

IN TENT AND BUNGALOW

By

Amy Sadtler Albrecht

edited

by

~~Amy A. Dunkelberger~~

*ms. E. S. Sewers
(Elsie Ringmaster)*

It is to be noted that in this manuscript, as Mrs. Lewars has already indicated at some places, the "Grave and Reverend Senior" refers to Dr. L. L. Uhl. "B.H." stands for Best Husband, who is Dr. Albrecht. "Mr. and Mrs. Trustworthy" are Mr. and Mrs. Aberly. The "saint" refers to Rev. S. C. Kinsinger. Her "comfort" refers to Miss Minnie Moses, and the "angel" or the "little angel" refers to Amy Aberly, now Mrs. R. H. *M* Dunkelberger.

JL

To

Little Mother

Who taught me to pray and
who "being dead yet speaketh."

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Introduction

It is with genuine pleasure that I comply with the request of ^{Ms. Albrecht,} the author of the letters contained in this book and write this brief word of introduction. To read over them, interesting and instructive as they are, brought (to) me the added pleasure of living over (again) not a few of the experiences of a joyous missionary life in India in the very field in which the Author lived and labored so long and with such rare devotion. One of the earliest impressions, received on arrival in India in company with ^{her} (the Author) and the "young bride" mentioned in these letters, was the seriousness with which missionaries took what some called "overlanding." The mails to Europe are known as "the overland mails" and so this term only meant the work of writing the home letters. No distractions were allowed to interfere with this duty which, in the midst of a busy life, had often to be put off to the last evening before the weekly mails were dispatched. No one took this part of a missionary's work more seriously than did ^{Ms. Albrecht, then} (the Author of these letters.) Little did any of us then dream that kind friends would preserve these letters and that more than a third of a century later they would be made available in the attractive form in which they are now offered, (to the reader.)

While these letters were begun in Guntur, an old and well established mission station, they soon introduce us to what was then really pioneer work in the Palnad, where ^{Dr. and Ms. Albrecht} (the Author, with her equally devoted husband) did their main work in the mission field. It is true indeed that near the very beginning of that mission's work in India, Rev. Dr. C. F. Heyer, ^{its} (the founder of the mission), had labored most successfully there; it is also true that in the seventies of the last century, the Rev. J. H. Harpster, had labored there with no less marked success; it is also no less true, though often overlooked, that, during the long periods when no missionaries were resident in that

field, Indian Christians (laborers) carried on the work according to and even beyond their ability, when the limited preparation that they were given in those days is remembered. It is with no disparagement of what had been done before that I still venture to call the work of Dr. and Mrs. Albrecht in this field real pioneer work. Elders in the mission then, with the best of motives, advised ^{them} against (their) going there as being too dangerous. All thought it a field in which not more than a short term of service could be put in by any one not native to those parts. But even more, the work which they started among the middle classes with so much of inconvenience to themselves, was entirely along new and untried lines. Letters, covering no less than twenty years bringing before us conditions that have practically ceased to exist with the coming of the automobile, give a narrative of heroism and endurance that need to be preserved among the records of the heroes of faith. It adds to their interest that these letters written to a friend break through the reserve of more formal narrations and reproduce the past with a freedom from restraint that adds not a little to their charm. When it is remembered that the pioneer work, begun amidst such difficulties as are related in these letters, has resulted in the conversion of no less than 3000 from among the very classes who hitherto had been thought inaccessible to the appeal of the Gospel, these letters too need to be preserved for the encouragement and the inspiration that they offer in the assurance that in due season we shall reap if we faint not. They furnish another of the many proofs that come to us from the mission fields of the world that as the disciples go forth and preach everywhere the Lord still works with them and confirms the word with signs following.

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On the Atlantic

S.S. Brittanica, Dec. 4, 1889.

"Never, never, never," I said and said it emphatically and meant it, and yet what seemed then the most unlikely thing in the world has happened, and I am actually on my way to India. When I reach dry land I will ^{shall} write you how it (all) came about.

The hardest moment of all was when the ship began to move away from the dock. 'Little Mother' was standing there with her dear lovely smile, while the space between us grew wider and wider. Finally there was nothing to be seen but a grey line of mist.

As the shore faded (out of sight) a nice, trustworthy-looking young man, also sailing for India for the first time, made some joking remark evidently wishing to cheer me up. He found me unresponsive, but I have tried to make up for it since. His little wife is a dear and I know Mr. Trustworthy, as I call him, is going to be a first-class missionary. He can see the funny side of things too.

The Grave and Reverend Senior missionary of our party came up as I was gazing over the ocean and asked what I thought of it. I said "I think it is fine. I like it." "Ha, ha, ha," he said, as he turned away, "she thinks it is fine, she likes it. Just wait a little, ha, ha, ha." I did not have to wait long. The sea began to bubble and to boil. What a mighty power the sea is! I thought of a day last September on Manhattan Beach. When we came out after our ^{by} Bluefish dinner we could hardly believe ^{it} possible that in one hour such a change could have taken place. The benches on which we had rested had been torn loose from their fastenings, the heavy iron parts were twisted out of shape and had been tossed by the waves far up on the shore. Where the green plots had been was now an angry sea, and the signs "Keep off the Grass" were dancing on the waves. Now we are the ones who are dancing on the waves. Under the circumstances, the cabin seemed to me the best place. Mr. Trustworthy was the only one of our

party who ate every course on the menu. I understand you don't get roast beef and veal cutlets in India, and I advised him to lay in a supply.

II.

How It All Came About.

Torrington Square, London,
Dec. 16, 1889.

The first night in London I was (as) blue as indigo. Right after dinner we went to our rooms. I, being the most insignificant one of the party, was given a little room at the end of the hall where there were no facilities for making a fire. It was a cold, dreary day. I crawled into my astrachan wrap, sat first on one foot and then on the other, and tried by the light of the candle to get some consolation from my New Testament. The candle grew shorter and shorter and I colder and colder. Even the thought of how hot it was going to be in India did not keep the shivers from my back and I began to have a pain in the left corner of my throat. Remembering the bottle of quinine pills that had been given me with the injunction to take one at once if I found myself taking cold, I did so. But the horrid little white ball gave me a pain in my chest. I broke out with nettlerash, and if my sensations, mental and physical, had been put in one side of a scale and on the other side sea-sickness, and toothache, and missing a train and being caught in a rain without an umbrella, the latter side would have flown up. But all's well that ends well! The next morning the India rubber ball bounded out of bed and we "did" London. ~~But~~ Now the promised account of how it all came about. We children used to love Atlantic City and always found everything perfection, but once a visit there was spoiled by a rainy day. The change in the weather began towards evening with a stiff breeze. It was fine to walk on the beach, to feel the invigorating salt air on your face and to struggle against the mighty wind. It was wonderful to see the foaming waves, tossing higher and higher and hear the ocean sighing and roaring. But the next day was not wonderful

at all. The rain came down in torrents. In those days Atlantic City was not what it is today. (~~In those days~~) Besides the daily sea baths, the pleasures were digging in the sand, walking on the beach, or reading in some sheltered corner of the weather-beaten pavilions. (~~But~~) On this particular day there were no fresh books to read. The guests in the Senate House (~~that year~~) seemed to be dull old semi-invalids. Not knowing what to do with myself and feeling a strong inclination to be cross I went as a last resort to the piano on which no one ever seemed to play twice. Somebody had scattered over the piano a number of leaflets. I took up one to kill the time and found it was an appeal to the young to serve the Lord by giving themselves for missionary work in India. "Never, never, never!" I said but though I threw the tract away, it was as if someone were *pressing* home to my conscience a most unpleasant duty. What was really written in the tract I never could remember, but I was haunted by it, and could not ^{get} rid of the thought which it had engendered.

The misery did not end with the rain, nor with the visit. It continued for months, possibly more than a year - I do not know. It was not present all the time. In between came days or weeks of gayety, laughter and forgetfulness. We had moved to the city, and our dearly beloved pastor was a man who lived near to God, and was used of God to lead others nearer to Him. Sometimes when he appealed to us to give ourselves more devotedly to the dear Lord, or pictured the blessedness of a life of service, the disagreeable tract bobbed up its ghost of a head. The thought came, "Then you will have to go", and the misery began anew. I could not speak of it to anyone. I tried to expel the thought even from my own mind. In prayer I resolutely pushed the idea into the background, perhaps hoping that God would also forget. But God did not forget. He had begun to answer my prayers, and I did not like the answers. I had asked to be made like unto Him who left His Father's house and came to earth to suffer and to die, and I knew not what I asked. I had prayed for guidance, but I did not want to be guided in that direction. A Word behind me was saying, "This is the way

walk ye in it", and I was trying to shut my ears to the sound. Also I heard the voice of the Lord saying, "Whom shall we send, and who will go for us?" and I felt like saying, "Please Lord, send somebody else".

(~~But~~) I was being brought by a way (~~that~~) I knew not. I was being led in paths that I had not known. He had loved me, unworthy though I was, with His wonderful incomprehensible love, and He would not let me go my own way. (~~And so~~) At last, the misery proving unbearable, I went up to my room, and kneeling down, I told the dear Lord that anything was better than this misery, and, if He wanted me to go, I would go. From that hour the tract stopped haunting me, (and it never even occurred to me that God had called me or wanted me to go.) My (~~dear~~) pastor's sermons became a source of real spiritual enjoyment, and I was as happy as the day was long. Then came the sorrowful winter when there was the first break in the family circle, and the dear father, after a short illness crossed his hands over his breast as though in prayer, and went home. One death followed another in quick succession, in two cases only three or four days apart - three uncles, one aunt, one of the dearest children in the family, and more than one ^{beloved} dear friend. There were anxious days of nursing, long days waiting for news, sad days of being comforted and trying to comfort, and laughter seemed a thing of the past.

Just at this time The Woman's Biennial Convention met in the city, and there was the usual appeal for new missionaries. ^{Said a voice,} Then came the thought, "You could not have gone before; it would have been too hard a blow for your (~~dear~~) father, but what is to hinder now?" It was a ^{joy-bringing suggestion} joyful thought, and after talking the matter over with Little Mother, ^{who} after eight years of blindness was able again to see, I went to the corner of the church where the women of the Executive Committee were having a meeting, and said, "Here am I, send me". The Executive Committee asked me to take a summer Kindergarten course. Fortunately Little Mother could go with me. Sister stayed at home and with ^{her} the usual self-denying spirit, sewed for me

all through the hot weeks.

After we returned from the Kindergarten course the relationship ^{arrived one by one} began ~~to come~~ to sympathize with Little Mother, and to try to console her for the loss of her child. Now ^{having} ~~(you knew)~~ that after Little Mother had recovered her sight, ~~after 8 years blindness,~~ ^{she} she became president of the Missionary Society, and she ^{was} ~~is~~ so intensely interested in the work that she seems ^{she} happy about my being a missionary. How the callers ~~did~~ stare when Little ^{she} Mother said, "I am so glad that I have something that I can give". One of ^A ~~the~~ cousins said to me afterwards, "I don't understand your mother, at all. I was afraid ~~even~~ to approach the subject, thinking it would make her cry, and ^{but} ~~now~~ ^{seem} it almost looks as though she were glad to get rid of you". Another ^{cousin}, whose sister is married to an army officer, also came to "comfort" Little Mother. She said, "After all, I don't think it ^{is} such a bad idea for her to want to go to India. They have the ^military there, you know, and I am sure she ^{will} have a gay time". ~~That was her view point.~~ You see, my dear, there ^{is} ~~is~~ ^{the} ~~profesied~~ ~~for me some~~ compensation. However, I believe there is no military within ^{any hundred} ~~600~~ or maybe ^{two thousand} ~~2000~~ miles of the spot to which I am supposed to be exiled. I am afraid the things I don't know about India would outweigh the things I do know; for, although as leader of our Young People's Society, I have had to do some studying up, India seems such an immense territory, and so complex in its population, languages, manners, customs, and castes, not to mention its geography and history, that there surely will have to be some more studying up when I get to the other side of the world.

One day a returned missionary ^{visited us} ~~was~~ here. She was so glad I was going. Her face beamed. She asked me whether I was musical, and when I answered in the negative the beam died out of her face and with the corners of her mouth drooping, she said, "It ^{is} a pity". I felt as if ^{she} Sister Adelaide ought to have been the one to go. The corners of my mouth began to droop and I was angry with myself for having been so willing to leave all the

music to the one of the family who began ^{announcing} ~~nimb~~ling up her fingers the day she was hatched. I saw plainly that I had not the qualifications; still, in spite of all deficiencies, I am on my way. I realized that very emphatically one day. I had been down to the city. When I returned and was running up the stairs, I happened to look down, and there in the space between the stairway and the parlor, stood three big tin-lined boxes, with my name and India in big black letters. You know what I did? I rushed up to my room, threw myself on the lounge, groaned out, "I can't go away and leave everybody", and boo-hoo-ed ~~(for four and a half minutes.)~~ That was however only a ^(related) April shower, for I can not tell you with what feelings of reverent joy I read almost every day, Eph. 3:8 - "Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints (and you know as well as I do what kind of a saint I am) is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ". It is too wonderful that God has really chosen poor me!

During this time we read a book called "Everyday Life in India" by Rowe. Before I had finished it, it suddenly disappeared, Sister being the ^{responsible} ~~cause of its disappearance.~~ She had read a chapter called "Night Life in India". It seems that there are all sorts of horrible noises at night there, and fearing that if I read it, I might get nervous, she hid the book. However, ^{On} Little Mother's advice it was brought to light again, and I must say, as there depicted, night life does seem a bit eerie. I remember thinking long ago, when we were children, that I would rather die of measles or mumps than be eaten by cannibals. John Paton of the New Hebrides said, "If I can but live and die serving and honoring the Lord Jesus Christ, it will make no difference to me whether I am eaten by cannibals or worms". I believe there are no cannibals in India, but there are sure to be plenty of worms, and snakes, too.

III

Seas and Lands

Baglioni's Grand East Indian Hotel,
Brindisi, Italy, Dec. 29, 1889.

As you see, we are getting along, [—] Every day a little farther away from all the dear ones, whom I love with all my heart, and every day a little nearer to those whom I hope I shall learn to love. I am sure you have heard parts of my letters written all along the way to the ~~(dear)~~ home folks. We have been moving about too rapidly to write many letters, but I want to send you a line before I step over the border line to the Orient. At my last farewell meeting, I recited some lines from Sarah Geraldine Stock, and have been saying them over to myself many times during this trip—

"The tender light of home behind,
Dark heathen gloom before,
The servants of the Lord go forth
To many a foreign shore.
But the true light that can not pale
Streams on them from above,
A Light Divine, that shall not fail,
The smile of Him they love.

The peaceful joys of home behind
Danger and death before,
Right cheerfully I set my face
To seek the foreign shore.
For Christ has called, and His dear word
Brings bliss, whate'er betide;
'Tis not alone - 'tis with my Lord
I seek the other side."

I had rather dreaded the first Christmas away from home. It was spent on the train. The ^{family} dear folks had written Christmas letters for me, and so I had a feast. Little Mother wrote, "You must not think that I have ~~ever~~ said good bye to you, for I want to feel that my spirit is with yours always. ~~(I want to tell you)~~ I thank God that He was willing to use one of my dear girls to help Him to do the work in India". ^{she five?} Isn't Little Mother just dear? She gave me the most comforting verses to help me. It really made it a Happy Christmas after all.

So far the trip has been a real pleasure. There has been so much to see that it seems as though we have been on the journey a long, long time.

One of the Bible promises is being fulfilled every day - the one about leaving house, or brethren, or sisters, or father or mother, or wife or children, or lands. It is the "lands" part that is now being fulfilled. Asia and Africa are promised for the near future, and now we are getting our memories filled with Europe. We have seen ^{Milau} Venice, Florence, Rome, Pompeii and Naples. Rome was the most interesting of all. When the Grave and Reverend looked out of the car window in the semidarkness, and said, "We are nearing Rome", I trembled all over. I peered out ~~(of the window)~~ and saw the ruins of the old aqueduct. Later I walked with Paul along the Appian way, and I felt most unworthy when I read of ^{his} this great missionary and his labors. Of course we saw St. Peter's and the Vatican and everything else, but I have written pages of all that to the home folks. The ruins and especially the Colosseum ^{impressed} gripped me the most.

One night we were on the through train from Naples to Brindisi. The compartment was intended for six passengers, and besides our party of four, there were two Franciscan monks. ^{They} These monks were kind looking chaps, clad in coarse brownish grey garments, with pointed capuchin, ^{and} a cord around the waist, and they had bare feet. The train ^{was} held for a moment in Pompeii. The door was thrown open, and pell mell came tumbling in one after another, suitcase, hand-bag, hat-box - I don't know what all. After the baggage, in skipped a man; the door was shut, and off we were again. As he skipped in, ^{he} the ^{man} said, "I know you are not glad to see me but my boat sails tomorrow, and this is my last hope". ^{The monks helped to} find a place for the baggage, and we made room for ^{the man} him. He turned out to be a gentleman whom on our visit to Pompeii we had noticed as being specially interested in inscriptions. He was an Egyptologist, and the Grave and Reverend looked as though he thought he had a God - sent after so many days of enforced company with no one but round-eyed, staring fledgelings. The fledgelings tried to nap but could not on account of the learned conversation. ^{Presently we realized} Gradually it dawned on us that the learned

conversation had ceased. The newcomer sat with his head buried in his hands and groaned. Suddenly Without a moment's notice his breakfast, dinner and supper were emptied out on our footwarmer. The poor man seemed in agony. I felt it was useless, in reply to his appeal for help, to offer my bottle of quinine pills. They had not helped me. The Little Bride had ^{offered} paregoric (along), but the Franciscan monks helped the situation the most by watching the face of the sufferer, and when it began to turn a greenish yellow, each grabbed ^{my} an arm and dragged ^{my} him to the window. It was a relief to the whole party when finally there was a halt, long enough to get a change of footwarmers.

This morning he came to our hotel to apologize for the incident, and to say goodbye. The Grave and Reverend remarked, "We did not know your name, so we have been referring to you as Mr. Pompeii, as we first saw you there". Our fellow traveller replied, "I am thankful you did not call me Mr. Vesuvius, referring to the eruption".

On the steps and landings of the broad staircase of our hotel are tubs containing lemon trees with fruit. It is a pretty sight. Do you suppose they have lemons in India?

* The fellow passenger referred to was Dr. Camden Teburn.

IV

The Land and the Chariots of Pharaoh.

S.S. Sutlej, January, 1890.

Think of it, I have been to the land of Egypt! The first few days on this boat were not unalloyed pleasure. Some things have been improved, however, and to the rest we are getting accustomed. My cabin mate left at Ismailia, and I have now a four-berth cabin all to myself. The two berths (on the other side of the cabin) can not be occupied as they are always wet from the leaking porthole.

When we stopped at Port Said, most of the passengers left the ship at once in little boats. We stayed on board and watched the Egyptian hucksters who offered for sale fans, beads, etc. also fruit and

a sweet meat, "Turkish Delight". It was interesting also to watch the coal boats with their crews of shouting, gesticulating natives. The coal was carried in baskets from the coal barges to the Sutelej on the heads of barefoot blue-clad Egyptians. Coal dust flew over everybody and everything. Finally the Grave and Reverend remarked, "I think perhaps we would better go on shore". Not hearing any violent protest from any of the party, he called a boat and we landed in Egypt.

We were followed by donkey boys, telling us the names of their respective animals - Mrs. Langtry, Mary Anderson, and Yankee Doodle Dandy - and begging us to look at their donkeys' beautiful eyes. We resisted the lure of the beautiful eyes of Mrs. Langtry, and the temptation of a ride on the back of Mary Anderson, and after a walk on the beach, we made our way through deep sand to a mosque. We passed long strings of camels loaded with sand, and driven by little boys in long coats who, I think, should have been in school instead of here beating those camels' legs.

A man beckoned us to enter the mosque, and we ^{entered} followed him through a vestibule into an open space where followers of the prophet were washing their feet and hands previous to praying. If I had been a Moslem, it would not have taken me two minutes to get under the spigot, (and get rid of some of my coal dust.) Surrounding a tank was a stone trough, and the faithful squatted on the broad border and performed their ablutions. Our guide gave us consecrated slippers to put on our unholy feet and we followed him upstairs. I thought Mr. and Mrs. Trustworthy were following, but it seems the limited supply of consecrated foot-gear did not go around. When one of the sacred slippers seemed in danger of coming off, a barefooted urchin who was running along clapped it on again. Upstairs was a large room lighted by small round windows of colored glass. The roof was supported by rows of columns, and from the ceiling were suspended small lamps containing oil and tapers. There was matting on the floor. The only furniture was a high ^{canopy} canopy-covered pulpit at one end of the room.

A few old men were bowing in prayer, touching the floor with their foreheads. Our guide took us into a side room, and showed us articles which he said had been ~~Muhammad's~~ -- a garment, a flag and a sword.

When I was in Naples, I thought some of the streets were far from clean, but then I had not yet seen Port Said. Here streets, people, everything seemed dirty. The women wore headcoverings, and veils below the eyes fastened to the headgear in front by a metal cylinder reaching from the top of the forehead to the bridge of the nose. Children seated in the dirt were engaged in hunting for vermin in each others' heads, and did not seem to have to hunt long before being rewarded ~~in their search~~. Others trotted up ~~(to us)~~ begging for "bucksheesh"; the tiny tots cried "bucksis".

We started down the canal at the rate of five miles an hour, but soon after leaving Ismailia, a boat ahead of us got stuck and detained us for about twelve hours. The trip down the canal was of great interest, and the strong electric search-light on the bow ~~added to the fascination~~ ^{enabled me to see} ~~of the trip~~ ^{everything along the way.} There are signal stations at intervals along the canal, and broader places where vessels can pass ~~called "Sidings"~~ ^{called "Sidings"}. They pointed out to us two clumps of trees in the wilderness as the wells of Moses. There were hills to be seen ~~on the way~~, and sometimes camels and huts, Arabs were walking or riding on donkeys close to the edge of the canal. At one place we saw trees and rocks which we were told ~~was~~ ^{were} a mirage. I am always entranced when children come into the scene. Sometimes little ones rushed along with the boat screaming vociferously. When oranges were thrown to them, they gathered their long robes around their necks and waded in after them. At Suez, little Egyptian dhows with gaily dressed crews brought fresh supplies for the ship.

We are now in the Red Sea. It is milder than it has been. The boat is rolling a little but not unpleasantly. The moonlight on the water carries me back to our beloved Chesapeake Bay and to the dear old Delaware at Grandma's. Orion looks just the same as he did at home and

I feel that I am not so very far away after all. The sunsets in the Red Sea are glorious, beyond description. You know my weakness for color, whether it be in precious stones, ribbons or sunsets. I have never before seen anything like this. Perhaps it is from these skies that the Red Sea gets its name. I wonder whether Titian made a trip here once, and gathered from the sunsets some of those wondrous tints which we have been admiring in the art galleries.

Arabian Sea. From the distance Aden is a dreary-looking place. Little boats with leopard and other skins, curious horns, ostrich eggs and other oriental curiosities for sale, bobbed up and down all around our ship. Woolly-headed boys kept screaming, "Have a dive, have a dive" and begged for coins to be thrown into the water.

Bombay, India. Yes, I am really here at last! I keep saying to myself, "So this is India"! The first thing I did was to kneel down and thank God and ask Him to make out of me the best that He could. I feel how poor is the material with which He has to work, and I feel less and less capable of making anything out of it myself, so I leave it all to Him.

I find color is not confined to the Red Sea. If possible, there is even more of it in Bombay. There are ^{brilliant} wonderful colors in the sky, and the trees, in spite of their being dusty, are a most ^{and} brilliant green. Or does it only seem so because I have not seen trees for so many days? There is a riot of color in the streets. The saris, as they call the gracefully draped cloths of the women, are brilliant reds, deep blues and yellows. We see men with bright green coats, yellow trousers, and head cloths of white and gold and red and gold. The Parsee ladies wear delicate lavender, or pink or blue, with ^{bordered} borders perhaps of black velvet with embroidered flowers the same shade as the garments. ^{We see} A glimpse of ~~the military with scarlet and white uniforms, adds to the brilliancy of the scene.~~ ^{soldiers in} We leave the military behind us tonight, but I have an idea

that all India is ^{bright with} colorful, and that most of the colors will go with us. The crows force themselves upon our attention everywhere. This morning, as I was sitting out on a little balcony for "chotu hazri", as early morning tea is called, a crow grabbed my piece of buttered toast from my hand. The words "chotu hazri", they tell me, are from the Hindustani or Urdu language. Telugu is the name of the language which I am expected to learn. On the ship the Grave and Reverend started in to teach me Telugu, at least I thought he intended to do so, (~~as he seemed enthusiastic about it.~~) His zeal however died out in less than five minutes when he found out how stupid I am. However, I did learn "Ra" which means come, and "Po" which means go, so if I can not do anything else when I get there, I can smile on the children I meet and say "Ra", and if they stay too long, I can smile again and say "Po".

We are to stop ~~on the way~~ for a few hours at Hyderabad, and I shall soon be at the end of my long, long journey.

V.

A Letter from Lakeville.

Lakeville, April 1, 1890.

"Lakeville" is my own translation of the name of our town, ~~as given you in my new address.~~ The real meaning, they tell me, is tank' or pond-village, but I like my ^{own} translation better. It sounds more aristocratic and is more suitable, for it is a pretty place, and the big tanks or ponds look really like little lakes. From my letters to the home folks you have no doubt heard the particulars of our arrival. Our last change was at Bezwada a town ^{sighdara} 18 miles from ^{here} Lakeville. Bezwada ~~With~~ the river in front and the hills at the back, ^T reminded me of Harper's Ferry of "John Brown (~~s body~~)" fame. Here we found a lunch basket awaiting us. The Grave and Reverend looked at me with a surprised and disapproving expression of countenance when I indiscreetly commented on what seemed to me to be ~~quite~~ a colony of ants in the sugar bowl. In a grave and

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reverend manner he remarked that they would do nobody any harm. In my letters home ^{said} I have written that Lakeville has 20,000 inhabitants. I have written about the various sections of the town, each with its own name, of the municipal government, the hospital, jail, cotton presses, schools, tanks (lakes I should say, ~~Black Lake and Lake Vermilion~~) I have written about the bungalows of the European officials and missionaries, and more than anything else I have written about the people themselves. India is said to have more people with the exception of China than any country in the world. It surely has more castes. Caste is a study, and I am by no means ready for an examination on the subject. At first I wondered whether I would ever be able to distinguish between the various castes, but now I can usually tell whether one is a Christian, a Brahman, a Muhammadan ^{MM} or a washerman. Lakeville's John Wanamaker - Nagabhushanam - is a merchant and prominent in merchant circles, but does not belong to the so-called merchant caste. It is a mystery to me how the missionaries know that the little fellow in yellow silk trousers and a black velvet cap is a Muhammadan girl, and that the little girl with her hair parted in the middle and a long plait down her back is a Sudra boy, but I ^{shall} still endeavour to live and learn.

In the beginning I wondered also whether I would ever be able to learn the language. There are ^{sixteen} 16 vowels, ^{thirty-six} 36 consonants and ^{four hundred twenty-seven} 429 compound letters. Each vowel has a primary and secondary form, and a few of the consonants have different sounds in different words. This last mentioned fact can not frighten us who have managed to master to some extent the English language with its "ough". One day soon after my arrival, the wife of a missionary asked me how I was getting along with Telugu. When I said, "I ^{am} still working at the alphabet", "~~Oh~~" she exclaimed, "I learned that in one day!". That almost turned me from a rosy hue to the shade of the garments of the Egyptian coal carrier's, but it had one good effect - it made me pop down on my knees; and I want to say right here,

you folks at home may find prayer a comfort, but here it is ~~one of the~~^a necessities of life. I ^{am} glad I learned something of its priceless value before coming out here. I remember one Sunday at home, our pastor had been absent and returned too late to be able to make much preparation for his morning sermon. ~~Feeling his weakness,~~ he explained the situation, and asked for the special prayers of the congregation as he attempted to speak to us. I prayed just as hard as I could and I believe everybody else did too, for he never preached such a sermon before. It was God speaking to us through him. In these days how often I sing softly to myself,

"Have we trials or temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer".

That is my panacea, no matter what the diagnosis may be.

Telugu is said to be the most beautiful of all Oriental languages. It is called the Italian of the East. Its vowel endings give it a soft flowing sound. The written characters, just the opposite of the angular Tamil, are all graceful curves. In spite of my many mistakes, I am ~~beginning to be~~ able to make myself occasionally understood. I could not preach a sermon, nor converse on high themes, but I can now say, not only "come" but "come to Jesus". The hardest part is the understanding what the people say to me. The Lord said to Moses, "I will be with thy mouth," and I am asking Him to be both with my mouth and my ears.

Before I forget it, let me tell you that I am musical after all! You see it depends entirely upon the standard. The standard out here is somewhat different from that of you children who inherited your father's talent. I play the hymns in College Sunday school, and am church organist!!! Only temporarily, I am happy to add. Mrs. Trustworthy is really musical, and later on she will fill this position. The "compound" (premises) with the bungalow where the Trustworthys live is just across the road from our compound. Is not this too good to be true? Surely goodness and mercy are following me all the days of my life.

A day or two after my arrival (~~I had an experience.~~)^{we} We were spending the evening at the home of a missionary. Between ten and eleven, when the company broke up, one of the ladies said to me, "you'd ^{we} would better ride home on your new tricycle. I will send someone to show you the wayⁿ". Outside was standing a tall, dark, big-turbaned man with a lantern. He was told to go with me. I rode slowly ~~along~~, and the man trotted ahead with his lantern. It was too dark to see well, but the way did not look like the way I had come in the carriage in the afternoon. I stopped and asked, "Is this the right way?" In reply to my question in English he replied, "Naku teleyaduⁿ". Hesitatingly I started again and we went on and on, turning corners until we came to a graveyard. I felt sure now that we were not on the right way, and I wondered whether this bloody thirsty savage were taking me off somewhere to murder me. Again I stopped and said, "This is not the right way. Where are you taking me?" "Naku teleyadu" was the response. ¶ I turned, intending to ^{go back} ~~return~~ to the bungalow where we had spent the evening, but could not remember how we had come. I ^{rode} turned into a street with queer looking houses open at the front, like pictures of oriental shops. In front of many of these houses were cots and on each a motionless form was lying, covered from top to toe with a sheet. There was dead silence and a pale moon. With a shudder I turned again hoping to escape from the region of death, and find somewhere some sign of life. I rushed ahead. The man with the lantern rushed after me. Seeing a gate that looked as if Europeans might live ^{within} ~~there~~, I hurried in, rode up to the bungalow and found - the Grave and Reverend preparing to burn the midnight oil! He was probably gloating over Sanscrit verbs as a light recreation after the arduous labors of the day. If I had not been on the tricycle, I would have fallen on his neck and wept for joy. A few questions addressed to my guide revealed the fact that he was the servant of an Indian pastor who had been one of our company that evening. This pastor lives somewhere out in the jungle, and this was the servant's first

visit to civilization. With his "naku teleyadu" he had been trying to inform me that he knew no more about the way than I did. At home I found them excited over my non[^]appearance and preparing to send out a search party.

Every Sunday I take out your embossed box with the photographs, look at the ^{loved} dear faces of ~~every one~~, and shed one tear out of each eye, which is a far less number than the briny drops I shed over my first curry in Hyderabad. In Hyderabad we had an eleven o'clock breakfast at the home of a Eurasian (~~halfbreed-Europe-Asia~~) with whom the Grave and Reverend had business. It was my first glimpse of an Indian home, and what struck me most was the semi[^]outdoor life, the furnished verandah being the family sitting room. For breakfast they had curried chicken, and the first mouthfull caused the springs of the deep to open. The chicken course was followed by rice and a nice looking gravy. I was never crazy over rice, so I skimmed on that article deluging it with the innocent looking gravy, and then - oh then! Until you are initiated, avoid all nice looking gravies when accompanied by rice. But you can get used to anything, perhaps even to being burnt at the stake if it happens often enough. It would have been a comfort if I had known that Mrs. Trustworthy was also weeping, but ^{to} for observing my neighbors, ^e my eyes were too misty.

Soon after our arrival here, we were invited to dine at the home of an English cotton merchant. On such occasions everyone is expected to bring his head[^]servant along. At this dinner behind most of the guests stood a dignified individual clothed in white, with an imposing red, or white and gold turban.

Very early this morning I had a nice ride on my tricycle, along a road under the shade of old banyan trees towards the town. It is approaching the hot season, and the grass is sc^oched and dead. The new young leaves on the trees shoot out in the hottest time of the year, and then the dead leaves fall off. Some [^]Men were sweeping up the dead leaves

for burning. There was a long line of native carts drawn by bullocks. In some cases women and children were sitting on top of the loads, while in a kind of woven mat trough between the bullocks were sitting or lying the drivers, half or quite asleep. My little peon, who always accompanies me, rushed ahead wildly gesticulating, brandishing my white covered umbrella, which he held native fashion by the end opposite the handle, he screamed to them ^{bullock drivers} to get out of the way. I rode into a narrow street where I had never been before. ~~Some little~~ Native urchins stopped flying their kites and called out, "Tsudu, tsudu!" (look, look) and ran after me. The houses were of mud, only occasionally I saw one coated with cement or plaster. ~~In front of one was a woman with a handful of white powder,~~ ornamenting the exterior of her residence, with dexterous movements she made graceful patterns on her steps. A widow was sprinkling water with her hands to lay the dust. You see I can now also recognize a widow! She had ^{on} no glass bangles, which widows are not allowed to wear, and no jewelry of any kind; and although she kept her plain white cloth over her head, I could see that she was shorn. A sacred bull started to walk up the steps of one house, and awkward looking buffaloes were ~~slowly~~ ^{slowly} walking among the ~~crowd of~~ dirty children. I imagine this ~~may~~ ^{is} not be an aristocratic part of town. Men and women were squatting in front of their houses cleaning their teeth, the men using a stick, and the women their finger. Two women sitting on opposite sides of the narrow street, mouths and hands smeared with their charcoal tooth powder, had stopped in the midst of the operation to have an exciting discussion, which looked as if it might have come to a fist fight, if the appearance of a strange looking object - the same being myself - had not turned their thoughts temporarily into another direction.

At the Red Tank (I should say Lake Vermilion) I rested for a few minutes under ~~some~~ ^{the} trees. Here was a well, and women were drawing water and carrying it in black clay chatties on their heads. Standing in the

tank in water up to their knees were "dhobies" (washermen) washing clothes. The banks were gay with red and white garments spread out to dry. ^{and} ~~The clothes were~~ held in place by stones. My little peon told me that my dhoby was there, and I wondered whether that was my best white dress which was being whacked against a big stone. I know now why my wash is returned semi-buttonless and why one blouse had about ^{merely nine} ~~20~~ little holes in it. Each dhoby has his own stone inherited from his ancestors. ^{He lifts} The soiled garment is ~~lifted~~ ^{with both hands} over his head and with a sould resembling "swiishsh", it is dashed against a stone in the water, the process being repeated until the article is immaculate, and probably in need of repairs. ^A A curious crowd ~~had~~ gathered around me. They asked me all sorts of questions, three-fourths of which I did not understand. If only they would talk slowly like my munshi. I smiled at them and in answer to the questions which I understood I told them that my "bandy", as they called the tricycle, ^{was} ~~was~~ new, and came from America and that I ^{have} had no children and ^{am} ~~was~~ not married. Then I pointed ^{up} to heaven and said in Telugu "God is love", but they only stared at me for a moment, and then pointed to my arms and asked some question that I ~~did~~ not understand. After I got home one of the ladies said, "They saw you had no bangles, and probably asked you whether you were a widow". I had answered that question like most of the others, with a smile. Smiling is my principal method of communication, and in order to keep up the corners of my mouth I do not need to practice a la Dickens, "Papa, potatoes, poultry, prunes and prisms".

Yesterday a snake ^{came to me} ~~was in my room~~. A child saw it going into ^{my} the closet. The servants ~~after emptying out the closet~~ found ^{it} and killed it. The Seventy were given power to tread on serpents. I do not covet this power; I would rather have the power to keep at a respectable distance from the satanic creatures, but, as I said before, one can get used to anything, probably even to a "Pamu" (snake).

VI

An Island and a Yellow Silk Coat.

Dindi, May 27, 1890.

Let your memory go back a few short years to the long garret at Grandma's. Besides a skylight or two which, so far as I know, were never opened, there was only one little window at the far end. Do you remember when ^{how} we went up there we used to hold our breath and rush to the other end, ^{to open the window before} feeling as if the heat would suffocate ^d us before we could get that window open? Let me tell you that ^{that} temperature was nothing compared to the kind we have been experiencing, and here is no little window to open. The authorities in Lakeville decided that two pale little mission children, and the new Zenana missionary - meaning me - should escape the worst of the heat (which I had innocently imagined was already there) by going in the care of another Zenana missionary who takes photographs, and an old reliable native ayah (nurse) to Dindi, an island in the bay of Bengal. In the party was also Kathrina, a little boarding girl who was to help with the children, and practice Telugu with me, a cook, and few other necessary attendants. ⁷ We left Lakeville on April 29 at 10 p.m. Our travelling equipage would create a sensation if it should pass up Hamilton Terrace and stop at No. 231. It has two wheels, a mat top, no springs, and is drawn by bullocks at the rate of about two miles an hour. First went in a layer of straw, then a mattress, a sheet and a pillow or two. With the help of a chair we climbed in at the back and lay down for a nice rest (?). We wore our "nighties". Our dresses and shoes and stockings were put under our pillows so as to be easily available when we neared the end of the first stage of our journey. The photograph^v missionary and little Eleanor were in one bandy; little Edith and I in another bandy; the ayah and Kathrina in a third, while in two others were packed beds and bedding, tables, chairs, dishes, lanterns, chickens, and, in boxes and bundles, one hundred and one other things. The servants walked along by the side of the bullocks. As I could not sleep,

I now and then hard-heartedly poked my bandyman till he woke up, and practiced Telugu on him. We spent the next day at a so-called travellers' bungalow, and at sunset climbed again into our bandies. The next morning we left these behind us at a little village, without a parting sigh, and travelled the remaining distance in a clumsy kind of a boat.

The bungalow consists of a long string of rooms with a flat roof. There is also nearby a small one-roomed bungalow which is unoccupied. The buildings are shabby and out of repair. They are inhabited by bats, except for brief intervals in the hot season, when their right of residence is contested by individuals of the genus Homo, at which time ineffectual attempts are made at excommunication and extirpation. When we take our noontide siesta, these creatures, twenty or more, which are hanging up on the high ceilings, seem to take a special delight in swooping down as if they were bent on our destruction, and then hang themselves for a few moments under the cots before beginning the next swoop. My siestas were anything but restful until I got ashamed of myself by seeing those trustful little children, (apparently) oblivious ^{to} of the bats, playing on their cots until they fell asleep. ~~This too is a remedy for fear.~~

In front of the bungalow is a stretch of white sand, and beyond is the Bay of Bengal with its whitecap^a breaking on the beach. Behind the bungalow is a cocoanut tope with long graceful leaves waving over clusters of fruit. These palm trees are about two feet in diameter and nearly one hundred feet high. The crown has perhaps twenty leaves, twelve to thirty feet in length. They say a tree yields 80 to 100 nuts. It is the most ^{valuable} useful tree in India, as every part has a use, and each is indispensable to the comfort of the people. Here and there are tall Palmyra trees whose stiff-leaved tops reach far up towards heaven. In the distance are feathery-leaved casuarina trees. *There are no sounds*

When our Lord wanted a rest for Himself and His disciples He chose a ship, a mountain or a desert, but He never found as quiet a place as Dindi. How still it is here! Only ^{but} the roar of the sea, and the sound of the wind among the trees. There is no one any place near but ourselves. ¶ June 1st. Today is Sunday, but there are no church bells ringing, no streets full of church-going people as you have at home, no beating of tom-toms and noisy crowds of gayly dressed natives, as we have in Lakeville. There is ^{no} one on the island who can speak English, no one ~~who~~ can read a word of any language; there is not a single Christian. After chota hazri (little breakfast) we went out on the verandah as usual to have Sunday School. Today there were five scholars, one visitor and one teacher. The teacher sat on a steamer chair with Bible and hymnbook on her lap. The visitor - the photographer missionary - sat near, and when the exercises began she put down her book to listen and help with the singing. The scholars sat, tailor-fashion, on a mat on the floor. They were the two little children, Mary the ayah, Kathrina, and Muhammad Umur the peon. All the scholars speak Telugu, but as the teacher's knowledge of that language is at present limited, the exercises were mostly in English, and little Edith and old Mary interpreted. The scholars chose the hymns they liked to sing, some English and some Telugu, and they ^{said} had the Lord's prayer in both languages. ^A ^{they} Telugu Bible verse was learned, and the explanation of the verse and the Bible story that followed were interpreted by old Mary for the benefit of Kathrina and Muhammad Umur. The story today was of Christ stilling the waves. They looked down towards the sea and remembered how strong the breakers were the evening before. Old Mary said in her quaint way, "He very strong, we not that way".

Towards noon, when we had finished breakfast, the villagers, who had responded to the invitation sent through the peon, arrived and they and the servants gathered in the dining-room. One Sunday a catechist from a distant village came and preached to them. Today the

photograph^{er}/missionary spoke to them and asked questions from a little catechism. In answer to one question a woman said, "We like to hear your words, but God we do not knowⁿ". At sunset we walked to the village where Kathrina sang Telugu songs. "The words are goodⁿ", they said, "but we cannot read, we do not know anything, we can only workⁿ". Poor ignorant people! How I wished I knew the language well ^{enough} that ~~in some way~~ I might ^{to} make them understand that our God is wonderful, and good and a living God.

One dark and dismal week I had ~~down~~ here. My face turned crimson and was full of blisters, also my hands. The photograph^{er}/missionary read aloud to me from a doctor's book ~~which she had~~, the symptoms of Erysipelas and decided that this was the malady from which I was suffering. As the book said there might be even fatal cases, she thought I ought to have a doctor, and upon advice from Lakeville, sent ^{twenty} 20 miles for medical aid, which arrived in the form of a Muhammadan apothecary's assistant. He was a tall man with a long black beard. He wore baggy white trousers, a long, tight-fitting yellow silk coat, and an immense white turban. He accepted the diagnosis of the photograph^{er}/missionary, and ordered me to bed; in spite of the oppressive heat, he did me up in cotton batting and bandages, and excluded the air from the room by the use of blankets. In India we have no glass in our windows. When poor little Kathrina was sent in to give me a glass of water, ~~at the sight of me,~~ her eyes turned into saucers and her complexion became several shades lighter.

I shall never forget the second visit of the medical adviser. ~~The tall black-bearded man in the yellow silk coat entered my room.~~ ^{He had} Both hands were held above his head, and in them he held a broken black chattle (pot) from which arose suffocating fumes. ~~Without a word,~~ silently and slowly he perambulated through the room, around the bed and back again like a priest or sorcerer. No, I did not die of fright, but I could

have wished that I had been informed that it was not the act of a magician, but simply a fumigation of the room. Neither did I die from the effects of the burns, when he burned circles with lunar caustic around each arm below the elbow to prevent the disease from spreading. This also I shall never forget to my dying day, for the burns are so deep that the scars will be buried with me. One always has something for which to be thankful, and I am devoutly thankful that it did not occur to him to burn around my neck to prevent spreading in that direction. *The non-arrival of ch*
~~of that time was that something had happened to the foreign mail made and that week there were no letters.~~ *What added to the dismalness*
the once still more deadly.

After all, it turned out to be a wrong diagnosis. What I had was only vegetable poison from eating ungrafted mangoes, and the bandages, the yellow silk coat, and the scars were all totally unnecessary. That is to say, from man's standpoint; but as surely as I know that I am writing to you, so surely do I know that all things work together for good to them that love God.

The monsoon is expected to break about June ^{10th} ~~10th~~. After that ~~date~~ much of the land will be flooded and travelling be difficult. I sent home two photographs taken by the photograph^{er}/missionary. Little Mother liked them so much. She said, "It ^{'s} my same dear little girl, ~~that~~ ^{who} has been away from her mother hundreds and hundreds of years."

VII

Progress
 The Goings of a Bovine Chariot.

Lakeville, Sept. 3, 1891.

You want to know, if I get up so early, what I find to do all day. If only the days were not so short! Half a day study, and half a day work. My second language examination is still ahead of me, and as I have not the gift of tongues, I spend every spare moment on my books, or in practicing talking. So go all ~~of~~ the mornings except the time I spend on my boarding girls.

I love the Boarding School work because I love children. They ^{like} love to come down to the bungalow once a week and look at photographs, and forget all about school books for an hour. These are to be our future teachers and future preachers' wives. It is a responsible work and I sometimes wonder whether I am fit for it.

My afternoons are devoted to Zenana work. The term "Zenana" is often used in reference to work of all kinds done by women for women in India, including medical work, school work, and teaching the women in their homes. My use of it here however is its narrower and more correct meaning - the instruction of women after the school age is passed, and the girls have gone into the more secluded life of the Zenana, or women's apartments. The school going age is often over when the child is ten years old. In our Mission there are two kinds of Zenana work which have been given into my charge. One is known as Home Education Classes, where pupils continue the studies which they left off when they were taken out of school, including of course Bible lessons. We also have Bible classes, and single individuals to whom only the Bible is taught, with perhaps here and there lessons in reading or possibly sewing. ^{Both kinds of instruction are} ~~The work as carried on in both ways is an important one, and one that is~~ vital to the uplifting of ~~both~~ the sons and the daughters of India. There is perhaps nothing more striking to a thoughtful observer than the one-sided development of the Hindu race. One half is more or less educated; the other half, with notable exceptions, is kept in ignorance. One half is respected and honored, the other half down-trodden and treated with contempt. This half lives and moves and has its being solely for the comfort and pleasure of the other half.

There comes, however, a time when the neglected and despised part of the race comes into power, and is there any ^{force} ~~power~~ more productive of evil than power joined with ignorance and superstition? A wife will tremble in the presence of her lord, and not dare to raise her eyes or speak; but a mother of grown sons, even though she is a despised widow, can rule over the whole house. The man who awes his wife into silence by his very presence may fear to ~~(do fight to)~~ cross the will of his densely ignorant and bigoted mother.

You may wonder, my dear, why a young man, possessed of all the education and enlightenment that can come from a term of years spent in a Mission college, should fear to act ^{according} ~~up~~ to his principles, ~~(and do what he knows to be the only right thing to do;)~~ but you must remember that he is the son of his mother as well as the son of his father, and, through her, is heir to the indecision of character and cowardice that are ~~hers as~~ the results of her environment. When the time comes when the young man must think and act for himself he is often powerless to do so, because, strange as it may seem to you, he is afraid of the very woman through whom he inherits his frailty of character. I believe there is today no greater influence at work for the conversion to Christ of the men of India than the quiet ^{women} ~~workers~~, who go in and out of the Zenanas, unbinding bands of superstition, and bringing in freshness of thought and a new life of freedom.

Elementary schools are ^{important as a foundation but} ~~valuable, but without Zenana work they~~ are ~~(like planting)~~ a seed and neglecting to water it. As long as present customs continue, ^{teaching must be continued} in the Zenana ~~must be carried on the work of~~ which only the foundation can be laid in the school. Home Education work is for the wives and daughters of educated men and men of influence. It will ~~in time help to make~~ them companions to their husbands, instead of ~~their being~~ a drawback, ~~to them~~. Such work is often the only way in which entrance can be obtained for the Bible

teacher. Bible classes are for those who do not need to be highly educated for their place in society and who will accept the visits of the Bible woman, like those in Christ's day of whom it was said, "the common people heard Him gladly".

the Zenanas
When in my enthusiasm I began ~~this~~ work, I thought that the knowledge of the language was the one thing needful. I expected then to sit down and teach the Gospel message to interested groups of women, and to persuade them to abandon their idols and become Christians. I did not know ~~(then)~~ the great family and social problems with which one is confronted, and if I had not ~~grasped the larger thought~~ *understood* that the work is not our own, but God's and we are ~~co~~laborers with Him, I would have been utterly discouraged ~~at the very beginning.~~

I have now ~~57~~ *fifty seven* pupils ranging in ages from ~~10~~ *ten* to ~~60~~ *sixty*. Some of them I teach personally each week. The most are taught by native Christian women whose work I superintend, and whose pupils I visit as time permits. These Bible women do a blessed work. They are able to get at the heart of the people in a way that is difficult for us with our Western training. I heard one of these women explaining the parable of the Prodigal Son. She described the father as an old Hindu sitting day after day on the pial (plastered seat) in front of his house, shading his eyes with his hands as he looked far over the plain. She entirely omitted any reference to the slaughtered calf which she knew would be repugnant ~~to their prejudices,~~ and enlarged on the joy at the prodigal's return as expressed by the beating of ~~tom-toms,~~ the music of the veena and the tinkling of the bells on the feet of the

dancing girls. ¶ There is a little curlyheaded girl associated with me in the work in the Zenanas. I call her my "Comfort". She is just as valuable ~~also~~ *where she* in the Girls' Boarding School, ~~and interprets Christ, to the girls.~~

"She doeth little kindnesses
 Which most leave undone or dispise;
 For naught that sets one heart at ease,
 Or giveth happiness or peace,
 Is low esteemed in her eyes".

She comes down ~~evenings~~ ^{in the evenings} to my bungalow, sits on ~~a stool at my feet,~~ ^{beside me}
 strokes my hair, and imagines she is learning from me. What she learns
 from me is nothing compared to ~~the lessons~~ ^{what} I learn from her. She is one
 of my greatest blessings in India, and I thank God for her every day.

Now let me tell you just what I do. I start out in the Mission
 coach drawn by bullocks. You must hear about those same bullocks, even
 though I never get any further with my account of Zenana work. Before I
 came out here a returned missionary asked me whether I was qualified in
 music. What she should have asked is whether I was qualified to select
 a pair of good bullocks. Then, feeling my utter disqualification along
 this line, I might have felt impelled to study up on the subject; as it
 is, I was, as it were, launched into the sea without knowing how to
 manage a boat.

I was advised to buy bullocks instead of a horse; the cost was
 less, they could endure more work, and good horses were scarce. I knew
 bullocks were not graceful, ~~nor~~ noted for swiftness, and I had heard ~~that~~
 that they had certain disagreeable propensities and habits, so that you
 could never be quite sure whether they would carry you safely to your
 destination, or make a wild dash and carry you whither you would not.
 It had oozed out, probably through someone interested in a possible
 commission, that bullocks might be wanted, and various owners presented
 their stock, or perhaps the worst specimens of it, for inspection.

One pair, ~~the~~ ^{went} ribs of ~~which were~~ much in evidence, was rejected, al-
 though the owner assured me that their ribs would disappear after
 they came into my possession; ~~another pair~~ ^a was refused because they

wanted "plenty price". ⁹ Finally, after ~~devoting some time to the~~
 serious consideration of the ⁱⁿ good and bad qualities of ~~a certain pair,~~

I concluded to try ~~them.~~ ^{this pair.} As they ~~bullocks~~ had never ~~been~~ drawn

^{I had} ~~that~~ kind of a vehicle, I was ^{amused} apprehensive, ~~that my trial drive might~~
~~not be altogether bliss, but, in spite of a slight degree of trepi-~~
~~dation, I was~~ ^{also} amused. I ordered the bullockman to drive to a
missionary compound the other end of town. The bullocks, not being
used to that road (so they told me) rebelled. The tall, lank, lean
Muhammadan stood upon the seat in front, shouting and lashing with his
whip and with the rope used as lines, occasionally crouching down to
prod one of the animals with the pointed metal end of ~~his~~ ^{it} whip. Two
young Musselmen ran, one on each side, also shouting, and slapping
first one side and then the other.

