to attend the Conference at Vizianagram we came upon a band of them and had to pass through the large crowd assembled. Even the Naidu of the village was there, his favour and presence lending great enthusiasm to the gathering. We spoke with a number of the people on the outskirts of the assemblage as we stopped for a change of coolies, but they were in no mood for religion that day, and as it was necessary for us to make all possible speed we journeyed on, though Mr. Churchill departed from them rather reluctantly, for when he comes into contact with any religious sorcerers he feels like Paul at Paphos, that he must labour with them for "perverting" the right ways of truth and of God. Sometimes on the feast days he goes in and out among the people, getting quite a gathering, perhaps, in some quiet place, and

talks with them to try to show how dark and unreasonable are the strange customs they follow, presenting to them instead our Christian faith and our Lord Jesus Christ as the true God to be revered and loved.

It almost seems as if a new generation must arise before these truths can be properly taught and intelligently accepted, a generation with eyes turned toward the dawning light which education and our beneficent British rule will spread abroad in the land. We are greatly interested in these problems and talk them over together whenever we missionaries meet. We believe that it is part of our Father's business here that we endeavour to understand the character of the people, and the nation's problems, if we are to faithfully and intelligently "be about" that business. A question freely discussed among the natives at present is that of representative government, and there are great annual meetings appointed to bring it before the country. A National Congress has been established, and a Public Service Commissioner appointed to inquire into unjust monopolies and abuses, all of which gives you some idea of how the currents of

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

thought are running among these Hindus. "A nation in commotion"—O that every Englishman here was an ambassador for Christ, how speedily would the land be "delivered from error's chain" and God's truth and light spread abroad!

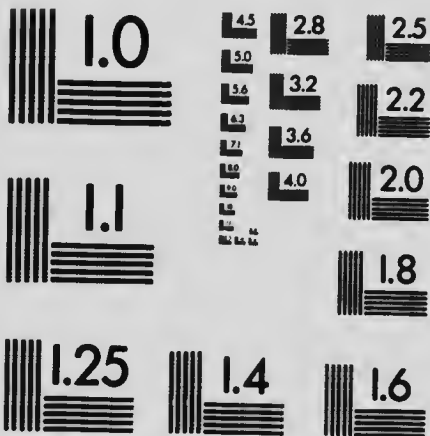
At times, like that day, when we see them so massed in ignorance and superstition, the weight of it all oppresses us with great sorrow and almost discouragement. But our God only requires of each of us to do His own portion of the great task. If we ourselves are faithful we shall in some way prepare the paths for those who shall follow after us and take up greater labours; so, as we talked and rode on over the plains, the weight of it was somewhat lightened, and for our evening song we lifted our voices out over the lonely places in those trusting triumphant words:

"Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run,
People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
His Kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no more."



MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

1653 East Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax

Bobbili Mission House, 1904

. . . DURING our late Conference most of us missionaries who first went out to India in 1878 had a reunion, after many years of separation, and our meeting together gave us great joy. Not one death had occurred in that pioneer band. A song of thanksgiving went up on high that we had been thus spared, and it is indeed wonderful, for life in India is a stern reality and Christian workers here do not lie on flowery beds of ease. We "seven" were all born in Nova Scotia, Mrs. Armstrong in Canso, Mr. and Mrs. Sanford and Mrs. Boggs in the Cornwallis Valley, Mr. Churchill at Yarmouth, Mr. Boggs and myself at Stewiack. Each was converted at an early age; all were Sunday school teachers; most of us day school teachers as well, and every one longed to be a missionary many years before actually set apart for the service. The experiences of each during the intervening years would make interesting reading. To all of us have come labour, loneliness, discouragements, separations, sickness, and death. But joys, greater perhaps than to those who have hazarded less, have also been our portion; the

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

"Lo, I am with you always" never failing us throughout the long period. "We spoke of many a vanished scene" as we talked together on the last day of Conference; our "setting apart" at the Convention in Windsor; the medical course at Philadelphia; that waiting time at Glasgow when en route for Burmah; all the strange new conditions experienced when we housed together in the "Nova Scotia Barracks" at Cocanada, and the separations to the different stations—never again to meet all of us together till this Conference time. Now, alas, that charmed circle is broken; our dear Sister Sanford has been taken home to Heaven. I have loved her long and well, and sorrow fills my heart that I shall see her dear face no more on earth. Always in our gatherings, though, will her gentle presence be remembered, and in spirit, if not in body, the tie that bound us all so close is not severed by death. In Heaven above she waits our coming. Well may it be said of her—

"No single virtue could we most commend,
Whether the Mother, wife, or friend.
For she was all, in that supreme degree
That as no one prevailed, so all was she."

I rejoice to tell you that we have had great encouragement of late, here at Bobbili. Eleven of our dear pupils—"boarders" and Christian children—have been baptised. At the beginning of the year we started to pray for the conversion of those who were not yet believers. While on tour in March, and later in April when I went to the Hills, the burden of my petition was for the conversion of these children, and always when writing to the teachers in charge I urged them also to try to bring these young souls to Christ. To my great delight when I returned I found that ten of the pupils were praying, and taking active part in the religious services, and I was astonished at the freedom and earnestness of their prayers. We held special meetings for their instruction and help. They were carefully examined on their fitness to become Church members, and at the regular service on the following month were received for baptism, the ordinance taking place on the succeeding Sunday—a glad Sunday for the Bobbili missionaries.

We are all greatly interested now in the labours at Rayagadda, and are so happy to learn that Mr. Tedford has offered himself for there,

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

and been accepted by the Board, who will now take it over as a regular *station* instead of counting it but an outpost of the Bobbili field. Our own Conference voted that 1,200 rupees of the 3,000 we missionaries are raising toward the twentieth-century fund, be used to commence building operations there. It has taken nearly three years' negotiations, in the face of much opposition, to secure the grant of land and to get necessary title, etc. But soon as it was finally settled Mr. Churchill went out and put up "go downs," consisting of cook-house, living room, and store room, where he could stay while building the mission house proper. I was out with him in the month of April, and while he was hard at work putting roofs on the "go downs" I took the preacher Prabba-Dass, and Siamma, and travelled out in two directions into the surrounding districts to see where out-stations might be located. The thermometer stood in the daytime at 100 degrees in the shade, so we journeyed mostly by night, going first to Singapore, about thirty miles distant, where we had a grand meeting on the following afternoon. Some 500 or more people assembled, men, women, and children standing

two hours in the blazing sun to look at the pictures of Christ's life, and hear our preachings. That night when we were returning to Rayagadda we met a tiger, right on our roadway. It was in a particularly lonely part of the path, far distant from habitation or village. I heard a great shouting of my men, and leaning out to inquire the cause, saw the terrible animal directly ahead of us. We were weaponless except for sticks, but they are often scared away by noise if not previously having been annoyed, so you can readily believe that I added my own cries to the terrified shoutings of the natives, an inward fervent prayer rising also to my God to spare us. The great creature stood at bay for a moment, then crossed the path and disappeared in the darkness and the wood, whether to emerge again at our rear and attack us we could not know, but we made no tarrying, pushing on as fast as possible over the rough way, relieved and thankful when Rayagadda's huddled huts came in sight. And I thought of Livingstone's verse—"Thou shalt not be afraid for the terrors by night," that he carried with him for comfort and shield into the jungles of Africa. We heard next day

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

that there had been a man-eating tiger in the vicinity for several weeks, parties of the natives going out in many directions to hunt him. How mercifully were we preserved. Now I must work harder than ever before because the Lord must have some need of my labour if He thus spared me.

So, nothing daunted, strong in a protecting power, and because the need was great, we started again in the following week, thirty miles in a northerly direction, to Bissemkotak, and there also we had a good meeting with the people. After the service Siamma and I went into the Sub-Magistrate's house to visit his wife and sister, by his own invitation. The wife was only a young girl in her teens, and we found that she had been educated in a mission school in Vizagapatam. Very delighted she was to see the pictures of the stories she had read of in the Bible there. We are so happy always to meet these women who were once pupils in our schools. They have been faithfully shown the "way of life," and though they do not yet walk therein we who have taught them like to think that the knowledge imparted to them helps to brighten their dark lives,

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

that the Christian hymns they croon to their little ones, and their readiness and ability to now understand the preached word, may be one of God's most potent means of spreading His truth abroad throughout this heathen land.

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

"And when I come to stretch me for the last,
It will be sweet to know that I have toiled
For other worlds than this.
I know I shall feel happier than to die
On softer bed!"

Mission House, March 12, 1906.

. . . A MESSAGE has reached me to-day from Truro—"Lizzie asleep." Asleep in Jesus, I know it is, for if ever mortal was entitled to that perfect peace it is my darling sister Lizzie. As I am alone in the mission house this evening I feel like writing you something of all her death must mean to me. Through these thirty years of our separation she has written me every week, such loving, cheery, newsy letters, sympathising and praying for me in all my experiences by the way. If I have accomplished anything in life it must have been in answer to her devoted prayers and her unbounded faith in the God who careth for us. So shorn of bodily strength and vigour she was, so barred from life's activities and passing joys, but so full of grace and beauty of spirit, and devoted to the cause! Intercessory missionary she was for Bobbili! When the rewards are distributed for "faithful service" the "intercessory" may receive much more than the one who left home to go to the foreign field. Who will take her place

on earth? How plain to-night do I remember when first I heard of her illness. I was teaching at Merrigomish, a little hamlet by the sea in Pictou County, and my father sent over from Truro a man-servant with horse and waggon to bring me home immediately, that I might at once go to her bedside at Wolfville, where she had been stricken while visiting friends. For weeks we watched over her there, not a hope extended for her recovery; but in some way there came a change and she grew strong enough to be taken home, never, however, to again regain her health. Some years she would be confined to her bed, at other times she could get around her room, and through the house. Of late there seemed new vigour, and occasionally, if carried to a conveyance, she could go for a short drive or call. What joy to her when I went home on furlough. She left no questions unasked about our labours here, and we would talk and talk. What sadness when the parting time came again, though she never urged me to stay, but bravely accepted that my life's work was to be done here in India, "*Our India*," she always called it—"Our work." I shall be

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

lonely in the days ahead, for our daughter has left us for the homeland, to take a course at Doctor White's Training School for Christian Workers at New York. She and Miss Harrison and Miss Newcomb are now on the ocean. We hope that Bessie will return to the work here after her course, but are leaving that all with the Lord and with herself. A missionary cannot be made by human intervention, the bond must be executed between them and their Maker, if they are going to prove strong enough for the peculiar trials and vicissitudes of this life. Our years together here since she returned with us from our last furlough have been most happy. I shall dwell upon them for comfort during her absence now. The time I had to leave her at college, just in her budding womanhood, needing my mother's care more then, perhaps, than when a child she had been left before, was the hardest separation I have ever had to bear. When I unciasped her hand from mine as the cruel engine bore me away, I said, "Jesus, I place that hand in Thine, hold it till I come again." And He did. When four years later I was permitted to clasp it once more and to look

into her face, I knew He had kept that which I had committed unto Him. So now we commend her still to our Heavenly Father's care, and if it be His wish, and plan, she will, I trust, soon be back again in India labouring for His Kingdom here.

Bobbili, April, 1907.