Arriving at the bungalow, I had the counsel of two mission-
aries who did not profess to know anything about bullocks; of the
Brahman writer, who professed to know everything; of the Rajput writer
who did not know anything himself but who had implicit faith in the
superior knowledge of the Brahman. An interested crowd of college
boys, peons, butlers, ayahs, children, horsekeepers, and hangers-on-
generally each had something to say on the subject. The fact that
statements made in regard to age, etc. could not be relied upon, and
the fact that the advisers disagreed in their opinions, did not
facilitate decision. The creatures were however bought, and in a few
days one proved such a ~~total~~ failure that it had to be sold at a loss
and another one purchased. ¶ Now I jog along in my ^l Bovine chariot at a
much slower pace than on the trial drive, and without the aid of so
many Musselmen. Only one little fellow named Abdil Kadir, in red
trousers, white shirt, and a red fez runs along. This little chap
began his service with me by stealing an egg. When questioned he said,
"All servants taking, I taking too". His duties are to ^{rouse} ~~hunt up~~ the
people in their houses ~~if no one is visible~~ by shouting "Anybody in the
house"? and to ask whether I may come in. Part of my work is in a caste

section

part of town, and I dare not offend them by allowing my unannounced and perhaps undesirable presence to appear in the ~~if~~ doorway^s. In some houses, the fear of me has already vanished, and in such places my little Kadir has nothing to do. A basket with books and picture cards always accompanies me and a little note book of Telugu phrases and difficult words to study as I am riding from place to place.

Some of the native houses are large. Many ~~of them~~ have a number of rooms with an open courtyard in the centre. In one of these rooms there may be a little desk about two feet high with a mat in front of it, on which the master of the house sits crosslegged to transact his business, or perhaps ~~(there may be)~~ a table and two or three chairs. In another room there may be a wooden bedstead, perhaps a hanging lamp, and almost always a mirror, large or small, according to the wealth or taste of owner. In the courtyard the sacred tulsi plant is grown. One of my Brahman pupils is Pichamma. The name means 'crazy one' and was given her to deceive the gods and make them think she was not worthy of their unenviable notice. On one occasion I requested Pichamma to give me a leaf from the Tulsi plant. She said she dared not, but would ask her mother. The mother returned with her, and after a bit of conversation divested herself of all her garments, plucked a leaf, gave it to me and then put on her clothing. The plant is too sacred to be approached in clothing which may have been contaminated by my presence.

Yesterday I wanded my way up a narrow alley to a small yard surrounded by a high mud wall. Some urchins, ^{entirely} devoid of ~~anything~~ ~~in the slightest degree similar to raiment, apparel, or drepary,~~ were ^{making} Telugu letters in the sand with their fingers. As they had not yet made my acquaintance, they scampered off as fast as their little brown ^{legs} "olagien" could carry them. But the folks inside were

writing

not afraid, and as soon as I went up the mud steps of the mud house, the unpainted wooden door was opened and I was ushered in. I had to stand for a moment until my eyes grew accustomed to the darkness. Such a room! Mud floor, mud walls, no windows! - the only light and air came through the chinks in the door. On a rope stretched across the room hung some old clothes; on one side was a box which probably contained ~~their~~ best clothes and maybe jewels; here on the floor were some brass vessels, there a heap of rags, and piled in the far corners ~~were~~ various ^{objects} things which could not be distinguished in the darkness. There was one chair, probably borrowed for my use, at least it was brought in from outside. In the middle of the room, on a low cot, which is only a framework with cords woven across, lay the sick girl I had come to see. Is it not terrible to be sick in such a room? Sick or well, this is the kind of a place in which many of the women in India spend their lives. ¶ This poor child had suffered much, but yesterday she was a little better, and smiled faintly when I bent over her to ask her how she was. The two widows who live here were glad to see me, for though I can not do much to help them, a visit is a bright spot in the lives of these poor women who do not go out, who can not read or sew, who have nothing pretty to look at, and nothing good to think about. I tried to show them the Saviour's love. So often I do not know just what to say. God has simply showered blessings on me, but sometimes it almost seems as though he had forgotten some of His children. Poor, poor things! If only I could do more for them. Just now I am pleading the promise in James 1:5, for I do so feel the need of wisdom. Those women yesterday put their arms around me, and patted my hands. ~~The~~ Brahman women are not usually so free, but a previous missionary won their hearts by her deeds of

love, and so opened the door for others to follow.

Today I went to Gangabai's house. I wanted to sit on the pial, but they are so polite and friendly here that they insisted on my sitting on the cot. I detest cots. Even an immaculate white cloth spread over it does not protect me from the ravages of its inmates. Gangabai had been taking a bath and hurried to get ready. When she came in, her hair was wet and hanging around her shoulders, but she had taken time to rub saffron over her face, and to put her little red caste mark in the middle of her forehead. She is learning to read and write, and has lessons in Luke's Gospel. They brought the ink bottle for me to correct her copy book, set it on the cot, and upset it on my pretty white dress. A good many neighbors came in, and listened as I asked Gangabai questions on what she had read in her Gospel lesson. ¶ A Muhammadan woman wanted me to come to see her children and send someone to teach them sewing. Her house was near and I found there two beautiful young girls. ^{who} ~~The two children~~ had pieces of money tied in white cloth and bound on the right arm above the elbow to keep off disease. A surer preventive would be to burn up the trash about the houses, and use a little water and elbow grease. I could not talk to them but a Telugu girl acted as interpreter. Promising to come again with a Hindustani-speaking teacher I went to the next house where Mutyamma (Pearl) lives. When my ox-chariot stopped (~~near Pearl's house~~) the children of the neighborhood came running, touching their foreheads with their hands, and crying "Salaam, salaam, salaam"! "Salaam" means Peace be to you, and Good morning, and Thank you and Good bye. Pearl's house looks cleaner than many, and her mother smiled when I came in, for although Pearl is a new pupil, and this is my first visit, she has often seen me in other homes. Pearl's two brothers, young men, ^{entered} ~~came in~~ and sat on the ground before me, listened

to what I had to say and asked questions. I sometimes wish the men and big boys would stay away when I am trying to teach. I never send them away however, for I hope some time a word may do them good, and I want to gain their confidence.

^{I visited}
Kotamma and Peramma were also, ~~visited today~~. Kotamma has soft beautiful eyes. On the wall of her house in rows are hung pictures of some of the 33,000,000 gods of India. I love Kotamma. At Peramma's we sit on mats. The old grandmother always sits beside me and listens, but she will not tell what she thinks about ~~it~~ ^{what I say}. Peramma seems much in earnest; I do hope that she will become a Christian. One day the photograph^{er}/missionary took some pictures for me. When the old grandmother found that a photograph was to be taken, she at once got up and refused to be in the picture. The position of the camera was quietly changed and we caught the old lady after all.

Last hot season "Comfort", my associate in work, wrote me from Madras, "It is a pity I have not the power of writing short letters". You will doubtless think that I also do not possess this power, so ~~in conclusion~~ ^{as a story}, as the preachers say, Little Eleanor was sick. The doctor lady of whom she is very fond ^{came} ~~was there~~ several times, and everybody made a ~~big~~ fuss over the child, as we always do when anyone we love is sick.

(In the evening the doctor came again and said Eleanor should say her prayers and go to sleep. The doctor began: "God bless Eleanor".

Eleanor: "God bless Eleanor".
Doctor: "And make her a good girl".

Eleanor: "And make her a good girl".

Doctor: "And make her well".

Eleanor (emphatically): "No, don't want". She had had too good a

time being sick, and was not going to pray for anything she did not want. She believed that God is a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God.

Did I ever tell you that Mr. and Mrs. Trustworthy gave their dear baby my name? ~~(I was tickled to death, and)~~ I feel as if she partly belongs to me. She has big blue eyes, and golden hair like a little angel just come down from heaven.

VIII

"Great Tribbilashun".

Lakeville, Oct. 31st, 1892.

Have you ever thought of the wonderful help it is to recall the "I Am's" of the Bible? Someone has said, "God calls Himself I am, leaving a blank which every soul may fill up with that which is most precious to himself".

When we were young things at home and tried in a feeble way to do some church work, we sometimes felt utterly inadequate to cope with the situations that arose. One day some of us sat in the church basement, impotent and depressed. ~~I have forgotten just what the point was~~ Perhaps trash had been sent in for a missionary barrel instead of warm stockings and shirts; maybe we had been ^{refused} turned down when canvassing for a Missionary periodical; or perhaps we had to prepare a program for some meeting and did not know how to do it. We sat there and looked at each other and felt like the old darky when she sang, "Hahd trials! Great tribbilashun. Hahd trials! a serbin' ob de Lawd". Suddenly in stepped the pastor. In less than ten minutes he had cheered us up and made us ready to pick up our courage and go forth to conquer the world. God surely has more power than any pastor to cheer us ~~up~~ and send us forth to conquer the world for Him. The trouble perhaps with us is that after He

gives us the power, we, like Peter, look too much at the waves and not at Him. Then we begin to sink as my spirits have been doing lately.

The immediate cause of my low spirits was this: In place of Abdil Kadir, from whom I had to part, I had a dear old Sudra peon. During the short time this man was with me, he became much interested in Christianity, mainly I think, through reading Sunday School lesson books and attending the Sunday services. Before he died, he told his wife to come to me and learn, and to become a Christian. His wife showed me the ^{Sunday School} ~~S.S.~~ lesson books he had kept neatly packed in a box and said he was always reading them. I was so glad about it. The little son was sent to one of our mission schools, and both he and his mother were enthusiastic pupils.

One day when I went there at the usual hour, the house was locked ~~up~~, and strange to say, no neighbors were ^{about} ~~any place~~ ~~around~~ from whom I could make inquiries. The Bible woman whom I sent ~~there~~ to investigate found the poor woman stone deaf and very sad. Two hundred members of their caste had joined together, each giving a rupee, and had hurriedly married the little boy to a baby girl in an influential heathen family. ^{Medicine} had been poured into the ears of the poor widow/ while^s she slept and she would never again hear a sound. Edward Garrett says, "The world is God's work, but Satan's tangle is in it". Isn't it enough to make one cry out, "Lord, how long shall the wicked, how long shall the wicked triumph?"

We try to comfort ourselves ~~sometimes~~ with remembering how much has been accomplished. For instance, the Suttee, which was prohibited by a British Act as long ago as 1829, has at last been abolished, and also the throwing of babies to the crocodiles.

But the cruel and debasing treatment of widows is such, that child widows of ^{thirteen} 13 or even less often long for death, and there are more than ^{twenty million} 20,000,000 widows, many of ~~them~~ ^{ten} under 10 years of age condemned to perpetual widowhood. The year I arrived in India an Infanticide Act was passed, as the census returns ^{reported an incredible} ~~conveyed the unbelievable state-~~ ~~ment of large~~ number of babies having been killed by wild animals - and always girls. I do not know to what extent this Act has prevented the murder of girl babies. Jean Ingelow says,

"I am glad to think
 I am not bound to make the world go right,
 But only to discover and to do
 With cheerful heart, the work that God appoints".

In April I had a reception for my Zenana pupils. The Bible women, "Comfort" and I went from house to house, begging the women to come, and requesting the men ~~folks~~ to give their permission. Preparation along this line had been made the month previous by a Magic Lantern entertainment given to the Hindu and Muhammadan gentlemen of Lakeville, at the close of which I made a short address, ^{reminding} ~~then~~ [^] ~~chief point being~~ that until their wives were educated, they could never be more than half a nation.

When my invitations were issued, ~~they~~ all with one consent began to make excuse. It was prophesied that no one would ^{appear} ~~turn up~~, but we made arrangements for a crowd, and they ~~just~~ poured in. A little after five a ^{massive} ~~crowd of the poorer~~ ^{people} ~~ones~~ arrived. Some looked rather unpresentable, but their faces beamed with expectancy. Then came a few Muhammadan women. Finally the elite drove up, gorgeous in their best garments, and adorned with all their jewels. In all there were ^{sixty} 76 guests. One old Brahman lady claimed to be ^{a hundred one five} 105 years old, and she looked every day of it, though probably she does not know how old she really is. Her granddaughter, a young married woman, ~~was so~~ ~~happy,~~ and said it was the first time she had been out of her house

for three years. Some of ^{women} ~~them~~ had not been out for a much longer time. They were curious about things in the bungalow, poked their noses into everything, and asked unnumbered questions. For weeks ~~it~~ ^{reception} was the talk of the town.

Shortly after ~~the reception~~ there was a great feast in Lakeville - Rama's birthday. For this occasion they clean up the bazaars and decorate their houses. ~~At this time~~ ^{the} streets are crowded with people buying and selling, singing and dancing. In the bazaars and other public places, the Ramayana, a great Hindu epic poem, is sung and explained to listening crowds. In the evening there was a procession ~~through the town~~ with tom toms, shrill musical instruments and singing. ~~There was a high car on which~~ ^{On} stood an elephant, ^{and} on the elephant was perched the insignificant looking, ugly-faced god Rama. ~~On each side stood~~ ^{Boys}, ~~in whose hands were~~ ^{with} what looked like brushes made of horse tails, with which they fanned the elephant's legs. At intervals the procession paused, ^{and} when blue lights and fire works were exhibited. There is no god in India more universally worshipped than Rama. Many boys and girls are named after him - Ramayya, Ramamma or Ramabai. When people are frightened or in any way hurt, they repeat, "Rama, Rama, Rama". If only ~~these poor deluded people~~ could learn to know the Living God, and had the simple faith of one of Little Sister's children! In a recent letter Little Sister told about having to leave the two little ones along ~~one day for a few minutes~~ while she went out on an errand. Dora asked, "Mama, who is going to take care of us?" "God will take care of you", said Little Sister. "All right", said Dora, "I know Him".

The kind of faith that I myself need is ^{not what} ~~the faith to look~~ ahead to the ^{day} ~~end~~ when every knee shall bow and every tongue shall confess Him. ~~The other day~~ ^{recently} I read ^{readily} of a boy who, in a thrilling story,

got so excited over the difficulties and dangers, ^{of} ~~that surrounded~~ his hero ~~on every side~~, that he quickly turned ~~over~~ the pages to ^{learn} see ~~what~~ the outcome, ~~would be~~. It was all right [^] the hero lived and triumphed, and the boy ~~with a sigh of relief~~ could ~~now~~ calmly follow the course of the fight. So I must try to do when things look dark. I must try to skip the pages of time, and look to the end when the Lord shall be King over all the earth.

IX

Luxury.

Lakeville, Dec. 1, 1892.

Many thanks for your congratulations on the passing of my second Telugu examination, which is now ancient history. When the date ~~(of my examination)~~ drew near, in order to do a little preparatory cramming, I accepted an invitation from a congenial Norwegian girl who is working in the Church of England Zenana Mission in Fishtown on the East Coast. It was hard to get away. Time never hangs heavy on your hands in India and the last day before starting on my trip was very full. Narasimham, the Boy, helped the situation by doing the packing. A "boy", you must know, is a head servant, and although he may be ~~60~~ ^{sixty} years ~~old~~, he is always a boy. Narasimham, a most excellent servant, is not my boy, but one loaned to me for the occasion. On almost every journey one has literally "big box, little box, band box and bundle". At a railway station, ^{there} may be seen all along the platform, in front of each ~~little~~ ^{travellers} group of people a ~~big~~ ^{high} pile of saman (^lluggage, or, as you say, baggage) - wooden boxes, tin boxes, big bundles of bedding wrapped perhaps in a gaily-striped gymkhana cloth, large brass water pots, small brass drinking vessels, umbrellas, lanterns and nondescript bundles galore.

On this occasion Narasimham packed into the bundle more than I would have thought possible ~~in the line of bedding and shoes~~ ^{of}

asked for more. "Perhaps you can put in this hat," I said jokingly. "Yes Ma'am, putting," and before I could stop him, in it went. "Want books now; Missy not taking Bible?" You see Narasimham knows the habits of missionaries. Before starting for the train, we had "tiffin" (lunch) consisting principally of custard apples, and custard apples can not be eaten in a hurry. They ripen about October. They are full of smooth black seeds, each seed being surrounded by delicious custard, and are eaten with a spoon. I am always glad when custard apple season comes.

On the way to the train, a peon came running after the carriage, and poked into the window something tied up in his cloth. I have seldom known Muhammad Omar to be without his cloth long enough to have it washed. It is tied around his waist when he is working, around his neck when he is cold, and hung around his shoulder when he wants to be stylish. It is used to carry parcels when they are more numerous than his hands. With it he wipes the perspiration from his face by day, and under his head he lays it for a pillow by night. A few days before this he had brought in ^{six hundred} 600 silver rupees from the bank, and after touching it, I felt the immediate need of soap and water. And now here it was again and the something that was in it was - the fresh bread which had arrived too late for Narasimham to pack into the bundle with my shoes and my best hat. If you have a weak stomach leave it behind you when you come to visit me.

My trip was a success. The new munshi was capable and experienced. One of the Fishtown ladies had gone to Australia for a month and I could have the use of her Rufus on which to gallop around the country in search of brain tonics for the requirements of Telugu. The ^{Church of England} Ch.-of-E. missionaries were delightful company, and gave me many useful hints for my work. Last but not least, on my way home from Fishtown I had the advantage of seeing some of our own Mission schools, and some Indian jugglers. I saw these fellows pour pots of water into their ear^s or nose^s and in a moment bring it gushing out of their mouths. I saw the ~~bazaar-trick~~ where they produced out of an empty sack, heaps and piles of vegetables, dishes,

cloth, iron utensils and I don't know what, ~~all~~. I saw earth turned into rupees and cotton tapes turned into serpents in front of the verandah, in broad daylight, right under my wide open eye and I thought of the magicians of Egypt, and did not wonder that old Pharaoh's heart was hardened.

I tried to do some missionary work on Narasimham but he seems hard ground. One day when he received a letter, I inquired as to the health of his family. His reply was, "When I writing letter, I not asking, 'how is wife?', I asking, 'how is cow'." Another day he said, "When I dying, I know God punish me, but I saying, 'please excuse me, not my mistake', and God forgives seventy times seven." He told me he intended to become a Christian, but he thought it better to wait till near death before being baptized, so he would not "spoil it by any more bad."

In regard to your question about the luxury of life in India, let me tell you that if I had my choice, I would ~~every-time~~ choose the luxury of life in the land of the free and the home of the brave. Servants one has, one must have. On account of the heat the "cookhouse" is separate from the bungalow. To go out there and cook would unfit us for ^{our duties} ~~the work~~, and besides, how could we find time to cook when we have not enough time for all the opportunities for mission work? ~~The~~ servants fight, steal, cheat, are often filthy in their habits, lazy, forgetful and untruthful. The other day one of our ladies ordered chicken broth, and going out unexpectedly, found the chicken had been boiled together with the feet, toe-nails and half the feathers. They ^{servants} assured her that it would be all right after it was strained, the strainer being a dirty dish cloth. Is this luxury? My "Comfort" was ill. The doctor ordered two tablespoonfuls of milk given at regular intervals. ~~Once going out to get it for her,~~ I found the waterboy pouring unboiled and unfiltered water into the fresh milk. In reply to my expostulations he replied, "She not give enough." Probably "she" did not give enough for his family and mine.

The gardener lets your precious plants die for lack of water. The night watchman snores so loudly that you can't sleep. You dismiss him. The next night all the plants that the gardener has allowed to live are broken off and thrown on the veranāh. You want to start out to your work at two. The bandyman comes at three. The next day he is on hand, but the peon without whom you can not go to the high caste home you wish to visit, is late, and you fuss and fume, or quietly submit, according to your disposition or the grace that is given unto you.

Some time ago I received an anonymous letter. This is what it said: "The mercy of God be on us. Requests made to Missy with many compliments. Narasimham is a very bad man. Both he and his brother, whomsoever they serve, administer medicines that they always may be kind to them. Now I think he may have done so to you. That medicine takes roots in the stomach like hair. This fact can be certainly believed. I write this on oath before God. Keep this in your mind, do not let others know this, and consider the matter well. If not any medicine so administered, you will never be so kind to him. He always feeds his cow in your compound, and misappropriates to his cow all the chaff bought for the buffalo. This fact is well known to all servants. They will not disclose the facts well on account of fear. You must threaten them. These facts are not false. You must believe them." The address on this letter was evidently copied from one of my home letters and had "via Brindisi" in one corner.

I neglected to mention that our aforementioned cook house ^{has} ~~does~~ ^{neither} ~~not possess the luxury of a stove nor of a chimney.~~ The plastered elevation which ^{serves as a stove} ~~occupies the place where the stove ought to be~~ has cooking places upon which the pots are placed. Under the pots are shoved sticks of wood or branches, which are gradually shoved farther in as they burn away. There is, however, the luxury of an aperture in the roof, through which part of the smoke finds its way except in rainy weather.

When I complain that my cocoa taste^s/smoky, I am told, "Please Missy, firewood plenty wet." I am now accustomed to the smoke taste, but if I live to be as old as Methuselah, I shall never become reconciled to the mixed flavor of cocoa and curry powder. When I feel discouraged over the servants, I remind myself of the words of Paul to Titus, "We ourselves also were sometimes foolish, disobedient, deceived,....but according to His mercy He saved us." But for God's mercy in giving us birth in a Christian land what might we not now be doing and believing!

You have not yet heard about my Thanksgiving dinner. ^{I invited} All the missionaries ~~were invited~~. As turkeys were unobtainable ^a ~~a duck~~ was ordered. ^{a duck.} When questioned as to whether a good one had been found, the cook always said, "Coming, Missy, coming." I became apprehensive that Thanksgiving Day might come before the duck did, but the very last day a fine fat specimen arrived. In place of cranberry sauce we had a native product, Roselles, which are as red as cranberries and have a somewhat similar flavor. The dinner was voted by ~~all~~ a grand success. Mr. Trustworthy smilingly said "That duck was fine." ^A A day or two later, the wife of a missionary asked ^{me} whether I knew where my servants had gotten that duck. I did not, but if she wanted one, I would inquire. She then told me that she had heard from her servants that that was the duck which Mrs. Trustworthy had been fattening up for her Christmas moonlight picnic. Rushing over to Mrs. Trustworthy's I reported what I had heard. In response to her inquiry, her old boy assured her that the duck was "very good." "Show it to me," Mrs. Trustworthy demanded. "Yes, Ma'am, very good," said the old butler and went out. We ~~sat there~~ and waited and waited. Finally Eliza, the ayah, who is the daughter of the old boy appeared. "Missus," she said, "that boy, he not liking to come in' Missus' duck can't bring now. Missy's boy borrowing Missus' duck, not yet returning, please excuse." I felt, as a friend of Sister's once said, like putting on my cloth sack and sitting in the ash barrel, but

the heavenly-minded Mother and Dad of the little angel Amy only said, "Well, anyway, that duck certainly tasted good."

From the question (~~in your last letter~~) about Dinah, it appears that I have mentioned her without telling you who she is. Dinah is a little orphan whom I took after her parents died of cholera. "Comfort" has just written a long letter to Little Mother, and I am going to copy out of it a sentence or two: "Dinah has become quite a good child. She has not had a naughty fit for ever so long. We thought it would be nice if the little girls had a meeting of their own, so 'The King's Little Children' was organized. The girls were very happy and excited over it. They were shown pictures of the Good Shepherd and others. Dinah came back from the meeting such an eager joyous, little child. She came rushing in quite out of breath, and giving vent to her joy by sundry little squeals and hops and ejaculations of "Beautiful! Beautiful!" I could not understand all she said till I begged her to speak a little more slowly; then I found out all about the matter, and that their 'mother' had prayed 'very, very beautiful words.' (The way they say it in Telugu sounds better than in English). Although Dinah is so young, she knows a great deal about God. The other day one of the little girls was feeling very badly; - she had heard that her little brother was dead. We were trying to comfort her. Dinah thought she could do something that way too. She was looking at a little book called the Angel's Message and she came across the picture of Christ praying in the garden. She very shyly and gently offered the book to Susanna, and said 'See Jesus,' then she began to kiss and kiss the picture with all her might."

Here is also an extract from a letter Comfort wrote me recently when I was away: "The other night we were getting ready for bed. I went out on the verandah and I was playing about there. I had taken off my shoes and stockings. Ayah was with me and she was eating betel nut. She dropped some, so she brought the lamp to look for it. When the lamp came, we saw a horrible big black scorpion - a bandy-gabbalamu -

~~right~~ close to us on the very spot where I had been dancing about without shoes and stockings. I fetched my boot and tried to kill it. I succeeded only in knocking off its ~~tail~~. Then the body ran away somewhere. We searched for it and found it and I killed it. It was quite six inches long, black, and its claws were like crabs' claws, covered with thick hair. It it had stung me I should have died." Bandy-gabbalamus must be dreadful; I have yet to make their acquaintance.

Today the girls had to learn the first Psalm, about walking with sinners, and then standing, and then sitting down with them. I had them learn also the verse, "Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away." I told them that God had given them two heels so that they could quickly run away from temptation, and asked them whether they would enter a house in which they knew there was small-pox or cholera, or whether they would drink water from a well, in which they knew there was a dead cat, or whether they would sit in a doorway if the house was on fire.

Yesterday I tried to press home to the girls this thought, "Practise to make God thy last thought at night when thou sleepest, and thy first thought in the morning when thou wakest; so shall thy fancy be sanctified in the night, and thy understanding be rectified in the day; so shall thy rest be peaceful, and thy labors prosperous." Of course this had to be made very simple for them. The children are ~~too~~ apt to bring with them from half-heathen homes, enough superstition to make them think that the mere placing of a Bible under their pillow can give them protection and help. As I want to have God the Alpha and ~~The~~ Omega of my own life so I pray that these children may learn to know that without Him they can do nothing.

X

Poor Granny's Soul.

Camp Ipuru, April 9, 1893.

This is a Jubilee Year in our Mission. We are celebrating our ^{fiftieth} 50th birthday, and everybody has to help. The baby organ and I go along to the

meetings, and as at least one speech a day is expected from everybody, it is fine practice in Telugu. I love travelling about from village to village. Our travelling, at least my part of it, is done Hindu fashion in a bullock cart. I don't mean you to understand that I love this mode of travelling.

The Hindus do not seem to be great travellers. Some never go beyond the limits of their native village, and many others never go more than a dozen miles from home. That is one reason why some of the women are so glad to see us ~~on this trip~~. It is as good as a circus to them. In these days of railroad communication, how^eever, travel is becoming more popular, and to judge by the busy, hurrying crowds at the stations when a train comes in, you might think there was an excursion somewhere every day. One great object of travel is to attend one of the great religious feasts, which take place annually at one or another place, or to visit some sacred spot, or to bathe in a sacred river. You see these are a religious people. Many also go to other villages, or to other parts of the country where they have family connections, to get wives for their sons, as Abraham's servant went to get a wife for Isaac; of a journey is made to the bridegroom's home for the wedding; or shorter trips are undertaken for business or to see friends.

In some parts of the country like the one where we are now ^w touring, the canal boat drawn by coolies is the chief means of conveyance. I have not seen any boats just here; perhaps the local demand in this region is not yet pressing enough for their introduction. The native canal boats have one or two low cabins into which one must crawl on hands and knees. This was my method of travel returning from Fishtown. The natives usually sit on the roofs with their legs hanging over the edge. We sometimes hear of people travelling on elephants, but we do not see elephants here as often as you do in America.

In cities like Bombay and Madras they have electric tramways,

and there, and also in the larger towns, many travel about in four-wheeled carriages or two-wheeled dog-carts and jutkas. Natives also often go from village to village on "tats" ^{or} little country ponies. The most common modes of travelling are the oxcart and "shank's mare". The oxcart, such as I am using now, is a two-wheeled affair with heavy wheels and no springs, and travels at the rate of two miles an hour, or three, if the bullocks are exceptionally fast trotters. When going to a feast the carts are always decorated and sometimes the bullocks' horns are painted red and green. Foot-travellers carry a long stick which they use to protect themselves from assailants whether man or beast. They often sling on ~~to~~ the end of it their bundle of cold rice, or their shoes, and carry it across the shoulder. Through each taluk (county) there is usually one good road, along which all but foot-travellers must pay toll. Other roads are only field-ways, which may be fairly good, and may be almost impassable. Tanks or ponds along the way are great blessings to travellers, and here the weary pilgrim sits under a tree to partake of his ~~bundle of~~ boiled rice and rest himself. In some places among the hills robbers linger near the mountain passes and are a menace to travellers.

My favorite method of ^{locomotion} travel so far has been riding my little white pony, and it is with deep regret that I now give her up. Since the old days at Beechwood when I used to ride Whitefoot, there have been only occasional opportunities for ^a gallop until I ~~came~~ ^{at} to Lakeville, ^d and became the happy possessor of ^{it} a snow white mare. My early morning rides and also the village trips in company with an older missionary ~~lady~~ have been a pleasure; but my poor little pony got lame by being ridden too hard ~~once~~ by the latter who is overweight, and ~~it~~ began to stumble so badly that ~~it~~ ^{she} was considered unsafe to ride.

One morning I was up in the Girls' Boarding School teaching a class, when in the doorway appeared the peon of the Overseer who is in

charge of the new College building. The Overseer had heard, so he wrote in the letter brought by the peon, that the white pony was to be shot; he had taken a fancy to the pony and desired to save her life. Might he be allowed to take her to his home? He did not wish to use her, but would carefully nourish her to the end of her days. It seemed to me such an unusual request, that I thought it best to inquire into the matter before replying. Upon inquiry I was ^{learned} informed that the Brahman Overseer had conceived the idea that the soul of his grandmother may have entered into my little white animal. Think of my having galloped over the country on the back of his poor old granny!

You know the Hindus believe in Metempsychosis - transmigration of souls - or rather in the re-incarnation of souls. Their doctrine, called Karma, is that the soul is doomed to expiate the sins committed in this life by rebirths into all sorts of lower animals or low caste or despised human beings. One of the worst curses they can utter is, "In your next birth may you be a widow." By ceaseless efforts the soul may succeed in ^{rising} getting each time into a higher form of life, until finally it becomes one with God. Think of having to work out your own salvation even after you are dead and burned to ashes! They believe, I am told, that after death the soul may perhaps enter into a body similar to the one it has just left, and perhaps this Brahman saw a resemblance between my snowy white pony and the immaculately draped form of his widowed grandmother. He was given possession of the pony, but I hear that he deeply seared ^{her} the shoulder trying to cure ^{her} it, and now has reduced ^{her} its rations. I am sorry I ever consented to let him have ^{her} it. As soon as I return I am going to investigate the matter.

P.S. Lakeville. Upon my return I found that ^{he} they had not only seared my pony's shoulder, but burned off all the skin. Flies and dirt had made it a running sore. All the poor creature's ribs were to be seen. She hung her head and tail and looked at me so reproachfully

that I almost cried. The poor thing has now been shot and delivered ^{from} (out of) her sufferings. Who can tell what has become of poor old Granny's soul?

XI.

A Convention Report.

Dindi, April 30, 1893.

Again approaching the hot season and again on the Island in the Bay of Bengal! The bungalow has been somewhat repaired since my first visit, but the bats have not diminished ^{in number}, and they have again brought up the old question - right of ownership versus right of possession. This time we shall win the case. I am sharing the bungalow with the little "Angel," her baby brother and their dear parents. A young University Graduate, who is working on the language, occupies the little bungalow nearby, and takes his meals with the family. It is not as invigorating here as at the hills where I spent the last hot season, but ^{it} is decidedly cooler than in Lakeville.

Yesterday we climbed up on a sand hill, of which there are a number in front of the bungalow, and watched the battle between our daily purveyors of food from the sea, and our kitchen divinities. The servants had refused to pay the price demanded for the fish, and the fishermen had left the bungalow. ^{Now} (from where we sat we could see) the servants ^{were} peeping around the corner of the bungalow to see whether the fishermen were returning with their fish. The fishermen were hiding behind a sand bank, and peeping around now and again to see whether the servants intended to call them back. If the ~~servants~~ ^{servants} wished to make fish curry the chief article on the menu, they would have to make up their minds to pay the price and recall the fishermen. If, however, they happened to have on hand eggs, or a can of Chicago corn beef, the fishermen would return and deliver their fish at a reduced price. Yesterday the fishermen won. ~~cat~~.

I am glad ^{for} ~~of~~ these quiet days, ~~down here~~. Jesus knew what poor qualifications some of His disciples had, and that to save them from discouragement and to lead them onwards they needed to be taken apart for quiet hours with Him. Can you understand that it has not been the easiest thing in the world for me to have so much responsibility? I have had to try to answer arguments of clever Brahmans. I have had to purchase bullocks, teach music, manage a normal school, preside at a labor case, reason with a delinquent husband, and make funeral arrangements for children that have died. Some days I believe I looked as if I had the three kinds of trouble that Puck said a certain man had all at the same time, "All the trouble he has ever had, all he has now, and all he ever expects to have."

But that was only a little feverish symptom caused by the heat. From the mountain top of my twelve-foot sand hill, I can calmly consider these symptoms, and prepare myself to "take arms" as saith Shakespeare with his mixed metaphors, "against a sea of troubles, and, by opposing, end them."

Now that I have time to write I will keep my promise and tell you about our first "Woman's Convention" in Lakeville. After our boarding girls are married and go out to the various villages or hamlets in the district, they have so little to help them forward, that there is danger of their slipping backward, especially as ^{mentally} ~~regards mental activity~~. The object of the convention was to improve and advance woman's work for women throughout our mission; the place of meeting was the new building of the girls' boarding school, the officers were the missionaries and the delegates came from all parts of our mission field and numbered ^{seventy-two} 72.

There are points of similarity and points of difference between conventions in the home land and our convention in Lakeville. From an Indian standpoint we were more struck by the similarity, but I think our American friends might have seen only the points of contrast. Of course

our delegates had to be entertained, and in the months previous when we were discussing programs and plans, the question of entertainment occupied no small place in our minds. Lakeville is not yet sufficiently advanced to enable us to assign delegates to the kind hospitality of the ladies of the congregation; ^{he} Hotel accommodation was also out of the question; so as the other ^{missionaries} ladies lived ~~too far away~~ ^{seventy-two} from the place of meeting ~~to be convenient~~, ^{thirty-eight} the whole 72 women plus 38 babies had to be entertained at my bungalow, inside and outside, frontside and backside.

A Zenana Missionary's life is supposed to be a lonely one, but there are times when she needs no sympathy along this line. If any such individual is troubled with attacks of loneliness, I would like to tell her to get up a convention in her own compound, and let it be known ~~/beforehand/~~ that she is willing to administer peppermint, paregoric or castor oil to any in need of such remedies, that she is ready to listen to all complaints, settle all difficulties and give suitable, ~~if not~~ always palatable ~~and~~ advice on all questions pertaining to her delegates and their posterity. ~~(She will no longer be lonely.)~~ Not only will her time be fully occupied from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, but even during the still hours of the night will she be likely to be called upon to make other sleeping arrangements for her guests on account of the biting of ants ~~which~~ ^{which} are rather voracious at that time of year ~~or~~ because some delegate can not sleep because other delegates' babies are wakeful. Delegates with incumbrances are not welcomed at all places at home, and we smiled when we thought what consternation there would be among the ladies of a ^{American} congregation if they should be asked to entertain not only the delegates but ~~38~~ ^{thirty-eight} naked, squalling infants. ¶ We did not allow the babies to attend the meetings, but it required considerable energy and strength of will to prevent it. Boarding girls were appointed as nurses and provided with dolls,

rattles, picture books and suitable refreshments, also with instructions as to the care of their charges. Twice a day when the bell sounded for the meetings, the chorus of ^{cries} that arose from the nursery was heartrending. More than one mother was found smuggling a baby into the meeting under her cloth. When discovered they always said, "My child never cries, good child."

Each day devotional exercises were followed by written examinations in Bible and secular subjects and by instructive and inspirational addresses. Two quite old women were ^{sat} sitting together after ~~one meeting~~ discussing the examinations. One of them asked, "Did you know what to write?" "I?" said the other, "No-oooo, not a thing, so I just wrote what came into my head. That's what I did." The younger women found ^{the examination} it stimulating, and we look on this first ^{meeting} coming together of the women as a small beginning of a great work.

Before I came down here I was touring day after day in the villages with the Jubilee party. There were usually five or six missionaries in the group, ^{and a} Band of good singers ~~who helped to make the meetings a success.~~ The folding organ helped to draw the non-Christian people. After the hot season the touring will be resumed until the Gospel has been preached in all the principal villages. On this special tour there is little time for personal evangelistic work; perhaps the chief ^{accomplishments} ~~things accomplished~~ are the strengthening and encouraging of the Christian congregations and their teachers, and the bringing before the non-Christian population, in many cases for the first time, the ~~(fact of a)~~ living God who made heaven and earth and ^{His Son} Jesus Christ whom He has sent.

~~(On these trips)~~ It did me good to come to congregations where the wife of the teacher or catechist had been for a longer or shorter period in the ^{We could recognize these women} Boarding School. ~~In every instance we could tell this fact~~ at once. It was not only in the neatly combed hair and tidy

clothing; there is an indescribable ~~difference in the~~^{facial} expression of the ~~face between such a one and other women.~~ It always gave me a happy feeling when I met an ~~old~~^{former} Boarding girl. It was like walking over the sand where all looks barren. Suddenly you spy a foot-print - a sign of life - and your heart jumps for joy. Lowell says:

"Through ways unlooked for, and through many lands,
Far from the rich folds built with human hands
The gracious foot-prints of His love I trace."

I take these girls for footprints of His love.

In a recent letter ~~from~~ Comfort ~~she~~ writes, "Dinah is such a baby in all her ways. She does not like to study at all. Sometimes I despair of her ever learning anything. I love her more than any child in the school, but she worries me very much sometimes. She is always wanting paper and pencil to write letters. I never see the pencil again. Some days she is very merry and mischievous. Those are the days I am very fond of her." You see children are alike all the world over.

The past few days I have been looking over ~~accumulated piles of~~ old home letters. I did not want to burn them up before going through them and here I have time for it. The ⁱⁿ arrival of ~~the dear~~ home letters has always been the brightest part of the whole week and the re-reading has been a pleasure.

XII

A Message from Heaven.

Lakeville, July 18th 1893.

Your ^{dear} letter written just after my precious mother went home to be for ever with the Lord reached me while I was still on the Island. I could not write much just then. You have all been so good to write so fully about everything. I know you all loved her almost as

we did. When you wrote of the "heavenly smile, as though she recognized someone," and when Little Sister wrote of the "beautiful smile that was not for those who stood by," I knew she had already met her Lord. It recalled to my mind Ps. 34:5 (revised) "they looked unto Him and were radiant," and it made me also long to see the face of the One altogether lovely. Your letter and Little Sister's I shall keep all my life. I do not believe I shall ever again tear up ~~old~~ letters without thinking of this time. I had just destroyed some of ^{her} the dear letters, but after the news came I ~~still~~ kept receiving letters for several weeks. In the last ^{one she} ~~dear letter~~ Little Mother wrote, "I am afraid when Jesus comes He will look at me and say 'What hast Thou done?' and I will have no sheaves to bring. I mean however to watch for His appearing." If I could only be the blessing in the world that she has been I would be satisfied. I think she must have asked our Lord to send me a messenger to prepare me for the hard blow, for He sent me one.

^{7th March} One morning at Dindi (~~it was Friday~~) I sat in the doorway of my room enjoying the sea breeze and reading my daily portion. The little three-year-old Angel came in and said, "Auntie, show me your photographs, please." I took down your box, and as soon as I began to show the pictures she asked, "Auntie, where is your father?" "My father is in heaven, Amy." "And where is your mother, Auntie?" "My mother is in America." "No, Auntie, your mother is in heaven." "No, darling, my father is in heaven but my mother is in America." "No, no, Auntie," she insisted, "your mother is in heaven." Saturday morning she came in again. "Auntie, please show me your photographs," and the same conversation took place. I told her mother about it. Sunday morning she asked again to see the photographs and the same conversation followed. At noon that day as we sat at the table came the greatly delayed cable announcing that ^{Mother} the ~~dear one~~ had gone home on Thursday afternoon. Was not little Amy a real angel - messenger - sent of God?

With a glad heart Little Mother gave me to the Lord, and I am trying to give her up as gladly, but I did want to see her just once more. My thoughts go back to her cheerful, happy, useful, holy life. I do not wonder that in her last hours of delirium she was teaching a Bible lesson and quoting Scripture. The Bible was to her as necessary as her daily food. When her sight began to fail, she bought a book of Psalms in Great Primer type, and with the help of ^a magnifying glass, she committed to memory almost the whole book. When the darkness fell ~~on her~~, she had a treasure that nothing could take from her.

I can not think why God should be so good, so wonderfully good, to me all my life long. Just ~~at~~ this time of loneliness and sorrow he sent me other comfort. It was only a day or two before this that the missionary in the little bungalow had asked me to help him with the work in his far-away corner of the mission field. This field covers ^{more than a thousand} 1041 square miles and is ^{thirty-six} 36 miles from the railroad. One travels there by ox-cart unless one can stand as much "horse back" as ^{missionary} the ~~can~~ do. Each month he leaves home in the evening, rides ^{thirty-six} 36 miles, attends Conference, buys his supplies for the month, and returns the following evening, having ridden ^{seventy-five} 72 miles in ^{twenty-four} 24 hours. I shall not attempt to do that. With the exception of a Jesuit priest, the nearest white neighbor in one direction is ^{thirty-six} 36 miles, while in the other three directions the distance to the nearest "pale face" is ^{eighty} 80 to ^{a hundred} 100 miles, with no road or other means of communication. We shall be ~~sent~~ of pioneers. This part of the field has been visited by one or another at intervals, but for many years there has been no resident missionary and never a white woman. It ^{is} ~~seems~~ a ^{heavy} terrible responsibility to be the only missionaries among so many non-Christians.

The Jubilee tour was resumed as soon as the intense heat had abated. This visiting of villages was always of interest to me. What impressed me most was the crowds. It seemed almost like it ~~was~~ in the

time our Lord was on this earth - "The people were gathered thick together - there were gathered together an innumerable multitude of people - and there went great multitudes with him - and Jesus, when He came out saw much people, and was moved with compassion for them because they were as sheep not having a shepherd." It is ~~a~~ wonderful thing to be able to preach the Gospel to those who have never heard it. It is also satisfying ~~work~~, not always in its results, but in the consciousness that one is following directly, even though feebly, in the footsteps of the Master.

In one of your letters you asked me in what a "call" consists. I feel unable to answer this question categorically. If you had simply asked me what I thought about the matter, I would answer that I think God is calling to us or speaking to us constantly.

I take it your question refers to a call to service. "I heard the voice of the Lord saying, 'Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?'" I think the call to service is to everyone - a universal call. So far as a call to a particular field of labor is concerned, that is another matter. All are not called to be foreign missionaries. I have seen missionaries whom it is hard to believe were called of God, men and women of whom God perhaps would say, "I sent them not, neither have I commanded them, neither spake I unto them." A lame man can not run errands, and a dead man can not speak. A messenger must have a message and be sure of His message before he runs to the foreign field. With me this call was so clear and so persistent that there could be no mistaking it. I once read of some one who said he had never felt any call to do mission work. The answer he received was, "Are you sure you are within calling distance?" "God has to call me many times and very loud, but I thank Him, and my precious Little Mother and all of the friends who helped to keep me within calling distance. Today I was reading the first chapter of John which brought your question to my

mind. In the 6th verse it is said, "there was a man sent from God whose name was John." Is it not a wonderful thing to be sent from God and sent by Jesus? "As Thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world."

XIII

White Ants.

Lakeville, Dec. 23, 1894.

After the journey to the home land ~~and back again~~, I am beginning to pick up threads and get ^{back} into work, ~~again~~. The touch of the sun which I got one afternoon just one year ago when I fell asleep in a bullock cart and allowed my pith sun-hat to slip off my head, seems to be a thing of the past. The months at home did me much good, though the home-coming was so different from what I had always anticipated. As the boat neared shore, there they all stood on the dock in their black dresses but the dear smiling face was not among them. I could not stay on deck. I had to go inside.

The trip home had ~~many experiences of~~ ills that almost happened. For instance I almost lost my train connection at Brindisi ^{because} ~~on account of~~ some gentleman by mistake carrying ^{ed} off my holdall containing my warm blankets and ^{left} leaving me a similar one with his canes and gold sticks. I almost lost my hand bag containing tickets and all my other valuables in leaving the ship after the dreadful storm between Calais and Dover. At the Adelphi hotel, Liverpool, I almost lost my desire for breakfast when the elegant waiter in the elegant breakfast room hung my old astrachan wrap over the back of my chair, displaying to the elegant guests ~~who~~ had finished their elegant breakfast and were ready for the next thing of interest; the faded and dilapidated lining, which the matron of the Girls' Boarding School had so kindly adorned with about ten new black silk patches. I can not blame those guests for smiling at the returned Missionary. After I had been at home several days Sister

Adelaide said, "My! how you did look!"

There were some blessed experiences on the home trip. That night in Brindisi, when after various trying ordeals, I finally got on board the through train to Calais, I threw myself into my berth just as I was, and lay there exhausted. After a little while I became aware that someone was tenderly covering me up with her own rug, and I recognized the loving hand of a child of God. Later when a little rest had brought me to life again, I learned that this child of God was the niece of "Chinese Gordon" - of Khartum fame. Having lost her beloved husband in India from "walking typhoid", she was returning with her two little sons to the home-land under the care of her soldier brother. It was a privilege - indeed it will be a life-long inspiration - to have travelled in the company of this superior woman who lived so near to God. The two boys were fine lads. They were jubilant whenever the officer uncle came into the compartment and they were full of questions. "Uncle, what station is this?" "Timbuktoo." Then after a few minutes, "Oh, Uncle, see, what station is this?" A glance out of the window, "Timbukthree," said the uncle, who was deep in conversation with his sister. "And this station, Uncle?" "Timbukfour." "Oh, Uncle, what funny names the stations have!"

^a
In Calais ~~we were in a~~ refreshment room, ~~the~~ boys were ^{looked surprised at the} ~~curious over the fact that~~ bottles were on most of the tables. ~~Their~~ parents were teetotalers. "Mother," they asked, "are all the people sick? Why are they ~~all~~ taking medicine?"

^{As we crossed} ~~The great incident~~ ^{we saw a great} crossing the Atlantic ^{seemed to be} was the iceberg. It was flat-topped and evenly formed. ^{through it was much further.} It ~~looked as if it were~~ only a few yards away, ~~and I could scarcely credit the statements of its~~ comparatively ^a great distance, ~~and that~~ Only about one-eighth of it was visible above the water. When the sun shone it was a wonderful sight.

on the return journey.

A party of new missionaries came out with me. I felt almost dignified as I stepped into the shoes of the Grave and Reverent^d as leader. One of the party seems to be a saint. At least I^{'m} sure that he is very good and will do a good work. One has come out to train nurses, and the third is willing to do anything she finds to do. The shortage of missionaries necessitates my remaining in Lakeville until someone can relieve me.

Vesuvius was ~~to me~~ the most interesting ^{sight on} ~~part of~~ the return trip. ~~It is a sight one can not see and forget.~~ We went up part ~~of~~ the way by carriage, and part ~~of the~~ way by Cook's railway. At the end there was a short stiff climb to the top. Vesuvius has not had an eruption for ^{fourteen} ~~14~~ years. It looked like a pillar of cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night. We stood on the edge of the conical top first on one foot and then on the other. The ground was so hot, that the life was ~~all~~ burnt out of our leather soles. The true crater is far below, and as I stood looking down into the seething mass of fire I seemed to be looking down into the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone prepared for the devil and his angels. At short intervals there was a violent belching up of stones and burning matter which shot straight up into the air and fell back again in and around the pit. I thought of 2 Peter 3, where it is written that "the heavens that now are and the earth have been stored with fire (as it is in the margin) being reserved against the day of judgment and destruction of ungodly men, when the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved and the elements shall melt with fervent heat."

I am glad you were pleased with the "Winged Victory of Samothrace," which I sent you. The original is in the Louvre, I have seen wonderful ^{real} works of art, but ~~I do not know that ever~~ ^{no} a statue ~~ever~~ impressed me more than this ~~one~~. ~~That one can be so gripped by the mutilated figure of a woman is marvelous.~~ No head, no arms, only poise

and the sense of an impelling motive urging onward and upward. Since the days of Daedalus and Icarus men have tried to fly but in vain. Do you remember how we used to laugh over "Darius Green and his flying mashine," and about his desire to "fly over the steeple and astonish the people?" All ^{of} man's effort to soar aloft ~~like birds~~ have resulted in failure, because the weight of their own earthly bodies dragged them back. Only when men discover a new motive power that will enable them to overcome the force of gravitation, will it be possible, I think, for them to take to themselves wings and fly skyward.

From the mount called Olivet Jesus our Lord ascended into heaven and He calls us "to come higher." The weight of our earthly bodies tends to keep us down to the earth; but we know of a power that will enable us to soar aloft to where Jesus is, for we have the promise: "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles." As you request I send you the little rhyme I wrote after seeing the wonderful "Winged Victory:"

"Up! Up! my soul,
Rise over earthly things;
Thou hast God-given wings
To reach the goal.

Still! Still! my soul,
Though head and hands may fail,
Through Christ thou shalt prevail,
He makes thee whole.

On! On! my soul,
The victory to win;
When thou shalt enter in,
Thy God extol."

¶ On the steamer coming out we all read The Bishop's Conversion. It is a book showing, among more serious things, some of the petty trials of India. The "Saint" said, "It is greatly overdrawn I am sure." The day after we arrived in Lakeville, I sent a note over to the Saint asking him to come and see whether it was "overdrawn." I showed him a large tin-lined box which I had packed before leaving Lakeville. My beautiful

pile of linen - underwear, towels, sheets, table cloths, blankets, everything - ruined by white ants. The box had, with all precaution, been stood up on stones. When visitors came, however, somebody had spread a cover over the box and one end had touched the floor. On this end of the cover the clever soft-bodied little creatures had climbed and travelled around the box to the one small vulnerable spot, where the lid was not air-tight. Here they had entered and had eaten their way with their knife-like teeth clear through every article in the whole box. The Saint said, "Well, well, well, did you ever!" Little Mother had hemmed most of these things (~~with her own dear hands~~) and Sister had embroidered the initials. When I opened the box I almost wept. Then I gave myself a poke in the ribs, ~~and said to myself,~~ "What! You call yourself a real, live missionary, and yet you can not even take 'joyfully the spoiling of your goods?' What would you do if you were stoned or sawn asunder, or had to wander about in sheep skins and goat skins, destitute, afflicted and tormented?" When I got about as far as this, the rubber ball in me bounced up again, and now I am rejoicing that I have such beautiful specimens to send home to illustrate the ravages of white ants.

XIV

A Bride in the Jungle.

^{3?}
Junklehouse, Jungleville, Feb. 22, 1896.

This is Saturday afternoon and the 22nd of February.