. . . LAST month as Mr. Churchill was again out at Rayagadda, building on the mission house, I concluded to go out to see him and to learn how the two young men are getting along at the out-stations there. M. Sommana is the preacher. He was sent us from the Theological Seminary at Ramapatain, apparently much devoted to his work and well trained. J. Appanna is teaching, has already gathered together a school of caste girls. He is the little lad I once told you of—came with his father, a caste man, to beg from us in famine time, then only about eight years of age. They came so often and seemed in such straits that I said to the father one day, "Give your boy to me and I will feed and clothe him and send him to my school." He refused at first, but after some

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

which
com-
care,
rust,
His

7.
was
mis-
and
ting
hana
heo-
ntly
J.
l to-
ittle
er, a
hen
e so
l to
and
my
ome

weeks brought him to us. I took him gladly, and gave alms to the father for several years, until his death. The boy was very smart, passed all the classes in my school, and went away to normal, where he trained as teacher, becoming a most apt and successful one. He married one of my boarding-girls, who also had a normal training—Yerrammah in her own tongue, but named by us Annie Bellisle, in honour of the Church who supported her. She is helping her husband with his school, has a quiet and very efficient manner, and goes about her work very steadily always. It is such a reward for our labours to have those Christian helpers whom we have helped to train take up the work among their people, so bravely, and so full of zeal. And I felt I would like to encourage them in their labours by visiting them.

It was a long ride of forty-nine miles. I started soon as the moon rose, about one o'clock in the morning, four coolies drawing my jinricksha. We had quite exciting experiences on the journey—the coolies getting intoxicated at wayside shops and deserting me in the darkness. I procured a fresh band, after some difficulties, and finally reached my destination,

where I found Mr. Churchill quite ill from the heat, and glad indeed I was to be there to care for him. The jolting of the jin. had made me also rather sick, so we were a pair of invalids for a few days, but soon regained strength enough to go about our occupations. The girls' school proved most interesting. J. Appanna deserves much praise for his work there. The pupils took their examinations well. To reach Singapore, where Sommana is, I had to go by bullock and bandy over that thirty-mile stretch of rough road where I met the tiger on my last passage over it. With me I took our Bobbili colporteur, and Appanna. The incidents of this trip were truly frightful. One of the bullocks lay down at the top of the very steepest hill, and no coaxing or beating or tail-twisting could induce him to pull our cart down the declivity, the driver confessing not only that he could not make him go, but that he himself did not know the way. So the colporteur had to proceed ahead by foot, a long distance, to procure fresh bullocks, while I sat in the cart in the blazing sun for several hours awaiting his return. But with fresh "roadsters" we started on again over the rough way,

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

the men having to jump out and steady the cart many times to keep it from over-turning. However, Sommana's joy at seeing us amply repaid the discomforts *en route*. The children too in the school were so proud and excited to be visited by a white woman. I gave the teacher some money to buy food for our breakfast and he brought mine into the schoolroom for me, but I said, "No, we are all going to eat together to-day and thank the Lord for His goodness and His bounties." It was a red-letter day for Sommana, living in there alone with only the boy we had sent him from Bobbili. You must pray with me for these young men, and the boy Barnabas, working among unsympathizing heathens in those lonely stations. They greatly need God's grace and presence.

I bumped back in my oxcart to Rayagadda, and a few days later returned home, where we have since had a delightful visit from Mr. Simms, of St. John, New Brunswick. He is just the right sort of a man to visit missionaries, so kind and understanding, and interested in every phase of the work. H. H. the Rajah was most friendly in his attentions to our visitor, even arranging that Mr. Simms should

have a ride on an elephant, and we greatly appreciated the kindness.

A few days ago a tall, fine-looking man of the Rajah caste came to the mission house, saying that he wished to be baptised, and to "join the Christians." He first heard of Christ and His teaching years ago when Mr. C. and some of our native helpers visited his village. A number of men of his caste, full of pride, had met them in angry discussion, and the visit seemed at the time in vain. But this man was impressed by what he heard, and from some portions of the Scripture purchased from a travelling preacher some time later he gathered more of the truth; so, silently, sometimes, the Word spreads—a seed scattered by the wayside found lodgment and grew in this man's heart. He appears to have a strong and religious nature, and prays like a Christian taught by the Holy Spirit. From his reading he had a great desire *to see God*, and for this purpose left his home and went to the top of a high and distant hill, sitting there for many days, fasting and praying for the vision, but in vain! Yet, in spite of his great and exceeding faith and his apparent willingness to endure all the

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

persecution and sacrifice his conversion will entail, he is a big problem on our hands. In the first place he does not know how to do any work. His caste people regard manual labour for the most part as menial. He has lived on the income of land worked by others, and what can we give him to do to earn his living so he will not be dependent on mission support? In the second place he is in debt. A speculation last year left him owing two hundred rupees. If he becomes a Christian he must clear this off, and how is he to get the means? In the third place, he will have a wife and yet not have one, for his wife utterly refuses to listen to his teaching and will not hear a word of coming with him if he accepts our faith. Thus we are confronted by one of the great problems of our work out here—*what measure of help we shall give our converts*. The difficulties are not over when a man is converted and baptised, indeed they may seem to have but just begun, and we who must advise and lead them need the Master's guidance every step of our way—a way most perplexing and difficult when questions of this nature must be decided, where we are so desirous not to give occasion for evil

speaking on the part of God's people. They are nearly always forsaken and persecuted by their families, and if left without aid or encouragement from us are very apt to break down, after a time, under the pressure, returning to their idols. On the other hand, if we help them by bringing them here we must also bring their immediate families and thus have them all to care for. Moreover, this assistance we bestow upon them in procuring work and giving personal aid, draws to us a number of undesirable type who flock to our standard because of help offered, and it is indeed difficult to steer straight through the dangers. We wish only to bring fruitful sheaves to the Lord of the harvest, and how to rightly discern the good grain from the chaff gives us much anxious thought. Were we less cautious, perhaps we would have much greater measure of success to report, but sad at heart as we are that there are not better results as to *numbers*, yet all in the work out here agree that real success cannot be measured by baptisms alone. The other activities of our missions represent great labour that must in time bear fruit to the honour of the God in whose name the labour is performed—

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

a sure and a powerful preparatory work going on, out of our human sight.