~~("Birthington's Washday," as we used to call it.)~~ You have already had one letter, and perhaps have also seen ^{those I wrote} ~~the ones from~~ home telling about the wedding in the beautifully decorated church, of how Comfort arranged the bridal bouquet of Bangalore roses and maiden hair ferns, and, so she says, spotted the long white ribbons with briny drops; also particulars of the trip to Poona, Bombay and the hills of Mahableshtar. Whoever thought in those days when I first sailed over the ocean wave

that Mr. Trustworthy would perform my marriage ceremony and that the Little Bride would play the wedding march! On our arrival here in Jungleville we found the front of the tiny bungalow decorated with ^{festive} strings of leaves. Over the gate was an arch of palm leaves and paper chains surmounted by a green flag with a gold cross in the centre in honor of the bride of the Best Husband in the world.

Our little bungalow was formerly occupied by a native pastor. The walls are of rough stone, whitewashed but not plastered. There is a room perhaps ^{twelve by fourteen feet} ~~12 x 14~~ which is reception room, study and to some extent store-room, for everything seems to get piled ^{on} ~~into~~ the sofa. On two sides are rooms ^{seven} ~~7~~ by ^{twelve} ~~12~~ feet which answer for bed-room and dining-room. The doors between the rooms had to be replaced by portieres, as there was no room for the furniture when the doors were open. ¶ The house has jungle on three sides. Between us and the village is a stream, the Black River, which often becomes uncrossable for days during the monsoon. Besides ourselves and the necessary servants, our family consists of two horses, one pair of oxen, three cows, five calves, three sheep, three goats, two antelopes, a dog and a cat. So you see, although our nearest white neighbor is ^{thirty or} ~~36~~ miles distant, and although there is a river between us and the village, there is plenty of life here and I am already beginning to feel at home. What my future work as "helpmeet" is to be is not yet clear, and at present I feel like the little girl who had expressed a desire to be a teacher when she grew up. One day something happened to make her change her mind. "Mama," she said, "I don't believe I want to be a teacher after all." "Well then, dear, what will you be?" the mother asked. "Oh," she replied, "I guess I'll just get married like you and be nothing."

We have a very fine Boy. I feel sure that he is not strictly honest, but he is not a real robber, and he would not let anyone else steal from us. He certainly looks after the interests of

his employers. Some time last year the B. H. ^{that} stands for "Best Husband in the world", but he was then a bachelor^f invited a party of missionaries out for some occasion. Either they stayed longer than he had anticipated, or had more hunger than he had planned to satisfy, for the supplies gave out. "No more bread, Master," the Boy announced, "Butter all gone," "No more potatoes, Master", Today eating last rice." The guests, seeing the deplorable state of the ~~bachelor's~~ larder took leave. At the first meal after their departure, on the table appeared bread, butter, rice, potatoes, fruit - everything. "Where in the world, Veerabai, did these things come from?" inquired the Bachelor. "Master," said Veerabai, "those Doralu going back home having everything, Master having nothing, I saving some for Master."

Yesterday the B. H. being thirsty, he called for a glass of lime juice, (~~lemonade~~ substitute). "No more limes, Master," announced Veerabai. "Boy," said the B. H., "did I not tell you that Missus must always have what she is used to, and that you must always have limes on hand?" "Oh," said Veerabai, "Missus wanting, can have; I saving some for Missus."

I took
Last week we were touring. When ~~taking~~ my bath in the tent, the smooth board which had been placed for me to stand on while "pouring water" looked familiar. It turned out to be the kitchen board used for preparing meat and vegetables. "Veerabai!" I said, "the kitchen board?" Veerabai With a reproachful look hastened to reply, "What Missus want? That board very clean; I washing myself before putting in bath tent." *P* I said that we had two ant^lopes. We have not; we have only one. Last week when we returned from tour, we found that the night before the wolves had come from the jungle and devoured one of them, which had been tied to a tree near the house. Only the hoofs and horns were left. The following morning I awoke before daylight and heard a crunching of bones right outside the window where a

poor little calf had been tied. The B. H. had given orders that it should not be left outside. The B. H. was for rushing out with his gun, but I feared it might possibly be a tiger instead of a wolf, and I made such a fuss that he gave it up. "Anyway," he said, "it ²'s too late to save the calf." As the crunching was still going on, we watched at the window till it began to lighten in the East and in the dim light of dawn we saw - not a wolf, but what do you think? - two dirty village hogs crunching fodder stalks. The calf is still alive. It is also likely to stay alive until it dies a natural death, for it would certainly end our career here as missionaries if we were to attempt to have a roast of veal. To slaughter a calf would be a crime in the eyes of those who hold it as ^asacred object.

Last week we visited a village about ^{twelve} 12 miles from here, ~~it~~ ^{is} one of the largest in the taluk (county). Many years ago a number ^{of} ~~in this village from~~ the lower castes had been baptized, but they had kept the family idols in their houses with the result that most of them had gone back to heathenism. Now there is a revival of religion among them and they have given up their idols. One old woman violently opposed the taking away of the family gods. She went into a state of frenzy, and the heathen neighbors said that she was inspired by one of the gods. One of her sons proposed to apply the fire test, and a burning coal was given her to hold in her hand. When they saw that she was unable to hold it, they paid no more attention to her ravings, and the idols were carried out of the house.

There are ^{Two hundred} 200 inquirers now being taught. Some of the teachers are such ~~poor~~ weak Christians themselves that I wonder sometimes whether they can do much good, but I comfort myself with the words of Dr. Hampden Du Bose in his "Preaching in Sinim." After quoting the missionary message and promise in Matt. 28:19,20 he adds, "The presence of the Master is specially vouchsafed at the very

moment when we teach the people to observe His commandments." I am hoping and praying, that as these poor teachers in their ignorance and weakness try to teach his commandments, the Master Himself will be present and make up ^{what} ~~where~~ they lack.

We do all our touring on horses. Mine is a little native mare named Rani ^{or} {Queen}. What do you suppose the B. H. would have done with me if I had not been able to ride? Maybe he would have bought me an elephant and tied me in a little seat on top. Wouldn't that have been lots of fun? You know I ^{am} the only one of the four sisters that ever found any pleasure in the saddle, and I ^{am} wondering whether God chose me for a missionary because I could ride, or whether He gave me the ability to stick on to a horse's back, because He knew that here it would be a necessity. ~~The~~ ^Equestrianism is, however, not always unmingled delight. For instance, the B. H. insists upon my riding with an umbrella over my head to protect me from the sun. How would you like to ride holding in one hand a white-covered umbrella? Then I prefer a brisk gallop, and where I have toured so far, the stony soil precludes the possibility of any galloping whatever.

~~The worst was recently~~ ^{on a} ~~on our~~ trip to Tangada ^{we} ~~We had~~ camped at a place where there are no Christians, and after talking to the people in the evening we started early the next morning to a village on the banks of the Krishna river. Here we had a service at the Madiga Palem (leatherworkers' hamlet), where there is only one Christian family. From there we rode to the Mala Palem (weavers' hamlet), where the few baptized members were all backsliders. The B.H. preached to a large crowd. These crowds are ~~to me~~ a great sight. ~~As~~ ^{Almost} ~~with few exceptions~~ no one in any of the villages has ever seen a white woman, ^{and} I am also a great sight to them. By the time we were again in our saddles, it was approaching noon. The sun beat down mercilessly, and it was a blessing that there was no danger of

temptation ~~along that line~~ or I might have forgotten the heroism of the martyrs that were burned at the stake, and have bartered my soul for a glass of water. Barring the thirst, the first part of the ^{road} way was not so bad, but it got more and more stony until finally the ponies had to half climb, half stumble down a hill of solid rock, consisting of smooth slabs broken at intervals by rough uneven steps. No doubt ~~in time~~ I shall get used to these ways, and used to a dried up mouth, and I shall wonder how I ever could think that there was any credit in being jolly under such circumstances. The B. H. was miserable with repentance for having brought me along on this trip. Now that it is over I am glad of the experience, like your dear Nellie after she went tobogganing; she would not have missed it for the world, but never again, please. If I live long enough, I shall no doubt make this same trip many times, and it is a comfort to know, that the first time is always the worst.

XV

T.V. o. T. T. T. T.

Junglehouse, July 20, 1896

We are still living in the Junglehouse. The house, however, is no longer in the jungle. It has taken to itself wings and glown ^{thirteen} 13 miles nearer to you and ^{thirteen} 13 miles farther away from everybody else. It stands now in the midst of an indigo field. A committee was appointed to select a site for a new mission station. "The Village of The Two Tamarind Trees," or abbreviated, T.V. o. T. T. T. T. was the one selected. The B. H. would have preferred another site. This was however not on the one and only road running through our field, and the Committee fearing it might be years before another road was built decided against it. ¶ The selected location is central and has perhaps only one serious disadvantage, ~~namely~~, the presence of a Jesuit priest. Many years ago a colony of Roman Catholics came from

the South and settled here. The priest ministers to his people, but he has never made any attempt to do mission work among the original inhabitants, so he will probably not interfere with us.

~~(An indigo field near to the village entrance was bought.)~~ During the hot season while we were away in Bangalore, the Jungle-House was torn down and rebuilt in T.V. o. T.T.T.T. At the other end of the village is a tamarind tope, in which is a shrine. We were told by an old Brahman that formerly ~~(near the shrine where the people went to worship)~~ there were only two tamarind trees and from these the village got its name. Our tiny bungalow is just as it was in the jungle, except that it has been plastered.

Apropos, a letter from the B.H.'s Brahman Munshi may be interesting as a specimen of English in these parts. "23.5.96. Most respected Sir, I am very glad to inform you that the marriages of my daughters had been safely performed by the favor of Almighty and your gracious honor. I am very glad to hear from our servant Pichanna, that the Mrs. and you are spending your time merrily and cheerfully in these summer vacations. Up to this time the koolies did not bring roof of bungalow and they are doing their work very carelessly. Please give severe orders to village Munsif and our Chinna Pichanna in doing works lest works are in arrear. The season is very unbearable here. All our domestic animals and bungalow are in safe custody. I am very anxious to hear often and often the welfare of you couple. No more Particulars to pen. Yours faithfully Subba Rao."

The little bungalow looks quite homey but the B.H. is so busy that he seldom has time to be at home. ~~(well has been dug and now material is being collected for the new bungalow.)~~ Until the well was finished we got our water from the village. Some village wells are constructed like ours with a low retaining wall of stone

and four stone pillars connected by bamboos on which are wooden pullies for drawing the water. Most of the wells, however, are not "drawing" wells but "going down" wells. These are immense square openings in the ground without any protection around the top and with stone steps on one or more sides ^{leading} going down into the water. One day a man came to us covered with a distressing skin disease. We gave him medicine to apply telling him that on the following day he should rub on the carbolic soap we gave him and take a good bath. He returned saying that he had followed our directions and taken a bath in the well. I was shocked, especially as in answer to my question, he said that it was from this well that the water we used came. The servant however assured me that our water did not come from a "going down" well. They tell me also that there are ^{sixteen} 16 wells in and near the village. All have brackish water and the natives say the gods have favored us.

No Hindu would think of beginning a well without consulting a pandit as to whether water would be found, ^{plus} ~~which fact~~ is ascertained by considering the relative position of stars to certain places. The pandit orders appropriate ceremonies ~~to be performed~~ such as the killing of a goat on the proposed site and the feeding of Brahmans. There is a popular superstition that unless water is found at a depth of ^{seven} 7 fathoms, it is useless to dig further and another place is tried. Great therefore was the astonishment in all the surrounding country when, after blasting through the solid rock, excellent water came bubbling up at a depth of nine and a half fathoms.

We bought two Arabian ponies when we were in Bangalore, as these ~~ones~~ we had could not do the work. We call the one Afghan, and mine I have named Arab. Mine has never been ridden and the B.H. is breaking him in between times, or rather at ^{five five thirty} ~~5 or 5:30~~ a.m.

July 21. Yesterday was Sunday and as we have ~~as yet~~ no other place for service, our seven foot verandah has to take the place of a church. The pulpit was a small table for which I made a cushion with a sloping front, ~~and covered~~ the whole affair with turkey red cloth. Next ~~to it~~ stood the baby organ. The preacher and the organist had chairs, and the congregation sat or stood on the verandah or were scattered here and there on the ground in front. There were a few so-called Christians and the rest was a mixed company of non-Christians, caste and non-caste, drawn thither out of curiosity. I get stared at as if I were Barnum's Fat Woman or Mrs. Tom Thumb. ^{9/} That silence was expected on such an occasion no one had the least idea. One boy had brought his goat which wandered in and out among the people. When it came too near, there was violent expostulation and slapping of the offending Billy. Once when Billy turned on them with his horns, most of the sitting congregation arose screaming and scolding. Naked babies crawled around; some wept and lamented, one beat its mother, and several could not be pacified until they had had their dinner. In the midst of the B.H.'s talk one woman standing on the outskirts of the crowd called out, "I am going, come along." "Wait a little," screamed a woman sitting right next to the pulpit, "I want first to hear what the Dora is saying." Some men screamed, "Can't you females shut your mouths?" The "females" had a ready reply and for several minutes ^{there was} ~~followed~~ a general hubbub. ~~Do you think we shall~~ ^{It seems} ~~ever be~~ ^{we} able to do anything with such barbarians? ~~According to my feelings~~ ~~it is~~ a hopeless task, and I am calling on the God of Israel who doeth wonders to undertake for us. ² That Uncle Ben so long ago gave me that little pink-covered Pilgrim's Progress which I still have ~~is~~ something for which I am devoutly thankful. The book has such attractive pictures that I wanted to know the story and so became acquainted with it. It has been helpful to me all my life. Just now,

as I was saying to myself, I don't believe anything can ever be made out of these people, this passage came to my mind, ^{"Said Christian,} "I have a key [^] ~~said Christian,~~ in my bosom called Promise that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle". It is a comfort to know that I have a duplicate of that key and I am going to use it on every closed door I find.

There is a Mission Conference held once every month in Lakeville. On our way to the last meeting we rode ^{eleven} ~~11~~ miles to the place where we had ordered our bullock-coach. I slipped down from my pony and hurried over to the coach for a drink of water. The moment I poured out a glass, I saw that it was not the filtered water which I had sent along, notwithstanding all the assertions of the bullock-driver to the contrary. He had doubtless become thirsty on the way and filled up the koojah (clay water-bottle) at a stream. There was nothing to do but to forget our thirst for ^{five} ~~5~~ hours. The last half hour was the worst. As we neared the village where our servants were expecting us, we tried to shorten the time by discussing what we would like to have upon our arrival. The B. H. proposed vanilla ice cream. I was too thirsty for ice cream and decided on iced lemonade. We both agreed to top off with an ice cream soda. Upon reaching our destination we found that there had been a koojah upset and the servants had had to boil water for us. Of course there had not been time for the water to get cool. We had by that time reached the point when we could be thankful even for a swallow of smoky luke-warm water. The ice cream soda will be realized on our next trip to America.

A week ago we were camping in a dry tank, ^{where} ~~^~~ The servants had pitched the tent ~~there~~ in order that we might have the benefit of the shade, ~~of the trees growing in the tank.~~ Before ^{we began} beginning the evening service the ^{wa} ~~we~~ather began to look a little uncertain; as it

^{is} ~~was~~ possible for a dry tank to become suddenly very wet, orders were given for the tent to be taken down and bullocks to be secured to take us to the next village. The service was held under some distant trees. By the time ~~the~~ ^{it} service was over, the tent was packed but no bullocks had arrived. The B. H. went to the village to try to hurry matters but no one wanted to start out when there was prospect of a storm. Finally one of the Christians consented to sacrifice himself and his bullocks, and after much delay we started. It had already begun to sprinkle. The top of the native cart was a loosely woven mat. It began to rain hard. It began to pour. It began to rain "cats and dogs and little nigger babies" as we used to say. The cotton mattress on which we were sitting was soaking wet, so were we. I felt like a frog in a pond. ¶ Finally the traveller's bungalow came in sight. These bungalows are erected by Government for the convenience of travellers, and here one can remain on a small payment for ^{twenty-four} ~~24~~ an hour or longer if no other traveller comes along. After our six miles' bullock trot which had taken us two and a half hours we heaved a sigh of relief. But what do you think? The roof was off for repairs! For a few moments things looked uncheery - ^{ten} 10 o'clock ^{at night} ~~p.m.~~, no dinner, wet to the skin and the roof off. Things are never as bad as they might be; there are always alleviating features, and like Mark Tapley, I ^{am} sure I shall never get credit for being jolly under any circumstances. Upon investigation we found the roof of a little back bathroom still intact. The servants and the bullock-driver found a refuge outside in the kitchen. There were two dry blankets in the waterproof holdall, and divesting ourselves of our dripping drapery, we wrapped ourselves in the blankets like wild-west Indians and were thankful.

XVI.

Deep Waters.

Camp, Dec. 19, 1896.

You have not heard from me since the two brief letters in which I informed you of the serious illness of the B.H. and of his recovery.

~~(These were dark days.)~~ Night and day I watched beside him following as best I could the directions for fever in Moore's Family Medicine for India. In the beginning I had sent for medicine to a little Government Dispensary. This is six miles from our station and is in charge of an Indian hospital assistant. He sent no medicine but sent two prescriptions probably copied from some medical book. These prescriptions he highly praised saying the patient would need to take them only a short time and he would be quite well. ¶ As I had no medicine, our servant was sent again the next day to trot the six miles with the request that the valuable prescription [&] he filled. He trotted back with the information that these medicines were not supplied to the dispensary. Later the hospital assistant came himself and gave me some other medicine which he had in stock, but the fever only grew worse. He had asked me to write fully the symptoms, which I did, mentioning among other things that while the patient's fever was over 104, his feet were like ice. The servant trotted the six miles there and the six miles back bringing a note saying, "If the patient has cold feet, put on stockings." ¶ When the fever began to rise my husband always called on me to sing. I sang over and over his favorites, Jesus, Lover of my soul, and Peace, Perfect Peace, using the baby organ to fill in the gaps in the singing which came when the effort to keep from crying dried up my throat. At times he thought he was dying ^{and} bade me good bye, and gave me directions for the work and for his funeral. He told me to use the wood of the wardrobe for a coffin and that there were horse-shoe nails in the stable, if I could find no others. ¶ One evening at about ^{seven} 11, when I had thrown myself for a moment on my folding-chair bed, feeling that if the deep waters through which I was passing should rise one inch higher I would sink in the depths, I suddenly heard through the stillness of the night a tinkling of bells. The sounds came nearer and nearer; there was the shout of a bullock-driver, the crack of a whip and a little native

jútka stopped at the door, bringing help from the God of all comfort-- in the form of a beloved lady-doctor and the little nurse who came out with me two years ago. I experienced then what a comfort human help can be. Is not God good, always to send help just at the right time?

They first put me to bed, for I have been for days practically without sleep, and then took charge of everything. I had no more responsibility, though my dear husband did not want me out of his sight even for a few minutes. The house is so tiny, that we had to speak in whispers when we took our meals. For days they watched beside him. Finally they wrapped him in a blanket and took him to Lakeville. We did not tell him that we were going until we were ready to start. In his weakness he cried and said he was afraid, but I read him the text for the day on the wall roll: "Why are ye troubled and why do thoughts arise in your heart? Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." Does not it always seem as if everything happens to fit? I am dead sure that even such little happenings are God's appointments. These words calmed him. The dear old wall roll has been nearly torn to pieces by the high winds we have out here, but he did not want to go to Lakeville without it. The B. H. seems to have about as much rubber in his constitution as I have, and after he had once begun to improve, he bounded back into life and work.

A few weeks after our return from Lakeville we were camping six miles east of our station. In the evening we rode to a meeting about one and a half miles from camp. Returning through the village, in which the meeting was held, the B. H. rode ahead and I followed. Arab slipped on one of the smooth rocks on which the village is built, In trying to recover himself he burst the saddle girth, and Arab, the saddle and I fell together. In struggling to his feet Arab kicked me on my knee and hand. You can imagine the B.H.'s feelings when Arab dashed past him minus saddle and rider. They carried me "lady's chair"

fashion to camp^{and} The next morning they took me burning with fever to Lakeville, where I was ~~lovingly and~~ tenderly cared for by the little nurse. The name of the village where my accident occurred is Janga-maheshvarapuramagraharam. The wife of one of the missionaries whose husband had been in India for one term as a bachelor asked me where the accident occurred. When I said, "Janga-maheshvarapuramagraharam," she said, "You do not mean to say that is really the name of a village? John used to speak of such a village, but I always thought he was joking."

After some weeks I was allowed to return home on the promise, that I would not try to take a single step. As so much time had been lost, and this was the best season for touring, the B. H. had to be away all the time. The widowed mother of one of the teachers was engaged to wait on me. One day while bandaging my knee she got up quickly and ran out followed by her little daughter Annamma. In a few minutes she returned saying, "Nobody is there!" "Whom were you expecting to see?" I inquired. "The man that beats the bell," she said, "He beat it twelve times but he disappeared quickly and I can not find him." All my explanations could not make her comprehend the mechanism of the striking of our wall clock. She only shook her head and said, "Yetla? Yetla?" (How can it be?)

I commenced having lessons with little Annamma. The second day all the children of the other servants turned up to enter my "school." We had fine times together; I can not say whether the children or I enjoyed it the most. As soon as I can paddle my own canoe, I am going to launch out on the sea of education and see how many little fish I can catch. The old chapel in Jungleville has already been moved to our new property and is to be both school-house and church. The wretched little school that had been in the hamlet has been transferred to these new quarters. There was not much to transfer, but with God's blessing it will grow.

A Sudra man recently brought his little baby to me. Her mother died when she was born. A neighbor woman nursed the little thing once a day and they also occasionally held her under a goat. When I first saw her she was nothing but skin and bones. The wife of the horse-keeper is nursing her for me.

I am now touring again, only instead of my Arab steed I have for the present to travel in a two-wheeled bullock coach. The first stage of the journey was from ¹¹ p.m. to ⁸ a.m. and over rocks and stones. I had bolstered myself all around with pillows, and slept except now and then when the vehicle threatened to upset. Yesterday when the camp was to be moved, we had to get up long before day-light and have choto-hazri by lantern-light. The nights are quite cold at this season of the year, and it is especially chilly just before sunrise. This morning for about half an hour the thermometer stood at 57 Fahr^{heit}. Yesterday morning I wrapped myself up in a ~~big~~ shawl and watched the tent being taken down, folded together, and packed on to the oxcart. In the beginning the servants stood around helplessly but they are now quite expert and things move ^{swiftly} with alacrity.

The B. H. is visiting the surrounding villages and has three meetings a day. I stay at the tent and have a good opportunity to talk to the women who come to see me. Our Mission began work among the outcastes, ⁺ (the "untouchables"), and almost without exception the Christians are from these classes. We are now camping in a Mission compound, which is associated in the minds of the caste people with the outcastes whom they despise. For this reason few women from the better classes have visited me here. Yesterday it was different as the camp was in a neutral zone. No one had preached there for many years and curiosity brought ~~to~~ visitors from all classes.

My doll that opens and shuts its eyes does the most of my preaching for me. Yesterday after I had answered all the questio

of the women as to how many children I had, why I did not put cocoanut oil on my hair, whether I washed with soap, etc., I showed them the doll. When they saw it go to sleep and wake up again, they thought it was alive until one of the nearer women having obtained my permission to touch it, assured herself and the others that its face was hard and that it had no life. After questioning them about the goddess they worship, I asked, "Can Lakshmi open and shut her eyes?" "No, no," they said. "Then," I said, "this doll which children in my country use as a play-thing, can do more than your goddess." "True, true," they said. As they went away, one said to another, "It is true, it is just as she says - Lakshmi has eyes but can not see, and has ears but can not hear." When the B. H. came back from his meeting he found hundreds of men and women waiting near the tent. They were from at least three surrounding villages. The B. H. thought there was a great religious awakening, but ~~do you know why they had come?~~ They had all come to see the doll that can shut and open its eyes. It was a fine opportunity to preach the Gospel.

These people are like children. The B. H. is working among the men of the Sudra classes. We have great plans for this work and hope we may be able to win many of these who are so far away from God because --how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?"

There are to be two more camping places before we return to our palatial mansion in T.V.o.T.T.T. The indigo field has been harvested, and stone and other materials are being hauled for the new bungalow, which will be begun next month. The B.H. is studying books on the building of walls and roofs, to make up for deficiencies (~~along that line~~) in his earlier education. He will get the practical training all right this year. Things would go better and faster if one could be in one place all the time. When you have about ^{eighty} 90 villages to

more than a thousand square

visit scattered over ~~1041~~ sq. miles, you wish you could divide yourself by ten, or perhaps I should say multiply. Work among new converts left to itself for a while sometimes fares as badly as our trees have done. For instance, we planted margosa and tamarind trees. They must be watered every evening, and strict orders were accordingly given. We came back from tour and found no trees. They had of course been carefully watered every evening but just the very day before we returned a cow had come in and eaten them all up. *When others were planted* ~~The second time it happened,~~ the eating was done by a sacred bull. It would have been a sin to drive him away. Each tree has now a protecting basket around it.

There are no very large or fine houses in this part of the country such as one finds in town and cities. A tile-roofed house is a rarity here; *flat* roofs and thatched roofs are common. The *"midde"* or flat-roofed house is the most common; only the poorer people live in thatched houses. Most of the houses in our field are built of stone; the kind of earth needed for mud houses is scarce. Before my accident I visited a midde in T.V.O.T.T.T. It had one living room, which was also dining-room and family bed-room. A widow lives there with her four grown sons, two daughters, one daughter-in-law and three children. The roof was made of salt earth beaten down hard, and earthen pipes were laid at intervals to carry off the rain. The rafters were of palmyra wood laid across two *palmyra* beams, ~~of the same kind of wood.~~ Flat stones were laid on top of the walls and projected over for eaves. In the ~~South-East~~ ^{South-West} corner of the house was a primitive fireplace consisting of a few stones where the family meal was cooking. Food must never be cooked on the ~~Western~~ ^{West} side nor in the ~~North-East~~ ^{North-West} corner. When I asked for the reason the people said, "How do we know? The Shastries say this is the fire corner." On ~~one~~ ^{the} side of the room a pial was built of plastered stone. This is a lounging place for the men of the family and is also used as a bed by night. *¶* In wet weather ~~they~~ the cots stand

during the day) on end against the wall. In dry weather they are put outside to sun. From the ceiling ^{hung} was suspended a small black pot with ghee, (clarified butter) to keep it away from insects. Outside of the back door were ^{stood} ~~standing~~ cooking vessels and pots for water. In front of the house were tied a yoke of oxen, a buffalo and a calf, all of which, they told me, they bring into the room in rainy weather. There was another room but no one sleeps there. It is called the "^wWestern room" and is the abode of the family god. It is dark, having no window and only one door opening into the living room. Beside the family idol they keep there extra clothing and jewels and anything that they are afraid might get stolen. Among some castes the idol is a pot, called the "god-pot", ^{which} ~~and~~ contains different small images, etc. It is regarded with such fear that it is never touched. This corner is never swept or dusted ^{as} ~~by the children~~ ^{and} ~~nor by the grown folks~~ ~~as they~~ fear they might accidentally touch the idol and fall down dead.

It looks a little as though we might have trouble with the Jesuit priest. They tell us, that in his sermon last Sunday he said that it was no sin to try to get rid of an enemy of the church; that any one who helped the church by fighting against her enemies would be blessed and any one who helped the new religion by aiding in any of its building operations, would be excommunicated.

XVII.

From Ceylon's Isle.

Hatton, Ceylon, April 9, 1898.

Thus far have we come on our way home, and I would be as gay as a lark if it were not for the affliction of country sore eyes, the worst feature of it being that I have only myself to blame. It is an exceedingly contagious disease, and after treating eye patients I have always been careful to scrub my hands with soap and water. This time it was not a patient but a pretty little native baby whose cheek I

patted, when I should have been content to smile on her. I do love babies.

We were asked to start ahead of steamer time to make inquiries concerning a suitable place of recuperation for the Saint. He is a real saint. He has been living with his people, working and eating with them and trying to become one of them. He is an example to all of us in his devotion to Christ and to the work, but under unhealthful conditions his health broke down. He had bleeding from the lungs and it was necessary for him to go at once to another climate.

We allowed too much time for our investigation, for through one of the oldest residents, the editor of a Colombo paper, we were able to write to the Saint the day after our arrival, and he is going to Jaffna.

In Colombo early one morning we went out for a stroll, and were enticed into a jewelry shop. Ceylon, you know, is the home of precious stones both real and (bear it in mind) imitation. A little pearl and ruby brooch charmed me and I coveted it for Sister Adelaide. The shop keeper began to pack it in a box for me, but I stopped him. "We will come again," I said, "not having money now." "Never mind money," he replied, "paying later". "Why, you never saw us before," I exclaimed, "Tomorrow perhaps we might sail away on a big ship and you would never see your money." "No, no," he answered, "As we learning jewels, so we learning faces," and the pearls and rubies were pressed into my hands. I was much flattered until I learned that the first morning sale brings luck, and that they will risk much, and almost give a thing away rather than allow a customer to depart without consummating the purchase.

To fill in our time we came up here to Hatton stopping on the way at beautiful Kandy. It was the time of the Easter holidays and the hotels were full. Arriving at the Queen's hotel we were informed by the clerk that no rooms were available. Our host in Colombo had given us a

small heavy package requesting us to deliver it in person to the Manager. We asked to see the Manager. The contents of the package turned out to be English sovereigns, from which you can see that we really do have honest looking faces. ~~As soon as the gold was delivered to the Manager~~ ^{gave} an order was ~~given~~ to show us to the ^{the} "bridal chamber" and we had the finest room in the hotel. This fine room was the scene of a coasting party. The bed was so high that at night I found the aid of a chair necessary. The next morning, forgetting the unusual height I jumped out of bed on to a carpet rug. Coasting rapidly across the polished floor, my head came in violent contact with the door. The door being of hard wood was uninjured; my head is recovering.

The famous gardens of Peradenia are a marvel of oriental luxuriance. The costumes of the Singhalese are not as ^{beautiful} graceful as those ~~worn by our~~ ^{of} people in India. The men wear tortoise shell combs, some of them the shape of those we used to wear as children.

One sees much of Buddhism here. This religion declined under Dutch rule but revived under the British, who made Buddha's birthday a legal holiday. ~~Just~~ ^{Opposite} our hotel in Kandy is the "Temple of the Tooth." The tooth is Buddha's, whether extracted during his life time by an American dentist or taken from his grave after his decease, I am unable to inform you. It is now an object of worship as are also the Sanscrit manuscripts in the Oriental Library in the same temple. The women seem especially zealous in this worship; the why and the wherefore is a mystery to me, as they can not read even their own language. We saw crowds of women carrying garlands of jasmine flowers to lay before the books. Buddhism is a religion of hopelessness. It has endless re-
^{one hundred and thirty-six} births and ~~136~~ hells or places of punishment, each period of punishment lasting thousands of year.

The growth of the cocoa tree especially interested me, perhaps because I am so fond of chocolate. The cocoa tree has fruit shaped

something like a cucumber. The one that was picked from a tree for us was a solferino red. The flesh was waxy and the dark brown oily beans were covered by a thin skin.

Matton, where we now are, is ^{forty three hundred} 4300 feet above sea level. It is a pretty place so far as I can judge with my half-bandaged eyes. Tea is extensively grown here. The rain which has been coming down in torrents, held up long enough for us to visit a tea garden. In its wild state the tree grows ^{twenty thirty} 20 or 30 feet high, but in cultivation only ^{three six} 3 to 6 feet. The flowers are white and fragrant. It is an evergreen; the tender leaves appear in April and these make the best tea. I gathered some of this fine variety and am drying it to take home. I understand that the fine flavor of tea is due to the various stages through which it passes in the process of curing, so perhaps you will not enjoy a cup of my brewing. We would have liked to visit Adam's Peak, ^{seven thousand four hundred twenty} 7420 feet high, a place of Buddhist pilgrimage, but I am too blind to try climbing. Nuwara Eleyi is still higher and said to be very beautiful. The Governor is there for the Easter holidays and the prices are as high as the hills themselves.

The rain (~~has one advantage; it~~) gives me time to answer some of your many questions. In the first place - the hurricane. It occurred the first day of May last year and was really not serious. In the middle of the night the wind became so violent, we feared the house would not stand. Tiles were torn off, plaster and sand came down upon us followed immediately by rain. We had difficulty in finding a dry spot in which to curl up till morning. Little Dinah who was sleeping on the floor in the middle room was wise; she had crawled under my bed, and when I went to hunt her, her bright eyes laughed out of the ball into which she had rolled herself. Everything in the house was drenched, but the sun was hot enough the next day to dry up not only the dripping articles but also every pore of our bodies. After the storm we moved into a room

which had been built for storing building-material. It had a little window at each end and a mat hung up in place of a door. The furniture was piled up in one half of it, and we "existed" in the other half until our roof was repaired. We slept on the verandah of the little bungalow. The 19th of May was the hottest of the hot nights. When at midnight the ^{scorching} hot winds began to blow our skin was so dry, that it was a relief to cover ourselves with blankets in order to cause perspiration. When the B.H. went for the blankets he looked at the thermometer; it was 105. The natives said it "blew fire."

Small-pox was prevalent during the year. Small pox is not as you may have supposed a disease, but a punishment due to the anger of a goddess. The only way to avert this evil or to abate its violence is to worship the goddess of smallpox. When the vaccination agent comes around the mothers often take their children to the field or to another village until the agent passes on. It was so bad in one village that the teacher tried to persuade us not to go there. The B.H. insisted on my remaining in camp but went himself. Many were ill and the convalescent children were in school some with sores and some in the process of scaling. As soon as the fever goes down, the children go where they please, and the disease spreads. Many lose one or both eyes from small-pox. With smallpox and country sore eyes, eye-flies to carry the disease from one to another, and the custom of exposing babies to the direct rays of the sun no matter what is the condition of their eyes, it is a wonder that there are not even more blind in India.

In spite of the touring the bungalow was really completed in ^{nine} 9 months. In December we had the house-warming in the form of a Mission Conference and for the first time I rejoiced in playing hostess to ^{eleven} 11 missionaries and ^{two} 2 children. Everything went off beautifully and none of the supplies gave out. One afternoon the wives of all who had worked on the bungalow were invited to come to see it. They all came and brought

with them "their sisters and their cousins and their aunts" - indeed it seemed to me as though half the village had turned up uninvited. We seated them all on the flat roof; a Bible woman from Lakeville talked beautifully to the crowd and one of the missionaries played on the baby-organ and sang. Afterwards we gave them fruit and native sweets.

On Sunday Mr. Trustworthy preached to a crowded house. The services are held in the chapel and the people sit on mats in orderly rows. When we began having services in the chapel, I gave strict orders: first, that anyone who could not remain the whole time must sit out on the verandah; second, that everybody who wanted to sit inside must wear a cloth of some kind or wrap himself in a sheet; third, that no one who sits inside ^{may} dare talk. We have not yet attained unto perfection, but, compared with the first service on our verandah, ^{we} it nearly approached it. The work is growing so fast that we must have a church building as soon as possible.

The Sudras are beginning to ^{be} get interested. It is a small beginning, but "tall oaks from little acorns grow". The Sudras come in crowds to the bungalow and in many villages they are friendly. In the "friendly" villages they come in crowds to the tent. Sometimes all classes come together; then one can see through the crowd a clearly defined cleft as though cut with a knife. On one side the caste people hold back their skirts with an "I am holier than thou" attitude, while the depressed classes hold back their garments with a depreatory air, ~~out of respect or fear.~~ After the Christians and inquirers from the lower classes have gone, the caste people come and sit around the tent for hours. "A very good religion," they say, "very good - for you; ours is a good one for us. Our forefathers' religion is the one we must keep; how they believed and did so must we believe and do." Then says the B.H., "You have, I see, built for yourselves a fine midde. What kind of a house did your forefathers have? Did they live in a midde?"

"No, they lived in a hut." "Do you mean to tell me that your forefathers' hut is not good enough for you?" They see the point and begin to wriggle. "Your forefathers used to throw babies to the crocodiles. Do you do that?" "No, no!" "Then as you yourselves tell me, you are gradually departing from the customs of your forefathers. You have seen that there is something better than your forefathers had. You should look into the matter and see whether there is not something better than the religion of your forefathers."

Another ~~one~~ says, "Your words are good words, but I have seen some of your Christians, and I do not think much of this new religion." Then the B. H. tells him, "What you see in those people is not religion; what you see is their lack of religion. This morning you showed me a beautiful field, and I said, 'You have some fine cultivation here.' In order to give me an idea of the cultivation in your village would you have pointed to that patch of ground over yonder, that is full of weeds and stones, as a specimen of your cultivation? Is it right then for you to judge the Christian religion by those who profess to be Christians but who do not live up to its teaching?"

These people come so far but no farther. There seems to be a boundary line over which no one wishes to cross. We have at last begun to realize that it is because we are not aristocrats; we are outcastes. Mr. Trustworthy once wrote an article about the Englishman in which he called him "the respected outcaste" and said "A man who eats food prepared by an outcaste becomes an outcaste." Our cook is a despised Mala, therefore we are also Malas.

We have now decided for the sake of this new and promising work to give up our comfort in the way of trained servants and upon our return from America to try to get nearer to the people by taking some of their own kind (if we can get them) and try to train them ~~in~~. A higher caste can fall to a lower, but a lower caste can never by any means rise

to a higher. We are going to attempt the impossible, and try to get admittance into the lower aristocracy of India.

To the Jews we have to become Jews that we may gain the Jews. We must try to be all things to all men that we may by all means save some. In dealing with so many different classes ~~of people~~ one feels the need of guidance. This morning I found comfort in the 25th Psalm - first the petition, "Show me, Teach me, Guide me," then the promise, "He will instruct, He will guide, He will teach, He will show."

During these few days on the hills of Ceylon's Isle, I have been reviewing the past and have been thinking again of the words of Jesus, Mark 10:29,30 - "There is no man that has left houses and brethren, etc." This is one of the "Verily" verses so I like to keep it in mind. So far as I am concerned it has been already nearly all fulfilled. Houses? Yes, and a tent besides. Brethren and sisters and mothers? The explanation is given by Jesus Himself in the same Gospel, ch. 3:35, "Whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother and sister and mother." Even though the faces are dark, these relationships in Christ Jesus can be very close ones. Children? By the score; I have sent you the pictures of some of them, and dear children they are too. Lands? I am already the possessor of many "memory isles" and there will be more acquired on this trip. There seems nothing left to be fulfilled except the words "with persecutions". May be that will also come sooner or later if God grants us a safe and happy return.

We feel sure that our going home at this time is the best thing for us to do, otherwise we would find it hard to turn our backs even for a few months on the many doors that are being opened.

XVIII

Cooks and Coats.

T.V.O.T.T.T.T., March 28, 1900.

We have just had evening prayers. It is rather late to begin to write, but there seems to be so much to do in the day time. Some evenings it is impossible to write or read on account of the attractiveness of the lamp to the insect world. The insects are as "casty" as the people. Only one caste comes at a time, but then the whole tribe seems to come. It may be June bugs, or grasshoppers or crickets, or eye-flies or gnats. The worst of the night pests are the "^{osalu} ~~Oosalu~~". ~~These are oily~~ creatures with wings. They come by thousands just after a rain. They fly around the lamp, around your head and into your soup, and a dark corner is the only place where we human beings can exist with any comfort. The natives hail them with joy and set pans of water near a lamp to catch them. The Oosalu lose their wings and fall into the water. When fried they make a fine curry - at least so I am told. I have not tried it and never expect to do so.

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When we are not on tour, we always have evening prayer after dinner. It is intended as family prayer for the servants but while we are eating the Sudras gather. There are generally too many for the dining-room, and the "family" spreads out over the verandah. It is encouraging to see the growing interest. ~~Among the many problems that we are meeting is~~ One of these evening visitors ^{is} a man who has two wives. It is a case of Leah and Rachel. "Leah was tender-eyed but Rachel was beautiful." Of course this man wanted Rachel, but as a younger ^{child} ~~one in the family~~ can never marry until all the older ones are off the shelf, he had first to marry Leah in order to secure the beauty. Now what are we going to do about it?

In your last letter you say I have never written you about our "servant experiment." On our return from furlough we came here unattended. Our friends ~~laughed at us~~ and said it would never work.

As soon as we arrived, we noticed among our callers a young man who had previously been friendly. We put our case before him - we had no servants, could he help us to secure one or more from among the Sudras? "I will come and learn and bring another man," he said. We began with "Kondayya" as boy, and his ally as cook. I showed them what to do in the house, and gave them most minute and elaborate instructions about the preparation of a fowl for our ^{about} 11 o'clock breakfast, but I persuaded myself that I was "too busy" to go into the smoky kitchen. In the course of the morning my conscience troubled me, and putting on my topy (sun hat) I went out to investigate, and if necessary to lend a helping hand. Kondayya stood at one side of the table and his "accomplice" at the other side. One man held in his hand the head and the other the feet of a fowl which looked to me about a yard long. Most of the feathers except those on the neck and legs had been removed. It had not been opened, but on the far from immaculate table was lying a pile of mangled flesh which the "cook" had scraped off with a dull knife. I began to feel all the preliminary sensations appertaining to mal de mer.

In due time the mangled flesh was washed, transformed into cutlets and served. "These are not so bad for a first attempt," smiled the B.H. ~~from his side of the table~~ as he took a second help. "But," and the smile died away, "you're not eating anything!" Noticing the greenish yellow hue that had taken the place of the usual pink of my countenance, he insisted upon returning to Lakeville. Do you remember those lines that we used to quote from Owen Meredith?

"We may live without poetry, music and art;
We may live without conscience and live without heart;
We may live without friends, we may live without books,
But civilized man can not live without cooks.

We may live without books, what is knowledge but grieving?
We may live without hope, what is hope but deceiving?
We may live without love, what is passion but pining?
But where is the man that can live without dining?"

At our railway station we saw the Saint, who has come back from Jaffna well and happy. (~~As soon as he saw us~~) He called out, "Ho, ho, starved out, I see, starved out." As everyone had prophesied failure for our experiment we were glad we had plans ready for a new one. This was for Veerabai, our old boy, to come out for a month and teach the novices. The latter were not to be asked to touch him or anything he touched, but only to look and learn. Ah! That was a month of culinary satisfaction. Veerabai outdid himself in his effort to provide toothsome meals. By the end of the month he had taught his pupils, so he said, everything he knew, and left us with grateful salaams for the present we gave him. The day after we bade Veerabai a reluctant farewell, the new cook wanted to know whether the Doralu (gentlemen) preferred sugar or salt in the potatoes - he had forgotten. He had also forgotten everything else, and when he forgot to ask us in regard to such minor points as whether we preferred vinegar or curry powder in the cocoa, the results were tragic. ~~Finally~~ ^{we put up} a little mat kitchen was ~~put up~~ on the back verandah and an oil stove ^{was} bought. Donning a big apron I turned ~~chef~~ ^{chef} and began to teach ~~them~~ ^{I taught} some of the things that Marion Harland and I knew. ^{cook} One thing at a time was ~~taught~~, and that one thing was served daily until they ~~had graduated in this~~ and could be promoted to ~~work on~~ a new menu. I shall not attempt to tell you how many times we changed cooks on account of the threats of the caste people to debar from the well anyone who worked for those who had eaten pariah food, nor shall I relate any of the rest of our domestic troubles. These things are better forgotten.

There is too much happening ~~all the time~~ for me to write you about everything as you request. When I come to write, much of it is already ancient history and only dimly remembered. One thing, however, I remember quite distinctly. In February we were touring on our ponies in the western part of the field. One day we had as usual sent our tent-

carts on ahead. We had two meetings on the way and arrived after dark ~~only~~ to find that our camp had not yet arrived. One of the carts, as we learned later, had upset on a rocky hill causing two hours delay. ~~This time the chief loss arose from~~ ^{came} the cork ~~coming~~ out of the bottle of kerosine, thereby depriving us of the use of the lantern, as well as of the vegetables and bread, which were too highly flavored to be enjoyable. This was not as bad as last week when a cart upset on the steep bank of a stream when cartdriver, bullocks and cart all "landed" upside-down in the water, and bedding, books, bread - everything got soaked.

9/ The above incident however is not what I so distinctly remember, but the fact, that as we sat on our folding chairs in the dark under the tamarind trees, I heard grunts around me, and "would ~~fairly~~ have filled my belly" with the tamarinds which the swine did eat. Not that I was hungry - our meals are often "movable feasts," but thirst is hard for me to ^denure. I sometimes wish that I had the stomach of a camel. As we sat there in the dark, I said, "Just hear the grunts of satisfaction of those pigs. I envy them those nice sour tamarinds." And what did that blessed B.H. do? Just what David's three mighty men did when David said, "that one would give me drink of the water of the well at Bethlehem, which is by the gate," ~~he~~ "jeopardized his life." Before I could stop him, he fumbled around on the ground among the pigs to try to find a tamarind to relieve my thirst. He might just as ^{easily} well have found a scorpion, or a cobra!

My share of the work in the villages, besides visiting homes and talking to the women who come to the tent, is the schools. Elementary schools are springing up all over wherever we find an opening, and the great need is better teachers. For this reason we started a boarding school in T.V.o.T.T.T.T. I can not say that so far we have found much desire for education. Indeed very few knew that there was anything to learn, except what was being taught in the little elementary schools.

I cannot wonder at this when I recall my own childish idea that anyone who graduated from the Seminary was the possessor of all the wisdom of the ages.

The poverty of the people sometimes assist^{is} in securing boys to educate as future teachers. For instance, in the village schools a boy learns a little of the "3 R's" but even if the ~~school~~ teacher is able to teach him more, the boy is perhaps big enough and hungry enough to eat nearly as much as his dad. The parents with their combined income of rarely more than ^{eight} or ^{nine} cents a day feel it a burden to feed a family of half a dozen; the boy must leave school and ^{begin to} ~~go after~~ the plow or ~~begin to~~ weave, or make shoes, or go to the hills for grass for the buffalo or wood for cooking the daily meal. If we happen to come along about that time and find such a boy who looks promising, we try to ~~grab~~ ^{secure} him up; in this way our school grows.

In the beginning they ^{people} were suspicious of the boarding school. The boys were afraid of the white-skinned missionary, not knowing whether or not he were to be trusted; they were afraid of the teachers, who perhaps might beat them; and, as they were not all of the same caste, they were afraid of each other. Nearly every week some boy ran away. We sometimes wondered whether we would succeed in getting anyone to stay long enough to learn anything. There is no running away now, let me tell you. On account of the limited funds at the disposal of the Mission, we are supporting ~~the~~ most of these little chaps ourselves. All ~~of~~ our old clothes are made into shirts or jackets for them. These garments are made by Peddayya, the village "dirzy" or tailor. Peddayya was formerly a "ladies' tailor," and with a needle ~~slightly~~ resembling a crowbar he made for the feminine portion of the population little cotton jackets. These short-sleeved jackets reach half way to the waist ^{and} the ends are tied together in front. One and a half yards of narrow goods makes two jackets. The men did not need a tailor. At

the time of our arrival, there was not a single coat in T.V.o.T.T.T.T. and only one shirt. The latter was owned by the Brahman postmaster and was borrowed occasionally by anyone of suitable caste who wished to appear well when making a petition before a higher official. ~~It~~ It was a sight to see Peddayya ⁱⁿ ~~in his~~ first attempt to ~~(learn to)~~ sew on the machine. With a tense expression of ~~countenance~~, he tightly grasped the sides of the machine ~~with both hands~~, and he had to practice a long time before he finally succeeded in getting his hands and feet to work together. A tape-measure he does not need; his measures are handbreadth and span and the length from the elbow to the end of the middle finger. To mark the cloth for cutting out he rubs the place to be marked on his forehead, which leaves a darkish spot on the cloth as a guide for further operations. I would like you to know that this is now a high-toned place. Since our boarding school is "booming" you will not find a single boy from this or any other village, who is willing to come to our school without a lower cloth and either a jacket or a shirt. Some wear two, the shorter one always uppermost. Almost every month we see more shirts in church than in the preceding month.

Some weeks ago while touring, the B.H. had a slight attack of fever. As one can never tell how long such an attack may last, we packed up and came home. I had a cot put up in the drawing-room and sat beside it waiting for the clinical thermometer to register. In the arch between this room and the dining room are portieres, and by the light of the wall lamp in the dining-room, I saw that one of the braided bronze wire fasteners to the portieres had fallen down; at least I thought so, but as I was wondering why I had not noticed this before, suddenly it lifted itself from the floor, turned its hooded head first one side and then the other looking into the dining-room with its diabolical eyes. I screamed "Pamu, Pamu" (snake)! The servants came running with a lantern and a stick that is always kept ready for such an emergency. "Where, where?" they cried. It had ~~disappeared~~ ^{slipped} under

the mat behind the baby-organ but was too large to disappear entirely so quickly, and one big coil was still visible. Cobras are only dangerous, after they lift about one-third of their body from the ground. They strike from the side, ^{the poison fangs} as on the side jaws ^{are situated} ~~the poison-fangs~~ ^{the cobra's} As soon as the servants had broken ~~its~~ backbone, everybody was relieved and the taking of the temperature could be resumed. The cobra is a sacred animal and is never killed by an orthodox Hindu. The species therefore increases alarmingly and causes the death every year of thousands of people and many cattle. The bite is almost always fatal and death often occurs within half an hour. Cobras are very numerous here, but we are too busy to think about them, except when we see them, and I never yet heard of a missionary being killed by one.

Oozing does not seem to be a suitable word to express the manner in which the perspiration is exuding from every pore of my corporeal frame, and I am hoping that it is cooler on the roof; we sleep out on the flat roof. The B. H. With enviable patience listened half the evening to some farmers expatiating on their affairs. Then he got the conversation turned to the affairs of the Kingdom and since then he has been preaching. His congregation shows no signs of weariness, but it is late and I am hoping the meeting will soon break up.

XIX.

Famine.

T.V.o.T.T.T.T. Nov 15, 1900.

Where shall I begin, and a still more serious question, where shall I end? About the time I wrote you last, famine was approaching. When the early rains fail, there are hard times; when the latter rains also fail, famine local or extended is a sure thing. The people had already begun to come to the bungalow, beating their stomachs, and crying, "Help us, we are starving!" Touring was difficult as no fodder

was to be found in the villages for horses and bullocks.

It was about this time that it was thought best for my health that I should go to the Hills. ~~Long before this~~ You have heard from others that my serious illness there made it necessary for the B.H. to leave his famine sufferers for a time. Those were hard days for him. Everybody was kind and helped until nurses could be secured.

The Saint also was spending some time on the Pulni Hills and later when the doctors gave little hope of my recovery, he and the B.H. prayed ^{me} be back to life. If only someone could have prayed the Saint back to life. He has gone on before and left us behind. It was several months before I was able to return home. During this time the doctor-nurse friend was a jewel, and Kondayya, who at home among his caste people was a man "not doing two works", was now butler, cook, dishwasher, housemaid, peon and "pushboy." The B.H. returned to the hills for me. On our way home we passed the train on which was the suffering Saint whom they were taking to Madras for an operation for appendicitis. We did not know it then. It was, alas, too late! I ask myself, why should I have been spared, and this ~~(saintly man who was a)~~ living epistle ~~(to everybody)~~ be taken? God alone can answer the question.