Before closing my letter I must relate to you two quite exciting incidents which took place this week in our usually quiet and uneventful life. There has been rather a scarcity of rain at Bobbili district, though heavy downfalls are reported in other regions, and in the two wells on our compound there is only a small quantity of water. On Sunday I noticed a man coming slowly into the compound and supposed he was a beggar coming to the house. But he turned and went aside to the well from which we get our drinking water, took off his clothes, and sat on the curb, and before the school boys, whom I sent in haste to drive him away, could reach him, he had *jumped into the well!* By this time Mr. Churchill had got the alarm, and with two of the servants hurried to the well, to find him standing on his feet, leaning against the sides, apparently none the worse for his plunge of about fifty feet. The *water* was only four feet deep. They managed to haul him up with ropes and then found to their disgusted horror that he *was a leper*, in a terribly diseased state, not in his right mind. Of

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

course it occasioned intense excitement in all our household. And the well must be drained, and purified, much as we had needed the water at this dry season. The very next evening, to prove the truth of the saying that "disasters come not singly," we had a little stir from a snake in our sitting room. Just as we rose from dinner a friend sent in a paper for Mr. Churchill, but instead of going, as he always does when reading, to his rattan chair by the outer door, he sat down again by the table and began to read. A few minutes later the servant boy came to close the door and on moving the rattan chair discovered a large snake wound in and out the back. On killing it they found it was five feet long and very poisonous. So occasionally we "sup with horrors," but mostly in a wonderfully providential way are kept from the dangers that are so ominously a part of the habits and life of the country—"the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noonday."

March, 1908.

. . . WE have met with a great loss here at Bobbili, and throughout the whole mission.

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

On March 14th, Bro. Churchill peacefully passed away, after a little over a month's sickness, during much of which he experienced great suffering. He had been engaged on the buildings at Rayagadda, and while sawing off the end of a beam, he put his knee on the edge of it, feeling as soon as he did so, a twinge of pain just below the knee. Next day this rapidly became worse, and in spite of all we could do to lessen it, the trouble increased, and he returned to Bobbili. Soon as Mr. Corey came to relieve me, I went to help care for him, but he continually grew worse—the whole limb became diseased; his sufferings were intense, and in a few weeks' time he passed away.

“W. S. TEDFORD.”

Mr. Churchill was much beloved by us all, and honoured for his integrity and his labours. There were many Hindus from the town at his funeral, and the Maha Rajah very earnestly asserted that his death was a real loss for Bobbili—one that will be felt by all, irrespective of creed. The Hindu people desired to honour his memory by having his body carried through

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

the town at the head of a procession, according to their own custom, but to this the missionaries could not of course consent. Reverently, and with subdued manner the Hindus filed past the coffin, moved to tears as they gazed into the face of the man who had given the labours of his life for their salvation! The faithful steward has been called to a higher service.

"W. V. HIGGINS."

I have ever regarded him with great satisfaction. His unassuming manliness, his blunt honesty, his tremendous energy and untiring industry have been an inspiration to me in all my work. His charity too appealed wonderfully. I cannot remember any word that was acrimonious as uttered against a fellow man. He was full of good heart, attacking with glee situations that would have appalled a less buoyant disposition. The instincts of a true gentleman breathed all through his noble life.

"H. F. LAFRAMME."

Mr. Churchill was a true hearted servant of Christ, a man who gave earnest, independent

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

consideration to every subject which claimed his attention. May all of us who cherished his friendship be comforted. He has done faithful work and entered into rest.

“W. B. BOGGS.”

We may not expect another to fill his place. Each man has a peculiar mission. The Master calls us and endows with qualifications adapted to our task. Certainly it becomes to me to speak of him that which is in my heart, and which I know to be true. He was my yoke fellow for thirty-five years, a good man, faithful, generous, forgiving, devoted to his work. His record is on High, and we on earth have abundant reason to praise God for his life among us.

“R. SANFORD.”

The report of the passing away of that choice spirit, the Rev. George Churchill, awakens sacred memories and stirs the heart's deepest, warmest sympathies. I was one of a few who bade farewell to that band of missionaries on the wharf in New York in 1873. He was

one of the band! As the steamer disappeared from view, Dr. Cramp and I walked up the wharf silent and pensive. "I shall never see him again," said he at length, "never again." Dr. Cramp has, we believe, welcomed our brother into the missionaries' final rest, and home. They will recall together that parting in New York. It will make the welcome sweeter in glory. Mrs. Churchill and daughter have the sympathy of thousands of hearts.

"E. M. SAUNDERS."

Ooctacommund, June, 1908.

. . . So many kind friends have remembered me in my great sorrow, writing me such comforting letters since the death of my dear one whom the Lord has taken to Himself, that I feel I can never repay their kindness. "If the Lord will give us ten years more of faithful work together we shall indeed praise Him," I wrote in my diary on our return from furlough in 1899. Nine of the ten were vouchsafed us, but Mr. Churchill always worked like *two men*, so I am confident he gave his ten years in abundant measure.

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

My God has not forgotten His promise. "Call upon me in the day of trouble and I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me." I have realized the first part of the promise, and I do want the last also, to come true! I want to learn all the lessons He would teach me by this severe trial. It is most thoughtful and loving of our Board to offer me furlough at this sad period of my life, and strong are the attractions in the home land, but I cannot even consider the question, for I know I am needed here—Go now, when our leader has fallen! If it was necessary before is it not doubly needful that I stay on, now? No, I will not leave my post until God equip. He sends out some family to take my place.

Great joy is it that I can expect my daughter's return, to continue the labours her father laid down—"after the fathers, the children." Not without a struggle did she make her decision. Other calls sounded, other desires pressed close, but the cries of India, the land of her birth, prevailed over personal claims of gain or pleasure, and peace and joy followed her when she had made the final surrender. Her letter telling the glad word reached us

just before her father's death, and was a great source of comfort to us both in those trying hours. So we shall soon be united, I trust, and may the God of all comfort sustain us each in the interim.

You can imagine my loneliness here at Ooty, but I felt I *must* get away somewhere for a few weeks, and this is home now, for Mr. Churchill built us a little house in the three last seasons we came here. "Some place to stay when we are too old to work," he would say as he toiled on through vacations while others were playing. Indeed it would have been far better for him to have played also, but he was never willing to idly rest. We have a garden also, such beautiful flowers, and he loved them and took such interest in their varying blooms. He asked the government to call the little settlement here Fairmount, for there are a dozen or more houses of other missionaries round about, and some government cottages, for renting; and I believe it was thus officially named, but our letters are dubbed by many another appellation—Baptist Hill, Missionary Hill, Saints' Rest, Old Ooty, and I don't know how many more. Our own little "Lodge" I shall

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

always keep, while I live. It is the work of his hands and of his heart, and I shall ever feel that it and the Rayagadda House over which he lost his life, are in a peculiar sense the expression of his desire.

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson of the American Baptist Mission are occupying part of the cottage this year, and it is such a comfort to have them with me. I am answering the many kind and loving letters that have reached me since my bereavement, and when those are accomplished I will have rested long enough, and must return to the work at Bobbili, the home there also lonely, the master of the house forever gone from it; but I must labour on while life and strength are given me. During my absence here dear Neila is looking after the boarding girls, and Siamma with the teachers is directing the school. I am confident of their ability to carry on both departments.

I want to tell you also how very kind the Maha Rajah was to us during my husband's illness. When we wished to have the medical attendance of Dr. Smith from Pithapuram, the Rajah sent his horses and carriage, half way to meet him and convey him to Bobbili. Each

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

day of all those weeks he ordered fresh meats from his own stores sent to us, meats such as we could never have purchased at the bazaars, and many another thoughtful and courteous attention which warmed our hearts and helped ease our sufferer. Mr. Churchill had always liked the Rajah, and I was so glad that these friendly ministrations were manifested toward him. I wish the Maha Rajah of Bobbili loved our Lord.

Bobbili, December, 1909.

. . . THE old year is near its close and I have been squaring up accounts to-day. But, O, how many things cannot be squared up with a few figures. If a balance was struck between our receipts of mercy and goodness through the past year, and what we have repaid in love and service, what a poor-showing statement we would have. It seemed so hard at first to pick up the threads of work again, alone, and we had great discouragement here after my return, from the Hills. Four of our Christian helpers died from cholera, one victim of the disease being our bright young Preacher, M. Somanna, who was doing such faithful work at



A STREET IN BOBBILI

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

Singapore. I called him my boy, for I have watched over him so earnestly and prayed for him continually, and it was great satisfaction when he was accounted able to go to our loved Rayagadda to help carry on the work there. He was showing much wisdom in his methods, and I left him on my last visit with such a feeling of relief that God had raised up some one for the labours in that district. But he has been taken home to his God; his wife had to return here, and the little school for the present is broken up. It seems a mysterious providence, and past our small human finding out. There must be some wise purpose in it, perhaps to make the rest of us labour with more zeal. Another of our preachers, B. Kotiah, after many years work, passed away, while on a visit to Calcutta, leaving poor Neila, his wife, very sorrowful. Neila is one of our most valued helpers—Matron of the boarding school, teacher and Bible woman. She teaches the boarding girls to cook, and on several special occasions of late has invited us out to the girls' quarters for our dinner, serving such a good meal—her curries are always perfect. I think she does it because she knows how I miss the master of

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

the house at meal hours, when we would be able to come together from our separate labours, and talk over the various needs. It is her way of showing me sympathy, and I appreciate it, thus kindly proffered. She teaches the girls to garden, too, and to love the flowers, and keeps them most strictly in the care of their rooms—"What *should* we do without Neila?" we so often say. And yet another young man who has lately acquitted himself with great credit at the Theological Seminary has been stricken by the way, with a very rapid form of consumption from which he cannot of course recover, though I have sent for him to return here where we can look after him. We had hoped he might do great work for us, but he may already have done it in taking his stand for the Lord. We judge of efforts by human results only; and out here to lose a helper trained for service *seems* indeed a calamity. Over and over I have to say to my impatient heart, "Be still, it is God's work."

Bessie has passed her examination in Telugu, and is now a fully equipped missionary for our Bobbili field, centring much of her interest in the Caste Girls' School, very dear

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

to her heart, as it has always been to my own. Quite a number of the Coolie Caste have been attending of late, and though they are not as brilliant as many others of the high caste and Brahmin children, yet it is very noticeable how soon the dull and stolid look changes to one of interest and life, after a few weeks' instruction. And we are so glad to welcome them and give them some knowledge to carry back to their lowly homes.