The famine became more acute. From villages all over the field the people came in crowds. The B.H. had secured from the Government ~~20~~ ^{sightly} acres of waste land which he used as famine relief work. It is being cleared of stone and prepared for cultivation. The ship-load of corn that came to our Mission from the U.S.A. was a God-send. Without it many would have died of starvation. I ^{say} ~~may~~ here that officially there exists no famine. Famine is so common in India that there must be a large mortality, before it is ~~officially~~ recognized by Government as such. I hope I may never experience an officially recognized famine. Those whose cases we have investigated and who have been taken on the famine list go early in the mornings under the supervision of teachers and catechists to

the fields. In the evening they come with their famine tickets to the bungalow, where each receives a measure of grain or more according to the needs of his family, and some salt and red peppers.

For the young women and widows I started a class in sewing. These also receive grain in the evening. From ~~90~~^{ninety-two} to ~~110~~^{a hundred and ten} women sit daily on our verandah where they are taught sewing, Bible verses, Bible stories and hymns, and are given ~~besides~~ much instruction and advice that is not on the program. With the exception of Brahmans and Merchants nearly all castes are represented, ~~among them~~^{of the}. Two ^{of the} women I have as helpers. Lingamma, the one, is a Christian of the Sudra caste, and Mary the other is from the Pariah caste. The latter is a trained teacher and superior in every way. The class was divided into two parts with Mary as the teacher of the out-castes, and Lingamma of the caste women. Before many weeks one of the Sudra women requested that Mary be allowed to show her how to ~~(do her)~~ sewing. I was surprised and pleased. After a few more weeks these requests became so frequent, that Mary was installed as sewing teacher for the caste women. ^{She} Mary is so unobtrusive and so tactful and so loving, that she has won the hearts of all the women. I wish you could see the change in them. In the beginning they had kept as far away from ~~Mary~~^{her} as it was possible to get; now they hold her hands and pat her cheeks, and yesterday I saw one of them hug her. Love certainly ~~does~~ work wonders. // Yesterday Lingamma could not come, and as Mary's husband was sick, she also could not be there. I was on the verandah from ~~10~~^{ten} a.m. to ~~6~~^{six} p.m. with only a few minutes off for breakfast. I do not know of any work I have ever done that gives me more joy than this. At least half of them had never before heard of Jesus.

In September the Tank-diggers had a meeting to discuss whether or not they should become Christians. At this meeting they decided that it was useless to worship idols, but concluded to wait awhile and look into the matter. The day following ~~80~~^{eighty} of the ~~tank-diggers~~^{men} sent word that they wanted to become Christians, and a few days later some of them

came to ask for information about Christian marriage customs and for a teacher. There are also inquirers from ^{and} other Sudra castes.

At this time a Brahman Revenue Inspector was in the village. The Roman Catholics have been ~~doing all they can~~ ^{trying} to undo our work, and one of the chief men among them went to the Revenue Inspector and told him that all the Hindus were going to join the new religion. Instead of using his influence as had been hoped to prevent the Hindus from changing their religion, the Revenue Inspector sent to us with the request for an English Bible. The Munsiff, who is the chief village official and who has a temple of his own, also requested a Telugu Bible. You can scarcely imagine ^{we} that it is for these people to give up their idol-worship. Religion is connected with all their daily doings. The caste mark, † the sign of their god, † is put on at meal time and you can see by a man's forehead whether he has had his dinner and what god he worships. Every family has its ancestral god. Every field has its deity. Wayside idols are to be seen anywhere and everywhere. The monkey god seems to be a special favorite and in the form of little silver images it is seen tied round the necks of many little children.

Do you remember my ~~once~~ writing you about my visiting a house where a widow lived with her four sons and two daughters and all the rest of the family including the buffalo and the calf? These two daughters are in my school for caste girls which ~~I have done~~ ^{now} in the village. While we were away at the hills, the family often had nothing to eat. One evening the children cried from hunger and one of the relatives brought a little food for the little ones. "Beggar-maid", the elder of the two girls, would not eat. "If my mother, sisters and brothers have to die," she said, "I want to die too." When we returned from the hills we found the younger girl Lakshmidēvi, covered with boils as the result of poor food, and Kasimbi, a little Muhammadan girl in the school reduced to a skeleton. Both are improving ^{now} since we have been feeding them.

Kasimbi and Begger-maid we keep with us in the bungalow with some orphan-children.

In the beginning our boys' school scarcely deserved the name of school. With poor teachers ~~(who have no ideals)~~ and poor supervision, owing to my ⁺inforced absences, what could be expected? At last I secured a fairly good Christian teacher and a trained Brahman teacher from Lakeville. One day returning from tour I visited the school, ~~and at once realized the situation.~~ "Master," I inquired, "which is your third class?" "This boy," he said, pointing proudly to one, "and that boy," pointing to another, seated at the far end of the room. "And your second class?" I asked in a surprised tone. He pointed out four or five boys scattered over the room. "And the first?" Some of the first class sat with one third class boy, some with the other, and the rest were scattered. The alphabet class was larger and was dispersed all over the room. "Master," I said, "where were you trained?" "In Lakeville," was the prompt reply. "I do not think much of your training" I said, "I never in my life saw a school with classes in such a mixed-up state."

"Madam, you do not understand, ^Tthat is on account of the caste." "You may keep all the caste you want, Master; I am saying nothing whatever against it, but I can not have a school looking like this one." In five minutes the school was arranged in classes and I departed. It was a question ~~in my mind,~~ whether the Master and half the school would not go and do likewise. The next morning when I went down to the school, the two third class boys sat in one line with about one and a half yards of space between them. The other classes also sat in orderly rows - with gaps. I said nothing and everybody seemed satisfied. The school grew like a weed. The schoolhouse did not grow. The spaces were reduced from one and a half yards to one and a half inches, and finally disappeared altogether. If we do not soon get a new schoolhouse, the boys will have to sit on each other's laps.

Twenty
We recently camped for a day or two in a small village about 20 miles from here. On one side of the camp was a garden watered by bullocks. In the garden was a well with a pulley attached. The bullocks run down a steep artificial mound and by so doing draw up the leather bag of water ^{up} over the pulley. At the end of this bag is attached a hose so arranged that it automatically opens as the bag comes up, and empties the water into a canal. I like to watch the procedure. On the other side of the camp was the jungle. Toward evening we went for a walk; the B.H. took his gun along hoping to spy a rabbit. We had not gone far, when a villager came running after us and warned us not to go on, as a leopard had been seen in the neighborhood. That was the end of our walk and of the shooting party. Before we retired for the night, the B.H. ordered the horses to be tied ^{close} ~~right next~~ to the tent. About midnight we were suddenly awakened by something, we did not know what. It seemed as if the tent were being torn down. The B.H. grabbed a lantern, turned up the flame and ran out. Afghan and Arab had broken loose and were standing close together, their heads touching as if they were the best of friends; usually they try to bite each other. Many of the tent pegs had come loose but there was nothing to be seen. Luke, then horsekeeper, was lying close to the tent, sleeping like a log. It required considerable shaking to get him sufficiently awake to tie the horses and fasten the tent pegs.

The next morning at day break we were again awakened - this time by Luke. "Ayya, Ayya!" he called, "Come here and look." On Afghan's breast were the marks of the claws of a leopard. Arab had evidently come to the rescue and the heels of the two ponies had succeeded in driving off the beast. The next night Luke and the B.H. sat up in a tree and watched. A poor victim, a pig, was ^{lured} tied at the foot of the tree. Luke had tied a string to the ear of the pig and tweaked it occasionally to make the pig squeal hoping to lure the leopard to the spot. No

leopard came; the heels of the Arab steed had no doubt taught Mr. Spots a lesson; or perhaps he was in a leopard hospital with toothache or a pain in his eye.

I have saved the best to tell last. The most beautiful marble has been found on those ^{eighty} 80 acres of waste land. The B.H. came home one day beaming. He showed me samples of the stone, and said, "God has sent us this for our church." So far as known, it is the only marble in the district. The stone is not all alike. Some is of a pinkish tinge with green veining; some is light green, beautifully veined with pink; some is chocolate-color and has through it brought light green bands. It takes a high polish. If it had been found sooner, we might now be living like kings in a marble palace. If there were a railroad here, we might quarry enough stone for shipping to those who wish to build palaces, churches or tombs, and earn enough money to build a hospital.

Every day many ~~come~~ asking for "drinking" medicine or "rubbing on" medicine. My simple remedies are not adequate to meet the needs of the suffering. Last week some people came in great excitement. Two men had been discussing a matter near the edge of a well. Perhaps the discussion had been somewhat vehement; anyway, both fell down into the well. The messengers told me that the one had smashed his head and that one eye was gone; would I not please come down and cure him, or at least would I not send "rubbing in" medicine?

I thought I had come to the end of my dissertation, but I find in your letter three unanswered questions: 1. What do we take along with us on tour? 2. Can we buy bread? and 3. Who does our washing? Answer ^{to} question 1. When we tour, we take along everything we can think of and pack in a few extra besides. To be specific, we take beds, bedding, tables, chairs, bureau-trunk, etc.; we take lanterns, oil, candles, mats, cooking utensils, dishes, etc.; we take canned goods, potatoes, salt, sugar, onions, ghee, curry-powder, etc.; {please take note that the etc.'s

are indispensable, ~~and must never be forgotten~~ we take water-koojahs, filter, milk-can, pots for carrying water, etc. ^A cow and a calf always bring up the rear. The calf is indispensable because the maternal affection of a cow impells her to refuse to part with her milk in the absence of her offspring. If our tour is to be a prolonged one, the bake-oven also has to be taken along. This is a heavy iron utensil with removable legs, and a heavy iron cover with handles. Ashes are put in both utensil and cover, and fire is applied below and above; when the ashes are hot, the fire is removed and in goes the bread, a sort of a Dutch oven, you see. ⁹ Question 2. Yes, we can buy bread - in Lakeville, which is ^{seventy-two} 72 miles by the nearest way. Our "Mercury" goes the first ^{forty-eight} 48 miles on Shanks' mare and the remaining ^{twenty-eight} 28 by train, and he takes three days for the round trip. He returns with two baskets. One of these which contains vegetables and fruit from Bangalore ^{five hundred} {about 500 miles distance}, he picks up at the railway station. In the other he packs the bread, cocoanuts, sugar, etc. which he has purchased in Lakeville. One week he put in the bottom of the basket the hot loaves of bread, and on top of them he packed one dozen cocoanuts, five pounds of sugar, a bottle of vinegar and some packages containing nails. Having been gently reproached for bringing flat pancakes instead of bread, the following week he packed all the heavy articles in the bottom and the bread on top. Then he trotted ^{forty-eight} 48 miles through the hot sun, and instead of bread he brought us Zwieback. Missionaries are patient creatures, and have learned to eat their bread, as well as their pancakes and zwieback, in gladness and singleness of heart; but, believe me, there is a limit. Yes, ma'am, there is, and once when I was in Lakeville the crisis came. Mrs. Frust-worthy asked me, "Do you know where your man buys your bread?" "Of course," I said, "from the same Muhammadan baker / from whom you buy your bread; Venkana told me so himself." "No, he does not," she replied, "Often when your Venkana comes in, the baker had only enough bread to

supply his daily customers, and Venkana buys your bread from the leper in the bazar." And it was true! Think of it! We had been eating bread handled by a leper with half his fingers gone. Yes, we can buy bread, but we do not. I make it myself and this is another story, which I might tell, but I will proceed to Number 3. - ~~No~~^{Yes}, I cannot finish my letter. The B.H. wants to start at once for a village ^{some} 9 miles from here, and I have to pack for him. The Christians who came to call him/ complained that the heathen went to the Christian cemetery, dug up the body of a Christian woman and threw it into the river. The cause of this singular procedure was, ~~that~~^{the conviction of} the heathen neighbors ~~think~~, that the lack of rain was caused by the woman being buried with her unborn child. According to a superstition such bodies must be carried away by water and not buried in the earth.

XX.

An Accident.

T.V.o.T.T.T.T. Sunday Feb. 3, 1901.

We were camping in Templetown in the immediate vicinity of the largest Hindu-temple in our Taluq. One day I decided to remain in camp, as I have as yet no schools in the two villages where the meetings were to be held and I was also not feeling as spry as usual. Long after the time for our meal, when I was beginning to feel the pangs of hunger, Kondayya urged me to eat breakfast and not to wait; but I am a creature of habit and my habit is always to wait. A few minutes later Kondayya came excitedly into the tent saying, "They are carrying Master, something has happened." We did not know what had happened nor whether the B.H. was alive or dead. Putting on my sun-hat, I waded through the deep sand to ascertain. Before I had gone far I saw in the distance the trotting bearers and heard their ^{wild} sing-song cries. The leader sings "O - ho - ah" and the others answer "E - he"; then the leader sings "Um - hum - um" and ~~the others~~^{the others} again is sung the answer "E - he", etc., but above these sounds I heard groans, and with a sigh of relief that the

B.H. was at least alive, I ploughed ~~(through the deep sand)~~ back to the tent. My hunger had ^{vanished} disappeared; I ordered the table removed and a cot to be set up. *If* This is what had happened. The B.H. had had his two meetings. At the ~~meeting in the~~ second village he had preached on the love of God and had said that everything that comes to us is from God's loving hand. At the close of the meeting a Brahman began to argue the question with him; crowds followed him to the buggy which we brought out with us from America three years ago. When the B.H. wanted to turn the horse to avoid going through the village, the horsekeeper said, "This way is a good way and much shorter." The B.H. made the horse walk and continued talking with some of the crowd. The houses in the village have low projecting eaves of stone. The horse became restive at being made to walk when he wanted his noon meal; he tossed his head and cut a gash in it on one of the protruding eaves-stones. Just there, in ~~the~~ narrow way, was a tree, and around the tree a low wall used by the villagers as a lounging place. The horse started to run, the wheel went up on the wall, the buggy upset and the B.H. was thrown on to a boundary stone and became unconscious. As soon as he ^{revived} returned to consciousness, the Brahman who had been the chief-arguer inquired, "What do you say now? Is this also the love of God?" Some said, "This happened because he took the idols away from the Madigas."

They carried the B.H. ^{twelve} 12 miles to Templetown. Here the people said to our servants, "See what has happened, because your dora pitched his tent so near our temple; he has roused the anger of our ^{god.} ~~god.~~"

Towards evening they carried the B.H. the remaining ^{twelve} 12 miles home. I ^{went} had gone on ahead to ~~prepare things~~. It was a fearful journey. I had told the bullock-driver to take me the shortest way and he did so literally - across country where there was no road, over rocks that threatened to tear the wheels off the vehicle.

In Moore's Manual of Family Medicine for India Under "Accidents and Injuries," I read that a fracture of the thigh is "marked

by inability to stand, shortening of the leg, and turning out of the toes, the heel of the injured limb pointing to the instep of the sound member," and that was just the case here. I sent at once for the Munsiff to arrange relays of bearers to carry the B.H. to Lakeville. Very early the next morning I started with my poor suffering patient, who was on a short native cot covered with a cloth over a bamboo frame as protection from the sun. At the first village, where there was a change of bearers, we found waiting ~~for~~^{us} the hospital assistant of the recently established Government dispensary of that place, and the apothecary from the dispensary in Jungleville. ¶ After examining the patient they said "Why do you take him that long distance? There is no fracture, otherwise by this time he would have fever. It is only a contusion of the muscles and he will be all right in a few days." The symptoms which I had pointed out, they told me, were caused by weakness of the muscles. Now I don't profess to know much about medicine, and nothing whatever of surgery, but I trusted the "black book", as the people call Dr. Moore's Manual, more than the two medical authorities, and in the end my diagnosis proved to be correct. That poor man, however, was in agony from the jolting and from the cramped position on the short cot and was only too glad to give up the long hot journey of ~~22~~^{seventy-two} miles. He insisted upon being carried home again and made arrangements for the hospital-assistant to come and treat him. ¶ The weeks that followed I do not like to recall. The hospital-assistant treated him with soap-liniment and passive movements. Every day the limb was raised and lowered half a dozen times, then moved from side to side, followed by a rotary motion. The B.H. cried for pain and I for sympathy. He could not sleep, and the hospital-assistant sent him sleeping-powders. Just as I was about to give one, the cook with mysterious mien called me out and in a whisper warned me not to administer any "drinking" medicine as the hospital-assistant and the Jesuit priest had been consulting together, ~~he said,~~ and if the priest

paid well the Doragaru would never get up again. I did not believe it, but what should I do? Finally I divided the powder and administered one-fourth, which had no effect.

How we got through those days and particularly those nights, I do not know. One day there came a call to attend a conference in Lakeville. The missionaries had of course been informed of the accident, but they had also heard the opinion of the Government medical officers, and they did not know how serious ^{the case} it was. Two mission-doctors in Lakeville and Dr. Fernandez the Government-surgeon, pronounced it a fracture of the neck of the femur. They told me that this kind of a fracture was incurable, that the B.H. would never again be able to do mission work, and they urged me to persuade him to go to Germany to see whether anything could help him. Passage has been secured and we are to sail by the Caledonia on next Saturday. I have packed only for the necessities of the journey, as the B.H. seems to feel sure that God will let us return to our beloved work.

The few days spent in Lakeville were a real recreation. First, we could make up some of the lost sleep. Then it always does one good to get away from his or her own field of labor and see the larger work of others. A great work is being done in Lakeville. In the days of long ago I taught a College ~~S.S.~~ ^{Sunday School} class here and since then I am always interested to hear of the boys. The Woman's Hospital is always interesting. On Sundays after the regular services in the church, there are services for the patients in the hospital arranged for by the doctor in charge. After a few nights of sound sleep the B.H. was able to go on crutches and preach at one of these services. He was so happy over it.

Brunswick, Germany, Aug. 27, 1901.

A miracle has been wrought; the B.H. after six months is able to return to India and continue his work. Crutches and canes have been thrown away. O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, and His mercy

endureth forever. To Him who alone doeth great wonders, for His mercy endureth for ever. We start in a few weeks for India.

When I wrote last, I was getting ready to leave India. The journey from Lakeville to Bombay takes nearly two days, and two days were spent in Bombay. One afternoon we went for a drive telling the coachman to take us down to the sea. He did so, but mumbled something in Mahratti which language we do not understand. ~~There~~ ^{There} are more languages in India than an ordinary mortal could learn in two life times. We were surprised to see that the streets were deserted. We met scarcely a soul the whole way and the houses also showed no signs of life. Returning to the hotel we ^{read} saw in the evening paper that plague had broken out in the section of the city where we had taken a drive for the benefit of our health. There had been so many deaths that all the inhabitants had fled, panic-stricken. Probably that is what the coachman had been mumbling. In Port Said an Italian doctor came on board our ship and ordered all soiled linen to be fumigated. Do you suppose soiled linen is the only place where plague germs can lurk? The journey from Bombay to Brindisi took us ^{eleven} 14 days and ^{sixteen} 16 hours, including a delay of ^{nine} 9 hours in Suez and ^{twelve} 12 hours in Port Said.

We found snow in northern Italy and in Kassel the snow lay a foot deep. When we reached Brunswick my brother-in-law, who is Court physician to the Duke of Brunswick, confirmed the statements of the doctors in India; so did also the X-ray, and Professor Sprengel the highest surgical authority in Brunswick and the celebrated "Bone Wolf" of Berlin. Professor Sprengel said that as a result of the hospital assistant's passive movement treatment, in ^{ninety-nine} 99 cases out of ^{a hundred} 100, inflammation would have set in with possible fatal consequences. The B. H. is now taking long walks and if there were any ice in August, no doubt he would begin to skate.

The work in India was growing so rapidly that we tried to get another missionary to help us, but missionaries are scarcer than straw-

berries at Christmas. If one comes on the market he is at once shipped off to supply some other demand. Finally we decided to search for a "Weaker vessel," and inserted a notice in the weekly magazine "Daheim" to the effect, that a damsel possessed of energy, musical ability and all the other good qualities we could think of, was wanted to accompany a missionary to India and help her in her work. My doctor brother-in-law laughed at us and said, "You have thrown away just as much money as that advertisement cost you. Do you think you will find a German girl foolish enough to go to India with you?" He opened his eyes in astonishment when we showed him a large bureau drawer packed full of answers each accompanied by a photograph. For a few days we did nothing but read letters and look at photographs. My part was the looking at the photographs. From the many letters, three were selected, and from the three, we picked out a pastor's daughter. After spending a day with her and her father in Leipzig we made arrangements to meet at a convenient point on Sept. 14. Only one question yet: What do you think? Was this broken femur an accident or was it one of God's appointments?

XXI

A Disappointed Bridegroom.

T.V.o.T.T.T.T. Nov. 24, 1901.

From Rome I mailed you a postcard telling you that the next day we would start for Naples. We did not start then, because we could not. When we went to buy our tickets, the ticket office was closed. No trains running, we heard; serious washouts on the road over the mountains and a break of ^{turbid} 12-miles. It would take at least a week before trains could run, perhaps longer. This was the ^{Twenty-first} 21st and the steamer with all our baggage on it was due to sail on the ^{Twenty-fifth} 25th. We were apprehensive that the steamer might not delay its sailing on our account; we feared that the Steamer Company might not consider us as important as we considered ourselves, especially as we were second class passengers,

so we wasted no money on urgent telegrams ~~to the Company~~ but hung around the railway station as our only hope. Finally arrangements were made to convey urgent passengers by omnibuses ~~around~~ the broken stretch, and we started. The beauties of the mountains as seen on this omnibus trip were something to treasure in the memory, and it would have been perfect enjoyment except for a few "buts". For instance, every little while the wind of the horses gave out, and the passengers were asked to alight and climb through deep mud up a hill, that was too much for the quadrupeds. ¶ The trip took hours, and it was dark when we reached the point where the journey by rail was to be resumed. The B.H. ran ahead to see whether he could find anything in the way of nourishment for his famishing family. The pastor's daughter and I followed in the dark with the hand-baggage, the former insisting upon carrying more than double her share. "You've dropped your veil," I called and stooping to pick it up, I picked up - a handful of what some cow had dropped. Such droppings are very useful in India. They are made into cakes and dried for fuel. This fuel is the chief reason for our taking a cow along on tour, for the buffalo milk one can sometimes get in villages is always boiled over this fuel and you know how milk absorbs odors. These valuable droppings are also mixed with water and sprinkled over the floors and in front of the houses to purify them and to lay the dust. This was my first experience in gathering it.

The B.H. had not yet returned with the ~~nourishment~~ when a railway official insisted upon closing the door of our railway carriage. I planted myself on the step and said, "My husband has not yet come, we must wait." He said to me in Italian, decidedly, that the door must be shut at once. I told him in English, that I did not understand a word he said but that it was my firm intention to remain on that step until my husband arrived. He told me at least I understood so from the tone of his voice, that my action in the matter was inexcusable, and that if I did not get into that carriage immediately and allow him to

shut the door, he might go to the extent of losing his temper. ~~Just~~ ^{at} this critical moment appeared the one who was the occasion of the slight difference of opinion, ~~regarding the time of starting the train.~~ I hopped in, followed by the B.H. The official, realizing the situation, smiled; the door was banged shut and off we were.

"All of my experiences" which you desire me to relate would be enough to fill a book the size of Webster's unabridged, but I will at least tell you about Vesuvius. The first time I was in Italy with the Grave and Reverend, Mr. Trustworthy and the Little Bride, from the window of my room in the hotel I looked up at "Old Vesuvius smoking his pipe," and wondered how ^{he} it looked inside, away down, but the G. and R. did not have that on his list of sights. On the second visit with the Saint and the two ladies I had the experience of looking down as it were into a lake that burneth with fire and brimstone. On our way back to India in 1898 I wanted the B.H. to see it also, but on account of some fog we gave it up. That same day, however, in Pompeii we were followed by a French-speaking Italian guide who assured us that the fog was lifting and showed us such fine testimonials from a New York lady that we consented to be guided thither. We soon found that we had made a mistake, and that the comfortable trip by Cook's railway would have been far preferable to climbing ^{on} up by native ponies, especially as I was given a man's saddle. I am so used to riding, however, that I thought I could manage to sit sidewise on any kind of a saddle, and I was even mildly amused at a lady of another party ~~ahead of us~~ who was ^{clung} clinging to her clumsy saddle with both hands. In spite of all the B.H.'s efforts to urge on his aged beast, he was left far in the rear, while I trotted briskly along on a younger one, with a pony boy cutting at its heels with a whip. I was getting too far ahead; the heels of my nag were rising in the air too often and too high for my comfort, but no words of mine, either English or Telugu, both of which languages I tried, were sufficient to stop the lashings of that whip. Finally just as

the summit of an elevation was reached, came an extra vicious cut ~~of the whip~~. The heels of the pony flew up ~~into the air~~, ^{his} its body flew around in a half circle, and ^{his} its rider flew half down the hill. The extent of the damage was a skirt half torn off the band, hairpins scattered to the four winds and a bruise as big as a pancake. ~~To make a long story short,~~ We deferred the visit to Vesuvius to a more convenient season, which we thought was September 23, 1901. Thomas Cook and Sons, ^{agent} told us that we would have to postpone our trip on account of some railroad repairs. He hoped that we could go the next day.

First came a delightful carriage drive through a beautiful country, and through villages where macaroni in enormous quantities was hung up to dry under conditions that made us almost resolve to strike it forever from our bill-of-fare. After the cog-wheel railway trip, I said, "Now comes the last stiff climb to the top," but our guide took us an easy circuitous way for some distance, and then stopped saying, "This is as far as we can go." "No," I said energetically, "we want to go to the top." There were standing around about thirty silent depressed looking tourists and two policemen. "Government orders," said the guide. "Why?" I demanded. "Come, I will show you," he said. He took us a few more turns around the mountain and showed us a ^{startling} sight ~~of~~ great fiery masses were being hurled continually into the air, and instead of falling back as they had done on my first visit, they fell almost at our feet. We no longer desired to climb to the top, but took to our heels and fled. The cause of the necessity for the repairs on Cook's railway was that it had been set on fire by the eruption; now the eruption was falling to the opposite side.

As we were ^{hurried} hurrying down the mountain, I noticed a wide fissure ~~near the way~~, and bent down to look in. It seemed ^I as ~~though~~ ^{to be} I were standing on the edge of a bottomless pit. The ground was burning hot. Away down there was ~~the sound of~~ a terrific rumbling of thunder.

Suddenly a volume of hot steam and sulphurous smoke rushed up stifling me and nearly knocking me over. My glasses were so suffused with the steam, that for a moment I could not see which way to go. The rest of the party were just disappearing in the distance, and putting on my seven league boots, I ran for my life, quite ready to leave forever all further investigations to bolder and more courageous travellers, and thankful that there was still hope of my escaping the fate of Pliny the elder.

Just one month ago yesterday we came back to our Indian home and commenced to live. It is delightful to spend a short time in Western lands, enjoying a more invigorating climate, and ^{being} ~~get yourself~~ renovated by intercourse with fresher minds and hearts. Indeed, I believe this to be a necessity for anyone who lives out of the world as we do. This isolation from the goings and doings, and more than anything else the thinking of your fellowmen of your own race is perhaps the greatest hardship to which a pioneer-missionary is destined. The compensations are however so great that one needs no sympathy on this or any other score, and so, I repeat, we have commenced to live. ¶ I have been cleaning house, making bread, visiting schools and temporarily giving Telugu lessons to the pastor's daughter until we can get her a munshi. It is sad that the first letter she received from home announced the death of her dearly Beloved father. She is bearing it wonderfully. She is also taking to Telugu wonderfully, and I call her Miss Wonderful. My English and the Bible classes have also been resumed. The very first day we had to begin giving medicine and visiting the sick. The dirzy (tailor) is squatting on the verandah making clothes for the children and his work must be superintended. The boys come to me for singing for an hour every day after school, and at sundown I have my Vesper-class. Have I ever written to you about this class? It is held five times during the week down in the chape^l with an attendance of ^{seventy-five} 75 to ^{ninety} 90 children. Most of them are non-Christian children, but all castes and creeds are

represented. Besides teaching them hymns, Bible verses, etc. I ~~have a~~ talk with them and it is a pleasure to find them responsive. Towards sun-down is the time when one usually feels like relaxing, but this is the only time that I can get the children, and I would not miss this opportunity for anything.

Besides these every-day doings which are scarcely worth writing about, there have been ~~other~~ more exciting events. I wrote you ~~once~~ about my school for caste girls which is held in a rented house in the village, adjoining the house of the Brahman priest. His little daughter Venkamma attends this school. Her oldest brother is a priest in a village ^{sub} 8 miles from here, and another brother is learning the priestly rites and duties, and at the same time attends irregularly our boys' school. The Vishnu temple is not far from the priest's house, and after school Venkamma plays around the temple and sometimes goes inside with her brother. Once, so her brother, the future priest, laughingly told us, she ^{le} climbed up on the sacred image of Vishnu, kicked it with her heels and beat it with her hands and said, "Oh, you are nothing but stone, you are nothing but an ugly old idol."

Yesterday when I went to school, there were carts and bullocks tied in front of the priest's house and a large crowd had gathered. The school house door was locked; in answer to my knock the teacher opened it but quickly locked it again. Venkamma's mother, Seetamma, was inside, and as soon as I entered she fell on her face, embraced my feet and said, "Save us, save us!"

"What does ~~all~~ this mean?" I asked the teacher.

"This is Venkamma's wedding day, and the bridegroom has come for her." ¶ "Venkamma's wedding day!" I exclaimed, for there sat the laughing little child with her class. ¶ They then explained that the priest, her father, had arranged to sell Venkamma to pay his gambling debts, and had taken 900 Rupies for her from the more than ^{sixty} 60 year-old

man who wanted to marry her as his third wife. In the meantime the mother had been told that he had a bad disease, and she refused to have the marriage take place. She wanted to return the money, but the old man would not take it. The mother followed me up to the bungalow, asked me to keep Venkamma there, and begged the B.H. to try to prevent the wedding. Venkamma played around our house all day, but in the evening the brother came saying the mother had sent for her to come home and eat her supper. She did not return. As we were eating our ^{eight} o'clock dinner, a village Brahman came and told us that Seetamma had not sent for the child but that she and the child had been taken by force to a village ^{three} 3 miles distant, where the wedding was to be performed in the presence of the Brahman Tahsildar (a Government official). We at once drove to the village, and sent the horsekeeper to the Brahman quarter to make inquiries. He was told that they were not there, but he persisted in his inquiries until Seetamma, hearing his voice, came out with Venkamma in her arms. She told us that they had threatened to tie her to a tree until the wedding was over, and begged us to take Venkamma home with us. A large crowd had gathered. We turned our little flashlight on the crowd to see who they were. Venkamma held out her arms to me and I lifted her to my lap. The B. H. called on some of the people as witnesses that we had not kidnapped the child, but that her mother was sending her with us. I wrapped Venkamma in my shawl as the night was chilly and when we reached home, I put her to bed in Miss Wonderful's room where our little famine orphans were sleeping. After midnight I was awakened by a woman's voice, calling, "Amma, amma!" and there was Seetamma crying and saying, "I have to take her away. They are so angry; they say her caste will be spoiled if she stays here and they will kill us. The wedding star has set, so they cannot have the wedding tonight, and if I do not bring her back by ^{seven} 7 o'clock tomorrow morning you must come and save her." The wedding star is in the tail of Ursa Major, and is called Arundhati.

Venkamma was taken out of bed and given to her mother. Miss Wonderful being a wonderful sleeper slept through the whole of it. This morning she came in great distress saying, "Oh, what do you think? They stole Venkamma while I was asleep."

About 9 ~~a.m.~~ ^{in the morning} we drove to the wedding village again, and found that the bridegroom had brought a complaint before the Tahsildar. The latter had told Seetamma in the presence of a crowd of people, that if the wedding would not take place that day before the setting of Arundhati, she would be prosecuted for cheating. We had to wait a long time before the Tahsildar consented to see us. First he sent word he had to take his holy ablutions; then he had to perform puja (worship) at the temple, then he had to take his meal. It was ~~then~~ two hours past our meal time when finally finding that he could not tire us out, nor indefinitely postpone the interview, he made his appearance. He denied having made any threats in regard to Seetamma's case. We requested him to be kind enough to state to the woman that she might return the money and take the child home. The 900 Rupees were accordingly counted out, and the disappointed bridegroom returned to his village without a bride. This is not the kind of work we like to do, but in this case we felt that we could not refuse to help to save the child.

XXII.

A ~~Typical~~ Indian Wedding.

T.V.o.T.T.T.T. Sept. 8, 1902.

"I do remember my faults this day," as the chief butler said unto King Pharaoh, and will try to show my penitence by writing you a long letter. There was a big wedding here last week, who do you think was the bride, and who the bridegroom? The bridegroom had four legs and so did also the little bride, who was a cow-calf. On the forehead of the bridegroom were painted red and yellow caste-marks. On its side

was branded the symbol of the god Venkatas^{equivalent}hrarudu. Around its neck, besides a garland of flowers, was tied a cloth containing rice and cocoa-nut. You see we have rice and flowers at our weddings also. The bride, similarly decorated, only without the branded mark, was led, as is the custom here at all weddings, to the house of the bridegroom. A gold marriage-badge was tied around her neck. A pot of water was poured on the ground before the wedding pair, incense was burnt before them, rice poured over their heads, and the marriage ceremony performed by the priest. Then followed the procession through the village accompanied by music and dancing-girls/^{after} which the bridegroom was set free to roam about at pleasure. He is now allowed to graze in all fields and is treated as a god; when he dies there will be a big funeral. We are thankful that our compound is now enclosed by a stone wall, other-wise our garden would surely again be demolished by this sacred Taurus.

In Durgi, one of the villages near here, there is a goldsmith, who besides his work in gold and silver makes a special business of carving little gray stone images representing a reclining bull. The bull is a symbol of the god Siva. One sees this symbol in pictures, among the carvings on Siva-temples, in front of the temples and on idol-cars. It is always seen on the graves of goldsmiths and is found among the contents of the "god-pots" given up by the Madigas, when they become Christians.

The ox is the most useful animal in India. The Indian farmer is dependent on it for the cultivation of his fields, for the drawing of water from deep wells, and as a means of travel and transport. It is tenderly cared for and fed, while the cow is often neglected. The price of an ox is about six times the price of a cow.

We have a calf which is the pride of all in our compound. It has grown so big and so fast that the people from several villages wanted to buy it and get it married. They offered a large price -

80 Rupees, ~~for it~~, but the servant in charge begged us to keep it two months longer, when it could be sold for 100 Rupees. We started on a tour in the district, and the following day we heard that the calf was sick and likely to die. Afterwards Miss Wonderful told us that that night the servants and all the boarding boys gathered around the sick calf and prayed for its recovery. The death of such a fine calf seemed to them the greatest calamity that possibly could occur. Perhaps they also thought that this would be a good occasion to test the power of prayer. The calf is well and getting fatter every day.

These "god-pots," to which I ~~just~~ referred, are common among the Madigas and other tribes. In Pepper-village, about ^{twelve} ~~12~~ miles from here we met with some interesting specimens. In this village ^{live} ~~there are~~ three brothers, two of whom became Christians many years ago, when they heard the gospel preached by some missionary. Afterwards, when we began visiting Pepperville, the oldest of the three brothers, Big Gurruvayya, always came and listened to the preaching but went away again apparently untouched by the preacher's message. We visited him in his home and on the occasion of one such visit we discovered that the ancestral idols were in his possession. Upon each visit the B.H. tried to persuade him to give up his idol-worship and believe in Christ. One day he said "Do you think I worship those idols? This Jesus-Christ-doctrine is a good doctrine and I believe, but I am afraid to touch the pot that my ancestors put in that corner. My brothers have been Christians for many years, and Simon is even one of the church council, and yet they are afraid too. If Simon will take the idols out of my house I will become a Christian." **A** We rejoiced over the victory, but soon found that the battle was not yet won. It was really true - Simon was afraid. "Let us first have prayers," said Simon, and all during the service he sat on the ground with his head bowed and shivered from fright. At the conclusion of the service the B.H. said, "Now, Simon, bring out the

idols, and let us break them to pieces." Simon begged the B.H. to go into the house with him, but Big Gurruvayya objected. Simon went into the house alone and all waited breathlessly outside, some expecting that he would be struck dead. In a few moments he returned but with empty hands. "I can not do it alone," he said, "let at least the teacher accompany me." Big Gurruvayya consented to this and presently Simon returned carrying the idol pot. He tried to set it down under a tree, but trembled so violently that he dropped it cracking it to pieces and scattering the contents. One of these was the image of Ganech, the god of wisdom, with an elephant head, four arms, protruding belly, and painted red. There was also an image of some female deity, also a string of gold and silver pieces, among them a marriage badge, curious utensils ornamented with snakes, bulls, etc., all evidently connected with the worship of the idols. Upon our next visit to Lakeville we took these curiosities and others just as interesting from other villages, to show to the other missionaries, and gave them to the Grave and Reverend for safe keeping, until they could be taken to America for a mission museum. ~~Some one, nobody know who or why, took them away without his knowledge.~~ After ^{six} months further instruction Big Gurruvayya was baptized.

You cannot imagine, how these people suffer from fear. Many have a sincere though incomplete belief in the truth, as did Pedda Gurruvayya, but are kept away from Christ through fear of the terrible gods and still more terrible goddesses who can in a moment of rage kill them or their children or their cattle. I was always such a timorous creature that if I were a heathen I do not believe that I would ever have the courage to become a Christian. One of the dearest words in the Bible are the oft repeated ones, "Fear not," and ~~xiamak~~ almost every day we must say to somebody or other, "Be not afraid of them, for they can not do evil, neither is it in them to do good."

In a village in a ^{remote} ~~far-away~~ part of our field, ~~which is~~ separated from everybody and everything, I have a miserable little school of ^{twelve} 12 children taught by a miserable teacher. He does not seem able to impart even the small amount of knowledge he himself possesses, and he is kept only because he can teach a little catechism and a few Bible verses; perhaps in the near future we may replace him with a better man. Eleven of the little tots sit on the floor and write in the dirt with their little brown fingers the letters of the Telugu alphabet. The twelfth tot named Rangamma writes on a slate bought for her by her devoted father. One day when we were camping at a place with a jungle between us and the school, the catechist said, "Why don't you try to get Rangamma to go to the Girls' Boarding School?" I wonder whether I have ~~ever~~ written you about the Boarding School I started for girls. Miss Wonderful now has charge of it and she is greatly interested in the work. ^{NP} The next day we got into the buggy and drove slowly through the jungle, picking our way between thorny thickets and over stones until we came to the village. Rangamma was in her place at school as usual, but in spite of her great desire to learn she had made little progress. I told Rangamma about our school, about the girls and about the teacher, and asked her whether she would not like to come with me and learn. "Having asked my father, I will come," she said and ran home. The father asked many questions, and expressed his willingness, but said the mother must also be consulted. The mother's consent was harder to obtain. "She is all I have," she said, "she is both son and daughter." The father urged, "Here she can not learn much, why not let her go?" The neighbors echoed, "Why not let her go?" and added, "They say you can go and see her every month." It was finally arranged that the next afternoon the father should bring her to our tent. Rangamma jumped for joy at the prospect.

But the next morning the catechist came ^{and} ~~to the tent and~~ told us there had been a ^{great} ~~big~~ commotion in the village ~~caused by the Brahman priest.~~ As soon as the Brahman priest heard about the plan to send ^{Rangamma} her away, he roused ~~up~~ the Brahmans in the village and they frightened the parents. "Those missionaries will marry her to a low-caste man and ruin her," they said. The priest ordered her parents to take her away from school; he said, "It is always a bad thing for females to learn anything." Little Rangamma cried because she was not allowed to attend even the little jungle school. After a short time the talk died down and she took her slate and went back to school, but the Brahman influence in this village is too strong to hope to do anything now.

"When obstacles and trials seem like prison walls to be,
I do the little I can do, and leave the rest to Thee."

In the short time that we have had our boarding-schools, we have had instances where a whole family, and, through the family, outsiders, have been led to Christ through one little child.

This will be another ^{weighty} epistle I am afraid, but I want to tell you another sad story of Brahman influence. Years ago - maybe ^{eight} ~~8~~ or ^{nine} ~~9~~ - when the B.H. was a bachelor, he made friends with a clever little Brahman boy. The little fellow used to come daily to see him. Suddenly the visits ceased; the boy's relatives returned a pocket knife, which the B.H. had given the boy, and said he had gone to another village. One day this boy, now grown to be a young man, came to our bungalow and asked to be instructed in Christianity. We did not at first know who he was. He had been for years a student in the Hindu college in Fishtown, but he had never forgotten the words that he had heard as a child. All during that hot season he sat every morning with the English Bible, asking me questions and listening to the things I told him. One day he announced, "I have decided to take Christ as my Saviour and to trust Him for everything no matter what happens to me."

9/ He decided to leave the Hindu college and to ^{write} join the Christian institution. As he could not expect any financial help from Brahman sources for his final year in college, we arranged to pay for his support to the close of the year, when he expected to pass his matriculation examination. The money was deposited with a Christian professor in the college to be paid out according to need. Not one cent of the money was ever touched. Within one week the following lines were received: "Dear Madame, Having been instructed in the doctrines of our sacred Hindu religion, I have decided to remain an orthodox Hindu." He failed in his examination and is now wandering around in Jungleville a slobbering idiot. Poor boy! That he was sincere in his desire and had a true belief in Christ, we can not doubt. What force was brought to bear upon him, to make him write the words denying his Lord, or whether indeed he himself wrote them, ~~perhaps~~ ^{probably} we shall never know; and what was done to him or what passed through his mind, turning an intelligent, happy young man to a driveling idiot, who knows? ~~And this is what~~ Our enemies rejoice in ~~as~~ another triumph over Christianity.

XXIII.

Some New Tricks for an Old Dog.

T.V.o., T.T.T.T., Dec. 19, 1902.

Were I an epistolary genius, ^{each} everyone of my esteemed correspondents would receive a long letter every month. My not writing oftener is not inconsiderate neglect, ~~but the fact that the days seem too short for all there is to do.~~ ^{it is due to the shortness of it} This morning for example there was an unusual large number of patients needing attention. It took me nearly one hour to dress a child's burns. A more experienced nurse would have done it more quickly. ~~and~~ "Every hoss c'n do a thing better and spryer if he's ben broke to it as a cold," as says David Harum. The blisters on this child were so large that one hand and arm had no shape, and each finger had to be dressed separately.

then
After ~~that~~ I had a class of ^{*twenty-five*} 25 to examine in Bible portions.

The dirzi, and a Sudra woman who learned to sew in my famine class, are sitting on the verandah sewing coats and jackets for Christmas. I have been hunting the house over for anything and everything half way suitable for the purpose, as the goods ordered from the Basel Mission instead of being sent to our railway station "Nurse y'r pet," were sent by mistake to Washerman's pet near Madras, and there's no telling when they'll ~~will~~ turn up. Also the needs of my hungry family had to be supplied and muffins had to be made as there was no toddy obtainable for bread.

Toddy is the juice of the Palmyra tree, and we use it instead of yeast. They tap the tree at the top and hang up little black earthen pots to catch the sap as it drips down. We have to send ^{*ten*} 10 miles for toddy each time we make bread, as there are no Palmyra trees near our village. We rarely have good bread in the rainy season as ~~when it rains into~~ the little black pots, ^{*s the toddy*} you get a very diluted mixture. The natives use toddy as an intoxicating drink and sometimes the messenger gets thirsty during the course of his ^{*Twenty*} 20 mile walk, and after allowing a large portion of my "yeast" to flow down his parched throat, he fills up my bottle at some stream on the way. These are minor disturbances in the daily life of the family.

The hook-swinging feast has just taken place, and no doubt this time all the toddy went there. The hook-swinging festival takes place annually in a village ^{*six*} 6 miles east of us; we drove over to see how it was conducted. We expected to see great crowds, as it is one of the principal feasts of our taluk, but there was a comparatively small attendance. An open space near the temple was lined on both sides with little stalls with awnings, in which various articles were exhibited for sale - sweetmeats, parched grain, cocoanuts, strings of beads, bangles, wooden toys, etc. Inside the temple enclosure in front of the goddess 7 Pratipatamma 7 the goats offered as sacrifice were slaughtered

and the blood was poured over the idol. Then the procession began. There were only ten carts; the tops of the carts were covered with gay-colored cloth; they were crowded with noisy women and laughing children, while at the back of each cart, tied below, was a bloody goat, that had just been sacrificed to the goddess. The carts went in procession three times around the temple.

Near the temple ~~was standing~~ ^{stood} a low cart with stone wheels, on which was erected a long swinging pole gaily painted in red and white stripes. The pole was decorated with garlands of flowers, and at the small upper end hung a large hook, covered with a red canopy adorned with tassels. When they lowered the pole, we pushed our way through the crowd and stood next to the cart. Here stood the victim, a long-legged black goat with a caste mark made of blood on its forehead, and around its neck a garland of yellow marigolds. Assistants held the goat fast, while a goldsmith thrust the **big** hook through the muscles of its back and then supported its body with ropes to prevent the hook being torn out by the weight of its body after it was swung up. There was a feeble clapping of hands when it appeared swinging in the air, but the people showed little enthusiasm and even the goldsmith seemed more interested in us and in our questions than in the ceremony.

Many years ago when ~~old~~ Father Heyer, our first missionary, came here he found not a goat but a man swung up on that very same pole, with that very same hook thrust through his back and no rope supporting him. Through Father Heyer's appeal to Government, man-swinging was prohibited, and ever since a goat has taken the place on the hook. I could not help thinking of the "blood of beasts on Jewish altars slain" and of our sacrificial Lamb hung up between heaven and earth. But here there is no feeling of the burden of sin, no faith in a Saviour from sin. The only thought here is that a bloodthirsty goddess must have blood, an angry goddess must be appeased, and that a sacrifice of a goat will keep away

disease and death from man and beast. At the end of the ceremony/^{if}the goat is still alive, it is set free to roam as it pleases; when it dies it is buried with honors.

We are rejoicing over our Boys' Boarding School and have many new plans in our heads and visions for the future.

There are ^{thirteen} 13 different castes represented in this school. Caste ~~is one of our greatest~~ ^{often creates} problems, but sometimes the boys themselves help us to solve ~~problems of this nature.~~ ^{them.} We have a little boy of one of the higher Sudra castes named Rajayya. He would be a pretty little fellow, if he were not cross-eyed. One day ^{he} Rajayya came up to the bungalow "boo-hoo-ing." The boys had beaten him. When questioned about the cause, he said, "Because I would not pour water" (meaning bathe). I reminded him that a daily bath was the rule of the school, ~~and I told him that he must conform to it.~~ "I do pour water every morning," he said between his sobs, "but the boys make me also pour water after school in the morning and before supper." Then I discovered that the caste boys who had been sitting in the same class with low caste children, or perhaps had been taught by a low caste teacher, were in the habit of taking a ceremonial bath of purification before each meal. Calling all the school together, I informed them that ^{they} ~~any or all of them~~ might bathe as ^{often} ~~many times a day~~ as they pleased, but Rajayya ~~(did not care to do so,~~ and he) might also do as he pleased. Then I said "salaam," which meant that they might take their leave, and from that day I have never heard anything more about ceremonial baths. We find it better when such questions come up and when no great principle is involved, to avoid as far as possible a direct issue while there is excitement on the subject, and to wait for a quieter time to do our preaching against caste and its evils.

In the beginning the caste boys avoided the boys of lower castes like poison; now they go to school arm in arm. A few days ago I

noticed a boy whom we must clothe, wearing a fine coat and asked to whom it belonged. He mentioned the name of a Mádiga boy. "Why are you wearing his coat?" I asked. "He is my friend," he said proudly. Formerly the caste boys wanted to exclude the others from the well; now all the boys draw water from the same well and sit together for their meals. The trouble ^{arises} ~~comes in~~ when someone less enlightened than ~~they are~~ comes from their village and questions their laxity of caste rules. ~~When~~ We remember that even the Apostle Peter was led into temptation on such an occasion, and "withdrew and separated himself fearing them that were of the circumcision," ^{and we} ~~we~~ consider it a great victory when our boys stand fast under trying circumstances.

You say I have never yet told you who does the washing, so here is the long delayed information. Washing, bread making and beef slaughtering are done by the followers of the prophet, and when we came here to live we engaged a Muhammadan from Lakeville to come along with us as washerman. It was a mistake. Our washerman would come to the bungalow, count the clothes, lock them up in his house and depart to the land of his birth for a visit of two to eight weeks' duration. When at the end of this longer or shorter interval the glistening white garments, beautifully ironed, were returned to us, there was never an article missing, and the parts eaten by rats or mildewed by lying for weeks on a damp floor were carefully folded inside to avoid giving us pain or displeasure. When one day he informed us, that his wife ~~she~~ ^{he} was too poor he told us to have more than one ~~she~~ ^{he} was afraid to come to this bad climate, where the water would not agree with her or the children, we parted peaceably and without tears. ~~There~~ There was a washerman here in the village living not far from us, who applied for the position. He was not a Muhammadan, but a Sudra of the dhoby or real washerman-caste. He had no iron, he said, but at least the clothes would be clean. The method of ironing here is to stretch the articles in all directions when they are half dry. I wish

you could have seen the gauze underwear and other articles when he brought them home. I took up a "B.V.D." by the leg and it stood upright; ^{every piece} ~~all of them~~ looked like ^a stiff corpses. "I had heard that white people liked starch," he mildly apologized. I advanced him money for an iron, but there was a vast difference between the shirts and the tablecloths which he ironed, and the same ones as they had come from the hands of my departed Mussalman. Now at home I had learned to cook, and to bake, and to clean house, and to sew, but we were never allowed to go ~~outside~~ to the wash-house, where the darkies did the washing. Some one of the returned missionaries or the Executive Committee should have advised me to take a laundry course before coming to India, for it is hard to teach an old dog new tricks. Finally the dhoby who used to wash for me in Lakeville consented to teach my willing but ignorant applicant the mysteries of the trade. The ^mMuhaddads ^w however rose up against a dhoby being taught Mussalman laundry secrets, and anyway my mild and gentle would-be laundryman felt uncomfortable among the inhabitants of the great city of Lakeville, and getting fever returned, ^{home}. If only Marian Harland in her 'Common Sense in the Household' had had the common sense to know, that washing has to be done in a household by somebody, and under her head of "Sundries" had put in a few directions for starching and ironing men's collars! Fortunately all the missionaries wear soft shirts except on Sundays and holidays, or else drill coats buttoned up to the throat, so the B.H. deserves no special credit for being patient under our laundry conditions.

XXIV.

Chiefly Musical.

T.V.o.T.T.T.T. Sunday, March 29, 1903.

How you would enjoy a Christmas here! Then the "cold season" is on, and you would think we have the most delightful climate in the world. The best ^{hour} ~~part~~ of Christmas for me, except the early morning

*To have
E. S. D.*

service, is when the boys come long before daybreak and sing their Christmas carols in front of the bungalow, and recite Christmas Bible verses. Afterwards they go to the village and sing there the Christmas message. Every morning at five the boys come in procession and sing one hymn in front of the bungalow before going about their daily duties, but on Christmas, Easter and other holidays they always have special five o'clock music. It is a real enjoyment. Now I can just hear you asking me, who taught them, and what kind of music it is, and I will tell you in a minute, but before I forget it I want to tell you first about our New Year.

Mr. and Mrs. Trustworthy came to see us two days before Christmas. Mrs. Trustworthy had to take my angel messenger and her little brother to America and leave them there with friends. This is the hardest trial of missionaries. A mother must either stay with her little ones at home, and leave a poor lonely husband in India, or stay with her husband and leave her little ones to the care of others. It is equally hard in both cases. This is real sacrifice.