A little bit of mission work that I have been enabled to do at Pithapuram this year has afforded me much pleasure. When Mr. Churchill was so very ill after returning from Rayagadda, I wrote and asked Dr. Smith, the well beloved and efficient medical missionary at Pithapuram, to come to see him, hoping he could recommend some successful treatment of the disease. He came to us, remaining about a week, and was such a comfort, both to my husband and myself. When he took his departure I asked what I should pay him for his services, but he would take nothing then, saying that if Mr. Churchill recovered we could perhaps help them in some of their hospital needs. I felt that we owed him a debt of grat-

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

itude for his tender and kindly ministrations, and found that there was great need at Pithapuram hospitals of wards for Gosha women, who would not and could not come to hospital unless some such private accommodation was offered. . So I have been allowed, to erect there, in memory of my husband, The Churchill Memorial Gosha Wards, consisting of two sets of rooms, each comprising patient's, relative's, and cooking apartments; thus supplying the needs of those who would only come for treatment if allowed to bring relatives and servants. These wards will soon be ready for occupancy, and I am so very glad to be able to assist our good friend Dr. Smith who is greatly appreciated for his noble services, not only at Pithaparum but in the regions round about.

And according to the old saying that "the more you give the more you want to," the Lord put it into my heart in October of this year to help erect a Memorial House here at Bobbili for single missionaries. When the new family arrives on this field, as soon they must, the mission house proper will be given over to them. Of course I could not myself bear the whole cost

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

of such a structure, so I presented my desire to our Board at home, and they have approved of the proposition, supplementing my own offering with an equal amount. The Rajah gave great assistance by helping select a proper site and arranging price within my means, and we will, I hope, be able to put up a good building. I suppose you are wondering how a "poor missionary" has funds on hand, and will think I have mayhap found the fabled pot of gold. So far as I know, the pot of gold is yet at the rainbow's end; but I do not mind telling you that I have devoted the insurance money paid me after my husband's death, to those two memorials. My own needs are not great, and it gratified my lonely heart to thus honour his name and labours, by providing a shelter for the sick and suffering, and a comfortable home for the missionaries here on his loved Bobbili field.

Churchill Memorial, Bobbili, 1911.

. . . You will note by the above heading that we have moved into our new home, Bessie and I, and we think it a gem of a house. I have superintended its entire building, and we could

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

never have put it up for the amount of funds available, had I not been able to thus oversee every part of the work from foundation to turret top, thereby preventing much waste of time and of material. Helping my husband through all his various building of our dwellings, I had gained much knowledge in that direction. Counting bricks, mixing sand and chunam, laying lines, watching and paying coolies—I had been through it all. So out of experiences that had oft seemed irksome when barring me from active and actual mission work, I have reaped incalculable benefit in erecting this Churchill Memorial.

I know you want to hear about some of the appointments of our new home. Ever since we came to India I had wanted an "upstairs house" as we speak of them here; so when we began to talk about building this place we decided to make it a two-story dwelling, with two bedrooms, each having its own dressing-room and bathroom, on the upper floor; with sitting room and dining room, studies and store rooms all below stairs. The separate suites are a necessity, not a luxury. If two single missionaries live here at any time, be they never so conge-

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

nial, never such good friends, each can do better work to have a room into which she can retire "from the world shut out," for study, for prayer, for times when strain of body and mind almost overpower. On the lower floors, in rooms which open on the verandah you are constantly subjected to the gaze of the passers-by, who even come up onto the verandah, peering and prying through window and door. Closed shutters are no drawback, they pull and poke till they have opened them, very often entering and walking through the house, asking innumerable questions. So these upstairs retreats will, we are sure, be of inestimable value in conserving the health and energy of the missionaries resident here.

The house is high above the ground, to escape all possible dampness. Verandahs are on every side but one, where are situated the store-rooms for bake-stove and various other needs. Verandahs also circle the upper story, and we often carry our cots out upon them to sleep, when the weather is extremely hot. Thankful we are that all the work is finished. Mr. Corey was most helpful and kind, attending to all the iron work throughout, also super-

intending the putting on of the roof. And all the dear sisters at home have been so good in sending so many of their "dollars" to help on the building. I wish each one could come in to visit us. Bessie had a great house-warming party here, in honour of my seventieth birthday, arranged it without my knowledge, inviting all the missionaries to be present. They arrived after I had gone asleep, or very early in the morning, so you can imagine my surprise and happiness to be wakened with them all singing a birthday greeting song! Such a glad and lovely day it was, breakfast in picnic fashion in the front-room, service in the afternoon, and the birthday dinner with a huge cake from Bimli encircled by seventy candles, as the special feature of the feast—a day of joy and gladness, of inspiration and blessing, a house-warming and a heart-warming to tide me over the allotted span of my "three score years and ten."

I do not think Mr. Churchill would be forgotten in Bobbili even if there were no Memorial, at least not until this generation passes away, for so many come in to see the large portrait of him that we have on a stand opposite

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

the doors, and they speak so tenderly and kindly of him.

I was out on tour through February. My young men preachers and helpers thought I worked them pretty hard, as we visited thirty-four villages and spoke to 198 different congregations of Hindus, always having a hundred and more in attendance, on many occasions three and four hundred gathering and listening, till the close of our service. Such a longing I have for the conversion of these people, and I pray my days may yet be long in the land to tell them the story of "life" and "love." Mr. and Mrs. Orchard have arrived, and been most gladly welcomed. We have all taken them right into our hearts. They are now with Mr. and Mrs. Higgins at Waltair, combining Telugu study with some work in English, but will soon be returning to Bobbili again, for this is to be their permanent home, and we shall all work together with good cheer and courage. Several of our helpers are sick at present. I wish we might have Christian hospitals here as at Pithapuram, and some day it may come to pass, if we are faithful in all our other departments of service. They are doing a noble work

there. It offers splendid opportunity for reaching the hearts of the people, and influencing their lives. When the Memorial Gosha Wards were opened, Dr. Smith invited me to be present, and I was so interested in all the workings of the various branches. It was at the time Mr. and Mrs. Firstbrook and Mr. and Mrs. Ryrie were visiting the Ontario Mission Stations, and they also were invited to attend, indeed we three women were given most important duties in connection with the occasion; Mrs. Ryrie laying the corner-stone of the D. Geshirigi Rau Ward; Mrs. Firstbrook formally opening the European wards for accommodation of sick missionaries, while the opening of the Churchill Memorial Wards fell to my lot—a very pleasant forenoon's work. It was a great pleasure to meet these ladies, fresh from Canada, devoted workers and adherents of the mission cause in their home city Toronto.

Bessie has just come in; she says she is going to take as her motto for the coming year—"Let me not leave my little plot of ground untilled." What a good one it is, for us all; what a harvest we should have!

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

Churchill Memorial, Bobbili,

January, 1914.

. . . I FIND I do not write many letters of late years. Every hour seems full of other duties, but as we leave India in a few weeks, for our furlough, I must let you have some account of our doing here since last you heard. My husband's mantle seems to have fallen upon me, as to building operations, for I had only a short freedom after the completion of our Home, when another task was placed upon me, the erection of dormitories and other needed rooms for my "boarding-girls." For some time our space has been limited. With an increasing attendance we needed ampler and safer accommodation, and as it was voted that the school should be permanently settled here, to be known as the Central Boarding School, I was greatly delighted when it was decided to build the new quarters, most gladly undertaking the supervision of the work. We built on land adjoining our Memorial, enclosing a square of 195x180 feet, arranging ample accommodation for 200 pupils; and the Lord enabled us to carry it all through successfully, even to the digging of a well on the girls' com-

pound. You would have liked to see our formal opening of the new buildings. It was a pretty sight, and to me a most gratifying one, to watch that procession of over fifty girls, resident pupils, remembering as I do how it started with the one little beggar waif, Chinnie, who is now the mother of the tiniest tot in the school. The services were on a Sunday morning, and we all marched over from the school room on the mission compound, to the new dormitories, singing as we went. In the gardens the oleanders were glowing with bloom, great bunches of rose-coloured loveliness shedding abroad their elusive scent; leaning over the wall between the compounds the pagoda trees with their creamy petalled flowers deepening into rich yellow, and so sweet; and clumps of jasmine full of waxy, starlike blossoms filling the air with richest fragrance. Most of the girls wore a flower tucked in their dark hair, their faces so subdued and serious as we marched across the green. At the closed gates of the high wall which surrounds the dormitories we halted, Mr. Corey giving thanks to the Lord for His help received while building, and asking His blessing on the pupils. Then I un-

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

locked the gates and gave the key to Neila our trusted matron, while we all entered, singing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." Inside the courtyard the children sat down upon the grass and a very interesting programme was carried out—songs and sermon and prayer, a glad and sacred service.

We thank God that there has been a new work going on in their hearts as well. On one occasion nine, and on another seven of the girls have been baptised, making a good confession of their faith. Some of the older ones go out with me in the afternoons when I visit in the homes, and are becoming of much service. May they be held close in the Father's arms till He gathers them home in His Heavenly Mansions! They should give a good account of themselves in Christian work, in the years to come, for their India.

I have been out to Rayagadda of late, to which place I was invited to be present at the dedication of the Churchill Memorial Hall. I had not been there since the mission house was finished, and it proved to be a delightful event, worshipping in the little gem of a chapel that Mr. Tedford has built, visiting the schools,

calling upon some of our old pupils now married there, and visiting also our friends at Chekkagoorda, those first Christian converts. Every place seemed sacred to the memory of him who wrought so strenuously and who gave his life in making a comfortable home for the missionaries who should come there. It cast a tinge of sadness over all my eye rested upon, but I should really have experienced a thrill of victory, seeing he had accomplished so much and had been called above to higher service. On the day of dedication the sun shone brightly as it can shine in India, and the chapel was well filled both morning and afternoon—persons of note from the town, girls from the schools, and even some of the Christians from Singapore, who had walked the thirty miles to be in attendance. Mr. Hardey and Dr. Sanford preached on the different occasions, grand sermons, full of strength and light—a wonderful upholding of Christ before the many Hindus present. Surely the Lord is in that place, for we were rejoiced to learn that Mr. Tedford has already received twenty-one converts into the church during his short stay there, and many more are seeking after the truth. I shall always love the

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

work at Rayagadda and watch its development with keenest interest.

Yesterday I had a most enjoyable experience, my first automobile ride, given me by our young Rajah—Maha Rajah's son. He thought I must not go home to Canada without having had an auto ride in India, and very kindly came around for us, Bessie, Mrs. Orchard and myself. What a spin we had. At first remembering my timidity, he proceeded at a slow rate, but soon increased the speed, and we flew along, rushing past paddy fields, now but brown terraced plains, by the ruins of the old fortress where once the defence of Bobbili was fought; flitting fast through villages where I had plodded my weary way for many a year by "bandy" and "jin," on by river and by wood, and safely back to Memorial Home. Thoughtful indeed the Rajah was to give us such a pleasure. What a boon an auto service would be for the missionaries, and it would mean good roads for India as well. Not for our ease would we crave it, but because we could thus oftener reach the distant districts to unfurl the banner of the cross. Those who follow on after us may yet see the day.

I have also had my last tour before leaving Bobbili. We were about sixty days, preaching and teaching our message to over ten thousand people in all, selling 200 portions of the scriptures, and visiting in many of the homes. I noticed that when we went out joyfully, and expectantly, to our work, praising God as we went, for the great privilege, and forgetting the trials by the way, that the people listened better and seemed more eager to catch all our words. I will be looking forward to our return when I can again go over this same route, and earnestly will I pray that some of those who heard, and who will read the purchased scriptures, may accept the Saviour we tried to preach unto them.