On New Year's day after our Telugu service and our 11 o'clock breakfast we found the whole school - teachers and scholars assembled to give us a surprise. Chairs had been placed for all of us on the verandah and a table in front of the chairs. The table was piled with oranges, plantains (bananas), and pomegranates. There was also a large brass tray covered with sugar; on the sugar were piled raisins and native rock candy. There was also a plate with betel leaves and nuts and a glass containing sandal wood paste and attar. After garlanding us with flowers they sang a song wishing us a happy New Year, showering us during the chorus with the petals of marigold flowers. Then followed Scripture reading and prayer, more songs, and a written address about the growth of the school and its prosperity. The sweet smelling contents of the glass, which should have been sprinkled over our heads and

clothing, was by request confined to our hands and faces. In conclusion they sang in English, God save the King, and a "round," May God bless and give us a merry, merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

We took the Trustworthys sightseeing and showed them one of our waterfalls. There is a deep gorge with a horse-shoe fall. The fall is not easily accessible except when there has been little or no rain. On the occasion of the Trustworthys' visit the water was confined to two narrow falls. It is a romantic place with palm trees, maiden hair ferns and much undergrowth. We crossed the stream picking our way over any stones above the water. At the entrance to the gorge is an idol dedicated to the goddess worshipped extensively by the shepherds and some others. On special occasions they sacrifice goats, until the stream below runs red with the blood which is poured over the idol. There are interesting rock temples along the ravine below the falls. The blood of the sacrifices attracts wild beasts, and it is not a very safe place to visit after the shepherds have been sacrificing. Mrs. Trustworthy enjoyed it all, but heaved a big sigh of relief, when we were safely back again.

Once we were there with some visitors and with two hunters, whom we had taken along as guides. While we were admiring the falls from below, someone noticed that there were leopard tracks going under a rock; there was no water in the tracks which showed that they were fresh, and there were no tracks leading away from the rock. The four guns in the party were discharged in the opening under the rock, and when no sound was heard the beast was pronounced dead. We selected a convenient place for our picnic on the rocks a short distance further down and unpacked our lunch basket. While waiting for the water to boil for our tea one of the servants screamed "puli," and a big leopard was just disappearing among the rocks on the opposite side of the ravine. The hunters were keen on tracking it but there are too many

lurking places there to make leopard-hunting a safe sport: when we were in safer regions the big sigh of relief came this time from my bosom.

Next comes your question about our music. Telugu lyrics are used in all our congregations and schools. They are taught by our Christian teachers. The words of these lyrics are written by Indian Christians of our own and other missions. The tunes are rhythmical; to unaccustomed ears they are sometimes weird, but I love them almost as much as do the natives themselves. They are not all easy for us to learn; and in December I laughed over Miss Wonderful's efforts to learn a Christmas hymn. While I was making painful attempts to learn it from one of the little girls, Miss Wonderful said "Why, that sounds easy enough;" after trying herself twenty times she felt inclined to give it up, but suddenly she got the twist of it, and now she says, "I told you it was easy." So it is - after you have learned it.

We have Telugu translations of many of our beautiful English hymns, and I thought it would be nice for our boys to sing in two parts such hymns as Abide with Me, Jesus Lover of my Soul, Onward, Christian Soldiers, etc. Day after day I sat at the little organ, and with almost as much patience as my little girl teacher had with me, I taught them the soprano and the alto of a simple hymn. Their first attempts were about as funny as were ours in learning the lyrics, but before long they could sing both parts faultlessly. There was only one difficulty --when I sang soprano, all sang soprano, and when I helped the alto boys, the soprano failed. Melody they appreciated, but harmony was incomprehensible. Although I was born with a considerable bump of stick-at-it-iveness, I might have been tempted to give up the attempt, but just at this time a man from a neighboring German mission came as housefather for our boys. He had been trained in music by German missionaries, and he had ten musical children. The oldest, Phillip Augustus, can play the fiddle and the organ, and has a fair tenor voice;

the second sings alto and plays on two instruments; No. 3 sings a third part in his high clear childish voice and all the others sing well. The B.H. says even the baby cries melodiously. What I failed to accomplish in weeks, the father of these ten children accomplished in one hour - and how? It was the simplest thing in the world. He seated a group of boys with one of his youngsters in the centre and said: "All of you boys sing like Abhishakam;" to another group: "All you boys sing like Hartwig," and "All you boys sing like Ratnam," and the thing was done. I have never heard that any of the German missionaries have ten musical children, and how they manage to teach music so well, is a mystery to me, but I contend that the cause of my failure was simply my lack of suitable tools. It is a blessing to have ten musical children.

Last week we had the corner-stone laying of the church.

Mr. Trustworthy, the Principal of the Lakeville college and other missionaries were here, and it was a joyful occasion. A day or two afterwards, the dhoby came to us and said he wanted to be baptized. He is not the fruit of our labors. As we had never heard of a Christian dhoby, we may have taken it for granted, that dhobies never would become Christians and therefore never pressed the matter home to him. He said he had never known "the good and the bad" of our religion until he heard Mr. Trustworthy speak at the cornerstone laying. The dhoby is a better missionary than I am, for he at once spoke to his family and urged them to become Christians. His wife consented, but his brother and sister and all the rest of the family are opposed to any change in their religion, and tried to force the dhoby to give up his new desire.

This morning the dhoby was in church, but although his wife had said that she was coming, she was not there. After church she came to the bungalow with a swollen face and crying. She said she had so much joy because she could come to church, but she did not come because she had not slept all night, as her husband had beaten her. The

following conversation took place between us.

"Why did your husband beat you?"

"Because his sister lost my shoes."

"Why did he beat you, when it was not your fault?"

"Because he was angry."

"But you always say he is very gentle."

"Oh, he is very gentle, but when he gets angry he gets very angry."

"But it was his sister's fault; she lost the shoes; why did he not beat her?"

"Oh, that is not our custom. If he beat his sister, would they keep quiet? He beat me only because he was angry. In two days we will be all right again, but he must not beat his sister. That is not the way in this country." She burst out laughing at the very idea and went home smiling.

You remember, perhaps, my writing you of using the sap of the palmyra tree as yeast. There are many of these trees in Polepalle. Recently I took Miss Wonderful with me for a change when we camped in this village. After the B.H. went off on his horse to another village, the women and children as usual came in crowds to the tent to see us. The big white tent with the two white faced ladies was as great a curiosity to them as is a circus tent to small boys at home. After listening to our words for a long time, the crowd gradually dwindled away until at last only one child was left. She stood leaning against a tree, digging her little bare toes into the ground, and with her clear brown skin, long lashed eyes and white teeth, she was as pretty as a picture. As soon as I called her she came close up to the tent, and told us her name was Nagamma, and that her mother was dead. She seemed to be fascinated by our smiles, and when we asked her whether she would not like to come and live with us, she solemnly said, "I will come." She

ran off, as fast as her little legs could carry her, to call her father, and I thought that would be the last of her, but in less than an hour she returned holding her father by the hand. He is a palmyra climber. The work of these climbers is to cut the palmyra leaves, that are used for roofs and various other things, to gather the jelly-like fruit and to tap the trees for toddy. One day this man fell from the top to the ground, breaking his back; perhaps he had been imbibing too freely of the contents of his toddy pots. His wife, he told us, had died at the birth of a baby boy. His two little daughters swept the house, cleaned and cooked the grain and helped him to take care of the baby.

The father listened to all I had to say in regard to our proposal to take her, but tried to persuade Nagamma to give up the idea of going. Around her neck was a necklace of red beads, the only thing she had on above the waist. Her father said, "if you go, you can not take those beads along with you." Instantly she broke the string and handed them to her father. "God is calling that child," he said, "what can I say?" The next morning before sunrise he came with the child to the tent. "She has not slept all night," he said, "nor let me sleep, she was so afraid you would go without her." As we passed through the village in the carriage with Nagamma sitting at the back, the children called after her "Are you really going, Nagamma? Will you never come back?" She only smiled. Her father walked for some distance after the carriage, and then said, "I am going home." "Go," she said smiling, "salaam." She is a clever little mite and a specially good singer. Miss Wonderful is very fond of her. As Nagamma is a name suggestive of snake-worship (I have named her Margery after one of Little Sister's children). God is so good to us in everything. In the weakness of our faith we pray for a ten or twenty-five per cent increase in our work, and he gives us fifty and a hundredfold, more than we could ask or think.

There is a deep work of grace going on in many a quiet and unsuspected corner. You may conder, that I have no thrilling stories of sensational conversions to relate in my letters. My dear, let me remind you that "the wind bloweth shere it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; so is everyone that is born of the Spirit." When a soul is born into the kingdom, there is usually nothing sensational about it. We ask ourselves sometimes as they did at the birth of John the Baptist, "What manner of child shall this be?" A new born infant is often a tiny, weak, insignificant, unpromising morsel of humanity, and sometimes it is so with a new born soul. But the unpromising morsel of humanity may become a mighty leader in the world. Who knows what manner of child it shall be? Who can tell, whether this weak, new born soul may not by God's grace become a mighty leader in God's kingdom?

We feel there is so little that we can do. Just as feeling our helplessness to deal with a soul of a new born baby, we bring it in infancy to God for His blessing, so we feel in regard to new converts, that it is God who began the work of grace and it is He who must carry it on.

XXV.

Rain Without Clouds

T.V.o.T.T.T.T. Aug. 24, 1903.

Yesterday there was a blessed service in the little chapel. All those baptized were Sudras - one Kamma, one Reddi, and the rest from the Shepherd coaste. God has opened a door for us among the Sudras, and of the 51 boys in our boarding school, 33 are from this caste. These are the ones who must bring their own people to Christ. The B.H. goes into the bazaar and preaches to the heathen; we sit at the tent, or on our verandah, or in the people's houses, and argue and explain and plead, but we can not say, as a native-born can, "This is also a religion for us Sudras and only Jesus Christ must save us."

When the work among the Sudras opened up, one big Sudra boy was taken into the school. He was an unpromising specimen: he was of the tank-digger caste, he was past the ordinary school going age, and was already married. But he could read, and he seemed so desirous to learn more, that we took him in on trial. He is now teaching a successful school of 25 children, and he has been able to get the Sudra-inquirers, among whom is the village Munsiff (chief official), to join in worship with the Christian congregation.

Another unpromising specimen was a little fellow named Perayya whom his father, a Reddi inquirer, brought to us. It took four of the boys to carry him from our verandah to the Boarding School. Each took one arm or a leg, while the small owner of these members kicked and screamed, "I won't stay here, take me home." What they did to him I do not know but an hour later, after his father had left for home, I found the little chap sitting among the boys with a slate in his hands and smiling. He had been in the school only a short time, when one day many inquirers were to be baptized. The B.H. stood with the list of baptism applicants in his hand and requested all those who desired baptism to come forward. Little Perayya did not know, that this request referred to those on the list, and accepting the invitation, the pretty little fellow walked to the front of the chapel, folded his brown hands and kneeled down, as he had seen the grown-up people do. When I motioned him to get up and come to me, he said, "No, I want to be a Jesus Christ child, I want to be baptized." He has since been baptized and is perhaps the best singer in the choir.

We can never be thankful enough, that God led us into this work. Our Mission began work among the Malas and Madigas - Outcaste tribes - and for years there has been a successful work going on among these people. So far all of our preachers and best teachers are from these two castes. Our work also was begun among these Pariah tribes, and with

thankful hearts we have watched its growth. In the beginning however it made us sad, to pass through the whole village untouched by Christianity, and confine our efforts to the hamlets outside the village, where the Pariahs are obliged to live.

When, as opportunity offered, preaching was done in the villages, or when the villagers followed us to the hamlets, there was a painful atmosphere of aloofness in the village crowd. Sometimes they were cold and uncordial, often obviously interested, but distant and easily scattered. Ever since the cook question was settled and we really got nearer to the suspicious caste people, new doors have been opening. Almost all the success God has granted us in this work, has been accomplished through personal contact with individuals. They come day after day and sit for hours, and discuss questions pertaining not only to Christianity and the Bible, but pertaining to their own personal affairs. It takes time and patience. It seems to me that the words of St. Paul to the Galatians were written just for us: "Let us not be weary in well-doing for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not," and put considerable emphasis on the last clause.

November 1, 1903.

When I first came to India, the early and the latter rains came at the expected time with almost clock work accuracy. Clouds and rain and the tenth of June seemed to be synonymous. Since then times and seasons have changed. For several years the early rains have often failed entirely, and the latter rains partially, and as a consequence in some places famine has devastated the land and hard times have been universal. This year everyone watched the cloudless sky, no clouds, no rain. There must be some reason for it, and the heathen villagers were told by their priests, that the goddess Mutyalamma was angry because, since the missionaries came, they had neglected her temple; if her anger were appeased she would send rain. It was proclaimed throughout the village

that there would be a feast to Mutyalamma, and everyone must take part, or at least contribute toward the expenses. The Sunday following everyone who could should tie an oxcart and bring a sheep or a goat for an offering.

When we returned from the hills and heard of this you can imagine how we felt, for they had heard so often that these are no gods that are made with hands, that every good gift cometh from above, and that God alone is He who giveth help in trouble. How often they had said, "These are true words," but now their hearts were hardened and they would not hear. The village officials told us, "It is the farmers who insist upon having this feast, we do not believe in these things; we are not the ones who are doing this, and we are not going to take part."

On Saturday evening accompanied by some visiting friends from another mission we went into the village. After gaining the attention of a large crowd by means of some magic lantern pictures, the B.H. tried again to show them the truth. Some listened intently, but others, particularly two of the farmers, were determined to stop the preaching. The sheep were ready for sacrifice, the ox carts were decorated ready to be tied, many of the people had been to the liquor shop licensed by the Government and were half drunk. One of the two disturbers shouted, "He is trying to stop our worship, beat him, beat him." Some tried to quiet them, others stepped between us and the threatening clubs. There was too much hubbub and excitement for anyone to listen calmly, and our voices were lost among the hundreds who were trying to make themselves heard. Suddenly, from what everyone thought was a cloudless sky, came a sharp shower of rain. The crowds scattered in all directions and we returned in safety but in disappointment to the bungalow.

On Sunday afternoon, when the first gong for Sunday School was struck, the B. H. rode slowly down on his horse as far as to Mutyalamma's

temple, but there were no signs of a sacrifice. After the striking of the second gong he rode down again. The procession, which must go around the temple three times, was in progress. Two men had been stationed at the turn of the road to watch and report should the B.H. return. This time he rode rapidly and before the signal could be given he had reached the place. The foremost carts, containing the village officials and their families, bolted into the village and the whole procession broke up in confusion. Without speaking to anyone the B.H. saw who were the ones who were taking part and then rode back and taught his class in Sunday School. Then the carts returned for the procession, the sheep and goats were slaughtered in front of the temple, the heads of the animals were given to the musicians and others who had assisted, and the rest of the animals, with the rice which had been offered to the idol, was taken home by those who had made the offering for their evening meal.

For three months no preaching was done in the village, and none of these people came near the chapel or the bungalow, but there was much talk in the village. Some said, "How is it that rain came the night the Doragaru wanted to preach and none since?" Others asked, "Whoever heard before of rain without clouds?"

Finally the village accountant, a Brahman, came to the bungalow and bowing deeply said, they had made a mistake, and they would never do it again. An assertion of this kind does not mean that he will become a Christian; it simply shows that these people are ashamed to be seen taking part in that in which they have in reality lost faith. Three of those who took part in this feast have truly repented, and two of them have already been baptized.

Our last tour was in the division where the B.H.'s accident occurred. One day soon after our return to India, we had a call from the Hospital Assistant, who had treated the fractured limb with passive

movements. He came, he said, to explain that he had seen at once that it was a fracture of the hip and was just about to say so, when his superior medical officer from Jungleville made a contrary diagnosis, and therefore he had to keep quiet and treat the case according to the direction of his superior. He did not state whether or not he had had any fear that his treatment might prove fatal.

In one village on this tour we were greatly delayed on account of the investigation of an irregular wedding. I do not believe that the B.H. would have given the case up until he got to the bottom of the matter and found out the truth, even if the clock had struck the midnight hour. It was pitch dark when we got on our horses and there were four miles of Jungle before us. Now no one except one "to the manner born" can find his way through an Indian jungle at night, so the B. H. ordered the horsekeeper to secure a guide, which he did. The usual crowd followed us talking and asking questions, and after half a mile or so they all gradually salaamed and turned back. We rode on silently through the darkness for a short distance, Luke the horsekeeper walking beside my pony and the B.H. bringing up the rear. Presently Luke ran back and inquired of the B.H. the way.

"I don't know the way, where is the guide?"

"You gave the guide leave, you know."

"I did not give the guide leave, what do you mean?"

"When those last men left, the guide said, 'Salaam, I am going,' and you said, 'Salaam,' so I thought you knew the way." We had been salaaming all the way from the village, and not^u it seems we had salaamed once too often and without knowing it had allowed our guide to depart in peace to his supper and to his bed, and we were in the midst of a wild jungle, not knowing the way forward nor backward.

Luke kept lighting matches and holding them close to the ground to see whether human tracks were visible, and we followed on not

knowing whether we were coming nearer to our tent, or wandering off into regions unknown. I asked Luke whether there were any wild beasts in this region. "Oh, many, many," replied Luke, "and even big tigers." My horse was trembling under me as if he were shivering all over, and I thought maybe he saw or scented a tiger, so turning my head I called to the B.H. and asked him the same question. "Nonsense," the B.H. assured me, "you are timid and Arab is trembling out of sympathy." We rode on and on through the darkness. At last in the distance a light appeared. "The tent, the tent," joyfully exclaimed Luke, and so it was. Going on towards the light we came to a village and saw many small ponies tied together by one of the houses. When we had gotten off of our horses at the tent, the B.H. inquired of the villagers the reason of the tying of the ponies. "We do not allow our ponies now to graze at night," they replied, "as so many have been devoured by leopards that are prowling around in the neighborhood." The B.H. is welcome to hold his own opinion about that sympathetic trembling, but I am convinced that Arab scented one of those leopards, or perhaps saw a big tiger.

XXVI

"With Persecutions"

T.V.o.T.T.T.T. Dec. 30, 1903.

The calendar says, "Days past: 364, days to come: 1." If we knew of a certainty that we had only one more day to live, how do you think we would spend it? So teach us to number our days that we may apply our heart unto wisdom.

So far as the general public was concerned the monsoon was in these parts the greatest event of the year. Such a long time intervened between the sacrifice to Mutyalamma and the coming of the rain that the people did not seem to connect the monsoon with the slaughtering of their goats. When it began to rain, it simply poured, and day after

day. Indian bungalows are not noted for being watertight, but until now ours has in this respect been an exception. Our compound is black cotton soil, and for this reason there had to be a deep foundation dug for the bungalow. A short time ago an English engineer passing through here examined the bungalow and said, "It has stood the test for over five years, there is no more danger now of its slipping." Then came the big monsoon and the bungalow began to slip and had to be buttressed. If you had visited me in these days you would have seen the furniture in various rooms all huddled together in one spot to prevent its getting wet, and basins and bowls standing around here and there to catch the drips or streams from the leaking roof.

But even in these days the bungalow was preferable to the tent. One day we were in the tent, when the clouds began to gather quickly. The tent had not been pitched carefully, and before they could tighten the ropes and dig a ditch around it, the storm broke. One side of the tent collapsed and there was only one small corner where we could keep partially dry.

In spite of the fact that rain is a coveted blessing, natives prefer May to the monsoon months. There is no attempt at drainage around their houses and the water stands in pools till it turns green. Those who have no cattle sheds tie their precious bullocks and buffaloes inside the room where the father and the mother and the sons with their wives and children must sleep, if sleep they can under such circumstances. Umbrellas are a luxury which only the better-off people can afford. Many possess only the clothes they have on their backs, and in their wet clothes they must spend the night. Is it a wonder that there are epidemics of cold and cough and fever? We have to be doctors and nurses as well as preachers and teachers, and this gives us opportunities to enter homes where otherwise we would not be welcome.

In September a conference in Lakeville was attended. Returning, we left Lakeville by rail at 7:30 a.m. and by 9 a.m. we were in "Nurse y'r pet" which is 28 miles from Lakeville. The rest of the way was made by buggy. The continued rains had not improved the roads but we succeeded in going the first 22 miles in 3 hours. At the travellers' bungalow, where we had left cooking utensils, etc. in charge of the cook we had a meal of cracked wheat porridge and rice and curry. Here we changed horses, harnessing this time my faithful Arab, and hurried on as there seemed to be another storm approaching. After driving the next 13 miles, the roads always getting worse and worse, we came near the toll gate in Jungleville and heard a rushing roaring noise. Our hearts sank within us - the Black River had "come," and a moment later we saw it. The stream swollen by heavy rain and overflowing banks was rushing madly along. Pedestrians, horses and their riders, cattle and carts were on both sides unable to cross. It was not a pleasant prospect, I can assure you. Fourteen miles from home, heavy banks of clouds gathering in the S.E., our bullock cart with bedding and needed supplies thirteen miles behind us, and the travellers' bungalow of Jungleville, if we cared to accept its discomfort, on the other side of the stream.

The people told us that the river had been still higher and was now going down; if it did not rain too hard in the meantime, we might be able to cross in a few hours. It was raining then, but lightly, and we waited. After an hour we found it had gone down one inch; after the second hour it had gone down another inch, and still we sat in the buggy and waited. As the B.H. seemed to take a gloomy view of the situation, I sang for him:

"One wide river, and that wide river is Jordan
One wide river, one wide river to cross."

He joined in with his bass and became decidedly more cheerful. After another two hours the clouds had grown blacker and more threatening; another storm would mean detention perhaps for days. We engaged 20 coolies to keep the buggy from upsetting, sat with our feet curled up under us on our seats to keep them out of the water and plunged in. The pony struggled bravely against the stream; the horsekeeper and the coolies held on to the pony, to the buggy, and to each other, and shouting and yelling they pressed forward and landed us safely on the other side. There was one more swollen stream to cross but not as bad as the Black River; the rain came down in torrents, beat into our faces and drenched us; the road seemed in places determined to swallow up the buggy wheels, but about midnight we reached home, drank milk made out of milk tablets and hot water and did not need to be rocked to sleep.

The next morning it was still pouring, and the compound reminded us of the sights we saw in Venice. Some geese we were raising had the time of their lives. Now the monsoon is a thing of the past. The bare fields are green, the dried up grass is again fresh, the cotton fields are in full bloom, the great crop of pulse, which is one of the chief grains in our country and which will be harvested in February, is growing nicely, and no doubt in the rice country the paddy fields are dressed in living green. Early in the mornings there is now a crisp coolness in the air quite unlike our usual India weather. This means that the cool season has come, and that the rains are over at least till next June. If one could only be as sure that some other things were over for at least as many months.

One day early in the year in reading the text, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth" the thought came to me that in my case I could not see any such tokens of God's love. Perhaps therefore it was just as well that everything happened as it did, to keep me from being tempted to doubt the love of my Father in Heaven.

It must be several years ago that I wrote you that the promise of Mark 10:29,30 had been all fulfilled except the two words "with persecutions." These words have now also been fulfilled; we have had anxious days, indeed for many weeks we felt as though we were living under a dark cloud. Our serious troubles were caused by the Jesuit priest. Father Joseph. the priest who was here when we first came, was a one-armed man and seemed to be rather apathetic. He had services for the colony which had emigrated from the South, but he had never done any work among the original inhabitants. Soon after our arrival he preached against us as enemies of the church, and said anything injurious to the church ought to be gotten rid of, but beyond petty annoyances we had little of which to complain. Father Joseph was removed and in his place was sent a man from Belgium of an entirely different character. He has from the beginning been active in trying to upbuild his church and to annoy us and undo our work. Finally his efforts culminated in what Mr. Trustworthy calls "a diabolical scheme" to ruin us and our work.

This Romish priest bought land right next to our compound, started there a hamlet for a low grade of Pariahs, promising to dig them a well, which was never done. These carrion-eating Pariahs continually committed nuisance along our wall, and especially just where our boys had to go in procession down to our new school building. No complaints to the authorities had any effect; the only answer we received was, "What can we do?" One morning when the B.H. went down to the village to see about the work on the new church building, he found his way obstructed just at our gateway by a man committing nuisance. He gave him a slap across his buttocks and ordered him off. When the B.H. returned from his work he was informed that the priest had given the Pariah 5 Rupees with instructions to go to the hospital assistant and request him for a certificate to the effect that the man had been beaten and had his hand or arm broken. He also gave one Rupee to have the man carried to

the hospital. They carried the man on a cot as far as to our compound, where they put him down and sent one of their number in to show us the money given by the priest and asked the B.H. what he was going to do about it. The B.H. knew that the man had not been hurt and replied, "I am not going to do anything." They carried the man until our house was out of sight and then let him walk. The hospital assistant at first refused to have anything to do with the matter, but after hearing that the priest had insisted upon it, and that he was willing to give more than the 5 Rupees, he tied up one of his arms in splints and gave him a certificate. The man returned home, went about as usual for a number of days, attended a funeral, and on two occasions carried home a large amount of carrion as there was a cattle disease in the village.

One Sunday the hospital assistant came to see the priest. On Monday the priest sent the Pariah back to the hospital. According to the statement of the wife and son who came to see us much later, "the hospital assistant poured a powder in his mouth and he began purging and fell down and was there three days with^{out} food or anyone to take care of him." The priest had him carried home, administered extreme unction, and circulated the rumor that the B.H. had beaten the man to death, which rumor soon spread to Lakeville and other places. The man lived eight days after receiving extreme unction. The priest, who otherwise never gives any medicine, gave him medicine and was his only medical attendant.

When we were informed that the priest had secured the services of the hospital assistant to bring us into trouble, we went to the hospital, and telling the assistant that we had heard that the man was dying, we ~~asked~~ asked him for what ailment he had treated him. He seemed much confused and said, "Oh, he had some ague, but I saw him only once." The next day we went on tour to Jungleville and surrounding villages. Two days later when the man died, a report was circulated, that the B.H. had run away and had gone to Europe. This rumor was also widely

circulated. The corpse was taken to the hospital assistant for a post mortem. A police sergeant and another man came to the headmaster of our school and told him that for Rupees 25 a favorable report on the cause of the man's death would be given. The headmaster was frightened, feeling that the B. H's. reputation lay in the hands of the hospital assistant, but he was afraid to give the money in our absence, he said, without first seeing the report. Then an overseer in our employ was approached with the same request, but he was afraid to do anything and hurried to Jungville to report to us. The priest's housekeeper said to this overseer: "How many more people is your master going to murder, and how many bags of Rupees is he going to give to get free?" The highest native official of the district - at present a Deputy-Collector - hearing that the B. H. had beaten a man to death and then run away, came to inquire. By that time we had returned from our tour. The Deputy-Collector examined the B. H. who stated the whole case. The murder charge which the priest had brought was dismissed, but a charge of assault was upheld and posted for a later date at "Nurse y'r pet". These were hard days, and the sympathy of friends was comforting. One of our dear missionary friends who had heard the story from the Trustworthys wrote: "Try and cast the burden on Him who knows the truth. This is a wicked country, and we must expect wicked reports and actions. I am praying for you both that God may keep you from the designs of your enemies and be near you in this crisis. Blessed are ye when men shall revile you".

The case came up. After the hearing of the prosecuting witnesses the Deputy-Collector called the B. H. aside privately, and said in a confidential tone, "The witnesses of course do not agree. We do not require your witnesses. The whole affair is insignificant; just sign this paper that you do not require witnesses, and I will

dispose of the case at once, and save you all further trouble". With a sigh of relief that the trouble was at an end, the B. H. signed and we went home. What was our amazement the following day to find in the judgment, that the evidence of the witnesses for the prosecution had proved to be false but the B. H. on his own admission of the slap had been fined 150 Rupees. It was a hard blow. From the words of the native official we had been led to believe that the case would be dismissed, and we felt that we had been deceived. You may think that we were foolish to believe the Deputy-Collector, and that we should have insisted upon the hearing of the witnesses who had seen everything that had happened. Well, as some one said, "If all fools wore white caps, we should seem a flock of geese". We have comforted ourselves with Paul's words where he said: "Now I would have you know, brethren, that the things which happened unto me have fallen out rather unto the progress of the Gospel", for in the end, it has proved to be a blessing for the work. The case had become widely known; much native sympathy was expressed, and the talk of the "great injustice", as they termed it, brought to our tent people whom we had never before seen, with the result that many have become inquirers.

Just as we were packing up for our last visit to Lakeville, a Roman-Catholic came here for medicine for his child. We told him to take the child to the hospital six miles distant. "If you do not give him medicine he will die", said the man. The B. H. answered, "And if he should die, people might say my medicine killed him." This conversation reached the ears of the priest, only the B. H. was reported to have said, "the priest will say so and so", and the priest has now brought a case of defamation of character against the B. H. The chief witness has been summoned to "Nurse y'r pet", and what will follow remains to be seen.

On October 31, we celebrated the anniversary of the Reformation. It began at 6 A.M. on Saturday with a prayer meeting.

There was a large attendance, as this is when the people have time, before they begin the day's work. The Reformation festival was held in the evening on and in front of the verandah of the fine large new school building. The boys, aided by teachers, wrote a play for the occasion, which did them credit, as it showed insight into the work of God through his servants in those days and showed also their appreciation of the value of the Bible. The chief scene of the play was Martin Luther nailing the 95 theses on the Church door at Wittenberg. One of the most earnest boys arrayed in an old black robe made a fine Luther. We made the mistake of beginning our "tomasha" one hour too early. In the beginning there were only about 200 present. The crowd gradually gathered until the boys counted 800 and afterwards came others who had just heard of it. Some of the songs, accompanied by native drum and cymbals, were really gripping. One Telugu chorus keeps ringing through my head: "Why art thou fearful, oh thou my spirit? God is a helper to thee." These words were repeated again and again, first slowly, and then faster and faster, returning again to the slow movement. It did me good, or rather it is still doing me good.

XXVII

"The Middle Watch of a Summer's Night".

Pulni Hills, India, May 1, 1904.

Before we came up here, I began a letter telling about a nocturnal disturbance in our village, but was interrupted. In the night in question, about 2 A.M., we were awakened by somebody calling. Going out on the flat roof, we found the two chief village officials. There was great excitement in the village, they said; two Christians were involved in a case of deceit; they had been arrested, and would

the "doragaru" please come down at once. The "doragaru" got into his clothes and went down in the rain and the mud. He found crowds of people awake and greatly excited, and two Christians of the leatherworkers caste tied to two posts.

In our school is a boy of the merchant class. Although this is a high caste, they are usually very dark skinned, and his dark skin was much improved by the large number of jewels, which he wore - a gold necklace, silver jewels on arms and ankles and a gold girdle with little gold bells. The grandfather of this boy who died several years ago was said to be immensely wealthy, and the rumor was, that he had buried vast stores of gold, nobody knew where.

A certain sorcerer from the other side of the Krishna river also heard the rumor, and taking two of our Christians as guides to the merchant's house, he told the merchant Venkayya, that he could produce the pots of gold buried by his father. Venkayya was pleased with the hope of riches and spent money freely for food and liquor, following all the sorcerer's directions and supplying all his wants. The sorcerer dug up the earthfloor of one of the rooms of the merchant's house and spent two days in performing magic rites. The walls of the room and the floor in places he covered with magical signs in various colored chalk. The evening of the second day he called Venkayya in to see the gold in a hole which he had dug. Around the hole in one corner of the room the sorcerer had drawn lines, which he said must not be crossed. In front of the hole he had drawn on the earth a wonderful figure in blue, green, red and yellow - when the B. H. saw this he did not know whether it was intended to be human or divine or something worse.

Venkayya, who had been freely partaking of liquor, peeped from the other side of the awe-inspiring lines into the hole and saw the gold dimly shining in the semidarkness. The sorcerer told him that the pots of gold could not be lifted up if there were any gold or

silver on the premises outside of the magic lines. All the jewels were taken from my school boy and his mother and sister and with all the other jewels and cash were tied in a bundle and put near the hole. The incantations were continued with closed doors. Presently the sorcerer came outside, and said the juice of a certain plant was needed to complete the rites before the gold could be made tangible. One of Venkayya's servants and the two Christians were to sit outside and watch the door until he himself went to a field, secured the needed juice and returned. If anyone moved or if a word were spoken the gold would vanish. He took with him another of Venkayya's servants, also Venkayya's drinking vessel and the latter's umbrella, as it threatened rain. When they reached the road on the farther side of the village the sorcerer made the servant kneel and hold his hands together to form a cup; he then poured water into the servant's hands and said: "If you spill the water before I return from the field, you will be struck dead on the spot".

The water slowly trickled through the fingers of the scared man, but the sorcerer did not come. His hands got dry. Remaining on his knees with his hands still together, he called; he screamed, but there was no answer. He let his hands drop; finding that he was still alive, he got up, ran home, and told his story to the watchmen who were sitting there speechless. After Venkayya got awake, he went inside, but the spell was broken, and, according to the word of the sorcerer, the pot of gold had vanished; the hole was dark and empty, and the bundle of jewels and cash had changed to a bundle of earth. The Christians were accused of conniving with the sorcerer. The B. H. told Venkayya that they all had been alike deceived, and that he was as much to blame as the Christians. The latter were untied, but kept under surveillance until the police came the next morning, when they were released. Each of the two had a church fine of three

Rupees imposed for taking part in sorcery. It has been a good lesson to the whole community, and another visit from a sorcerer would probably not be so successful.

Just one year ago I had an experience of which I have never written you. We were on our way to these same Pulni Hills. After a tedious four days' journey from home we arrived at a tope at the foot of the mountain, where we were to change the ox-cart for a pony, and a dooly, which is a piece of canvas stretched on poles and carried by bearers. The B. H. had not been well, and by the time we reached the tope he was suffering immensely from an attack of gallstone. He felt unable to travel further and wanted to remain at the tope bungalow; but cholera was raging all around in the neighborhood, and for other reasons also a stay there would have been impossible. He refused to take my dooly, and started on his pony riding rapidly ahead.

After we had gone some miles up the mountain I saw him riding rapidly back again; he could not go on, he said, he must go back. After much pleading, he at last consented to take my dooly, and I mounted his pony; but do you think I could get that tat to go up the hill? He had rejoiced that his rider had so soon turned in the direction of home, and he had firmly made up his mind that he would not start to climb the mountain again that night. I urged, and the tat-boy beat, but he wouldn't and he didn't. By this time the B.H. had gotten past the stage of being altogether conscious of what was going on around him. Assuring him that the pony-boy would at once send me another dooly and that it would be there in a jiffy, I packed him in the dooly with all the blankets and pillows around him and ordered the bearers to take him up as quickly as possible. We learned later that the pony boy had done his duty in calling bearers, but the bearers were afraid to go alone into the forest,

and refused to start before daylight.

I sat down on a big stone by the wayside to wait God's will for me, and as I sat there and waited, the moon went down behind the tall trees, and I was alone with the stars and with God. I sat on my stone and waited, and was absolutely without fear. Alone in the midst of an Indian forest, miles away from any living soul or any human habitation - and yet not afraid!

The first thing I noticed was the great silence of the forest. The tall trees looked down on me, and were motionless. I remembered the beautiful tree-ferns of South India, but it was too dark now to see the beauty of the forest. I wondered whether there were any wild beasts nearby; in the tangled bamboo thickets there were sure to be snakes. On previous visits I had seen a few, and I had heard of the snakes, the big rock-snakes, twice as long as a man. I recalled the hideous shrill of the hyenas that one often hears when camping in our taluk, and the awful screams of the jackals that sound as though a woman were being murdered, and I wondered whether the nights in an Indian forest in the hill country were always quiet, or whether God had sent his angel to shut the mouths of the wild beasts just to keep one of his children from getting scared - I quite understand how Daniel felt in his den of lions - "safe in His tender care".

The birds were all asleep; there was scarcely the sound of the humming or chirping of insects. Once or twice I heard a slight rustle near me, and turned my head, but it was too dark to see anything, and I was not afraid. I did not feel like disturbing the silence by moving about. I just sat on my stone, and listened, and waited, and heard God's voice and knew that He was there.

After hours it seemed to get very dark; the tall tops of the trees began to wave in the breeze; there was a chill in the air, and then came a faint flush in the sky, the first welcome sign of

dawn. One after another the birds woke up and began their morning songs of praise. I was cold and stiff from the long hours of sitting, and got up and walked briskly up and down the narrow forest path. At last in the distance came the sounds of "Hung - go - kum, Um hum", and the bearers came and carried me the rest of the twelve miles up the hill. In place of a canvas dooly they had brought a chair with a solid wooden seat, and without cushions or blankets, I did not feel as if I were being "carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease", but "happiness consists in being perfectly satisfied with what you've got and what you haven't got", and I was every minute getting nearer to the top, so I was happy. The B. H. had the worst of it, for as soon as he came to himself and realized that I was down below, he insisted upon returning, and was consumed with anxiety until he saw me bouncing along. What a blessing that I am made of India rubber!

We are breathing in enough good mountain air up here in the Pulnis to last us at least a year, and we are having a treat for every day we see other white folks and not only just each other.

XXVIII.

The Little Temple Girl.

The Island of Dindi in the Bay of Bengal, India.

May 23, 1905.

Being blown away from home by the strong hot winds, we left dull care behind and (perhaps I would better add - although) we brought the whole family along, we are enjoying our holidays. We are 33 in number - 16 boarding girls and women converts, 6 orphan boys, the head boy, the cook, two water boys (all water has to be carried from the other side of the island), a sweeper (who does no

sweeping here, but who has other important duties, which can not be mentioned in polite society), the dhoby (who washes for the whole family), a "tappal" man (who trots 40 miles to Lakeville and back again with mail and all needed supplies) and last but not least Miss Wonderful, the B. H. and your faithful correspondent. We are also expecting tomorrow as guest the nurse who came out with me from America some time during the last century.

There being no responsible person with whom we could leave our famine-orphans, converts etc., we packed them all on carts and brought them all along; the boys are in a one-roomed house near by and the rest of us are in the string of rooms known as the Dindi bungalow. It was a blessed leading. We live with them here in a way that is impossible in the busy life at home, and we have come very near to each other. My Dinah is one of the party and she has a good influence over the other girls. Another girl is Peramma, or Lucy, as she now desires to be called. This is a long story, but the days here are long and I have time. The child is now about eight years old. Being left motherless as a baby she was brought up by her grandmother. After the father's second marriage and when she became old enough to earn her salt by watching the fields of grain and driving off the crows, she went to live with her father. Last year however there was no grain to watch. The rains again failed and the fields could not be sown. It seems to me, that I am always writing about hard times. You may get tired of the sameness and say "harping again on the old subject", but that is India! There was scanty food and the poor little thing was considered superfluous; she learned to know the gnawings of hunger, and lost all the padding off her little bones.

One day her father brought her to our village where her uncle lives, and said, "I cannot support the child; you have no

children, take her and give me 4 Rupees to buy food". The uncle is a Christian named Deva-sahayam (God's help). He told the father that he had barely enough for himself and his wife to eat, and could give him no money nor support the child, but he thought the missionaries might take the child, and when they returned from Lakeville he would speak to them about the matter. The father however was a heathen and had never heard any good of missionaries, so keeping his own counsel he got up long before daylight and carried his daughter to Templetown. Here is a big Vishnu temple, the largest in our Taluk. Opposite the temple are the houses of the dancing women connected with the temple. These women try to get hold of pretty little girls whom they can teach to dance and who will be to them a source of revenue. Little Peramma was taken by her father to one of these women and sold for 7 Rupees - a little over two dollars. The father gave the woman a stamped paper to the effect that the child was hers, and went away and left the poor little thing crying and sobbing.

For a while Deva-sahayam did not know what had become of the child, but when he found out where she was and that she was to be married to the god of stone, he was determined if possible to save her. For three days he hung around the corners of the temple hoping to catch a glimpse of her and be able to speak to her, but the temple women had heard that he was there and, fearing that she would be stolen, kept her hidden in the house.

As soon as we heard about it, we joined Deva-sahayam at Templetown. A rumor had spread, that we had come to carry off the child by force, and the police were sent for, but they did not respond to the summons. When our buggy turned into the street leading to the temple, a crowd gathered as by magic. I shall never forget the faces of those Brahmans lined up against the temple wall. They were the ones most interested in this fair, sweet, innocent, little blossom,

who stood in the midst of them with the dancing woman, for she was destined to become a temple girl and in a short time would be married to their god and thus become their slave. We could feel the tenseness of the situation - the repressed excitement, the assumed indifference, the masked hatred. There was dead silence; in the whole crowd no one uttered a word.

We remained seated in the carriage, and the B.H. ignoring the presence of the Brahmans spoke first to the woman, and then to the crowd of non-Brahman caste villagers. He spoke of the innocence of the little child, and of the unnatural act of the father in selling his little motherless daughter to such a life, and appealed to the crowd to judge whether this were right or whether it were not better to bring her up for a life of respected womanhood. The dancing woman, seeing by the approving nods of the crowd that the sentiment, for the moment at least, was against her, spoke up and said: "But I paid 7 Rupees for her and 4 for clothes". "I will pay it", said Devasahayam, quickly stepping forward. In almost less time than it takes me to write about it, the money was paid, the stamped paper handed over by the women, the trembling frightened child was lifted by her uncle into the carriage, and the carriage was on its way home with the rescued child, leaving behind the dancing women, the Brahmans, the Vishnu temple and the god of stone. Lucy is as happy as the day is long. She had been so dragged about and deceived, that she mistrusted everybody and everything. The first evening in the girls school she said, "I will not stay here, I am going to my uncle". Later when the girls proposed giving her a Christian name, she said, "My name is Peramma, I will not have a new name". When one of the girls asked, "Is not Peramma going to be baptized", she violently opposed the unknown rite. When plans were made for Dindi, and the other girls were rejoicing, she announced decidedly, "I shall not go, I shall remain here; I will never

go away from here again".

We are so thankful that God has given us this dear child and others saved from the awful evils of Hinduism. You may wonder that I write so little of these evils. Do not judge from my silence that they are not as bad as others say. It is all true - every word of it, only too true; but others have taken upon themselves the burden and the pain of telling these things, and you can read them in books. For me it is almost unbearable to dwell on the evil longer than I must in dealing with it as it comes directly in the line of duty. My work, I am glad to say, is mostly among children, and consequently I am usually spared the worst evils.

I have never told you anything about the dedication of our church. The ground was broken on Feb. 12, '03 and the dedication took place Dec. 17, '04. On the former occasion there was a procession through the village to call attention to the event. Six native musicians offered their services to head the procession, and when the procession began I was slightly perturbed to find that the number of musicians had increased to twenty-five. I do not believe there was a soul in the village - man, woman, or child - that could remain ignorant of the fact that something unusual was going on. You would have given up the ghost; I am tough, and can stand even 25 native musicians.

The church is built of the beautiful marble found on the waste lands, that were cleared during the famine year. With these lands we came into possession of several Rakshasa or Demon temples, which have been deserted and in ruins for hundreds of years. They were evidently of considerable antiquity; the carvings and inscriptions had been almost obliterated by time, and the only figures in good preservation were those of elephants. The evenly trimmed stones, fourteen feet, by two and a half feet, by nine inches, were built into the foundation of the church, elephants included.

The church is a gem, and everyone, European or Indian, that

comes near the neighborhood, pays it a visit. The floor is of red stone-slabs from three to nine feet long. The beautiful stained glass windows are from Quedlinburg, a town in the Harz mountains and are copies of paintings by Hofman and Plockhorst - Christ in the temple, the Wise men, the Good Shepherd, Christ in Gethsemane and The Crucifixion. The baptismal font is of polished light red marble and the pulpit is the same with inlaid slabs of beautifully veined green marble which reminds me in a very faint degree of the wonderful green marble in the Church of St. Paul without the gates in Rome. \$1,000 of the cost was paid by our Foreign Board, and the balance of perhaps \$8,000 was from other sources. The most of the work was done by the people themselves. They quarried the stone; in places where bullocks could not go they hitched themselves en masse to the carts and hauled the great stones; they learned to trim and polish stone and to build walls. Some who used to be glad to get work at 6 cents a day have since been called to do mason work and earn 1 Rupee (33 1/3 cents) or even more.

At the Dedication there were delegations from nearly every village in the Taluk, and visitors from a number of Missions. There were 22 missionaries at table, as we had to "eat 'em and sleep 'em" for two days. Miss Wonderful and I baked two whole days to get ready for them and everything turned out according to program. In the inevitable procession through the streets of the village came first the 14 choir boys. I had choir robes made for them, for since the boys clothe themselves, each according to his means, there is considerable lack of uniformity in their appearance, some being very shabby; and the poor ones feel their poverty more keenly on Sundays, when the rich ones deck themselves with their fine feathers. I do wish you could hear the boys sing; they sing well in three parts. After the choir boys in the procession, came the 11 clergymen, and then the local congregation with a banner. We women folks came next in carriages, and a big nondescript crowd brought up the rear. Mr. Trustworthy preached a fine sermon and the B.H. conducted the impressive

dedication service. The building was packed full and many could not get inside. For the rest of the description I am going from an account given for a periodical by one of our dear missionary visitors: "After the sermon and prayer the pastor announced that he was ready to receive the offerings of the people and stood holding the plate. They had come from many surrounding villages, and as the representatives from each village came forward with the offering tied in a corner of the upper cloth, I could not but think of the Mosaic account of the presentation of the offerings for the building of the Tabernacle during the wilderness journey. Afterwards this impressed me still more when I saw a woman's necklace lying among the Rupees. It was of gold and worn thin with merely a fastening in front such as is put on a woman at marriage. Some of the people brought a bandy load of grass saying that they had no money, so they gathered sufficient grass to make a load which they believed their pastor would purchase. Others brought one or two goats, and thus, in one way or another, they tried not to come empty handed. They looked very happy as they presented their gifts, but their clothes were of the coarsest material, and many looked travel-stained from the distance which the owners had walked over the dusty roads. It was a lesson, which I shall not soon forget. That the offering was entirely of free will, I am assured, as the pastor told me, that knowing of the hard times which the failure of the rains had caused, he had refrained from making any appeal. The entire offering amounted to more than 800 Rupees. Surely these people out here in what seems almost a wilderness this year can teach their fellow Christians a lesson".

Our visitors were interested in the Sunday School, which always has a large attendance both of Christians and non-Christians. There are ten classes; one is held in the church-vestibule, and the others in the school house.

The total failure of the rain last year was local. In the village of the two tamarind trees and the surrounding villages the fields were

sown two or three times, but nothing grew, not even fodder for the cattle. On the urgent request of the farmers, the B.H. wrote a petition to the Government for exemption from the land taxes, but no answer had been received. One evening after dinner we sat in the bungalow reading, when we heard in the distance the murmur of many voices. The sounds came nearer; it seemed to be an excited crowd all talking at once. We ran out and saw the tahsildar followed by a big big crowd farmers, most of them Roman Catholics, coming up to our verandah. He requested us to come inside the bungalow and shut the door. The farmers, he said, had refused to pay the taxes and when he tried to collect them, they had threatened to beat him. The B.H. went outside and quieted the people. He told them, they would have to pay the taxes, but that if their appeal to the government were granted, the money would be refunded. They all left and went home quietly. The Tahsildar shook hands with the B.H. and gave profuse expression of thankfulness for his help, and - what did he do next? He wrote a report to the Government that he had experienced great difficulty in collecting the taxes in T.V.o.T.T.T.T. as the missionary had incited the farmers not to pay them. This was not the first time that the ~~charge~~ ^{charge} was brought: "We found this fellow forbidding to give tribute unto Caesar". Fortunately we had a fine Christian Indian Collector, Mr. Bhone, who knew us well and told us about the Tahsildar's report. The result was, that the facts were investigated and taxes remitted.

One afternoon a few days ago we went with the entire family on a picnic to an small uninhabited island to celebrate the twelfth anniversary of our engagement which took place at this "sea side resort". There are beautiful shells to be found there, especially the many-chambered pearly Nautilus. We also found a saw of a saw-fish; it is about $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet long. Everybody had a grand time and cocoanut cake besides. On our way home, hearing the raptures of the children, I remarked to my immediate family in the words of "Asia", one of the geographical offspring of my friend Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, "We've seed a good time for wonst in our

lives".

XXIX.

Father Abraham.

Camp, Dec. 18, 1905.

On the last stage of our journey from Dindi last June we experienced more discomfort from the heat, I believe, than we have ever done before in India. In Lakeville they were having pouring rain every afternoon, and we were advised to make the carriage part of the trip in the morning, to avoid a drenching. As soon however as we had gotten over the mountain-pass, the signs of rain ceased. On our side of the hills the ground was baking hot; not a drop of rain had fallen. The hot winds began to blow, almost as a hurricane. As we had with us only one koojah (earthen bottle) of water, and as a native hut would have been our only accomodation, stopping on the way would have been impossible. Poor Miss Wonderful thought that we were committing murder and suicide. We put wet cloths over our heads under our sun-hats and the B.H. drove, as if he were practicing for a race. Miss Wonderful kindly waited until we reached home, before she collapsed, and the next day we were all of us ready again for work.

On arriving home we found that many of the people were on starvation diet. They came by hundreds as in the famine year, saying, "Help us, we are dying". Road building, a contract for which was given to us by Government, helped the situation greatly, but we could not give work to all. The Boarding boys came in a body requesting us not to give them their weekly allowance of meat - they are given meat on Wednesdays and Saturdays - but to allow them to use the money to give meals to the hungry. Also from their daily allowance of grain they took out a handful for each boy and put it into a pot to save for the poor. When the Boarding girls and women converts heard of this, they wanted to do the same. Could we do less? We had also little desire for food, and we fasted. Now fasting may or may not be a duty. Sorrow for sin in one's self or in others makes fasting an inevitable consequence; grief or anxiety also takes away

all desire for food. Fasting out of sympathy, however, as we began to do, is, I believe, not only not a duty but is an unwise course of action. We went without everything except what we thought was sufficient to keep us alive. At the end of two months we realized that it was not possible for us to do efficient work without a strong body. About the middle of August some rain fell; hope sprang up that it might yet be possible to sow the fields and we were thankful.

You ask me sometimes, how is so-and-so in India; you have just seen that what is true in one part of India is not true in another. The B.H. in a letter for one of the weeklies, wrote about the absence of rain and the suffering of the people. Another missionary wrote for the same periodical, appealing for money to rebuild a prayer house situated on the banks of the Krishna, which had been swept away by a flood, the flood being of course the result of too much rain. Both articles happened to appear in the same number. "Look at these missionaries", said someone; "here are two men of the very same mission, and the very same week, one says, 'no rain; the other says, 'too much rain'. "What can one believe? I shall never give anything to foreign missions again". There are sometimes other things in life that are puzzlers. David J. Brewer, Justice of the Supreme Court in the U.S., once told a colored preacher, who was unlearned in his exposition of the parts of the Bible that he read. Every once in a while he would come upon a passage that he could not explain because he did not understand it, and his invariable rule was, when he came to such a passage, to say: "Brethren and sisters, dis is a mystery, a great mystery. Let us look it boldly in the face and pass on". We wish we could look some things boldly in the face and pass on. We have often puzzling propositions in regard to the right or the wrong way of procedure in our work. One of these problems is what to do in the case of an inquirer with two wives. "A very simple matter", I hear you saying; "if he is really in earnest about being a Christian, he will at once put away his second wife". The matter from our standpoint does not always

seem so simple. Here is one case: In a village at the base of the hills near the mountain pass lives an old saint, who calls himself Abraham. We camped there recently, and also last February. We usually pitch our tent there under Gum Arabic trees. The pod-like fruit of these trees is fed to cattle. The gum, which is an inferior quality, is scraped off and sold. In February the mosquitos were almost as bad as on the Jersey coast during a land breeze. Abraham looks like an Old Testament patriarch; he has a long white beard, flowing robes and an immense turban. He is a Sudra farmer and has about 30 acres of land, two yoke of oxen, a flock of sheep and goats and two wives. On account of the lack of rain there was little food for flocks and herds, and a few days before our February visit, Abraham drove his sheep and goats out to the jungle to graze them. Before he had been there long, he was surrounded by a party of men who demanded his permit for grazing in the Government forest reserve. He supposed they were forest watchers, but the next moment they took away his ax, hit him on the mouth knocking out two of his teeth and told him to keep quiet and come along with them. Seeing that he was in the hands of robbers, he seized a stick, shouted and proceeded to defend himself. The robbers retreated, but Abraham, fearing that they might turn and overpower him, ran towards home and amid a shower of stones narrowly escaped with his life. The next day he returned with a party to hunt for his property, but found of course that the robbers had taken the best of his sheep and lambs.

Abraham calls himself a Christian; he does not worship idols; he believes in the true God and His son Jesus Christ. He and his family are regular attendants at church and regular contributors to its support, but at the time of our February visit he had not been baptized. He also does everything that he can to bring others to church and to a knowledge of the truth, that he has heard and believed. Abraham thinks with Shakespeare, of whom however he has never heard,

"Heaven doth with us as with torches do,
Not light them for themselves".

I hope I may be able to impress this on our boarding boys also. Abraham has had 23 children. Every Hindu longs for a son, but the first baby was a girl; so the second, and the third, and the fourth, and the fifth, and the sixth, and the seventh. It is a common custom in his caste to have two wives, and he married another, her first baby was a girl; so was the second and the third and - in short he had nineteen daughters and eventually four sons, but all the sons and all but seven of the daughters died in infancy. He adopted a son and named him Ishmael. Father Abraham knows Christians must have only one wife. On our Feb. visit he brought for baptism one of his daughters who is living at home, his son in law, his grandson and his adopted son Ishmael. He said, "I am an old man, and my wives are old women. One has had 11 children and the other 12 children. I have always treated them just alike. If I put away Venkamma to live by herself, and say 'you are not my wife anymore' she will cry and feel that I am unjust. If I put away Lakshmi, she will cry. What shall I do? Tell me which one I shall put away?" The question had to be answered. Should we tell Abraham that baptism is essential to salvation and that it is better to seem to be unjust to one of the old ladies than to risk his soul's salvation: or shall we baptize him and his two wives: or shall we baptize the two women, and tell him, perhaps God would soon take one of them to heaven and then he could be baptized and be saved?

What we did was to bring the matter up for discussion at the next meeting of the Lakeville Conference. A committee was appointed, and a circular sent to neighboring sister missions, requesting information as to their policy in such matters. The answers were so various, that the conference instructed the B.H. to act in the matter as he thought best. On our last visit to Father Abraham's village, he and his two wives were baptized, and the one wife was sent to live with her daughter. I cannot write more now, as there are too many people who have come to see me, and tomorrow we move on. Moving on - that is what we are doing most of the time. My life consists largely in packing and unpacking, but by this

time it goes mechanically, and there is so much of interest in between, that I would not exchange my life with the Mistress.

December 26, 1905. Merry Christmas is over. You would hardly believe how little it takes to make a village school happy. The teacher was happy because his school received my approbation, and also some large colored S.S. pictures to nail on the walls of the school house. Happy is a mild word to express the joy of the children upon receiving each a picture card, and a lead pencil or a cake of soap, particularly the latter, especially if it were pink or green and strongly scented. It is sometime pathetic to see the joy of a congregation over the pitiable attempts of the teacher to have a merry Christmas. In the hamlets they are often so poor and they have so little in their lives that when the teacher with the aid of the school children makes paper chains out of the colored pages of an old catalogue, which on pay day he has begged from a waste paper basket and fastens them around the walls of the little mud and stone school house, or erects a rickety arch with "Glory to God In The Highest", or "Unto you a Child is born", cut out of green and red paper, they are almost as proud as we are over a new church building. I wonder whether our efforts look to God as pitiable and small as do theirs to us.

The Christmas festival here yesterday was however a grand affair. The mottoes were of gilt paper, the lettering well done, and the arch not rickety. The teacher had prepared the whole Christmas story, in dialogue and song, the children were well drilled and sang well. The congregation and a multitude of non-Christians were seated on the ground in front of the school house. The procession, with music, from our camp which was pitched on the other side of the village had called the attention of the villagers to the fact that the Christians were having a "tamasha"; some of them also had children taking part in the exercises. Kasipati, a little goldsmith boy took the part of an angel in the shepherd scene. He was perched on the flat roof of the school house and the slow beautiful sounds floated down from above and on the quiet evening air made us all

spellbound. It was so distinctly articulated that one could understand every word of the beautiful Telugu song. I have never heard any aria in any oratorio sung by an artist that thrilled me as did this angel song sung by a little heathen boy.

XXX.

Cholera.

Connamara Hotel, Madras. April 11, 1906.

It is 6:30 A.M. Early tea has been served in our big airy bedroom, and I am waiting for that necessity of life in India -- my bath. Bath rooms in Madras hotels are not to my taste, especially the green wooden tubs, but this hotel is far superior to some others in Madras. Once upon arrival from America all the hotels were full. We finally secured accomodation; with the exception of one sheet there was no covering on the beds, and I requested the boy to bring another. "No sheets, please, Misses using Misses' rugs". "No, boy, the rugs are too warm; I must have a sheet". The boy left and returned dejected, "Dhoby not bringing clothes," he apologetically explained, "please Misses, no sheet". "All right, boy", I said, "I shall never come to this hotel again", and mentally added "if I can help it". The boy again returned, this time smiling from ear to ear, "No bed sheet, Misses, I bringing table sheet". We covered ourselves from the ravages of mosquitos with a long Basel Mission damask table cloth with the passion flower pattern. The next morning when the boy brought our tea he carried the "table sheet" off with him. At our 11 o'clock breakfast, I took cognizance of the fact that the pattern of the cloth was a passion flower. Draw your own conclusions.

According to the decision of our India Conference, that we should take a furlough this year, we are at the second stage of our journey. The B. H's. temperature for some time has been 212⁰ Fahrenheit - the boiling point - and the boils are on both hands and on his face; he is a beauty.

There was a farewell meeting held for us in front of the school house in T. V. o. T.T.T.T., with a platform and a most gorgeous canopy covered with women's gay cloths. Bunches of green dates, imported for the occasion, adorned each post, and Chinese lanterns and flags, and mottoes such as "Bon Voyage", "Vale", "Dominus Vobiscum", were hung around in various places. There were the usual adulatory and affecting addresses, reminding one of obituary literature, three of them this time by the representatives of the Lower Secondary Schools, the local congregation and the Taluk Mission Workers.

There are two things which may perhaps at least help to keep us from any undue pride after hearing such addresses: first the remembrance of a saying by Josh Billings "Flattery is like cologne water, to be smelt of, not swallowed", and second, the knowledge that whatever has been accomplished - and there has been much - is not our work, but what God has condescended to do through us. I might say there are three things, and the third is the humiliating conviction that God could have done much more if, in one way or another, we had not been a hindrance to the full working of His power.

Mr. Trustworthy presided on this occasion; he always knows the right word to say. We were presented by the school with a silver fish (bonbonniere) of expert Indian workmanship; by the Taluk workers with a beautiful Telugu Bible with a solid silver cross inserted in the front cover and our names and the date in gilt letters; and by the congregation with a silver tray of crude local fabrication. The latter was a first attempt, and the hammered letters of the Telugu words of dedication did not get quite in the design position; for this very reason we prize it the more highly. The day after the farewell meeting the church was packed at all services, and there was a number of baptisms among them the Munsiff of a village near Jungletown with his family.

Mediterranean Sea, May 5.

We sailed on the 22 of April from Colombo. By that time the B.

H's. face was all boils; he was unrecognizable, and he at once went to bed in his cabin with fever. A missionary acquaintance who was travelling by the same boat called to cheer him up. Those were not boils, he said; the B.H. must have gotten some infection, and this missionary knew someone whose whole face was eaten away by an infection. Cheering thought for a sick man, also for the sick man's wife! A young doctor on his way home from China, where he had been only a short time, heard of the infection, and also called, "Fever?" he exclaimed horror struck, "and from India, where the plague is raging? Dreadful! The ship's doctor is responsible for the health of the passengers. This is a case for quarantine; he must be informed at once", he said, "two days of sea air will cure you", and it was almost literally true. Last Sunday on the Red Sea, Rev. J. S. Gale of Korea, a most interesting man, had charge of the Divine services, and tomorrow they are to be conducted by the convalescent boil, infection and plague patient.

In my last letter I intended telling you of our cholera siege; the telling has been long delayed. There is more or less cholera in one village or another every year. It sometimes begins with the first crop of millet; it starts with cases of indigestion caused by eating ~~raw~~ ^{raw} grain. Often epidemics start after a big Hindu or Muhannadan feast, where sometimes thousands are huddled together under unsanitary conditions. It also often begins with the first rains and comes from drinking what they call "new water". There are frequent deaths among travellers, especially foot⁺ travellers, and when a death occurs, the body must be disposed of as quickly as possible, so as not to delay the rest of the party. Usually the ground is baked so hard that digging a grave is difficult, and a shallow hole is dug in the sand of a dry or half dry stream. When the "new water" comes, it is of course contaminated and causes many deaths.

Our experience in treating cholera patients is that delay usually means death, and we tell the people that we will attend no case to which we are not called in the very beginning. For this reason our treatment

with Dr. Cyrus Hamlin's cholera remedy with supplementary helps has been remarkably successful; we feel rather helpless in dealing with cases where all manner of native remedies have first been tried, or where the patient has gone into collapse.

Last year was a specially bad cholera year. You asked once if I was not afraid to visit cases of small pox and cholera. So far as I can now recall, there is nothing of which I am afraid. Not that I am brave, but I think Heb. 2:15 applies to me: "For as much as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He Himself likewise took part of the same, that through death He might deliver them who through fear of death were all their life time subject to bondage." Then let me also call your attention to some words of J. R. Miller: "The way to make nothing of our life is to be very careful of it, to hold it back from perilous duty, from costly service, to save from the waste of self-denial and sacrifice. The way to make our life an eternal success, is to do with it what Jesus did with His-present it a living sacrifice to God, to be wholly used for Him. In no other way can we make anything worthy and eternal of our life."

The night attacks of cholera were the most trying, and the people came according to our instructions at any hour of day or night. We would be wakened from a sound sleep by hearing voices calling up, "Ayya, ayya! Cholera has attacked! We shall die, we shall die". The B.H. always made the night visit or gave the necessary medicines. There is a tank digger in our village of the same caste as Father Abraham; he also has two wives. It is the custom of this tribe that one wife - the one that happens to be the freer from family cares - shall go with her husband to work. He digs, and she carries the earth away in a basket on her head. The other wife stays at home, cooks, and takes care of the children. Now Veerayya is an inquirer, but both the wives are opposed to Christianity, and the question of the two wives in this case is a more serious one than in Abraham's, as both the helpmates are young and blooming.

When the cholera broke out, and the Veerayya came and said that

"little wife " had the cholera, I received from the B. H. a look of reproof for joyfully exclaiming, "Oh, maybe she will die, and then Veer-ayya can be baptized". The B.H. worked to save her and she did not die. The old mother was also sick at the same time. The next morning Veer-ayya came again; this time "big wife" had been attacked. The B.H. was also having cholera symptoms and was in bed. On my way down to the village with Veerayya I asked him how his mother was getting along. "There she is", he said, and pointed to a mound we were just passing next to the roadside; it was covered with briars and a few heavy stones to prevent the jackals from digging up the corpse. Big wife was a strong woman and fought against all I did for her. They had to hold her while I put the paper with chloroform on her stomach. The first dose of medicine was ejected all over my dress and after doing some laundry work there with boiling water and carbolic acid, I went home looking as though I had been in swimming. After Big Wife recovered, Veerayya said, "You have saved my house, now I am going to help you; I will sleep at the chapel, and when anyone comes for medicine at night you will not have to be disturbed". Fear predisposes to an attack, and perhaps Veerayya was frightened at the thought of carrying out his good resolve. Before night came, Big wife came and said that her husband had cholera. The attack was so violent that no remedy seemed to help him and he soon went into collapse. Big wife called again and I went down a second time to their house at the far end of the village. Veerayya was lying on a low cot outside the house. His eyes were sunk far back into his head; flies were crawling in and out of his open mouth, and he was getting cold. "What shall we do? What medicine shall we give him now?", cried the distracted wives, with awful widowhood staring them in the face, it was a hard moment; I knew no other remedies; I did not know what to say to them. I prayed my little prayer and then said, "You see he cannot swallow medicine. The one thing you can do is to rub him, and try to keep him from getting cold; but you must not stop, you must keep on rubbing." Sorrowfully I went home and reported that Veerayya

was dying. The next moment Little wife came and asked "What shall we do now?" "Do now?", I exclaimed, "Is Veerayya still living?" "Yes, and he is calling for you". The B. H. was better and we both went down. Veerayya, wrapped in a coarse grey blanket, sat huddled on the steps in front of his house. He was too weak to talk and only pointed toward his legs. They lifted one end of the blanket and showed us the result of my prescription. Those two wives were so afraid of being widows that they had rubbed, one on one side, one on the other, the whole night through. The blood began again to circulate, and he feebly whispered, "Manta (it burns) apu (stop)", but they answered "No, the Dorasani said we must not stop, we must keep on". They had rubbed off all the hair, and considerable skin, and we had a job to heal up his sores, but his wives are not widows. It does not seem such a bad thing after all sometimes to have two wives. Little wife has made up her mind to be a Christian.

The Dhoby and his wife were baptized more than a year ago; his wife always seems happy, so we named her "Joy". She is a real missionary, and is not afraid to publish abroad that she is a Christian. She has brought a number of people to church that were never there before, and in her mother's village she had gotten people so interested that they have sent for her to come and tell them about God. One day she was at the bungalow delivering the wash. She had just had a new baby, the first boy. "We are going to name him Moshay" (Moses), she said smiling, "and next Sunday in our church I am going to give half a Rupee in the offering". I expressed my approval. "Oh, when the buffalo had a calf, I gave a Rupee", she said, again smiling, "so I thought I ought to give at least half a Rupee for Moshay". We feel so sorry for the Dhoby's little niece. All his relatives are deadly opposed to Christianity. One day the little daughter of the brother came to us fairly beaming. "I have come to school", she said, "I am going to stay in the Girls Boarding School; they have given me leave". We scarcely credited the statement, but we sent the joyous child up to Miss Wonderful. There she had a bath, and

her hair neatly combed and oiled, and, dressed in some of the children's uniform she went to school and had the happiest day of her little life. It was the first and last of her school days. The consent had been given jokingly, and they did not know that she would take it literally. She was dragged home and beaten; the next day the poor little thing came to us the picture of misery.

There was another thing that made me sorry. One day we were sitting in the carriage in front of the house, ready to start to Lakeville for a Conference. The teachers had been there for their monthly meeting, and just as we were driving away, one of them stepped forward and told me that a caste woman in a village near by had twins - a girl and a boy - and the family had asked, whether I wanted the girl. I laughed, and called over my shoulder as we drove off, "Tell them to keep the girl and give me the boy". As soon as we returned from Lakeville, I sent for the teacher and told him, that I was now ready to take the girl-baby. "She is dead", he replied. "Dead?", I exclaimed. "Yes", he answered, "they wanted all the mother's milk for the boy, so they fed buffalo milk to the girl to get her quickly out of the way". If I had only sent word to them to keep her for three days! I never dreamed that they would dispose of her so quickly. They tell me that ever since it is forbidden to throw babies to the crocodiles they dispose of superfluous babies in this way - feed them with thick indigestible buffalo-milk, and the little innocents die a "natural death". Is it not too dreadful?

In the village where the twin babies were, we saw recently a big crocodile, basking itself in the sun on a flat stone slab along the bank of the stream. When the B.H. went a little nearer to get a good shot at him, he flapped his tail against the stone, like a flask sprang into the air and dash, splash into the water.

Interlaken, May 15, 1906.

Where do you think we have been? You will never guess, so I will tell you, to Monte Carlo!!! When I was writing before on this same

letter, we were nearing the Straits of Messina. In Naples we offered our services as guides to some missionaries from China and Japan and went sightseeing. I always enjoy the Naples Aquarium, and the street life of the people. Last month, as you no doubt read, there was a terrific erupt on of Vesuvius. The whole top was blown off; instead of the cone, Vesuvius has now a flat top. It is something for which to be thankful that this eruption did not take place in 1901 when to satisfy our curiosity I foolishly lingered on the burning mountain. They are still working to clear the streets of Naples of ashes. On the 8th upon arriving at Genoa, we went to the custom house to get my new and fashionable dress ordered by mail from a New York shop to replace the garments which look as though they had been made by Mrs. Japhet to while away the time during rainy days in the house-boat of her father-in-law, Mr. Noah. The custom house authorities informed us that it would take four days to unload the boat on which my package had arrived. We went therefore to Nice, Monaco, and Monte Carlo. Although Monte Carlo is surpassingly beautiful, the atmosphere was to me oppressive, perhaps from the knowledge that so many suicides have taken place in these beautiful gardens. I wonder whether we are the only ones who ever visited Monte Carlo without risking even one cent at the gaming tables. There was dead silence in the beautiful rooms of the Casino. Soft carpets deadened the sound of the feet, and everybody spoke in whispers. Nothing was heard save the click of the balls and the voice of the croupier calling out "rouge oir noir". At some tables were seated faded women - old hags - with little note books in which they kept jotting down figures in the intervals of their play. We followed several of the guests from table to table and from room to room. A young foreign looking man with jet black hair and drawn white features lost at every table. Finally, noticing that he was being watched, he disappeared in the crowd. Another packed into his breast pocket an immense bundle of notes and left the house. Great winners, we are told, usually return, and often lose

all they had won. Two young ladies near us were conversing in low tones in English. One said, "Oh, I feel just wretched; yesterday I lost so much". The other said, "Oh, did you? Poor dear!" The bank which rents the gaming establishment from the Prince of Monaco pays returned tickets home for all who have ruined their fortunes in the Casino. This trick is to prevent further suicides on the grounds. We came here by the way of Geneva. We did not mount Mont Blanc nor shall we attempt the wonderful Jungfrau, but tomorrow we shall visit a glacier. The beautiful mountains of Switzerland bring me nearer to God than anything I saw in Italy. The invigorating air and the wonderful scenery help to lift the soul heavenward.

An Old City

Brunswick, June 11, 1906.

When I last wrote we were making arrangements to visit a glacier; it rained in torrents and the trip had to be given up. As they told us that since it had begun to rain, it would likely pour for two weeks, we left, via Lucerne, for Brunswick. Brunswick is one of the oldest cities in Germany. According to legend, like the story of Romulus and Remus of the Eternal City on the Tiber, it was founded by two brothers, Bruno and Dankward. Even before this time Charles, the Great, according to legend, destroyed here an idol and forced a great number of Saxons into Christianity - a poor way of converting. In the year 861 A.D. Dankward built a strong castle naming it after himself. This castle, Dankwarderode, has been restored according to the original. In the 12th century Henry the Lion, after his return from a Crusade to the Holy Land, built the Dom and the Katharinen church. In the Dom among the relics of St. Blasius and others is a bone (possibly of some pre-historic animal) that was formerly supposed to be one of the ribs of the giant Goliath. One day we went to Gandershein, the B.H.'s birthplace and visited a church dating from the 9th century, where his father used to be organist. A demure little blue-eyed girl, with rosy cheeks and two long yellow plaits, brought the key and showed us around the church. With her youthful freshness she looked so out of place among the antiquity of graves of abbesses and other things ancient. A huge bone about 12 feet long was lying on the floor along one wall. When I asked the B.H. what it was, he told me to ask the child; "That is a bone from Jonah's whale," she solemnly replied. The B.H. said that is what they always told him when he was a ~~boy~~ boy.

Brunswick has many old houses dating from the 15th, 16th and 17th centuries; they have projecting upper stories, often with carvings and

inscriptions, and steep sloping roofs. The market with the old town hall and St. Martin's church begun in 1180 was formerly the centre of the city and also the place of execution. The fountain in the centre bears an inscription to the effect that it was erected in 1408. The palace was destroyed by fire in 1830 and the present building is modern. The Duchess of Brunswick is greatly beloved by the people, much more so than in Berlin is her Dad, the Kaiser.

Yesterday we attended service in the Brothers' Church. Before the Reformation this Church belonged to a Franciscan or Barefoot Monastery. On Whitsunday, 1528, the first Reformation sermon in this old city was preached in this church by John Bugenhagen. The building is in Gothic style; as the "Grey Brothers" or "Beggar Monks" were not allowed to have towers to their churches, there is instead of a tower a low cupola and a belfry. I specially admired the 46 beautiful choir chairs of carved oak. Think of it, carved almost a hundred years before the discovery of America!

Long ago I promised to tell you the story of the little girl named Sundari (Beauty); it is however a story without an end, for the end is not yet. In the village of Palmyra, a heathen man of the Shepherd caste, named Narasayya, used to come now and then for service to the little Madiga hamlet. He was a well-to-do man with lands, a garden, house and cattle. He had had much trouble - one of his enemies had given the police the false information that he had contraband drugs hidden in his house. When the Government officials came to search his house, he was exasperated at the indignity, and objected so violently that one of the officials got knocked down. The result was that Narasayya was put in jail and all his property confiscated by the Government. After he was released from jail, he was advised to petition the Government as an "act of grace" to restore him his property, which eventually was done.

Now Narasayya had, years ago, been married to a baby girl. This baby's father had at the same time provided him with a secondary wife until the real wife grew up. At the time of my story the secondary wife was dead, her son grown up and married, and her little daughter Julia was in Miss Wonderful's care in the boarding school. The real wife had grown up by this time and she had a little girl whom we afterwards called Beauty. While Narasayya was in jail, little Beauty's mother had departed from the path of virtue, and refused to return to her husband or give him back his child. Later when she found that his property had been restored, she wished to go back to him, but then he refused to receive her and all efforts at reconciliation failed. Finally one day when we were camping at Palmyra, he went into her house and carried off the child; she screamed after him, "You will not live long with the child." Shortly afterwards he narrowly escaped death from poison. Coming to us he said, "I know now that they will not let me live; promise me that you will take my child and bring her up to be a good woman."

About a month later the son came to us with the child in his arms and told us that his father had gone out at night to watch his pepper crop, and while sleeping in his garden he had been murdered. We put the child in the boarding school and went to Palmyra to be present at the police investigation. The investigation showed that the son and his wife knew more about the affair than they wished to confess. Their statements did not agree in regard to a heavy silver armband, which Narasayya had worn on the night of the murder, and which early the following morning was in the possession of the daughter-in-law. The following day the son came to our bungalow, begged us to save him and said he would confess everything. He said that his stepmother had promised him a share in Narasayya's property if he could coax the watchdog away from his father's garden; if he would not consent to do so she would have him killed also. He had kept the dog away and his stepmother's lover and a ~~neath~~ low-caste man had smashed his father's skull while he slept. Think of a son coolly

relating such a deed done to his own father!

The Tahsildar, who happened to be in the vicinity, came in response to our call, took the deposition from the unnatural son and took him into custody. The next day when we left to start on our long journey to America, we took Beauty along with us and left her in the care of the Doctor in the Mission Hospital in Lakeville. How they will punish the woman and her accomplices and what they will do with the son we must wait to hear. Is not Palmyra one of the dark places of the earth?

The B.H. says I must not write any more letters about India. I am to try to forget India for awhile; that will be hard to do for when one has been so long in India it seems almost as if that is home and the dark-skinned folks your real own people. Do you know that I have not seen snow nor ice for almost 17 years? Three times I have been home for the spring or summer months but never for a winter. I have almost forgotten how the ground looks covered with snow. I wonder when my toes get cold and my nose begins to freeze whether I will not long for the burning plains of India.

We are planning some fine walking tours through the Harz Mountains, which are only one hour's ride from here. Early in the fall we are going to Berlin, where the B.H. will dig into Sanskrit while I explore museums and picture galleries.

XXXII

A Remarkable Woman.

Berlin, Dec. 21, 1906.

What do you think we are doing? We are flattening our noses on the windows of automobile shops. The B.H. has firmly made up his mind to take an automobile out with us to India. If he read anything else on the steamer coming home except automobile advertisements, it has slipped my mind. I may say, he began reading these advertisements on the steamer coming home in 1898, but I laughed at him. It seemed to me then a

wild idea, but when I consider the amount of time and strength we have wasted by crawling at the rate of two miles an hour in an oxcart over hot dusty stretches in order not to abuse the ponies, I feel condemned for having used my influence against the "wild idea." If he should now propose to take a flying machine to India I would say in Indian fashion, "Chittham" which being interpreted means cheerful acquiescence or meek submission according to the tone of voice used. The B.H. is not only peering through plate glass windows and studying "ads," he is also taking a course in automobiling and will soon be ready to pass the police test in order to secure a driving license. He also has a book on automobile machinery and is studying each small scrap of steel, for he will have to be not only chauffeur but also garage machanic and do all his own repairing.

I have not yet told you how we are located. We have a furnished apartment on a pleasant open square opposite the Hercules fountain. Our Indian draperies, curios, etc. add to the attractiveness of our surroundings. My faithful Emma, trained by my esteemed mother-in-law, does more work than ten Indian servants. Mother insisted upon our taking Emma for fear we might starve in Berlin. I wanted to buy a German cook book, but mother said, "Cook books are only aids to those who can cook." Mother has the same idea of American women, that some of our German missionary friends in India had; they enjoyed our doughnuts and coffee at the hills, but were astonished that we had made them ourselves. One of them said, "I did not know that American women could cook, I thought all they did was to sit in rocking chairs and read novels." American, seem to have just as false ideas of the German woman; all a German woman can do, I have been told, is to be submissive to her lord and master, nurse babies and cook.

We had not been long in Berlin when one day Emma said that a little crippled old lady lived in the apartment below us and that she had

told her that we were the first Christian people that had lived in the house and that she wished we could call. We found a sweet-faced, aristocratic, crippled old lady; cleverness and goodness looked out of her eyes, and in spite of her infirmity she was the embodiment of energy. The "Herr Pastor" was invited to speak the next day at one o'clock to the Oriental Missionary Society, of which she was president, and the "Frau Pastor" should please come at twelve to meet the ladies.

The next day, feeling rather diffident, I entered the room and saw a large circle of aristocratic looking women sewing and knitting. Everyone of them seemed to be a countess, or a baroness, or at least a Frau Excellence von Somebody, and each one's back got as stiff as a poker when they responded to my timid bow. (My smile had been left upstairs). The energetic little lady then said, "Now the Frau Pastor will relate to us some of her experiences in India." Think of it. A terrible moment! If the speech were to have been in English, I would have rejoiced; if in Telugu I would have gone ahead without a shudder, but in school I never did much at German and nothing whatever since. Still there was no time for reflection; before all that aristocracy I could not gracefully back out, nor was there a trap door to open to let me down out of sight, so, resolving to sink or swim, survive or perish, I plunged boldly in and began to relate our experience with cooks when we started work among the aristocratic Hindus. The subject proved to be well chosen and the atrocious mistakes in my linguistic exertions, I afterwards heard, were "fascinating." They all got rid of their stiff backs and drew their chairs up closer; my smile joined me again and later we became the best of friends. After having heard the Herr Pastor, however, they never again asked me for a speech.

Fräulein von Dedenroth is not only president of the Oriental Society, she is also president of the City Missionary Society. At these meetings garments are made for the poor for Christmas, and also articles

for the annual sale. There are devotional exercises conducted sometimes by the president herself, and sometimes by the Inner Mission pastors. The president has always something good to read aloud or to relate pertaining to the work, or helpful for growth of Christian character.

She is a remarkable woman, physically so small and frail, but clear-headed and witty, and she knows how to draw about herself all sorts of interesting people. Every Thursday she has an "at home." The guests are often from the nobility, interesting, perhaps, in themselves, or invited for the purpose of getting them interested in some good object. Sometimes the guests are Inner Mission pastors and their wives, another time missionaries from Africa or other countries. Sometimes it is her sewing society that is invited, but no matter who else is there, the Herr and Frau Pastor from the apartment overhead are expected to be present every Thursday. There is always on the table a runner with the Wartburg castle beautifully embroidered in blue. Besides tea or coffee and little cakes, there is an inevitable meringue tart, but the chief feast of good things is mental and spiritual, and what God's guiding hand could have led us - strangers in a big strange city - to such a feast? This marvelous woman knows how to draw out of her guests their treasures of wisdom and knowledge. How she does it I do not know, for she scarcely speaks herself, except an occasional question or remark. She only sits there with a serious earnest face, and now and then a sparkle of merriment or a witty remark.

On one occasion recently the former Court-preacher, Rev. Adolph Stöcker was present. He organized the Inner Mission work in Berlin, of which Fräulein von Dedenroth's society is a branch. Dr. Stöcker is now over 70, and is so broken in health that he had not only given up preaching but had completely retired from everything of a social character. When he heard that the B.H. as a student in 1882 had helped along in his meetings for the Conservative Party, he accepted an invitation to meet him.

That evening he renewed his life and vigor; he spoke with his former fiery zeal and since then has even preached.

One more experience and then Auf Wiedersehen. Through Fräulein von Dedenroth we came at once into a large circle of acquaintances, and received many invitations. One evening we were entertaining in the dining room the family of one of the B.H.'s old university friends, when a lady called and asked for the B.H. "An invitation for Tuesday evening" he announced when he returned to the dining room. Now do you think that man had asked what sort of an occasion it was to be? He did not even know whether it was to be a missionary meeting or a dinner party. It is all very well for a parson to be so indifferent to such small details; he feels suitably dressed for any occasion with a long tailed coat and a white tie, but what should the parson's wife wear? After considering the subject for at least ten minutes and changing my mind several times, I finally arrayed myself in my very best blue velvet dress, purchased upon our arrival from India in 1898 in order to make a good impression upon my new relatives, and since then made over twice. This time it was stunning with gold thread Indian embroidery from a Mission's Industrial school for Muhammadan women in Lakeville.

Entering the elegant room we found a company of ladies and gentlemen standing around sipping tea and nibbling at microscopic sandwiches. I was thankful that I had worn my white kid gloves and regretted that before leaving home I had not partaken of something more substantial than microscopic sandwiches. Guests continued to arrive and when all had had a chance to nip at the meagre refreshments, folding doors were thrown open into a brilliantly lighted music room. "Ah," I said to myself, "it is to be a musical feast," but the next moment other doors were thrown open and a long table appeared gleaming with cut glass and silver.

After returning to the other room the hostess requested the B.H. to tell them something about India. The guests asked questions, one of the first being, "How is the mission supported?" which led the talk, or rather conversation, to church life in America, and the whole evening they never again returned to India. The result of the dinner party was a call to the B.H. to organize a free church in Berlin along American lines, and to become its first pastor. The call was seriously considered; it seemed like an open door to a great work. We felt, however, that there were even more open doors in India, and the call from there was still louder. I rejoiced when I knew we could go back to our beloved work.

XXXIII

Home Again!

T.V.o.T.T.T.T. Dec. 27, 1907.

Home again in India. The "Big Pond" was this time more restive than I have ever known it. The Atlantic storm was terrific; part of the woodwork on the starboard side was torn away. I went out on deck on the portside with an old gentleman to see the waves. The waters rose like a green cavern wall and one could look far into the wonderful cavern. The waves went over the ship and broke on the other side; one seemed to be under the sea. It was a wonderful sight.

On Sunday the sea was calm, and the seasick patients languidly reclined on their deck chairs and smiled good morning to me as I took my vigorous mile around the deck. The B.H. held a service in the cabin. Afterwards one of the ladies told me how much she had enjoyed the service and asked, "What is your religion anyway?" It seemed such a remarkable question that in place of answering it I asked her what her religion was. "Oh," she said, "I am a Christian Scientist." "Then do please tell me," I said, with, I am afraid, a wicked twinkle in my eyes, "does Christian Science help in seasickness?" She had been one of the worst victims. "We think it does," she said. "Then why," I replied, "do

you not benevolently practice it on some of the poor sufferers on this boat?" "We never practice ~~it~~ unless we are called," she said, turned on her heel and never even said good morning to me again.

We arrived here last evening at 9:30 and found boys, teachers and servants busy at work decorating the bungalow in honor of our expected arrival the next morning. They had planned a grand procession through the village, to announce our return, and early this morning this had to be endured. At the time of the last teachers' pay day before our arrival, Mr. Trustworthy told them that we would arrive, not as usual in a buggy or an ox cart, but in a carriage without horses or oxen. Great was the astonishment, and it was still greater when another missionary informed them that in our country there were now vehicles which travelled through the air like a bird. By the time this piece of news reached the village it was rumored that we would arrive in a flying machine, and for two days before our arrival the heavens were eagerly scanned hoping for a glimpse of the wonderful carriage with wings. It turned out that we did not even arrive in the prophesied horseless carriage, as the automobile had not yet been delivered; we turned up in a prosaic jutka.

Speaking of travelling reminds me of our Southern Mahratta railroad. The maker of the time table of that line must have a grudge against the travelling public, ~~of~~ perhaps he used to be a professional fisherman and thinks contemplative waiting enjoyable. One could step off and gather flowers and catch up with the train, at least at the next station, where it is sure to wait 15 minutes and probably longer. Years ago I had occasion once to be grateful for the abundant leisure of this line. A sudden journey was necessary, and my best toggery happened to be in the wash. There was, however, a dress made by a Madras tailor who had accurately followed measurements to the sixteenth of an inch, but who had neglected to sew into it any style. Mrs. Trustworthy who, in addition to her other admirable capabilities, always had plenty of style

on hand, offered to sew a little of it into my Madras garment. Although she worked as though her life depended on it, the time was too short, and we had to leave without it. During the usual period of waiting at the station, Mr. Trustworthy said, what a pity it was that my dress was so nearly finished and yet I had to leave without it. The Traffic Manager who had been chatting with us took an interest in the affair, and gave orders to a servant to run and tell Mrs. Trustworthy that we would wait for the dress. The other passengers also waited; and looked out of the windows, perhaps they fussed and fumed, perhaps they missed their engagements, they certainly wondered at the extraordinary delay at the Lakeville station. Suddenly a servant came running up and poked a bundle into the window of the railway carriage; "Toot, toot, toot," "Good bye", "Pleasant journey" and we were off.

Our first greeting when we arrived in India was a summons to answer the charge of kidnapping. How the Palmyra murder case was managed or mismanaged the parties implicated probably know. All we know is that after the murderess and her accomplices were set free the woman began to search for the child. The Doctor of the Lakeville mission hospital, fearing that the child would be stolen, sent her to the ladies of the Fishtown mission, from where she was sent to Khedgaon, to the Pandita Ramabai. The kidnapping case was dismissed, and now a case has been brought in Civil Court for the recovery of the child, whom they are planning to marry to her uncle. It will no doubt be a hard fight.

XXXIV

Another Remarkable Woman.

Khedgaon, India, Jan. 13, 1908.

The Pandita Ramabai is a most remarkable woman. Her institution with its schools, widows' home, home for fallen women, blind school, printing press and industrial farm is a marvel. Only a quiet little Brahman widow who has become a Christian, and yet she is so

powerful. She has her hand on everything, is always busy with translation or other work and is the centre and life of the whole. She has at present 8 English women assistants. The chief duty of one of these is to look after the comfort of European guests, of whom the Pandita has always more or less. The guest rooms are like little cells with a pleasant outlook; they contain a bed, table, lamp and one or two chairs or stools. The back part ^Aif half partitioned off by a cement wall to serve as a bath room.

Morning and afternoon tea is served in the rooms by one of the girls; the other meals are taken with the other guests and European assistants. For the meals I sat, as did the others, ~~cross~~-legged on a neat mud floor. In front of me was a similar board on which was a plate containing the food, native style, with various chutneys or condiments on a leaf plate near by. There were a few things for which Europeans are supposed to have a predilection; I was glad of the knife and fork, but the native part of the meal was to me the more palatable. The large room where the Sunday services were held was completely filled with the inmates of the different branches of the institution. The Pandita took no part in the services. After all were seated, she came in quietly in her soft snow white draperies, and sat down among the congregation; little Beauty sat at her feet and held her hand. Pandita Ramabai has become very fond of the child and has prepared her food with her own hands. The exercises were conducted by an English woman, who also preached the sermon and led in prayer. I saw something today of the "Tongues movement" which was brought to India from England. At the conclusion of the prayer, ~~all were still kneeling, one after another began to pray aloud, all at the same time, but independent of each other and to sway their bodies to and fro.~~ while all were still kneeling, one after another began to pray aloud, all at the same time, but independent of each other and to sway their bodies to and fro. As all the exercises were in Mahratta, to me an unknown ~~language~~ language, I could not distinguish which were praying in their mother tongue and which in other tongues. Occasionally one individual

or group would get up and leave the building. The Pandita had left earlier. Suddenly Beauty began swaying to and fro, saying something, whether a prayer or not I do not know. She did not look around nor play; she seemed to be under some influence that compelled her to join in. When questioned about it later she only hung her head and said, "I do not know." When nearly all had left I went back to my room where shortly after I was joined by the Pandita. She said she herself did not possess the gift of tongues, and she did not understand the movement, but she had made up her mind to keep her hands off; if it were not of God it would die out. From what I saw here and have heard of its workings in other places in India, it seems to me to be a movement of fanatical origin and it is to be hoped that it soon will die a natural death.

Camp, March 22, 1908. The school work is a great problem. In our Lower Secondary School we are having trouble in obtaining suitable teachers. Returning from furlough, we found in the school a tricky Brahman, who professed to desire baptism. He had borrowed Rupees 100 from the Grave and Reverend, giving a promissory note for the amount, in which he wrote: "I give my gold spectacles worth Rs. 28, and my English bicycle worth Rs. 40 to be held as security, with the privilege of borrowing them on occasion, until the debt is discharged." One day he borrowed them, placed his gold spectacles on his nose and himself on the English bicycle and departed for regions unknown.

The problem of our village schools is a more serious one than that of the station schools. I have now the supervision of 54 elementary schools. Most of the schools are under Government inspection and receive from the Government financial aid; some have not yet been accepted for aid on account of the lack of a school house, lack of furniture or lack of a qualified teacher. All schools ought to be provided with school houses, and all schools ^{rooms} with furniture, and all

school children with books, slates and qualified teachers, but what ought to be can not always be accomplished owing to circumstances and the lack of funds. Such being the case, a school is sometimes of necessity held on the veranda of a teacher's house, or perhaps under a tree, and when it rains on St. Swithin's Day, there is a six weeks' gap in the education of the youth of that locality.

When we come to a village, the B.H. takes the church register and begins to inquire into the "goods" and "bads" of the congregation. I simultaneously do the same with my school; later the congregation and school join together for service. I can usually tell upon entering the school house whether my visit will give me joy or otherwise. If the children look apathetic, and the teacher apologetic, I always know what to expect. An inferior teacher who does the best he can, causes at least some degree of satisfaction. Where the teacher is wide awake he sometimes plants at one end of the room two upright stone slabs and across them lays another slab for a table. A stool for himself is made in the same way, using smaller slabs. With some schools I am pleased as I can see improvement from year to year, but some do seem a dead failure. I consider them a failure if the children study up to the second standard and then forget all they have learned; also, if after a school has been kept in a village for years, we find there are only three or four or even twenty out of a congregation of 140 or 150 who can read. How can we expect our congregations to develop in the way they should if they can not even read the Bible? The B.H. has been preaching in all the congregations on prayer, and is planning to take the subject of family worship for his next tour. Then the school question will come to the front, for how is family worship possible when the pater familiae does not know A from Z?

Is the fault with our school system or is the fault with the teachers, or is the fault with the congregations themselves? If the people have a desire for improvement, if they could see a great

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advantage in sending their children regularly to school, they would not only insist upon having a school but they would see that the teacher taught and that the children really learned. Some of the teachers put all the blame for the failure of the schools on the poverty of the people. Without child labor, they say, the family can not exist, and children of 8 or 10 are given to farmers on a yearly allowance to tend cattle. Some must go for the daily fuel or to the fields to pick cotton or peppers. Unless this state of things can be remedied, it seems a waste of mission money to keep a school in such a congregation. There is a constant fight between the teacher who pulls in one direction and the parents who pull in another.

In villages where there does not seem to be such abject poverty we are now making to each congregation when the school is poor a statement something like this: You have had a school for 10 years; your teacher and his wife are paid every month Rupees 10; this means that the mission has spent on you during the last ten years Rupees 1200. There are only two of you who can read the Bible. Therefore it has cost the mission Rs. 600 each for the two men to learn to read. You have not taken advantage of your opportunities; why should we not now leave you and go and work for others who have more desire?

It is true that many of the people are woefully poor, and others are indifferent to their own welfare, but my honest opinion is that nine times out of ten the teacher's lack of ability, lack of determination to succeed, lack of enthusiasm, or lack of love is the chief cause of the whole trouble. It is also true that we sometimes attempt the impossible. Many of our best teachers are women. Would it be possible for a mother in America with three or four little children, half or all of them sick with fever or measles or mumps, to be a successful teacher? Would she take a lively interest in teaching other women's children, or even her own, the multiplication table or the ten commandments, not to speak of the Government's requirements of nature study, drawing and gardening?

Now do not think from what I have said that all the 54 schools are wretched failures. They are not. Some are beauties, so that even the Brahman Inspector has to scratch under his big white turban to find enough flaws to make his report interesting.

We are going to win out in everything that God wants us to do for his Kingdom. The dear old promises are my comfort and inspiration, but I am like the B.H. was once in Berlin. Returning from church one day he said, "Isn't it too bad; when I changed my clothes I left the key in the pocket of my other suit." We looked at each other in dismay; We were locked out, and there was nothing to do but to wait till Emma came home. We sat down on the steps and waited. Suddenly without saying a word the B.H. stood up and unlocked the door. When his hands got cold, he stuck them into his overcoat pocket - and the key had been there all the time. Our "key of promise" is always there, but we also do not always remember.

XXXV

Christmas Bells and a Devil

T.V.o. T.T.T.T. Dec. 26, 1908.

Did you hear the echo of our new bell ringing for the Christmas services? There was rejoicing when it arrived in time to be hung before Christmas. The hanging was a great event. It had to be raised by hand and about half of the masculine part of the village turned up to assist -- Christians, Hindus, Muhammadans, Roman Catholics -- all helped. The bell was solemnly and joyfully rung at its dedication service while the congregation sang, "Now Thank We all Our God, with heart and hand and voices." The church services on Christmas eve, ^{and} at six o'clock Christmas morning were impressive and beautiful and the church was full on both occasions. The festival for the children took place on our veranda with a thorn bush as a Christmas tree. The candles were fastened on the thorns. One year when we could not get a thorn bush we trimmed a living tree in our garden in front of the bungalow. The people sat by hundreds on the

ground. As we were not able to get many lights for the tree we had illumination above; large clay vessels containing fuel cakes made of dried cow dung soaked in kerosene were put on the veranda pillars upstairs. The brilliant light attracted many people.

At our Christmas ^atōmasha yesterday, besides the school children, my vesper class was present; 95 of the children in this class are not school children and not Christians. We had 600 oranges for distribution, big baskets of candy, roosters, and the sticky sweet meats which are so appealing to the palates of the little brownies. When the lights of the tree were extinguished, Kasi, one of the little orphan girls, said: "We have been waiting so long for Christmas; now it is so quickly over and we shall not have anything more till Easter." Dinah was glad to come home to hear the Christmas bells ringing. I hear her now in the next room singing very softly and sweetly,

"There's a city bright. Closed are its gates to sin,
Naught that defileth, naught that defileth,
Ever can enter in."

In a recent letter Dinah wrote, "In the last examination by God's help I passed all the subjects and I am the first girl in the rank. I bought a little book last week, which cost six annas. It is called 'The Imitation of Christ.' Mother! It is a sad thing to hear about the people at home, where you are doing many things to draw them unto the light. There is not a day passes without my thinking about them in my prayers. Many of our girls are praying for them. I am sure that God is hearing our prayers, and that He will soon mysteriously change their hearts".

Sukki, one of the little famine girls, who is also in Madras learning English, wrote me also, "Mama! We are learning our lessons well. Mama! I am trying to write a letter in English. Mama! how is papa? Mama! my teacher is very kind. Mama! please give my kiss to papa." (Then follow\$ about 60 little circles) please give all this kiss to my papa only.

omit unless picture can be found

Please forgive bad writing and bad English. One thing I will not forget always, that is, I will read my Bible every day." (Sukki is the little mite in the picture of the famine standing at the left with her older sister Kasi; they were then in the Lakeville hospital.)

In September we had an anxious time with cholera. It was very bad in the village; finally in spite of all our efforts, it ~~entered~~ entered our compound. Six boys were attacked, one after the other. The chapel was turned into a hospital. I had an old woman to help me and at night a man also. The thirst is sometimes almost unbearable and in some cases a drink of water may prove fatal. To some I gave gum arabic water, a teaspoonful at a time, and to others rice water. One day one of the boys jumped out of the window and ran to the well. After that I had to be there most of the time to see that my directions were carried out. All recovered, and then followed a big bon fire of mats and the boiling of clothes with carbolic water.

About this time we returned one evening towards midnight from a tour. As we were about to retire a teacher came saying, a young man had died of cholera, everyone was afraid there was none to bury him. In India burial takes place as soon as possible after death, and in cases of cholera with special haste. We walked down to the village; the teacher went ahead with a lantern. Not a soul was to be seen; all had locked themselves in hoping to lock out the cholera. As soon as it became known that we were there, a few of the relatives ventured out. Two were sent to dig the grave. The teacher, the father and two others lifted the body on to a cot and started on a run for the cemetery. We were the only ones in the funeral procession, and though we followed as rapidly as we could, by the time we reached there they had already put the body in the ground and were standing dejectedly around waiting for us. The grave was far too short and too shallow. The corpse was in a sitting position with the head hanging over, it was horrible. There was nothing to be done but to

take out the body and lengthen and deepen the grave. Such funerals are not inspiring.

Cholera is not a disease, you know, it is an expression of the anger of the cholera goddess. And in September occurred a sacrifice to Sakti (Power) the object of which was to expel the cholera from the village. In some places they sacrificed to one goddess after another, hoping at last to find one that will consent to be appeased and take away the dread disease. On September 13th, the day of the Sakti sacrifice, the head Sudra of the village, who had become interested in Christianity, came with two others and requested the B.H. to come down and see who were taking part. There was tom-toming the whole night through. At daybreak the time for the killing of the buffalo, the B.H. went down and saw the clay image which they had made and the buffalo whose head was adorned with a wreath of green leaves. About 10 o'clock the people streamed out from the village carrying the slaughtered buffalo, pots, etc. for the sacrificial meal. In front of the procession were musicians and the image of Sakti. They went out about one half mile to a field where they boiled the buffalo meat to eat with the food presented to the idol in the morning. After the meal they threw away the idol and returned home. Sakti, they say, is not a goddess, but a devil, and she certainly looked it. It was a rude, hideous ~~figure~~ female figure of clay. It had hens' eggs for eyes, a knife in its hands and knife and mouth were painted red to represent blood. The B.H. wanted to photograph the image and the horsekeeper, Luke, brought it to our bungalow. When the people saw Luke with the Sakti in his arms, they were horrified and said to him, "You will die, you will die." They expected him to be at once attacked by cholera, but he is still alive, and some are beginning to doubt the efficacy of the performance, especially as they found a new case of cholera in the village upon their return from the feast.

Last month a young Sudra woman from another village came to see me. She was a pretty woman with soft, dark, sad looking eyes; she had her little daughter with her. She said her husband had driven her out of the house and she wanted to stay with me. We find many unhappy homes; sometimes the fault lies with the husband, sometimes with the wife, often with both. In many cases we have been able to straighten out the difficulty and to reconcile the parties. Promising to inquire into her case, I told her to return to her husband and try to live in peace until I came. She returned, and was almost immediately murdered and her body thrown down a well. I reproached myself that I did not allow her to stay until the inquiry, and for two nights I could not sleep.

This is not the only thing that keeps one from sleeping. Last month we camped in a village where Phallicism is seen in its grossest form; the worship is indescribable. There were formally two brothers, Pedda Swamy and Chinna Swamy, Big God and Little God. At present only Pedda Swamy is here, as it is said that the two god brothers could not agree and therefore one departed ^{to} ~~in~~ regions unknown.

This Swamy claims to be an incarnation of Siva^v. He wears a pale yellow cloth like a Buddhist priest which is an indication of an undefined relationship between Siva worship and Buddhism. He always take his meals in the open air. At meal time and during the time he worshipped he removes all his clothing. He claims to be an ascetic, living solely on grain begged for him by his women worshippers; his ascetic life seems to agree with him, as rolls of adipose tissue are plainly in evidence. At certain seasons he is carried around bareheaded on a chair in a procession, and everyone is ordered not only to remove his shoes, a usual sign of reverence, but also to bare his head. Such a procession took place at the time of our recent visit. Some of our Christians who happened to be in the street at the time, refused to remove their turbans, and the Swamy's followers took them off by force. We witnessed the chair procession

from the roof of one of the Christian's houses, which we reached by plastered steps on the outside of the house. The night following the procession was given up to wild orgies. In a grove near our tent the worshippers danced in a circle chanting and yelling, "Pedda Swamy, Chinna Swamy, Pedda Swamy, Chinna Swamy," the whole night until one after another dropped out from exhaustion, and finally the dance was ended by Break of day. This is what kept us from sleeping.

Linga worship is also Phallicism. The emblems are worn around the neck in a closed casket of ornamental silver. One hears much in Hindu and particularly Brahman speeches and songs in praise of the Divine Mother. It is all the same kind of worship in a more or less refined form. The emblems are not always realistic, as is the case with the lingam; they are often conventional shapes such as are seen in and on the temples of the male - female god Siva, "The whole world lieth in wickedness," and as Van Dyke says, "Tis not so much a question for us whether any of our fellow men can be saved without Christianity. The question is whether we can be saved if we are willing to keep our Christianity to ourselves."

Soon after we came to live in the Village of the Two Tamarind Trees a little boy used to come to us now and then, always accompanied by a goat. The goat had been vowed to some goddess and the little fellow had the grazing and the tending of it until the day of sacrifice. Later he came to our school, eventually became a Christian, took the name of Mark and when the church was built he was our best polisher of stone. Once during our absence he became ill, took quinine powders from Miss Wonderful for fever, pills of some sort from our horsekeeper for another ailment, some other native medicine from a villager and died. The heathen father diagnosed the case as one of sorcery. Sorcery is common in India. In order to bewitch a person the whole ancestry of that person must be known, consequently Europeans can not be bewitched. A spell can only be cast by one with good teeth, as other-

wise the incantation cannot be correctly pronounced. The sorcerer who wishes to obtain blood for preparing powerful medicine to be used in his black art, is able to make a person appear dead and after burial to restore him to life. Rice, blood and buttermilk, it is said, are used in some way or other, first to restore life and then to effect the death of the victim. Mark's father intended to sit up in a tree and watch for the coming of the sorcerer; he insisted at the funeral upon putting in the grave a club and a knife, with which Mark could defend himself after he came to life and with which he could knock out the front teeth of the sorcerer before he had a chance again to cast a spell over him. The funeral ceremonies were interrupted until Philip Augustus, the oldest son of the musical family, who was conducting the services, could come to the bungalow and report the matter to me. When Augustus returned to the cemetery, the weapons were removed, and the interment was completed. A day or two later the father accused the horsekeeper of having poisoned his son. The case went before Government; the remaining pills and other native medicine and Miss Wonderful's quinine powders were sent for examination to Madras and the body was ordered to be exhumed. The following Sunday just as the sermon was over the B.H. was called to be present at the disinterment. This was far worse than any Indian funeral that I ever attended. I was thankful that the magistrate and other non-Christian officials did not find in the Christian grave the articles which are always buried where sorcery is suspected. Mark's father saw that the body had not been disturbed by a sorcerer, and no evidence of poison being found, the excitement over the affair soon died out.