I shall be seventy-five when I come again, but I hope the dear Lord will not let the years sit heavily upon me, for I could not be satisfied to stay away from this blessed work. They try to keep me young out here by having happy birthdays for me, this last one being spent at the Vizianagram bungalow; a surprise party again, far as I myself was concerned, for on going out to quietly enjoy the day with Miss Clarke, I was met by twenty-one assembled

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

missionaries, and we had a joyful birthday party, a presentation, too, of a beautiful leather bag, for use on my homeward journey. God is good to give me loving friends, and I praise His name for all His goodness to the children of men.

Toronto, Canada, June, 1916.

. . . I BELIEVE it is finally settled by our Board that I return to India, and if the Lord sees fit to bring it to pass I will leave Canada early in September, taking passage on the same boat with Dr. and Mrs. Timpany, who have kindly consented to have me in charge. It has been a vexed question for some months, and I am so very glad that the Board has decided to agree to my request to be sent out, even though lame and lonely, to my loved work. When I fell, at San Francisco, soon after landing there on our return home, fracturing my hip, and laid aside in hospital for those weary months, it truly seemed as if my usefulness was at end. I thought I might not ever walk again, and confess I just did mourn a bit that my crippled body would probably have to remain here in Canada, idle, while my heart would ever be in

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

India longing for labour there. But God was wonderfully gracious unto me. Bessie nursed me with untiring devotion. Kind friends and strangers in that strange city helped care for me, and in Vancouver where I went by ambulance and boat rides, my beloved brother and his family with whom I visited, gave me new hope by teaching me to walk upon crutches, not an enviable means of locomotion but far better than not moving at all; for such an adept did I become in their use that with their aid and that of Bessie and the "C. P. R." I was enabled to cross the continent to Nova Scotia. It was not the home-coming I had planned on, and I did keep asking for a while "*why*" it had to happen, but concluded it must be chastisement, which I knew I needed, on many counts. And now that I recall the year's events, I really believe it has been a sweet affliction to endure, for I have received much loving attention that might perhaps never have been vouchsafed in health and strength. I will be able to forget the pain and the disappointments, but never the wonderful kindnesses proffered.

My daughter's marriage to Rev. Mr. Stilwell of Cocanada, home on furlough, and their

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

subsequent decision to remain here another year instead of us all sailing together this autumn as at first resolved, quite unsettled my own plans for a time; the Mission Board assuming that I would not return without them, and many of our friends taking the same view. But I do not see it that way at all. I have graduated from crutches to sticks, from two sticks to one, and who knows but I may yet walk alone! Anyway I know God can use me, maimed or whole, wherever He wants me to be, and I am asking Him that He will show me His will throughout. I have known what sorrow and loneliness mean—I shall know it again. But I know what His presence means for comfort and help—I shall know that again, also. And I want the Lord Jesus Christ when He comes for me to find me at my post in India.

All I seem to be able to do here in a city home is to sit within my four walls and knit; with an occasional outing at church or mission circle. The knitting has been blessed work because it is for our brave soldiers, and as I knit I pray for them, and love them. But out in India I can tell of God's great love to those

who might have no other way to hear it unless I who have offered my *whole life* for that cause am there to tell it to them. Every one of us who enlisted for the work there should be on hand to be doing our "bit"; for I believe, in these days when the "waters are troubled," even in India her sons and mothers making their sacrifice, as we are, for a Christian country and Christian principles, that *this* is the time to "step in" for a blessing. In Bobbili, lame though I may be, I can take a Bible woman's arm, and with my Bible and Pictures can visit many a home each day. I can also go on tour to outside villages, for I know the people and their speech,—and alas the labourers are few!

I cannot express the joy and the consolation it has been to be in the dear home land, and I am not allowing myself to think that in all probability I shall not again return. Never can I forget how happy I was to be in attendance at the convention in Truro last autumn, meeting so many of the brothers and sisters with whom I have held Christian fellowship in the years that are past, some of whom first sent me forth, many who have prayed for me continually, and all of whom greeted me with lov-

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

ing kindness on this my first return a widowed missionary. My thoughts went back to that other convention of long ago, when, all untried, we "seven" were set apart for the great commission. Forty-three years have flown by since then. I thank the Lord for them. Often have I failed, sometimes almost faltered, but never have I desired to be aught but a disciple of Christ, privileged indeed to be bearer of His message of light and love to heathen lands.

The Lord gave me a text, before I went out that first time, and I have kept it in mind and heart, through all the varying years. "My times are in Thy hands." I wish always to leave them there—He knows the way to point me, and I have found His leading always best.

In quite a wonderful experience, He gave me another—in answer to the special prayer of two sisters at home. When my letters reached here telling of our great sorrow in the death of our darling Georgie, these sisters earnestly prayed that the Lord would so teach me to feel His presence that I would be lifted above my grief to rest entire upon His love. On the day they asked this, as I learned from

letters later, I opened my Bible to the verse—
“Lo, I am with you always.”

And I was writing it down, to better fix my heart upon its strength, when the Lord stooped and came so manifestly near that I seemed engulfed in His divine presence, and could only fall at His feet and cry aloud, “My Lord and my God.”

Now, I am taking a third text—“My Lord shall supply all your needs.” These three shall be my stay. I am content to rest upon them. Whether I go to far India or remain here,—I shall never drift beyond His leading hand—His comforting, satisfying presence, or His loving supply for all my wants.

LETTERS FROM MY HOME IN INDIA

“And when I shall reach Heaven,
If Christ will bring me to that blessed shore,
Oh! how this heart will flame with gratitude
And love! And through the ages of eternal years
Thus saved, my spirit never shall repent
That toil and suffering once were mine below!”