XXXVI

Mount Everest and a Tiger.

Darjeeling, May 29, 1909.

In six months it will be 20 years since I left home, and thia

is the first time that I have been to North India. We are having the time of our lives; dull care has been cast away and, 7200 feet up towards heaven, we are breathing fine mountain air and seeing wonderful sights. The day after our arrival while taking an early morning walk we suddenly stood spell bound at the sight of the snow clad mountains which seemed so very near. How wonderful is Kinchinjanga in its snowy rosy loveliness! It is 28,176 feet high and with one exception the next to the highest mountain in the world. A gentleman, also out for an early walk, asked us how long we had been here. When he heard that we had arrived only the night before, he said, "Lucky fellows you are! This is the first time they have been visible in the two weeks that I have been here."

There are 50,000 acres here devoted to the culture of tea. On one of the large tea estates we saw the whole process of tea making.

Yesterday we visited a Buddhist temple. There is evidently a connection of some kind between Buddhism and the worship of Siva. Besides the images of Buddha, we found here also images of Siva and his wife, the terrible Kali. This awful goddess is represented with bloody and protruding teeth, a necklace of skulls, a serpent wound around her body and a club in her hand. She was probably one of those horrible figures in the History Of All Nations that as children we used to gaze at with shuddering fascination.

In South India I have never met with the prayer wheels that are common in the North. The prayers are on strips of thin tough paper and are supposed to ascent to heaven when the wheels are in motion. I have met cases elsewhere where it seemed to me that there was inconsistency between the lives of certain individuals and their prayers, but that does not quite equal the incongruity one sees here of a man swinging his prayer wheel with one hand while gambling with the other. He may angrily shake his fist in his opponent's face, but the prayers go

on just the same. In the Buddhist temple was an immense prayer wheel with a bell attachment. It was kept constantly in motion by a boy pulling a chain over a pulley^e; this is a wholesale praying by proxy, but they also make it for themselves still easier and cheaper. On a hill nearby is a temple where bunches of prayer strips are attached with strings to bushes or to tall poles surrounding the temple. The wind blows, the prayers wave in the breeze and the one who offers the prayers goes about his business without a thought in regard to the matter.

Our most faithful visitors and our greatest tempters are the hawkers, and one can but admire their patience. "No, thank you, Hawker," we say, "it is lunch time." "We waiting," is the answer. "Not today, Hawker, we are going out for a walk." "We waiting," is the response, and when you return, there are the luxurious furs, the carved screens, the silver tea sets, the jewel caskets, the embroidered silks, the inlaid marble ornaments and the boxes of sandalwood and ivory, all spread out in the most tempting array. "Very, very cheap. No, no, Master not buying, Master please only looking; real cashmere shawl, wait, I show; Master please give wedding ring, I draw shawl through Master's ring. Very fine shawl; Misses very much like this shawl (He had evidently been watching my face) and very cheap. Master buying this shawl for Missis?" On such occasions I verily believe the B.H. regrets that he is not a Billionaire.

Nothing is equal to the trip to see Mount Everest by sunrise. We went to bed early to get a few hours' sleep, and at 3 a.m. after a cup of tea and some biscuits we wrapped ourselves up well, and with the exception of a few who rode on ponies, we were carried in dandies the long way through the dense dark forest. At certain dangerous places, where wild beasts are said to lurk, the dandy wallahs made all the noise they possibly could to frighten away any possible four-footed prowler.

At daybreak we reached the appointed place and stood on Tiger Hill, from where we could look around in every direction to the mighty, mighty mountain tops.

Do not ask me for a description, my pen refuses. A great quiet came over me. Probably no one spoke, for although we were a large company, I can not remember that anyone was present. I felt as though it were the morning of creation, and He who made the hills was there also and saw that it was good. I turned from the mysterious glory of the East to the magnificent reflections of light on a thousand hills. Each way I looked seemed the most wonderful of all. Mount Everest was a tiny pink peak far in the distance. If I had not beforehand, in order to identify it, studied a photograph postcard, I would doubtless have returned from the trip without knowing whether or not I had seen "the Mountain of the gods."

A shivering girl in the Mount Everest party said, "I am freezing, let us go and drink our hot cocoa and then come back." Like "dumb driven cattle" we followed and as we were enjoying the cocoa suddenly arose a dense fog covering us and everything else. There were cries of disappointment, but I had had my experience; I had taken in enough of the wonderful sight to last me all my life. Parties went up every day after that but for two weeks no one saw Mount Everest.

Speaking of Tiger Hill reminds me that I have not told you our New Year tiger story. On last New Year's day we were at home taking our noon-tide siesta, when two men from a village 12 miles distant came and begged the B.H. to come to their village and save them by shooting a tiger. The tiger, they said, had taken up its abode in the enclosure where they had their fodder stacks and four men had been mauled that morning. Everyone was afraid to go out of the village, the Doragaru was their only hope, he must come and shoot the tiger. When he did not get back in time for our 8o'clock meal I became a little

uneasy. At 9 there were still no signs of him. At 9:30 I heard the sing-song cries of bearers carrying someone along the road--had he been mauled by the tiger? My heart grew faint, but the bearers passed on and at 10 he turned up and told his story. It seems that when he came to the village no one would venture out in the direction of the fodder stacks. They stayed safely inside the village, and pointing out to the B.H. the place where they supposed the tiger was, they requested him to go and shoot into the hedge opening. The shots were answered by dead silence. Was it the silence of death? Luke the horsekeeper began throwing stones; the villagers gaining courage poured out and soon a cartload of stones had been pitched into the enclosure, but from within there was not a sound.

A young man named Jacob mounted a cart that was standing near the entrance, and beating on the rim of the wheel with an axe began jocosely to address the tiger something after this manner, "Ho, ho, Mr. Stripes, why don't you come out? You smell the powder now are are afraid." Some of the village leaders said that if the tiger were still alive, he might try to escape to the hills from the other side, and suggested that the B.H. should go around there. Up to this time the opening had been covered with the Winchester. The B.H. now walked slowly in the proposed direction, keeping however his eye on the opening. The moment he moved away from the entrance the tiger was out in a flash, with one paw on Jacob's shoulder and the other on his arm. The B.H. lifted the rifle but the tiger being on one line with Jacob, shooting was impossible. In less time than it takes to write about it, Jacob, either from the weight of the tiger or from fright, fell from the cart and the tiger just as quickly escaped to the opposite side. The B.H. ran and shot after him but he was already too far for a bullet to reach. Five men had tried to get the tiger but the tiger got them. Of these five one had been literally scalped, one had been bitten through the

thigh to the bone; two others had more or less serious injuries and Jacob had deep wounds on his left shoulder and right arm. The native doctor had already treated the victims of the morning with red pepper, saffron, cow dung and lime. Not recovering rapidly from this treatment, three of the doctor's victims decided on a change of physician and came yo T.V.o.T.T.T.T. The man with the mangled thigh had a high temperature and from the wound was an awful stench. All of them recovered, although the life of the thigh patient hung in the balance for some days. One room of the Boys' Boarding School was turned into a temporary hospital. Every day the patients heard themselves prayed for by the boys and they had the opportunity of learning many things during their convalescence.

In February we had another exciting time. There is a hill three miles from "Nurse y'r pet," on the top of which is a small Siva temple. At the time of the annual Sivaratri (Siva's night) festival, large numbers of pilgrims always assemble in this neighborhood. As we had never seen this place, we planned to take some photographs of the pilgrims and of their towering structures on wheels called prabbalams. Early in the morning we started in the automobile. After going about 20 miles, one and then another of the cylinders began to strike. After repeated stoppages we decided it would be better to give up the trip and try to get home. While we were still talking about it, suddenly of itself the motor began to run faultlessly and we continued on our way. As it was too late to go to Kotopa hill in the morning we rested on the way during the hot hours in "Nurse y'r pet" and started again in the afternoon. When we came to the road leading to the hill we saw masses of smoke; we also noticed native policemen, some only half dressed attempting to hide behind trees. Soon we encountered crowds of excited pilgrims, some in carts, some on foot, coming towards us. Our car was soon in the midst of a dense crowd. Among them were some acquaintances from our village who gave us details of what had taken place. The newspaper account says: "At about midday a

quarrel arose between a Reddi and a constable, caused by the constable prodding a bullock with his bayonet. The people took the side of the Reddi and began to assault the constable. The other policemen hearing the disturbance, came upon the scene with their muskets and, it is said, fired in the air. The crowd did not disperse but pelted the police with sticks and stones. A panic then seems to have seized the policemen, who fled leaving their weapons behind, while some discarded their uniforms as soon as possible. The mob gave chase and killed some of the policemen; ten police constables were killed, also a few among the people, one inspector of police lost an eye, and a station house officer was roasted alive. The (English) District Superintendent of Police who attempted to restore order, received severe injury on his head. The mob set fire to the tents, and some of the policemen, who fell into their hands, were thrown into the flames." The same paper states that two English officials narrowly escaped. The incident in itself is scarcely worth relating and I only write it to show you again the restraining hand of God, for it is clear to our minds that we were providentially prevented from being there. The motor has run without a murmur ever since.

XXXVII

A Hindu Revival and Another Tiger.

Camp Pinelli, March 24, 1910.

If you are having late frosts or chilly March winds and want to get warm, just fly over and step into our tent. We have every comfort that a district missionary could desire but in spite of it all it is burning hot, blisteringly, swelteringly hot.

The fortune tellers of this village are inquirers. There is a group of them now out under the trees in front of the tent discussing the subject of "descending" into Christianity. I wonder who ever invented such a despicable phrase for expressing the entrance into the communion of saints. In spite of the heat, I visited this morning the houses of all

the Christians and inquirers. They were not satisfied until I had been in every house. It was late before I got through talking to the women in their homes, and then something unexpected detained me still longer. Three mission workers had followed me to the village, and as soon as my house visitation was over, one of them began to sing a hymn. In a few moments a crowd had gathered and, without first consulting me, the one who had sung announced that I would speak to them. I spoke of the sin and sorrow in this world, and told them that in the other world there were two places, one a beautiful place where God was, and one where He was not. After speaking of the only way to get rid of their sin and sorrow and get to that beautiful place, I asked them which was the way to Lakeville and whether they could not get there by taking the road to the North. The use of illustrations, however simple, of things in their daily life is the best way to make oneself understood.

Yesterday we visited a village where the Sudra work is specially encouraging. Many of the women came to the little school house and presented me with sour oranges or candy cocks. They had learned many hymns, and it was a pleasure to see their happy faces when singing them. In many places new Christians and inquirers have a hard road to travel. In one village a high caste Sudra and his wife, Kammas, were being taught preparatory to baptism. As soon as the people of his caste saw that he was in earnest, they poisoned his cattle. I am glad to say he has remained faithful. False cases are brought against many. In a recent case the police sergeant told the people that they would have no trouble if they gave up Christianity; if they persisted, their troubles would increase. Efforts are made to exclude others from the well, their water pots are smashed; they are socially ostracised, they are abused in public and called by low caste names. Cattle poisoning is exceedingly common. Enemies spring up all around. It is no great wonder that sometimes the seed that is just sprouting does not bring

fruit to perfection.

Perhaps I have never told you that the civil case against us for the recovery of Beauty was disposed of in our favor; the woman then appealed to the District Court. A few days ago we were again in Lakeville in answer to a summons; we had hoped that that would be the end of the case, but the Hindu judge heard only one witness and adjourned the case again to April 2. There have already been five summonses served. Each time, besides the 152 miles of travel for us, we have had the expense of travelling and allowances for all our witnesses, and the pleaders fees, but we have to see it through if it takes our last cent.

Last July in our village there was a revival of Hindu religion. The prime mover was a young man named Sundayya, newly established as Karnam (village accountant). The activity was not caused by a zeal for his own religion, but because he seems to be against everything that is good. The special cause was our discovery that certain wood which we had missed during building operations had been stolen by a former horse-keeper and sold by him to the Karnam, who had made out of it a long, low table of ornamental workmanship, on which the dancing girls danced on the occasion of the visits of the Tahsildar and other officials. Hearing that we had been informed of the stolen goods, the Karnam at once at night sent us the table, and also a wooden cot of which we had not been informed. The articles were ordered to be packed away in a store room and the matter was forgotten. When months had elapsed and Sundayya found that no action had been taken in the matter, he regretted the loss of the beautiful table and the cot, and coming in person he howed himself to the ground, touching his forehead with both hands and said the Tahsildar was expected, would not the Doragaru be so kind as to return the table and the cot. The Doragaru was amazed at his temerity, asked him, if he were not ashamed and told him to go. From that time every

night there was in the village a violent beating of tom-toms. A prominent farmer, who cultivated lands connected with the temple endowment, was informed that if he did not take an active part in temple worship, all the lands would be taken from him. A new Hindu school was established with a Roman Catholic as a teacher. Within two weeks 63 of my school children had left my school. The Karnam went from house to house threatening the parents, that if they sent their children to the Christian school he would make them pay income tax, and would bring nuisance cases against them before the police.

This is now ancient history. The Hindu revival has come to an end. The children's dissatisfaction with the new school, the lack of real interest in temple worship, and the half alive - half dead condition of the Karnam himself, due to his suicidal manner of life, have silenced the tom-toms, broken up the new school, and swelled the chorus of song at the daily devotional exercises in our school.

There are serious questions coming up not only in our field but every where. Many who formerly had few wants and no aspirations now have both in an alarming degree. Alarming, I say, because the whole subject of salaries is involved, and no one knows what to do in this crisis. There are two men in a certain family in mission employ on a salary each of 8 Rupees per month. It is more than they could earn anywhere else; they have always done good work, and led contented lives. Eight years ago a younger brother, a sort of black sheep, or may be even a goat, who made a practice of failing in his school examinations was required to pay double fees as a condition of readmission into the boarding school. His paternal parent refusing to pay; the boy skipped and was never heard of again until now he turns up wearing trousers, a silk coat, a flashy tie and English boots which he can easily afford on a salary of Rupees 40 as railway employee. Another black sheep is so attractice in a fine police uniform that he is surreptitiously and

admiringly gazed at out of the corners of the eyes of more than one dusky maiden.

The cost of living has gone up. Contact with the world in general and returned brothers and school mates in particular has opened the eyes of many to the advantages of a better mode of life. Boots protect from snakes and scorpions; bicycles are an easy mode of travel. Coffee and milk, cakes with English sugar, pretty clothes, are all nice things, why should they not have them? If they leave and go where they now can get better pay than the mission can give, the mission that educated them, and without which they would be living in ignorance of boots and coffee, thinks that they are ungrateful. It will take time to solve all these problems.

Last month we had visitors from Wiesbaden - a poet and his wife. We met him two years ago on the steamer coming out ~~to~~ to India. He was then collecting material for a book of poems on India, which he later sent us. Now he is back in India again this time with his wife. He shot two crocodiles and an elephant in Ceylon, and had longings for an Indian tiger. We had planned to combine work and play and to show them something of tent life in the jungle; we also hoped to help them to secure the coveted tiger. The tents had been sent out to one of our ~~villages~~ villages in the jungle, and we were nearly ready to start when the B.H. went out to see whether my horse had been properly shod. We had a new horsekeeper who had succeeded in doing nothing but in getting the horse excited. The B.H. told him to hold up the forefoot and proceeded to shoe the horse himself. You know when necessary we do everything ourselves. He had hardly gotten the hindfoot in his hand, when the stupid fellow put the forefoot down; the same moment the hind leg flew out hurling the B.H. against the wall and breaking his collar bone. We did not then know that it was broken; we never do seem to know when we break

our bones. Our share in the trip had to be given up, and our guests were sent off alone. Reports came that the guests were enjoying jungle life, but as yet had not been able to see anything of the tiger except fresh tracks. There was a reason for this, as we discovered later. A returning teacher told us that the foreign Doragaru went out eagerly each morning with his gun, and always returned despondent. One ^{after} day/the guests had departed to take their steamer, leaving the tiger still roaming the jungle, the hunters, who had accompanied them, came to the bungalow and said: "Sir, we did not know this foreign Doragaru, we did not know whether or not he could shoot. This tiger is a man eater; it killed our headman in January. If the Doragaru had missed his aim, what would have been our fate? Kindly pardon us; when we knew the tiger had gone to the east of the village, we led the Doragaru to the west, and when we knew it to be north, we took him south, for why should we die?"

The village where we are now camping has at times been indifferent and at times violently opposed to Christianity. This is the first time that any one of the Sudras has shown any interest, therefore we have been sitting even during the hottest part of the day in front of the tent, for that is when they have the most time. The ground in front of the tent seems blinding white and my head is dizzy.

XXXVIII

A Birthday Cake and a Wedding Cake.

T.V.o.T.T.T.T. July 31, 1910.

This letter begins where the last one left off, for you may or may not have heard that there was a wee bit too much heat connected with our camping one day last March, and by the time we reached home at 6 p.m. I collapsed with an attack of sunstroke. Those were hard days and there was one bad night. We had our cots out on the roof and we had

both fallen asleep. The wind started up and dried the wet cloths that were kept on my head. I felt as though I would lose my mind. The B.H. said, "At a time like this, it is a comfort to know that Jesus is standing by." It seemed necessary for me to get away to a cooler atmosphere, and I went to Ooty in the Blue Mountains. Before leaving I made a fruit cake for the B.H. for his lonely birthday. It had a birthday inscription and elaborate decorations in white and chocolate icing and it was put on a shelf in the pantry to get hard. The next morning when I went to pack it in a tin, I found the birthday inscription and the elaborate decorations had vanished - down the throats of big black ants. I have written you of white ants, that love to devour shoes and are able to inwardly digest enormous quantities of gospels, hymn books and catechisms. I have probably written you of having to break up camp, driven away by millions of tiny red ants, but these great big black fellows that have a well deserved reputation as criminals on account of nibbling at sleeping children and for driving cattle and horses half crazy, beat the record. I am glad to say we do not have them as permanent boarders. They make only occasional visits, but then they bring along the whole relationship. The cake was scraped and reiced with simpler designs. On the morning of May 4th after the B.H. had been awakened by the singing of the boys in honor of the natal day, the servants presented him with the cake. Instead of its having the intended effect of solacing him in his loneliness, it made him homesick and in a few days he and the birthday cake turned up at Ooty.

Ooty presented a rather gloomy appearance this year, as the Station went into mourning for King Emperor Edward. One shop sold its entire stock of black hats within 6 hours after the news of the death arrived.

Beauty's case is not yet at an end, but we now have another case on. Before we get out of one difficulty we get into another.

In a village where we have a congregation of Tankdiggers and Reddis, some of the non-Christian population with the help of the police have done all they can to get the new Christians into trouble. Recently they accused a ten year old Christian boy of the Reddi caste of setting fire to a fodder stack, in regard to which there was litigation. One afternoon we were returning in the automobile from Lakeville when we were stopped on the road in front of the police station by a number of Christians including the boy's mother. The boy had been arrested and was in the lockup. The mother prostrated herself and begged us to save her child. We went up to the station house. Hearing the boy's screams I ran up the steps and across the room to the lockup. I saw him behind iron bars, and told him not to cry but to pray and God would hear him and help him. The little fellow was comforted and even smiled at me as I left. In the meantime the B.H. who was standing at the entrance had offered to give bail for the release of the child. They said the case was unbailable. It seemed incredible that a ten year old child accused of firing a fodder stack could not be bailed out. Telling the police and also the mother that he would go to the European magistrate in "Nurse y'r pet" and try to get the release of the boy, the B.H. retraced his way, saw the magistrate and received the desired order. On our way home we came to a deep dip in the road, where we usually put on speed to be able to climb the steep hill on the other side. This time we were so delayed that it was dark and we drove slowly. At the bottom of the dip they - someone- had piled up sharp stones in anticipation of our return. There was just time to make an abrupt turn into the dry stream, stop the car with a jerk and then slowly pick our way around.

A few days later a summons came for the B.H. to answer a charge of trespass at the police station and of attempting forcibly to release the boy from the lock up. I should really have been the accused in a trespass case for when I heard the child's cries of terror it never

occurred to me to ask for permission to go in. The B.H. had only stood at the entrance. Two of the witnesses whose services the police secured were the two chief officials of that village. They swore that they saw the B.H. force his way violently into the police station and attempt to break the iron bars of the lock up. At the cross examination the case was dismissed as false, as was also the case against the boy, but the whole thing has interfered greatly with the work, and we find these trials mentally exhausting.

We have had many sore trials this year of which I have never written and of which I shall never write. One, which caused us sleepless nights, but which also had had the blessed effect of bringing us more than ever to our knees, was occasioned by a young divinity student from the field of an absent missionary who fell into grievous sin. The case was proved and both parties confessed to us at the time in private, but later, the young man denied it and he was so innocent looking and so slick that his words were believed; he was even elected as leader of a large public Y.M.C.A. meeting, and a deplorable chain of consequences followed. My husband's health already impaired by poison from an infected tooth, broke down under the added burden. The Government physician urged an immediate return to the home land. The B.H. refused to go but as he was not able to do his work he agreed to go South for a few weeks.

After my greatest anxiety was over there were some pleasant features connected with our trip. A district munsiff, Mr. B.Rama Rao B.A. B.L. whom we had previously met, had invited us to call when we came to his neighborhood. He and his father-in-law, Judge Doraswamy, met us at the station, accompanied us to the travellers' bungalow, and sent a conveyance to take us to their home for dinner. Our Indian hostess was a charming lady. Over her English cut blouse she wore a soft white flowing cloth, belted in by a handsome gold girdle. Her

father, a judge of the High Court, is an elderly gentleman with a kind face; the baby is a dear. The dinner was an elaborate one of 6 courses, altogether English, from the soup to the chocolate sweet-meats. The following morning in the company of our host of the previous evening, we started by star light, and taking a boat for Cochin we had a beautiful view of an Indian sunrise on the water. Cochin is in a native state of the same name. It has a mixed population of Hindus, Persians, descendants of Portuguese and Dutch, Armenians, Arabs and Jews. It is one of the chief cities on the west coast for maritime commerce. There is a Roman Catholic bishop and two Syrian bishops ^{there}. Some of the Christians trace their origin to the apostle Thomas. We visited a church erected by the Portuguese in the early part of the 16th century. There are two synagogues, one for the white and the other for the black Jews. The most interesting object to me was the scroll of the law, which the antiquated Jewish caretaker took out of an ancient looking gilded chest and from its many wrappings of cloth.

Elephantiasis seems to be common in Cochin. In Madras I have seen an occasional case, and once I was shocked by a fine looking young man with a huge elephant leg suddenly appearing in our compound, but in Cochin we kept seeing them all day. They often tie a talisman made of coarse hair around the leg, to keep the "evil eye" from increasing the malady.

Next Tuesday is Dinah's wedding day, and we must bake a cake. Do you remember Dinah? She is that roguish, laughing, lazy, always-getting-into-trouble little mite, whom I took when her parents died of cholera. She is a dear girl, a true Christian, and is loved by every one wherever she has been. She long ago lost her reputation for laziness and for getting into trouble, and has been a great help and comfort to me. She has been teaching the fourth class in English and all the classes in drawing, as she is specially qualified in this branch.

There is still a little sewing to be done on the trousseau. She will look very sweet in her full skirt of soft white mull, white satin-striped silk blouse, and top cloth of thin white silk with a tiny lace border, through which is run a silver and pink thread, exceedingly dainty. She will wear a wreath of orange blossoms. I have not yet told you who is the happy bridegroom. She is marrying Philip Augustus, the right hand man in our office. He is the oldest son in the musical family. He is an earnest young man, and I feel sure that some day he will be one of our pastors.

Last week a letter came from a congregation on the border of our field; it contained a warning. This village is near a pass leading through the hills, which separate our field from the rest of our mission field. The hills are infested with thieves; there are frequent cases of beating and robbery, especially at night. The latter said that since they became Christians the bad element among the Hindus was against them and there had been threats to kill the B.H. The plan was to put obstructions in the road at the mountain pass, stop the automobile and then fall on him. They say sometime ago ten men were hiding in the bushes to accomplish their purpose, but we went home by the other route. I used to get indignant at the children of Israel, who after God had done marvellous things in the land of Egypt, yet they forgot His works and His wonders that He had ^{re} done them. We would deserve to have someone get indignant at us if after all the proofs that He is to us a God of Deliverances we should begin to say, "Can He protect us from the robbers?"

Once the B.H. was starting out alone on his horse to visit a certain village. The way led along the bank of a tank at one end of which were trees and thick bushes. At chota hazri we were discussing the work in this village and I expressed the wish to go along. The B.H. at once gave the order for the carriage instead of his saddle, and we went around by another way. A week later the school peon came in excited.

"Ayya," he said, "last week you were going over the tank, but instead you went another way; at the tank were hiding two men to shoot you. These two men had a quarrel and so it became known. You must never go alone again." Blessed be the Lord who daily loadeth us with benefits.

Another time we were returning from a distance when something went wrong with the motor lights; this made it necessary to spend the night at a little road side rest house in a place called Badvil. The motor boy ran to find the caretaker of the bungalow. It was dark. Miss Wonderful and I got out to see whether it were possible to drive through the narrow gateway. It was all right and the B.H. drove in. Seeing some flat stones, which he thought would be a safe place from white ants, he drove towards them. Suddenly, however, seeing how threatening the clouds looked, he decided to stop for the night under some trees at the back of the little bungalow, and made a sharp turn toward the trees. While waiting for the caretaker to come with the key, we found that the flat stones were around a well about 90 feet deep. The front wheels of the motor car had gone to the very edge of the unprotected top of the well. One inch further would have been death and destruction. God's guiding hand had again led us to safety. Recent experiences have made me recall a story in one of the old chronicles related by a friend of ours, who has charge of restoration work in the old Cistercian cloister in the ancient town of Walkenried in the Harz mountains. This cloister dates from 1120, and the ruins are beautiful, as are also the well preserved early Gothic arches, columns, and windows. The cloister became Protestant in 1546 and since that time services have been held in the cloister chapel which is the only church in Walkenried. The story is that the monks, thinking to do God service by bringing about the death of Luther, invited him to come to the cloister to examine some books. The books were laid upon a table in a certain room in the monastery. Between the table and the door, through which they ushered

Luther, they had arranged a concealed trap, through which he was to fall into a dungeon, when he went forward in his eagerness to see the books; but Luther, so says the chronicle, had with him a little dog, and the little dog ran ahead, and disappeared in the dungeon, and Luther was saved.

After the recent holidays we took the orphan girls who are studying in Madras with us in the motor car to the railway station. On the way we had tire trouble. There was considerable delay, as a previous blowout had left us without a reserve tire, and the B.H. and his assistant had to repair the tire. We sat on the bank along the road side and told each other stories. Finally one of the girls said she was thirsty. I groaned inwardly; I myself had had a desire for a drink of water for at least an hour, but had curbed my desire as we had only a small koojah of water along, and it was not enough to go around. The nearest village seemed a long distance behind us, but there was nothing to do but to walk back. The first house happened to be the house of a merchant. Explaining our predicament I politely requested her to give the children a drink. "There is the well," she said gruffly, and was about to shut the door. "I have no rope and no pot, please pour them just a little water." "No, I will not, go," and she was again about to bang the door shut. "Oh," I said, holding my hand against the door, "If that is the case, then I request you to pour them water 'punyaniki'" (for the sake of merit). Immediately the door was opened, she brought out a large brass pot of water and poured into the children's hands until their thirst was satisfied. The hope of acquiring merit in the life beyond is the motive for many a benevolent deed.

XXXIX

"Monkey," a Scorpion and a Snake.

T.V.o.T.T.T.T. May 22, 1911.

Here we are on the plains in the middle of May. May, you

remember, is our hottest month, but water is plentiful, and we can have cuscus tatties, when the hot winds are blowing. Cuscus tatties are mats made of a kind of fibrous roots; they are hung in the open doorway and water is poured on them from the outside. The evaporation of the water lowers the temperature of the room. This is on the same principle as what they call the "Saline" in several of the Bath resorts in Germany. These are extensive walls constructed of frame work filled in with twigs of trees. The walls are 18 or 20 feet high and about 12 feet thick, with streets running in different directions between. Water from the salt springs is pumped up, and trickles through the twigs. Evaporation produces an artificial sea air which is delightful on warm days.

A band of robbers from the Nizam's country across the river has been doing damage in the neighborhood, and it was ~~rem~~ored that they would fall on our village. All the rich people hid their jewels and other valuables, and many people left their homes and went off. These robbers are a terror. In a nearby village they fell on the village during the night, tied some people to their cots, and burned or cut others until they told where they had buried their property. The villagers therefore are afraid to stay at home. One night the whole village stayed awake with lights and watched, but no one came. Fires are common in the hot season. Last Sunday, the same night that there was a big fire here, a large portion of another village burned down. The people said it was because they were thinking of becoming Christians. Agni, the fire god, was angry and therefore did them this damage. The houses, however, of those who had already been baptized were not destroyed. That ought to have given them some food for thought. It seems so easy to put an end to the beginning of a good work. Many of the fires are incendiary. A match^{or} a little poison often seems to stop what we think is a real work of the Spirit. It is a trial of faith.

At times we are the cause of excitement in Hindu homes. A good many years ago there was in our school a little Reddi boy. He was in my Vesper class, and came regularly to church. He was the grandson of a prominent farmer. His name was Hanj~~u~~m~~a~~y~~y~~a after Hanuman, the monkey god. One day "Monkey" made the request that he might be allowed to join the boys' choir. "Why, Hanj~~u~~m~~a~~y~~y~~a," I said, "how can we have a choir boy with a big red caste mark on his forehead?" He at once wiped it off with his cloth and said, "I will never put it on again, I want to be a Christian. Please speak to my grandfather about it." A father here has no authority in great matters as long as the grandfather is alive, and in this case Granddad was full of life and energy and Grandma even more so. Shortly afterwards the B.H. spoke to the old gentleman in regard to the matter. The polite old fellow assured us that there was not the slightest objection to his grandson joining the choir, nor even to his becoming a Christian. Then he went home and he and Grandma boxed the ears of the choir candidate and ordered him never to go to school again nor to the missionaries' compound. He was forced to wear a caste mark and to take an active part in idol worship. All we could do was to pray.

Years went by, and in the multiplicity of other work and having so many others who needed our prayers, the poor boy seldom came to our mind. One evening I was sitting at my table writing by lamp light, when suddenly a tall young fellow appeared in the doorway. It was hanj~~u~~m~~a~~y~~y~~a. Shrinking and hesitating he told his story, every little while peering out into the darkness to try to see whether any one were there listening. He had worn his caste mark, he said, because they beat him when he did not put it on. He had taken part in idol worship, because he was afraid to refuse, but he had never forgotten what he had learned in school, and he always prayed to God. "I am now old enough," he said, "to decide for myself and I am going to be a Christian." I sent him home

telling him to come again the next evening.

Later the same evening when the B.H. made his tour of inspection in the Boys' Boarding School, one of the first boys on whom his eyes fell was Hanjūmayya, lying on a mat among the other boys. Some one had spied on him and when he reached home his family had fallen over him with blows and threats, the energetic grandma being of course the leader. He had run away and was afraid to go home again. The next day he went to the fields and slept again at night with the boys. The following morning, long before daybreak, we left home in the automobile. A few miles beyond the village we were stopped by a tall figure wrapped in a white sheet standing in the middle of the road. The automobile stopped, the figure climbed in and squatted on the floor under his sheet until we had crossed to the other side of the hills. We were afraid to take him to Lakeville, as that would be the first place searched, so we took him down to a mission station near the sea, and gave him in charge of a missionary, who secured for him a private tutor to bring up the arrears of his arrested educational development. He is a gentle boy, upright and in dead earnest. The relatives, failing to find him, came at last to us promising that he might go to school again and even become a Christian, if we would only help them to get him back. Such promises can not be trusted.

Did you ever see a scorpion? "We do not see them as often as we would, if we did not keep our bungalow so clean. When a servant, or one of the children is stung, they often moan all day. The Bible knew what it was talking about when it spoke of the "torment of a scorpion when it striketh a man." Returning from the hills last year I went into the store room, which had not been cleaned for two months, and carelessly thrust my hand into a jar of mixed spices. I drew it out again more quickly than I had thrust it in. The B.H. tied a handkerchief around my wrist and rubbed ammonia on my finger. After some time the hand be-

came discolored and painful; fearing that he had tied it too tight, the B.H. loosened it a little, and then, oh then! the poison flew up my arm to my face, and made talking difficult. In spite of my resolute will, aided by aromatic spirits of ammonia, I walked the floor and wept. After five or six hours the pain gradually lessened. After my recovery the B.H. said, "I don't see why you people always makē such a fuss about a scorpion sting; I was stung once and it is not much worse than a wasp or a bee." One of the boys said at the time, "I think master was not stung proper." Yesterday he was stung "proper." Very early in the morning the Adoby brought home the clean clothes, and I hung some of the towels in the bathroom. After the B.H. had taken his bath he began wiping his face on one of the towels. A scorpion, which was concealed in the folds of the towel, stung him on the lip. He did not want any breakfast; he looked even worse than when he had the boils, and it must have been agony.

Another recent Sunday excitement was the cobra scare in the Girls' Boarding School. Late in the afternoon we were slowly walking home from the church after our Sunday School services, when screams and cries from the Girls' Boarding School made us hasten our steps. One of the little girls had seen a cobra. It had come into the room where they take their meals, and when she screamed, it had gone under a stone. The floors are made of red stone slabs three feet square. The settling of the building had broken the plastering between the stones, and rats, attracted by fragments of rice spilled by the children, had undermined the stones.

Luke, the horsekeeper, came with a crowbar and lifted the stone pointed out by the child. The B.H. stood ready to shoot, but there was no cobra. Neither was there a cobra under the second stone nor under a third. "You were just frightened," we said to the child, "and thought you saw a snake." "No, no," she replied, "it is true, it

is true; I saw it and it was a cobra." So the work proceeded. By this time it had become dark, and taking a lantern I stood over in a far corner holding the light. Stone after stone was lifted - no cobra. Finally the only stone left was the one on which I was standing. "Well," said the B.H. "we may as well lift the last stone." I left my corner and Luke lifted the stone. An immense cobra raised its horrible head to strike. The B.H. shot and - the concussion extinguished the light! We were in the dark with the cobra. Was it alive or dead? "Deepamu" (light) we shouted; when the light came it was a relief to find the creature wriggling there with its head shot off. I am sure the Eden serpent was not a cobra, or, in its presence, mother Eve would never have thought of apples!

The Gospel of Mark in the Moon character for the Blind is finished. It is tiresome to sit in this intense heat writing for hours consecutively, but what I have had to complain of the most is not a stiff back nor a too free action of the pores of my epidermis, but of the many interruptions. It is, however, at last ready to be sent to England for embossing. I love my Blind School more than all the other 50 schools. Little Mother's years of blindness gave me a tender feeling for all who sit in darkness, and I have always longed to do something to give some of them a little light. When I finally decided to begin work among the blind, my first step was to visit a successful school for the Blind in the Tamil country. This school was founded and is conducted by a dear missionary whom I learned to know many years ago. She is a famous missionary now, and her name is in a book of "Who's Who" along with the name of Queen Victoria.

The first effect of this visit was discouragement. Seeing the extent of the work and the piles of books which had been prepared, and seeing so many disfigured repulsive faces of the blind, I felt like I did one day shortly before leaving for India as a missionary, when I

realized that I was really in for it and had perhaps after all not sufficiently counted the cost. I then said to myself, "How can I go?" Now I said to myself, "How can I do this work? Will I be able to overcome my natural dislike of anything repulsive, enough to love such afflicted children? Will I be able with the 26 characters of the Moon System, which was the one recommended, to prepare school books and Bible portions in the Telugu language which contains hundreds of characters?"

That day I opened my Testament to a "Verily, verily" verse: Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth in Me, the works I do shall he do also and greater works than these shall he do. I remembered also the verse about "faith as a grain of mustard seed," and I thought faith must be like Radium; it is so powerful a force that a very little can produce stupendous results. I journeyed^{ye} home, sat down at my table with the 26 Moon characters, and the more than 400 Telugu characters before me and said,

"Lord, Thou hast said it in Thy Word,
And I Thy Word receive,
All things are possible to those
Who in Thy name believe.
Because all power belongs to Thee
And Thou art all my own,
The things impossible to me
Shall now by me be done."

"O Lord, exalted far on high,
To me in deepest need draw nigh,
And hear my supplicating cry
Lord, undertake for me."

It was not very long before I was singing,

"Praise to the Lord! Who doth prosper thy work and defend thee.
Surely His goodness and mercy here daily attend thee.
Ponder anew, what the Almighty can do
If with His love He befriend thee."

After my alphabet and the manuscript of my Primer were ready to be sent to Miss Adelaide Moon for embossing, I could not wait any longer before beginning my Blind School, and decided to begin with blocks with carved characters. In Lakeville is a carpenter named Joshua. He is a real Christian. In his spare time he works for the salvation of others,

and is a reliable help to missionaries at all times and under various circumstances.

To Hoshua I went with my alphabet, and explained that I wanted a little blocks made with raised letters. Joshua thought he could not make them of wood, "but" he said, "I think we might make the letters out of a kerosine tin." "All right, Joshua," I said, "let's make them out of a kerosine tin." Kerosine tins, or, as you say, coal oil cans are useful articles. They are used for heating water, either in the sun or over a fire, for the daily bath. Out of them are made the tin cups used for pouring said water over you. They are useful at the hills if you want to make pear or raspberry jam; they are used as bread boxes. When thieves smash in the top of your trunk, as they once did to ours, when we were camping in Lakevill^e, they are useful, after you find your trunk in a ditch, to repair the broken top. Now they were to be used for my Blind work. Joshua inserted little tin squares with the raised letters into neat wooden blocks, and made a good job of it. By the time the embossed Primer arrived from England, almost all my little Blindies knew all the letters, and they were so pleased to recognize old acquaintances in the Primer.

XL

The Black Book.

T.V.o.T.T.T.T. June 4, 1911.

David Livingstone said "I will place no value on anything I have or ^amy possess, except in relation to the Kingdom of Christ. If anything will advance the interests of that Kingdom, it shall be given away or kept only as by the giving or keeping of it, I shall most promote the glory of Him, to whom I owe all hopes in time or eternity." This is also what Jesus meant, when He said, "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God." Years ago Little Sister read aloud to me the life of David Livingstone. It is a thrilling story, is it not? Do you remember, how

he used to travel for miles and miles expecting to find home letters at the end, and found that they had been sent on to some other place? Then again, after weeks of weary travel, he found that they had all been destroyed. Once when Little Sister got nearly to the place where he was again expecting letters from home I got so excited I screamed out, "Don't tell me he did not get them, I can not bear it." When I compare my easy life with his, I feel unworthy to be called a missionary, but even if we can not be David Livingstones, it is anyway a great thing to be allowed to help to make it easier for others to live aright.

Our motor car has been more help to us than you can imagine. With the exception of a small affair used by a road engineer, it is the first one in our district, and the "horseless carriage" is an object of great interest. When it visited a village for the first time, there was scarcely an able bodied person who did not appear on the scene. The B.H. had the advantage over most preachers; he could preach as long sermons as he desired. Not one would budge from the spot until he had seen "how they make it go." The centre of the village is the usual place chosen and the step of the car is often the pulpit platform.

We have used the wonderful and intricate mechanism of the motor as an illustration of spiritual truths about as often as I have told about Papa's infallible watch. You know that watch was perfect - never a second out of the way. In the days of my childhood, so great was its reputation for infallibility, that business men on the train going to the city used to gather around this marvel and set their watches accordingly. I did not know then that the secret of its perfection was the fact that at least twice daily it was compared with the standard and carefully regulated.

One of the Christian women from the village died recently here in the bungalow. It was a happy death. I found her very ill with pneumonis and brought her here, but it was too late to save her. What

a contrast between this woman and the women of 15 years ago.' It makes me feel like singing praises to God. I look back over the past before we came here to live, to the first time we camped down in the Tamarind Grove. A teacher brought for service a dozen or so ignorant, half naked, dirty carrion eaters. Compare that with our beautiful solemn communion service last Sunday evening - a church full of clean, decently dressed, devout, intelligent worshippers. The young people sang in three parts the Telugu translation of the beautiful hymn:

"According to Thy gracious word
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I will remember Thee."

The whole congregation joined in one of the Telugu lyrics which I have learned to love. There was perfect silence during the entire service, and solemnly, on the quiet evening air, sounded the words of Isaiah, "He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities," and the precious words of our Lord Himself, "Take, eat, this is my Body, which is given for you." There were at this service, communing together, Christians from ten different castes. All I can say is, What hath God wrought! and, He is a God that doeth wonders. No, I can say more than that; I can say, With God nothing is impossible, and this God is our God. Great and marvelous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty, and this God is our God. O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God, and this God is our God. God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten son, and this God is our God for ever and ever; He will be our guide even unto death.

Some days ago I was a prisoner for two hours. I was alone in the bungalow, when a woman came from another village asking for medicine. A woman in her village, she said, had taken my medicine; this woman was now well, and, she added, "I want that very same kind." It was soon apparent that what this poor woman needed was not medicine, but an operation and that as quickly as possible. I tried to persuade her to

go to the Lakeville hospital. You might just as well have tried to persuade one of your friends to go to Kamtchatka. She had never been ten miles away from home and going to Lakeville seemed to her like going to another world. It sometimes happens that when I have no suitable medicine, and can not persuade patients to go to the hospital, I give them a bottle of peppermint water with exact directions as to diet and manner of life, and time and faith cure the patient. But this was too serious a case for trifling. I positively refused to give her medicine and told her that she would die, if she did not go.

"You do not love me," she said, "why do you love others and do not love me?" Then throwing herself at full length on the floor, she clasped my feet with both arms, laid her head on my feet and cried out something like Jacob did to the Angel, "I will not let thee go, until thou bless me." She did not utter another word. All I could say or do to release myself was of no avail. She did not answer, only held the tighter. She had a strong will and had made up her mind. I resigned myself to my fate, trying to use the time as best I could for the woman's good. Finally Miss Wonderful turned up from a trip to some village and the interruption made the woman relax her hold. She returned to her village and died in a few days.

I pity these poor women. Many are terrible sufferers, the result often of things that ought not to be. It is so hard not to be able to help them, so hard to turn them away. If only we had medical work here! I do not mean to say that there is no such work here. Medical work has been getting on in the Village of the Two Tamarind Trees for the past 15 years. The medical workers have been the uncertificated and unqualified missionaries of that station, whose whole training consisted in an occasional word of advice from the lady physician in our mission, the pouring over the book "Family Medicine for India," and what they have learned from daily observation and common sense. Some medicines have

been received from the Lakeville hospital, and others purchased privately.

These missionary quacks have prescribed for ailments both simple and compound. From the use of quinine, castor oil, vaseline, Philadelphia Little Liver pellets, and especially peppermint water, they have had such marvelously successful results, that only the obscurity of their place of residence has prevented them from receiving a gold medal from the King Emperor. They have conscientiously tried to do all that lay in their power, and yet have been deemed unkind and unmerciful for not attempting impossibilities, because the inhabitants of this primitive region far away from railroads and civilization have a firm belief in the unfailing wisdom of the "Black Book," which they have seen these missionaries consult in times of sudden emergency.

These medical workers have been asked to treat Apoplexy, Burns, Convulsions, Dropsy, Epilepsy, Fevers, Guinea Worm, Hydrophobia, Influenza, Jaundice, Kidney diseases, Leprosy, Mumps, and many others of the alphabetically arranged diseases in the Manual of Sir Wm. Moore, K.C.I.E., Hon. Physician to Her Majesty the Queen. They have been called to attend difficult cases of confinement, to set broken arms, to bind up smashed heads, to prescribe for children swollen from taking native drugs, and to diagnose various mysterious Indian diseases not even mentioned by the famous Dr. Moore. They have treated tiger bites, they have worked over pneumonis patients, they have nursed numberless cases of cholera, and after working night and day, they have more than once had to follow their patients to the graveyard.

This is not the work these missionaries came to India to do. It is not the work appointed them by the Mission Conference. When they have at times realized this and especially when they have felt their utter incapability to cope with conditions, they have refused firmly but kindly to do anything for those who come for help. Then they have

been told as in the case of a few days ago, "You cured that woman and you will not do anything for me," or "that man's child drank your medicine and got well and you let my child die, you do not love me," and the missionaries stand helplessly and sorrowfully there, while their feet are clasped by poor troubled souls. At last we have now some hope, for the Conference has recommended that real medical work shall be begun; the Board has expressed its willingness to undertake it, and now all that is needed is some of the Lord's silver and gold, and a qualified, consecrated, enthusiastic physician.

Just as I was writing that last sentence in came the sexton of the church. He described at some length the symptoms of a man, some relative of his, and wanted "Drinking Medicine" for some of the ills and "rubbing on medicine" for the others. The numerous symptoms seemed bewildering and I felt unable to make a diagnosis. Telling him that I did not know what was the cause of the illness, I advised him to urge his relative to go to the nearest Government dispensary. "Amma," he said, "if you do not know, can you not look in the Black Book?"

Last year the Tahsildar requested us to entertain the Collector, when he toured in our neighborhood. He made this request as it would relieve him of considerable responsibility, and because he knew we had at times entertained English Government officials. I wrote you once of a week's visit of one Collector, and of another who was ill for days, at our bungalow. This time, however, we declined to entertain as we were advised by one of our missionaries not to invite the Collector, nor to accept any invitation from him, as he was to be the judge in the case pending against the B.H. and there would be sure to be rumors of bribery. After the case was satisfactorily disposed of, hearing that he was camping with his family in Temple Village, we drove over and invited them for Christmas dinner. They had already made arrangements for Christmas, but would come later if we would also invite the District Police

Superintendent and the District Forest Officer who were camping with them.

It seems as if sometimes everything goes along as if oiled up for the occasion, but this time things went as if there were no oil to be gotten this side of Madras. In the first place I got a sudden attack of fever, but of course could not go to bed. Then the man I had sent to Lakeville for supplies got stung by a scorpion on the way and did not turn up in time. Our vegetables, which come hundred of miles from Bangalore, were fine for Christmas, but had not kept well. Dinner was served very late: the cause of this I did not ascertain till later. The goose was roasted to death, and at the last moment after my inspection of the table, my clever Boy got the bright idea that the new glasses which had arrived the day before ought to be used on such a grand occasion, and, for my beautiful thin soda water glasses he quickly substituted the heavy greenish glass ones which had been bought for district use.

The next morning was the worst. The party, consisting of the Collector, his wife and their two children, the two other Government officials and their numerous retinue, had been housed partly in our bungalow, and partly in tents. Early tea is a conventional meal and should have been served without a hitch, but I had not taken into consideration the fact - said fact being also the cause of the spoiled dinner - that all of the servants of the visitors were outcastes, while my servants were caste men, and the two sets could not work together. This was not because the caste servants despised the outcastes, and therefore did not wish to work with them. Oh, no, although the latter were outcastes, they, as befitted the servants of high officials were grandly clothed in keeping with the high position and salary of their masters, and our modest retainers were overawed by this

grandeur, lost their heads and were afraid to take the initiative. On the other hand the high respect for a caste man, irrespective of clothing, money or capability, made the servants of the visitors afraid to offend by touching any article in the kitchen or bungalow. The tenters were to have had their tea served in their tents and the others in their rooms, but after all had waited for their tea in vain, one by one the hungry guests turned up in the dining room and then only I realized the deplorable state of affairs. The guests however finally got their toast and eggs, and also an 11 o'clock breakfast, and wound up with a 4 o'clock tea. After their departure I said, "Boy, you servants generally do so well, but this time every single thing went wrong." "But," said the Boy, with a beaming smile, "was not the tea this afternoon served well, and did you not see how they liked the cake?" The grand servants, you see, had left before tea time.

XLI

The Blue Book

T.V.o.T.T.T.T. Dec. 21, 1911.

Somebody once said, "A prayer meeting is a place to get things done." This means, of course, things that we are not able to do ourselves. If the members of our congregations at home could get hold of that idea, the weekly prayer meetings would fill up, don't you think? Even two or three can form a prayer meeting, and as intercessory prayer is a blessed means to save lost souls, so is united prayer a means of accomplishing impossibilities. This we experienced in the case of Beauty. You will perhaps remember that the Hindu Judge in Lakeville gave judgment against us, ordered us to hand over the child to the mother, and to pay all the expenses of the case. We at once filed an appeal in the High Court in Madras, and in the meantime, after much difficulty, succeeded in obtaining an order to stay the carrying out of the judgment of the Lakeville Court.

Attempts were made to steal the child, and we were afraid to send her to school. Various suspicious looking individuals and groups of individuals - sometimes men, sometimes women - visited the bungalow and the Girls' Boarding School. They had always business of some sort, apparently of an innocent character, but they always turned out to be either spies or someone bribed to obtain possession of the child by strategy or by force. Once when the girls were coming home from school, one of them was suddenly grabbed and carried off screaming; they only released her when they found it to be a case of mistaken identity, and that they had carried off a child of an entirely different caste. Finally, in order to get her safely away we dressed her as a boy and sent her first to a German mission, and when traced thither, to a Scotch mission school in Madras, where she still is. This little Telugu maiden had to learn, in one place of refuge, the Mahratti language, in another Tamil, and now she is learning English. Repeatedly we had to travel the long distance to Madras in response to telegrams from our Madras lawyer, and then suddenly, in our absence, the final hearing was called for and the lawyer was ordered to produce the child. In reply to questions from the High Court judges, Beauty said that she was afraid of her mother, and wanted always to stay with us. We were appointed her legal guardians, and so at last the dear child is ours; with Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch I say, "Looks like ever' thing in the world comes right if we jes wait long enough." That living Christ is more effective than even preaching Christ, is something that one learns in India. We preach that God is love, but it is to these people something indefinite, they can not understand it; deeds of love they can understand better. One day when cholera was raging, some people were sitting on our verandah talking, when one of them mentioned that Buchayya's wife was very bad with cholera. The B.H. jumped up: "Why did you not tell me that at once?" he said, and rushed

to the medicine closet. "What!" they said, "are you going to Buchayya's house? Have you forgotten that time when you were preaching, how he went for you with a club?" But the B.H. was already out of the door. "Idigo, tsudu" (behold, look) they said, "that is the love of God," and Buchayya's wife was saved, and some others learned a little more about God's love.

In your last letter you write: "You have told me about a Lower Secondary school of 200 pupils with English as the first language, and of about a half a hundred Village Elementary schools taught in your vernacular, and a few times you have mentioned a school for the Blind, but what is that you intimate about a Lace School?" Have I really never told you about my lace school? Then here is the story. One day several years ago when we were discussing the work, the B.H. said, "We ought to do something for our widows," "Yes, perhaps we ought," was my helpful reply. "We ought to have some industry for them" he continued, "what do you think we could have?"

Suddenly his face brightened, and I looked up hopefully. "I'll tell you what," he joyfully exclaimed, "teach them lace making." My hopes died. "But, my dear," I objected, "I don't know anything about lace making." "Perhaps not," was the response, "but could not you learn?" What ideas men do have! Now you know that with my imperfect sight I never did any fancy work in my life to amount to anything, and now to be calmly asked as a matter of course, "Could not you learn to teach pillow lace making?" My spirits descended to zero, perhaps a few degrees below; but Little Mother used to say, "Never say (I can't, always say 'I'll try,'" so with a dubious tone of voice I replied in substance, "I'll try," and meditatively considered the subject. Although I had put on my "thinking cap", nothing resulted from my cogitations. When I said my prayers I took the widows and the pillows and the whole business with me and laid them before the Lord. The next

day the idea came to me that I might send Blessing, a young Christian widow, to a Mission where they have lace making as an industry, and have her trained as a teacher.

Blessing was one of my first school children. She was not "Blessing" then, but a clever looking, smiling, little heathen child, whose original name I have forgotten. Being in those days young and inexperienced, I one day said to the teacher in the presence of the school that I would like to support the child and have her trained as a teacher. That was her last day in school. She was married young and her husband died, after a few months, from cholera. She later became a member of my famine class and learned more quickly than any one else. She also learned to make lace quickly when I sent her away, and after a short time, when samples of narrow lace which she had made were sent to me for inspection, I rejoiced that the problem was solved. When she came home for the Christmas holidays, she said, "Please, Amma, it is too far away, do not send me away again." She assured me that she could make many patterns and that she could teach what she had learned to others, and so the school was to be started at once. Cloth, bobbins and thread were purchased and the pillows made. "Now, Blessing," I said, "we are going to begin with six pillows, and you may draw the patterns for the six beginners." "Amma," she said, "they did not teach me to draw patterns." "Oh, didn't they?" was my disappointed rejoinder. Blessing's box that she had brought back with her from the Mission was rummaged through and a simple pattern found of which I made copies. "Here are the patterns, Blessing," I said, "Now you may start the six pillows, and tomorrow our school shall begin." "Amma, they did not teach me how to start." "Oh, didn't they?" this time the words were accompanied by a sigh. Beginnings are proverbially difficult but this kind of a beginning was an absolute impossibility for me, and so

Blessing was given a mat on the verandah, and ^a stocking to darn, and the pillows, bobbins and the whole paraphernalis were packed away in a corner upstairs.

Another idea came to me. Pillow lace was invented in Saxony in fifteen hundred and something; by this time they would probably have books in Saxony on the subject, from which perhaps I could learn. Miss Wonderful undertook the necessary correspondence and in due time there arrived a beautiful blue book with a strip of embossed lace across the cover. The book was attractive with illustrations of elaborate lace in the possession of the Crown Princess Cecelia and the Duchess of Mecklenburg. The book was in German and my knowledge of that language being decidedly limited, Miss Wonderful and the B.H. kindly glanced through the book, but pronounced it difficult and decided that it would be impossible for me to do anything with it. The book was packed away with some old magazines and Blessing continued to darn stockings. After six months when clearing away old magazines, the Blue Book came to light again. Before throwing it away I thought I would look over it once more. After painfully wading through the beginning, which was a history of lace making, asking the above named linguists all the words I did not know, I suddenly came across a few pages in which were simple instructions for the very first steps in lace making. Taking one of the 6 pillows, I locked myself in my dressing room, and with the aid of the Blue Book, began to make lace. Success attended my efforts until my mind wandered to the Blind School. Then I forgot at which line of the book I was working, and which bobbin came next, and I had to begin all over again. After a few minutes my mind wandered again. This time to the Bible examination paper which I had to prepare for the following morning, and my lace work again came to a standstill. No, it was clear I should never be able to make lace, but now I could at least try to teach others to make it. I called Blessing and said, "If I teach

you how to begin, can you go on with the lace patterns which you have learned?" She joyfully answered in the affirmative. So said, so done. The directions given in the Blue Book were read aloud: Blessing carefully followed the instructions, and the next day the "Bible and Lace School" was founded. The school is held on the verandah. It is opened with devotional exercises, and closed with the singing of a hymn. Bible lessons are given by a Bible woman, who also reads or talks to them for an hour each morning.

Things did not go swimmingly in the beginning. Whether Blessing lacked the necessary experience for imparting knowledge, or for whatever reason it might be, there were suppressed sighs, audible yawns, hopeless expressions on the countenances of the widows, and six pillows of criss cross lace which Blessing continually made them undo. Suddenly one girl got the twist of it. It was little Nagamma, or Margery, as we afterwards named her, the daughter of the broken-backed palmyra climber. She is not a widow, but she and some others are also taking lessons with the widows. When the others noticed that Margery was making lace seemingly without difficulty, they asked, "Do you really find it easy?" "Of course," she said, with a superior toss of her head, "what is there hard about that?" The others became interested and in a few weeks there was not a single one that could not do good work.

There were other difficulties. With the white thread given them they produced grey lace and brown lace and even rusty black. The introduction of soap not only at once improved the color of the lace but it was a course of untold bliss to each and every one of the lace workers. Soap, you must know, is a luxury which few possess, a substitute being the fruit of the soap^{ny} but tree, which produces some foam, but is not to be compared with the thick, sweet smelling pink or green lather with which the little widows could with delight wash far above the elbows. Not being clever enough to originate new patterns I

picked up scraps of lace here and there, printed them in a photograph frame and thus always had pretty patterns. We do a little work in silk but the most is done in Irish linen thread. Later, drawing was introduced into the school. Blessing, owing to lack of early opportunities, had difficulty in learning to draw, and Margery was again the first to excel. It is really marvellous to see the beautiful work done by these women who but a short time ago were groaning over the hopeless intricacies of pillow lace making. Some of the patterns which they now make require hundreds of bobbins.

Before closing I send you a letter by a boy from the Reddi caste, who is in Lakeville for training. Perhaps I wrote you once about the twins in our school. This letter is from the one who was being killed by worms; he was in a terrible condition but we were able to save him. "I am quite well by the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ. I received your kind letter, I received one Telugu Bible, I received four half anna stamps that you kindly sent me. I wrote three letters, to Ramayya (his twin brother), Pichayya and Kotayya to trust in Jesus Christ and love Him. I am reading well. A wonderful world circus came here and we saw some wonderful 'feets,' lions, tigers, elephants. We have morning watch every day." These boys are our hope. These are the ones who bring India to Christ.

XLII

"Raise the Dead."

T.V.o.T.T.T.T. Feb. 3, 1912.

You may be interested in a recent decision of the Madras High Court, which is of importance because it defines the rights of converts under the Indian Succession Act. As a result of this decision, the children of converts to Christianity from Hinduism inherit ancestral property. "That allegiance to Christ," so says one of the papers before me, "should be wholly independent of material considerations

is a principle that has been nobly maintained by converts innumerable who have lost their earthly all for His sake. This has, however, amounted to a great social injustice and a virtual denial of the principles enunciated by Queen Victoria in the Proclamation of 1858 in the clause which reads, 'Firmly relying ourselves on the truth of Christianity, and acknowledging with gratitude the solace of religion, We disclaim alike the Right and the Desire to impose our Conviction on any of Our Subjects. We declare it to be Our Royal Will and Pleasure that none be in any wise favored, none molested or disquieted, by reason of their Religious Faith and Observances, but that all shall alike enjoy the equal and impartial protection of the Law, and We do strictly charge and enjoin all those who may be in authority under Us that they abstain from all interference with the Religious Belief or Worship of Our Subjects on pain of Our highest displeasure.'" The above clause has too often had a one-sided interpretation, and too little has been done to prevent the molesting and disquieting of those who desired to change their faith and religion.

The point that arose for decision in this case was as to the effect of the conversion of two sisters, who became converts under the names of Lydia and Salom~~a~~, and their rights in the property which descends to them and to a brother, who, however, remained and died a Hindu. The decision was given in favor of the children of Lydia and Salom~~a~~, whose appeal was that the two sisters were jointly interested in the properties, and that their rights devolved on their children, and that the Hindu law of joint holding with rights of mutual survivorship continued to govern the family notwithstanding the conversion.

The work among the Gypsies is growing. For several reasons it is a difficult work. They have a language of their own, which has not been reduced to writing. They live in tents or rather movable huts, and love an outdoor nomadic life. Their marriage customs and

other practices are different from those of the Telugu people. Of course they are fortune tellers. They have a curious way of dressing; their garments have coins and little mirrors sewed into them. These garments are seldom washed. Shells and broad horn-bangles are a common mode of decoration. They ought to have a missionary who can give his whole time to them.

The annual Roman Catholic Tirnalā (procession) is just over. There is usually a crowd, attracted by the native fifes and drums, by the little booths selling sweat meats, fruits, and all sorts of gewgaws, by the fire works, and also by the crowds themselves and the prospect of meeting friends and relatives. This is the feast of the Purification of the Virgin Mary. Pots of water are poured over the gaudy image of the Virgin; candles, which were vowed during the year in cases of illness or other trouble, are dedicated to her at this time, and the procession to the church is accompanied by music and dancing. In the evening there is a procession when the blue and gold images of Joseph and Mary are carried through the streets, and again there is music and dancing. The dancing is done by the Madigas, who also are the ones who dance before the idols in Hindu processions. As so many of the Madigas have become Christians (Protestant Christians), this dancing before the images has become a serious question possibly to the Roman Catholics, and certainly to the Protestant missionary and to those who formerly did the dancing.

Many positively refuse to take part in such ceremonies, and are persecuted by the Roman Catholics in the same manner as by the Hindus. Some weak souls, urged on by threats and bribes, are still found taking part and thus become subjects for church discipline. Yesterday all of our Christians from this caste refused to take part, and dancers had to be imported from another village. The Roman Catholics threatened not to give any more leather work to the "strikers," nor to employ them in their

fields. This threat will be difficult to carry out; the Hindus tried it in many places and in the end failed. The day after the procession is always a hard day for us if we happen to be at home, as hundreds embrace this opportunity to beg for medicine, or to tell us of their troubles. It is however also a day of great opportunities.

In speaking of church discipline, I would have you understand ^{it} that/is in this country, at least at the present stage of the upbuilding of the church, quite a different thing from church-discipline at home. For example, a certain young widow brought an accusation against a young **men** in the congregation here. The congregational panchayat, or council of five, took up the matter. The young man positively refused to confess to any guilt, but he was sentended by the panchayat to sit apart from the congregation until he would repent and confess his sin. For 6 months he came regularly to church, sitting alone in the vestibule. After that length of time facts proved that it was a made up case and he was re-instated. What young man at home would under such circumstances regularly attend the church for 5 months? Would he not say, "You will never get me to darken the doors of that church again?"

The last meeting of our Oriental Society ~~an~~ Lakeville was a specially interesting one, but all the meetings are interesting. The Committee on Program appoints subjects months ahead for Missionary research and the results are usually edifying. I have just been looking up a point in the first paper of this Society, prepared by the B.H. before we went home the last time. The subject was Bloody Sacrifices, with reference to our part of the country. The paper was full of interesting facts, for instance, it said in substance - With the development of the doctrine of transmigration, and the beginning of animal worship, animal sacrifices have disappeared more and more, so that now no animal sacrifices are offered to the greater deities Vishnu, Siva, Rama or Krishna. No Brahman of today will take part in, or even be present at

the killing of the sacrificial animal, and during the great Hindu feasts, no animal sacrifices are offered. Bloody sacrifices are offered, with few exceptions, to the powers of evil, which are personalized in the wives of the deities. Is it not remarkable to find all that is hideous and horrible embodied in the character and worship of female deities? In his paper the B.H. said, "Whilst the worship of Hindu deities of the masculine gender seems to be today entirely free from bloody sacrifices, the worship of female deities seems always to be connected with them, accompanied by cruel, obscene and magical rites. Frequently the animal is beaten to death by the fists of the worshippers, its throat torn with their teeth, or its body cut up piece by piece until death ensues. The people at such times seem to get into a frenzy of excitement; they decorate themselves with the animal's intestines and wildly scream while the musicians play frantically on their instruments." One of the higher English Government officials who happened to be present at the reading of this paper presented some of the facts contained in it to the Government. When we returned from furlough the B.H. was addressed by the Government on the subject, and since then some of the cruelties practised in connection with these sacrifices have been prohibited. One terrible thing, however, has not yet been abolished. At a certain annual feast the Hindus have a sort of a "scape goat". A sheep is beaten and let loose. Frightened by the clashing of instruments and shouting, the sheep rushes off. The yelling crowd rushes after it with knives. The first one who reaches it cuts off a leg or any part he wishes from the living animal and others continue the brutal hacking.

We miss our little blind Marayya, since God took him home to himself. It has been such a blessing for the other children to have the blind children among them that we can be thankful that we did not have money enough in the beginning to build separate quarters for the blind children. Marayya was a dear boy, loved by everybody. Elisha loved

him and tenderly cared for him like his own brother. Perhaps I have never told you about Elisha. He was a boy with an unpromising beginning. He used to come to school one day and stay away five, and during the five days he regularly forgot the little he had learned in the one day. He slouched, seemed not to take the slightest interest in anything, and always was half asleep. When I found that the B.H. had admitted him into the boarding school, I was amazed at his poor judgment. The boy, however, was no sooner baptized and given a new name than he showed a new nature. A more industrious, reliable boy we have seldom had in the school. He is gentle and willing, and in Bible knowledge ~~he~~ is No. 1. Elisha became the joy of my heart, and nobody but Elisha would do for me as a teacher for the Blind School.

With enthusiasm I laid before Elisha my plans for the work, dwelt on the wonderful opportunities for good, told him that I had chosen him to be the head-teacher, and that I would like him to go the next day to the Madiga hamlet of a certain village and bring back with him a little blind boy for the school. Elisha listened to all that I had to say without remark. Then he said, "I have no desire to do this work." I could hardly believe my ears. "What did you say?" I gasped. "I have no desire to do this work," he repeated, "I will not do it." I sat there for a moment nonplused. Suddenly it dawned on me that it was a matter of caste. Elisha was a caste boy; he would, perhaps, have to take the hands of outcaste boys in his, and was I not in the very beginning sending him to a Madiga hamlet? Before dismissing him I said that we should never decide anything without prayer, and, kneeling with him, I laid the matter before the Lord. The next day Elisha came to me and said, "I will do it." Whether he had passed through a night of struggle I do not know. All that I know is that he has been in the school a signal success.

It makes me joyful to see the change in the blind children after they have been a short time in school. Relaxation and self-dependence are among the first lessons. One child learns from another and a few days in a happy home atmosphere does wonders for them. Some have such sad lives. One little high caste girl, named Venkamma, was married when almost a baby, and, while still a child, lost her sight from small pox. Her husband did not want her, but she was sent to him because her parents also did not want to have the burden. Her husband took all her jewels away and gave them to a new wife. Venkamma was made to pound grain and do menial services for her rival. When her blindness caused her to blunder she was abused and beaten. Finally, hearing about our school she ran away and got someone to bring her to me.

Another, little Nagayya, 6 years old, had a blind mother. The poor child had sat in one spot in their wretched hut ever since he was able to sit at all. His old father would bring him a bowl of food. Then he would lie down and sleep. His life consisted in eating and sleeping. Such children are called "sin children;" no other children play with them, none talk with them. In reply to the question, "Who did sin, this man of his parents, that he was born blind?" The answer here at once would be: "He - in a former birth." To be born blind is a curse caused by sin in a previous existence. One of the first names these children hear is "sin child." Is it any wonder that they are not happy? When one of the Bible women brought Nagayya to me, he could only totter. Now he is running races with sighted children, and often wins the race. Nagayya and I love each other.

The blind boy that Elisha brought from the Madiga hamlet is Manikyam. He lived in a little hut made of stones stuck together with mud and covered with a thatched roof, and he used to sit in front of it in the dust and dirt. The hut was right next to a prickly cactus hedge,

where the snakes like to take up their abode; but our little fellow had never seen the hut, nor the cactus hedge, nor a snake nor the face of his mother. He looked dull and weary, and all day long he sat in the dust with nothing to do until Elisha came and brought him hope. When for the first time he sat among the other boys hearing beautiful songs that he had never heard in his life, he had on his face an expression of joyful wonder. When Elisha told the story of the Wonderful Man who once lived on earth and went about doing good, and that touched a blind man's eyes and made him see, Manikyam asked, "Where is He now, could I not go and have Him touch my eyes?" Elisha told him that it was this man Jesus who had told us to go to his village and bring him here. If the people of Manikyam's village could see him now as he jumps and laughs and sings, they would hardly believe that he was the same boy, who used to sit by the little hut in the dust and dirt. He learned so rapidly that in ten months he could read with his little brown fingers the stories in his primer. He has a wonderful memory. In church he sits on a mat with his head bowed and turned a little to one side. Upon returning from service he can give you not only the text, but the gist of the sermon and often whole sentences. There is hope that an operation some time may benefit him. I wish you could have seen this boy, when the first embossed Bible portion, the Gospel of Matthew, arrived from England. On the day it came he was passing the bungalow, and calling him I put the book in his hands and said "Now you can read the Bible for yourself." His face fairly beamed. "Has our Bible really come?" he exclaimed, and he laid his face lovingly against it, pressed it to his bosom and kissed it. The next moment he bounded up to the school shouting "Our Bible has come, our real own Bible has come."

The industrial part of the Blind School is still in its initiatory stage. Weaving was begun with a tiny loom which I saw

advertised for making doilies. The first article ^{was} women was a flaming brick-red neck tie with a white stripe down the centre. It was of such strong thread, and so well made that such a necktie would last a man an ordinary life time. Don't you want to take orders? Colors warranted fast, or your money back.

One day my "son-in-law" Augustus, hearing me lamenting the lack of funds, said, "Mother, I think if we had some bamboos and some pieces of wood, we could make a loom ourselves." "All right, Augustus, let us make one, and the sooner the better. Is that all we need?" "No, we must have some nails." So the materials were gathered, and "we" made the loom, my part being to hold the nails. On that loom we weave striped belts of wool and cotton, all colors, for men and boys, and strong, broad white tape for strapping native cots. We are now supplying all the tape needed in one of our hospitals.

We used to have a horrid School Inspector. He was a waddling old Brahman, with a protruding under lip. He was impolite and as cross as a bear. We had a special grudge against him because once when with pride we called his attention to our embryonic school museum, consisting of birds' nests, curious stones, etc. collected by the boys, and lava from Vesuvius and other such objects contributed by the manager, he half glanced at it, said, "Bosh!" and passed on. We all rejoiced when he was pensioned.

Once when he was here inspecting I requested him with my sweetest tone of voice to kindly honor me by visiting my blind school. "What?" he said, "Blind School? Bosh!" but he came. "What can they do?" he growled. "This girl," I said, pointing to Amelia, at that time my only fourth class pupil, "can do fourth class problems." "What!" he growled again, "fourth class?" He gave her a difficult problem. While she was working it, I showed him samples of weaving, small baskets and clay models done by the children. Amelia laid down her arithmetic frame.

"She has finished," I said. "What!" he snarled, "so quickly?" and he looked at me suspiciously out of the corner of his eye. He imagined no doubt that the clay models were shown him to distract his attention, just as Indian jugglers while performing a big trick draw your attention away by the performance of little tricks. He evidently thought that I was clever enough to do that problem in my head and that I had in some mysterious manner communicated the answer to Amelia, but he was not going to be taken in. Amelia was asked to describe each step by which she had arrived at the correct answer. He sat quietly for a moment looking on the ground, then turning to me he said: "We call these creatures sinners and think the world would be better off without them, and you? you come thousands of miles to teach them." Then he shook his wicked looking old head and added "Madam, there remains but one more thing for you to do, and that is - to raise the dead." From that day the fame of our school spread. We received visits from Assistant and Sub-assistant school inspectors, police and other officials and on a few occasions presents of cloth and money; and, what was more to the purpose, the Government sanctioned us a money grant for the school.

XLIII

A Prisoner.

T.V.o.T.T.T.T. Sept. 1, 1912.

One of our teachers has been trying to get a divorce from his wife on Scriptural grounds, and to obtain possession of his child. He will find it an impossibility. Hindus may divorce themselves ad libitum, and so-called Christians may change their religion today, and marry tomorrow if they are not pleased with their wives, or see some one that pleases them better, but for true followers of Christ there is no redress. A man accused of bigamy has just sent us a letter saying that he has returned to Hinduism. We are helpless in regard to such

irregularities, because the decision of the Courts makes it possible for one to marry as he pleases if only he first changes his religion. To avoid a case of bigamy a man simply writes two letters, one to the missionary, and one to the head official of the District, saying that he has changed his religion, and the matter is settled. It is a calamitous decision of the Courts.

The B.H. is on the other side of the Krishna river which is the border of our mission field. On the other side of the river is the Native State of Hyderabad, governed by the Nizam. Here are working Church of England missionaries, Wesleyans, Baptists and Roman Catholics. Our own mission field is too large for us to do all that should be done, and yet it seemed a call from God to go beyond.

One of our Christians from the tankdigger caste, named Peter, lives about 20 miles from here. He used to come to church here about every two weeks, usually with his wife. The wife is a frail little woman, but he loves her, and when the way was too hard for her he carried her half the distance. Her home village is on the other side of the river. One Sunday Peter and his wife came to church with a large delegation - relatives of his wife - from across the river. They asked for a teacher. The B.H. said that his work was only on this side of the river and sent them with a letter to the missionary of the Church Missionary Society. The latter replied that he had no suitable teacher and if possible we should send one. Peter was accordingly sent to further instruct his relatives and acquaintances in the truths of Christianity and then the new Christians were handed over to the Church Missionary Society for baptism. So, through family relationships, began what is known as the Kammamet movement.

After a considerable lapse of time another delegation came from across the river. These people also asked for a teacher, but at the same time related their difficulties and begged for assistance. The B.H.

sent the delegation again to the C.M.S. missionary, but the latter declined to enter into their complicated affairs. There is a Zemindary, or petty kingdom over there, and fifty or more years ago certain farmers had acquired land from the Zemindar. After the death of the Zemindar, his son sold the land over the heads of the farmers to certain Roman Catholics, telling the latter at the same time that they themselves would have to see how they could get possession of the land. The Roman Catholics tried first with intimidation, and then with guns and other weapons, to take forcible possession of the lands, with the result that a battle was fought with fatalities on both sides. The courts decided the case in favor of the farmers, and the Roman Catholics appealed.

The delegation of farmers returned to us and stayed here a week saying they would not go until the B.H. had promised to come. These people are surely endowed with persistency. When the evangelist Muttaswamy who was then sent to inquire into the matter returned and said, "The Lord has laid two thousand souls at your feet," the B.H., feeling that it might be a call from God, crossed the river.

Last night after I was asleep some Christians called and woke me saying that the B.H. must be warned as Roman Catholics from our village had gone with guns to prevent the B.H. from doing anything to help the farmers. I told them that it was too late now to send anyone to warn him, as I was expecting him back the next day.

Monday, Sept. 3. The B.H. did not return as expected. Yesterday after our Sunday evening service, Augustus, the Headmaster, and other English-speaking teachers were here singing hymns. Suddenly the watchman appeared with a scared look on his face and called me out. Two men were there. I confess I was startled, because when I asked them what was the matter, in place of answering they only prostrated themselves and made repeated deep obeisance. Finally when they saw that I was

frightened, they gave me a letter from the B.H. The letter began: "I do not think that I ever missed you as I did today. I do not know when I can get away from here. I am virtually a prisoner. The Roman Catholics have vowed not to let me get alive across the Krishna, but do not worry; the Lord in whom we trust will bring me safely back." Then follows the account of what happened. The farmers had gone to cultivate their fields and the Roman Catholics had threatened to stop them. The B.H. sent 16 miles to inform the Nizam's police department that there was danger of trouble. In the afternoon Muttuswamy and Ratnayya, one of our boys whom we had sent as a teacher, went to the fields but found everything quiet. In the evening the B.H. had a big evangelistic meeting. There was great interest in the subject of Christianity and 300 gave their names as inquirers. Early the next morning they broke down an idol temple and gave up the clay idol. It is a female figure with a high crown on its head and four arms.

At noon the next day the farmers returned to cultivate their fields. Muttuswamy, Ratnayya and a constable sent by the police inspector were sitting on the bank of a pond under a tree chatting. After about an hour, 60 Roman Catholics with swords, clubs and four guns appeared and attacked everybody. Ratnayya has the power of rapid locomotion and escaped, but Muttuswamy was beaten senseless and the police constable was carried off by the Roman Catholics as dead. They were no doubt going to dispose of his body, but on the way he showed signs of life and they dropped him, where he was later found and taken by the Munsiff's order to a near village. Muttuswamy has injured on head and back and was carried to the nearest hospital in the Nizam's dominions.

Sept. 6. ^{have} We had anxious days. Roman Catholics from two other counties and from our village went with 15 guns, swords and other

weapons to the outskirts of Madhavaram, the village where the B.H. has his tent. They threatened to cut the throats of the inquirers and to shoot the Padri. There was little sleep in Madhavaram that night. Upon the request of the inquirers the B.H. left the tent and went into a shed with walls on three sides. Twenty men guarded his cot while he got a little sleep.

Sept. 9. The B.H. has not yet returned. My letter has not come to an end, for in the absence of the B.H. I have more to do. My mind is also not free to write of every-day topics, and I have been writing oftener to Sister. Orders were given by the Nizam's government to make arrests in the beating case, but after the constable was nearly killed, the police were afraid and left without doing anything. A little more law and order in the Nizam's dominions would make it a safer place of abode.

There is jungle on two sides of the village of Madhavaram. The farmers keep a regular outlook every night and the B.H. keeps his loaded gun next to him; in the day time he visits the people in their homes and teaches them. Every evening there is a big meeting and there seems to be a great interest among the people.

Someone just came and told me that yesterday the B.H. was beaten and is nearly dead. I do not believe it. They could shoot him from a distance but I do not think they could beat him. It is, however, disquieting to hear such reports, without knowing whether or not there is any foundation for them. Mr. Trustworthy telegraphed me to keep him informed and said that he was ready to act with the Nizam's government if necessary. He added, "It seems to be given to you not only to testify, but also to suffer for His name." These dear people are always a comfort. The greatest comfort is prayer. In an old number of the Bible Record I find the following copied from the back of a telephone

book:

The Mail is quick,
The Telegraph is quicker,
The long distance Telephone is instantaneous
and
You don't have to wait for an answer.

Longer ago Isaiah wrote, "And it shall come to pass that before they call I will answer, and while they are yet speaking I will hear."

It is reported in the village that we have plague in the Boarding School, and today there was not a single boy in school. It is to be hoped that this rumor will not reach the B.H. Upon investigation I find that the origin of the plague rumor is - Spanish flies. Our houses being surrounded by fields, at this season of the year Spanish flies are attracted by our bright lights, and have blistered some of the boys. Miss Wonderful has a large blister on her neck. The Telugu word for blister and plague is the same, and hence the rumor arose.

Yesterday evening the gramola (victrola) was upstairs on the flat roof and played, "Now thank we all our God with heart and hand and voices," for the B.H. has returned safe and sound. Our Christians had sent runners from village to village for recruits and were getting up a big rescue party, when suddenly he crossed the river in a pouring rain, which of course no one was expecting. Early in the morning of the day previous to his leaving, before the Roman Catholics had gathered at the usual place with their guns, the B.H. mounted his horse and galloped unarmed to the village where the injured constable is lying. The latter is in a pretty bad state and thinks he will die, but the B.H. says he may recover. The B.H. visited some of the new inquirers in this village and was tempted to remain a longer time with them, but decided that discretion was the better part of valor and galloped back as quickly as he had come. Seeing men running, he imagined they were afraid of him and were running away, but was told later that they were running for their guns, which they had left in the new village which

which has sprung up near the pond on the land in question. That evening men were seen sneaking in the jungle. A boy who was grazing cattle reported that they had asked him whether the Doragaru was there alone or whether his wife was with him, and whether he always slept in the tent. The next morning it was pouring in torrents. The B.H. had his horse saddled before day-break and made for the river. He tried to avoid the usual crossing, but he and the horse got into quicksands in a ravine and, after extreme difficulty, got out and crossed at the usual ferry. He was muddy up to his arm pits.

"O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessed peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next."

XLIV

The Corpse Pond.

Camp Madhararam, Hyderabad, Feb. 14, 1913.

Since writing to you we have been twice to Hyderabad in regard to the case of the persecuted farmers, of whom I wrote you before. On the occasion of one visit we were entertained by Wesleyan missionaries, delightful people, who helped us greatly with advice. They had just sent their youngest daughter home and the poor mother was very sad. Oh, these partings! - one of the hardest trials of a missionary's life. Their bungalow was so quiet and restful. After our many experiences in roadside bungalows and native sheds in a Muhammadan state with enemies all around, (I am saving up some terrible experiences to tell you next year when we come home) the immaculate, peaceful, refined home, with all its daintiness and culture, was specially appealing. It was almost like going from purgatory in to heaven. While the B.H. attended to his business, they showed me some-

thing of the city. Their house is on British territory, but across the road, the land belongs to the Native State. Cholera had been very bad, one thousand deaths occurring within a few weeks. The winter preceding our visit, plague had raged here, and there were four hundred deaths a day. At the outbreak of the plague the new Nizam retreated to a more salubrious climate, and this seems to have made him less ^upopular than was the old Nizam, his father.

The native city of Hyderabad is more oriental than anything I have yet seen in India; there is no admixture of anything English. The fine buildings of the British Residency are on the opposite side of the Musi River at Secunderabad. The water tanks are immense; one is three miles long and two wide, and one, they say, is twenty miles around. The high gates and mosques in the native city are imposing. The late Nizam, whose tomb and palace we saw, had three hundred wives and the new Nizam, they told us, was rapidly getting married. On one occasion the latter fell in love with a beautiful girl whom his father had chosen for his own harem, and snatching her up he ran off with her in his automobile to one of his palaces. This naturally caused strained relations for awhile.

As Hyderabad is a Muhammadan state, the feast - or fast - of the Muharram is on a grander scale than in our part of the country, where Muhammadanism is weaker. Our friends advised us to see the procession, and we were invited by a native acquaintance to see it from the roof of an automobile shop. The greatest part of the show to me was the people themselves. It is a remarkable procession when one realizes that it celebrates a death - the death of one of their heroes. There were crowds of gaily dressed people - a sea of faces - all laughing and making fun. Among the crowd were masqueraders playing tricks, such as shooting various powders out of toy guns at unsuspecting people. The procession consists of tabuts, some sort of emblem dressed in gay

cloths and carried on top of poles. Each tabut was surrounded by its own ^ccrowd. Some carried long poles, surmounted by three tufts of peacock feathers. Each tabut was fanned or dusted with these feathers. Others threw incense upon them. Men and boys dressed as tigers danced in each crowd. The men-tigers were Hindus. There were many drums and shrill musical instruments.

On our roof was a gay party of Parsees, who continually pressed us to partake of their refreshments. Rather than seem impolite we accepted soda water, curry puffs and crisp little fried cakes, but declined the insistent offers of brandy. The ladies were beautifully dressed in silks of delicate shades, light blue and pink predominating. They had ~~puffed~~ ^{plucked} their hair. Some were very pretty and the children were lovely. One little dear had pink cheeks and big brown eyes with long lashes. She was dressed as a European child, and in her embroidered white frock and white bonnet she could easily have been mistaken for a European child.

On our way home from this trip we stopped in Lakeville and went to the hospital to see Dinah's new little daughter. Her first child was a boy, named of course after the B.H.

The Roman Catholics persuaded their Archbishop to go to see the Nizam himself. The Archbishop represented that the police were friendly to the Madhavaram farmers and against the Roman Catholics and begged for help. The Nizam therefore gave orders that the matter should be at once investigated, and now it is up for final disposal. The B.H. was summoned by the Inspector General of Police to be present. Since the B.H. was here six months ago there has been a reign of terror, and the people have sometimes even been afraid to show themselves outside of their houses. When the B.H. therefore was summoned, remembering the anxious days I spent when he was here as a prisoner, I said, "Whither thou goest, I will go; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be

buried." So here we are, with however no immediate prospects of a funeral. We have been here already a week in camp and are likely to remain some time longer.

When we arrived there was nothing here but a dusty village. Even the tents of the Inspector General of Police had not turned up, but he was in a near village, and as soon as he heard that we had arrived, he sent us word, that he would send his camp at once and ~~be~~ here himself the next morning. The office of Inspector General of Police is held by an Englishman, Mr. Gayer, a fine man. The day following our arrival the whole aspect of the place changed. "Madhavaram has become a city," said Muttuswamy, who after months of suffering, born with the true spirit of a martyr, is again able to do his evangelistic work. While not exactly a city, there is certainly more life about the place than there was on the day of our arrival. There are now a dozen tents, some of them very large ones. Besides the Inspector General of Police there are two Police Superintendents, a tahsildar, various magistrates, a Collector, and other officials whose titles I do not know. Subordinates are passing our tent all the time. Some are in full regimentals, some are on horses, some are walking, and some running - back and forth, back and forth. There are white uniforms, and khaki uniforms with dark blue and brass trimmings. One Police Superintendent looks very grand and rides a thousand Rupee horse. He is the son-in-law of the Nizam's Prime Minister. He is the only one of the higher officials who has not called on us. I will refrain from making any comments, except that his presence complicates matters somewhat for our side.

There are 18 cases pertaining to the matter going on all in one day. These cases are being tried by the various magistrates. The Inspector General intends to remain until the whole question is settled and has requested the B.H. to do the same.

Today has been like a big feast day. Crowds are here from all the surrounding villages for miles around; they have come out of curiosity and to see the big show. All are in gala attire and there is a procession going past our tent all the time.

Yesterday Muttuswamy received a letter from his wife - two pages of warnings. She said, "Don't think that I am only a woman and that it is all talk, for it is really certain that the Roman Catholics have sent around to all the villages where their people are to help to put an end to the Doragaru, A similar letter written by Solomon, one of the teachers in the field of another missionary reached us through that missionary. It seems that one of the priests, active in the case, lives in that section and he, so Solomon writes, has started for Madhavaram with a large armed force. The Roman Catholics say that if they have to give up the lands they will not leave until they have slain all their opponents, and the name of the pond is changed to "Corpse Pond." They also say that if the B.H. is killed, only one will be punished, and it is better for one of them to die than for him to remain alive. There are two European priests present at the "Corpse Pond Village."

We are as safe here as if we were in our own beds at home. Last night when a tent watchman went back of our tent for a moment he was immediately challenged by a policeman. This was the first we knew that we were being guarded by the police.

Feb. 15. The police are today all in full uniform and are carrying guns, which heretofore they have not been carrying. There are 30 mounted police and they present a gay appearance as they trot past with streaming pennants. There is a crowd in front of our tent all day, and the Gospel has been preached to thousands of people who never before heard the story. I realize as never before the thousands and thousands of human beings, for whom Christ died, who have never even heard His name. If our Christians at home could see what we have seen during

these days, mission funds and missionaries would come pouring into India.

Feb. 20. Yesterday Mr. Gayer and all his police and two magistrates went to the "Corpse Pond" where the Roman Catholics have settled on our people's lands and called the roll of the new settlers whose names they had previously obtained. We had hoped that the matter would be settled before this, but it has been delayed on account of the celebration in connection with the anniversary of the death of Muhammad. Judgment will be given tomorrow. Last evening Mr. Gayer came to our tent and asked whether we had heard any reports of trouble pending. He said his secret service men had reported 150 men hiding in the jungle and up trees and that he was sending out to verify the report.

Feb. 21. The order has been given and in our favor. "Praise God from whom all blessings flow!" As soon as the judgment was read the police, who had been in the background, came forward like a flash, surrounded the three principal leaders, handcuffed them and carried them off. The magistrate allowed them only one day to raise 15000 Rupees as security against a breach of peace. As they could not raise it they were taken to jail. The priests have gone and there are only about 40 of their people left in "Corpse Pond Village."

Feb. 22. Last night we were roused by a tramping of feet past our tent. Looking out we saw the sky brilliant with the reflection of the light of a blazing fire. The Roman Catholics had tramped in to bring a complaint that our people had set fire to their village, a story which no one will believe. The great losses from the fire ~~xxx~~ are the fodder stacks and grain which the Roman Catholics forcibly took from our people, and which they were ordered to hand over. We are leaving tomorrow and have promised to send teachers as soon as we get the sanction of the Conference for this new work. The farmers are so grateful for our standing by them in their troubles, that they are ready to join heart and hand with us in the work. It will be a hard work.

In camping I have had time to work on my blind books in Braille. The Braille system is a necessity, although the Moon system is useful for older people. The manager of the famous Tamil Blind School is also now introducing the Braille, and we have been working together for uniformity so far as is possible, in Tamil, Telugu and English Braille.

Feb. 26. T.V.n.T.T.T.T. Safe at home again. The tailor is sitting on the verandah making shirts for some new boys. In my heart is a warm spot for the dear old tailor. It was a long time before he could make up his mind in regard to "the good and the bad" of the Christian religion, but when he once made up his mind, he stuck. His regularity in church attendance would be a model for many church members at home. He is a living example of the profitableness of godliness in the life that now is. Once when I went on furlough, I sold him my sewing machine, and he started in the business of clothing the naked at a reasonable profit. Now he has two machines, has his son-in-law for a partner and is one of the best off men in the village. There are no longer any naked to clothe but the machines are kept busy every day except Sunday. He is one of our most respected citizens, and is often called by both Christians and non-Christians to act as a member in a special panchayat.

Shortly before going on our last trip we were camping in the village where the tiger made its escape, when a man came and sat down at our feet. When we recognized him we were speechless with astonishment. He was one of the chief witnesses against the B.H. in that false police case a few years ago. He said he wanted to become a Christian. He had given the false witness, he said, because he was afraid of losing his position as Munsiff, if he did not do as the police said. After the case was dismissed the police said that the Munsiff had not answered well in the cross examination. They got him into trouble and he lost his position after all. The way of the transgressor is hard, is it not? He seems to think now that his only hope is in Christianity.

Sometimes I feel so joyful that if it were not so hot I think I would do like the little hills mentioned in Ps. 114, and skip like lambs. These days are the days when I realize the truth of that verse in Ps. 16: "In Thy presence is fullness of joy." Although Jesus was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief, He must always have had deep inward joy for He always lived in the conscious presence of His Father. He did not need to seek God - He was with Him all the time.

XLV

India's Gem.

T.V.o.T.T.T.T. Dec. 4, 1913.

Today came also a pleasing telegram from the Little Nurse congratulating us on our wedding anniversary. 18 years ago today, Heaven with the kind assistance of Mr. Trustworthy, tied my B.H. and me together in the bonds of holy matrimony! These have been years of wonderful experiences of Goodness and Mercy, those two Angels that are following me, as they did King David, all the days of my life. During these years there has been hard work. Besides the glad days there have been sad days; there have been days of suffering, there have been disappointments. It has all been God's will for me, and I stick to my old motto: "He shall choose."

Do you know that people can often do things that at first they think they can not do? This remark does not apply to myself, at least not in this instance, but to that little Margery, who is so clever at lace making. With a straight strip of lace as a guide she has made me the prettiest little round lace collar. She said she could not do it; she said it quite emphatically, but I reminded her that one should always say, "I'll try," and intimated that I might show her how. She listened with an attentive eye and ear. I told her just to lay the strip of lace on her checkered paper, and to fold it around the size and shape required, and then to draw a pattern leaving out all the fullness. She looked at

me doubtfully and said, "I'll try." The result is perfect satisfaction. I never could have done it!

Another thing I never could have done is to have had for years the patient enduring spirit of my "Comfort." Do you remember the dear little Curlyhead so many years ago, who used to be such a help and comfort to me, when I first began my work in India? She has always loved the evangelistic part of the work, for she loves Jesus, and she longed to tell others of Him; but when requested to take the leadership of the Training School, without a complaining word she left the work she loved the best and took the post where it was thought she was most needed, and has stuck at it for 21 years! She has given all of her beautiful young life to a work that she did not care for, because she could do it better than any one else.

Last week she wrote me saying she would visit me after Christmas. In this letter she writes: "We are having our term examinations. How trying it is to have oral examinations, especially when you have to take 40 infants in reading, writing, arithmetic, nature study, etc. They are so exasperating, and you must be so patient. You ask a question, for instance - "What does the elephant do with his trunk?" The infant stares at you, then puts her finger in her mouth, then takes it out and stares at it, then sighs, then suggests in a very low voice, that it "eats dust with it." Then you ask another question, and the same process takes place, and by the time you have finished with 40 infants you want to go to bed and never get up again, and some one asked me this evening, 'Why ever do you look so tired?' I am so tired of the training school, I want to do real mission work, to preach Christ to those who do not know him." Dear girl wherever she is, she is a blessing, and preaches Christ with her life. Who can measure the influence she has exerted during these long weary years over us, over the normal

students, and even over the exasperating infants.

This has been a busy year with much touring. Village work is dear to my heart. I fear that I have failed in my letters to show you this work as it is. Yesterday we returned from an extensive tour among the villages. The last one we visited was Mallavolu. The big white tent was pitched in a beautiful grove. The Christians and also the inquirers had been waiting long for their turn to come for a visit from us, for there are about 90 other villages which also want a turn.

The teacher had his school ready for inspection and the children were eager to prove that they had been regular in attendance. As every school is different there is no monotony in this work. The women had not seen ^m me for 11 months. After we began to get a little acquainted again they had much they wanted to pour into my ears, and the new inquirers wanted to learn to know me. There is so much one could do for these women and especially for these little ones if one could only stay with them at least a month. I often feel that the village in which we are at the time is the most important one, and say to the B.H. "We must try to come back here again as soon as possible," and he agrees. In the next village he says, "I must see whether I can not get back here in a few weeks," and I reply, "Oh, yes, do let us come," and the next village is just as important and just as interesting.

Yesterday we gathered in the prayer house for service. The prayer house was too small and they had enlarged it. The house was clean and they had tried to beautify it as they do their ^{own} ~~own~~ houses with markings of chalk. In many villages they have a real love for, and pride in, this centre of their religious life. They joined in the lyrics which they had learned from the school teacher and other mission workers; they did not take their eyes from the preacher during his talk, and the offering was proportionately greater than that given by an

ordinary congregation at home.

After the service we had a visit from the owner of the grove, a rich farmer, who is a member of the Brahma Samaj. This, you probably know, is a religious and social association which has spread all over India. They believe in one God, but in no revelation except nature and reason. They have renounced caste distinction in theory, have no sacrifices, no sacred books nor places, but accept and assimilate whatever they consider good in any religion. We had a long conversation with the adherent of this faith. He had absorbed much of Christian thought and morality and was perfectly satisfied with his religion. He had no sense of sin and felt no need of a Saviour. He had with him his little son, as I thought, but it turned out that he had no son and was trying to make his little daughter seem like a boy as long as he could.

One day while visiting the houses of caste women in that village I suddenly saw in the arms of a very dark merchant woman an unearthly white baby with white hair and yellowish pink eyes. The contrast between the dark mother and this albino baby was startling. This woman had also a 12 year old albino daughter, while the child in between was normal. Albino children are also called "sin children," having sinned in a previous existence.

Our taluk is the farthest away from our main station of all the taluks in our original mission field, and for this reason was formerly the most neglected; but, as more than 60 years ago the first converts from the outcastes came from this field, so from here have come the first converts from among the caste population. This movement has spread to 25 villages, has crossed the borders of the taluk limits, and by God's blessing will go on spreading long after our bones are laid in the little mission grave yard to await the glad meetings of the Day of Resurrection. How little we can really do, I realize more and more. Do you know those lines of Phillips Brooks:

"To walk the way he shall be shown,
To trust a strength that's not his own,
To fill the years with honest work,
To serve his days and not to shirk,
To quite forget what men have said,
To keep his heart and keep his head,
Until men, laying him to rest,
Shall say, 'At least he did his best.'"

The last hot season we spent in Dalhousie in the Himalayas. We took ten days for sight-seeing, the first time that we have ever done any real sight-seeing in the North of India. Visits were paid to Cawnpore, Lucknow and Agra. Lucknow is a city of palaces, although these contrast unpleasantly with the narrow streets and poor dwellings of many of the people. There did not seem to be any end to the mosques; one saw domes and minarets everywhere. It was intensely hot and I have now a clearer mental vision of the ice cream and strawberries - unknown luxuries in our region - than of most of the architectural wonders. The scenes of the mutiny of '57 were of interest, especially the memorial well in Cawnpore, the scene of the massacre of European women and children. Over the well, in which were cast the dead and the dying, is the beautiful white marble angel of Marochetti, which seen from one side has a sad look and from the other seems to be smiling.

Agra was the best of all the sights. When anything is very highly praised I expect more than could reasonably be expected, and therefore am usually disappointed. I fully anticipated such an experience in the case of the Taj Mahal, but it was wonderful! This white marble mausoleum, built at the time that Charles I was reigning in England and the early New England colonists were smoking the pipe of peace with the Red men, is standing today as immaculately white as though it had been finished yesterday - absolutely no mark of age to mar its purity. The tomb was built by Shah Jehan for his favorite wife and was 22 years in building. Its immense proportions and the fine details of the inlaid work in carnelian, onyx, malachite, coral,

lapis lazuli and other semi-precious stones make one appreciate the statement that it was designed by Titans and finished by jewellers. The borders and the inscriptions from the Koran are inlaid black marble.

At the dinner table an Englishman told us that the previous week he had asked a visitor whether he had seen the Taj. "No," was the reply, "what is that?" "Oh," began the Englishman, "that wonderful tomb -" "Tomb?" interrupted the visitor, "no thank you, I have seen enough tombs to last me a life time," and he left without seeing India's gem. I blushed when I heard that he was an American.

There is also a story that somebody might tell about us. "The Taj by moonlight is a dream!" we had been told. The first evening of our arrival we told the hotel manager that we would like to see the Taj by moonlight. A carriage would be ready for us at 10:30, he said, and we did not need a guide. At 11 o'clock no carriage and no moon were visible, and we, weary travellers, were nearly asleep. We had about decided that a bed would be more enjoyable than seeing the Taj by moonlight, when the carriage came. As we drove away the moon was just rising and looked old and pale. We drove through an entrance and sat in the carriage looking in the darkness at the structure before which the carriage had stopped. Trees hid the moon, everything was in darkness. The outlines of the building looked unfamiliar and we concluded that the driver had not taken us to a favorable spot to get a good view of the building. We could not tell him about our false conclusion as the languages known to us were not known to him and vice versa. After a while a man came, opened a little gate inside of a big gate, climbed through and shut it again. The next morning we learned that we should have knocked on that little gate, waked up the keeper, and gone through the entrance to see the Taj, if at all it were visible. The next time before going to see the Taj by moonlight we shall consult an almanac.

The tombs of Shah Jehan and his favorite wife are ornamented with inlaid flowers in lapis lazuli and are surrounded by a wonderful marble screen with lace carvings. The Fort, which is now occupied by British military, contains the palace of Akbar the Great. The Pearl mosque with its delicate arches, the Jasmine tower, where the Queen used to sleep, and the baths of the women with walls of colored glass were all novelties to us. The tomb built by Lala Rookh for her father, the prime minister, has exquisite marble lace work. The inlaid walls were handpolished; think of the many strokes of the many brown slave hands needed to give such a high polish to these marble walls.

One of the most interesting things in connection with our visit to Fatehpur - Sikri, or the "deserted city" as the ancient capital of the Moghul empire is called, was our guide himself. He spoke English and tried to impress three things on our minds. First, that this was not a deserted city - there were 7000 living in the city; and the founder Akbar did not desert it, he only went away from it. Second, that Akbar did not have a Christian as one of his wives, and Third, that he himself belonged to the family of the "Saint." This saint had prophesied that Akbar should have a son; this prophecy was fulfilled and so the saint, he said, was the cause of all these palace buildings. He - the guide - was in the fourteenth generation from the saint. He himself had not yet been buried near the tomb of the saint, he told us, but his father and grandfather were buried there and he hoped to be some day. He was not the head of his family; his cousin was the head and sat on cushions and was respected by everybody.

The tomb of the saint is of white marble; the pillars and top, both inside and outside, are pink and green mother of pearl inlaid in brass. I copy a translation, which our guide made for me of the inscriptions on the entrance to the deserted city. On the left side of

the entrance: "King of kings, shadow of God, heaven of the court, Muhammad Akbar the Great conquered the Dau Das which was formerly called Khandes in divine year 46, corresponding to Hegira date 1010. Having reached FatipurSikri he proceeded to Agra. Jesus (on whom he peace), said, The world is a Bridge. Pass over it, build no houses thereon. The world is but for an hour; spend it in devotion, the rest unseen." On the right side is inscribed: "One who stands up to pray keeping his heart on his work, he remains far from God. The best traffic is to sell this world for the next. The best possession is to give something in alms. What fame could you gain by sitting on a throne in a house built by self? The beauty of the world is simply like a mirror, in which you will see nothing ^{but} your own reflection."

We saw also the place where the king used to play the Indian game of Parchesi with slave girls as counters.

The village of Dalhousie has curious rock dwellings. On a sloping hill one house is built over another and another one over that. Sometimes the smoke from the kitchen of one house issues into the garden or courtyard of the inmates above.

Dalhousie is beautiful, and the fresh meadows with grazing cows, the majestic fir and pine trees growing to a great height made me almost forget that I was in India. The Himalayas seen from Dalhousie are not as grand as at Darjeeling, but they are always visible. We enjoyed our holidays there but I am glad that I do not live in Dalhousie; there are too many monkeys - they eat up all the fruit.

XLVI

Some Problems and The Leper Who Could Not Die.

St. Ermin's Hotel, London, England, June 10, 1914.

A few months before leaving India we had a visit from two engineers, a Frenchman and a German. The visit in itself is not worth

relating, and I tell you only because of something amusing connected with it. The engineers came with recommendations from a missionary who had been "taken in" by them. They came from Sumatra, could get no work because, they said, they knew neither English nor a vernacular; they were stranded in the country and wanted help to get away. They had been travelling, as we found out incidentally, for six months in first-class railway carriages, sponging on Europeans, collecting money "to return to Sumatra." They arrived at our bungalow in the afternoon in a pony jutka with a trunk, a swell travelling bag, field glasses and other elegant travelling accessories. They proposed staying a few days and hoped that we would then take them in the automobile, of which they had heard, to the railway station. They enjoyed their tea and their dinner; they seemed happy. The next morning they slept late, and the B.H., who was planning to start that day again on tour had to wait for their appearance in order to tell them that he did not consider it a case for him to help. When he told them kindly but plainly that any work was more honorable than begging they were furious and did not wait to hear more. They disdained the ox-cart which was offered them for the first 6 miles of their return journey. They refused to accept the lunch which I had prepared for them, and insisted upon refunding the money which the B.H. had paid for their conveyance the day before. Finally as there seemed to be no other alternative they departed in our ox-cart. At the end of the 6 miles they engaged two pony jutkas and ordered the bill sent to us. All along the way they obtained milk and other supplies which they told the people would be paid for by their friend in T.V.o.T.T.T.T.

Now to the point of the story. The servants did not ask us who the visitors were, nor did they make any remarks on the most unusual course of events on the occasion of the visit, but they broke their heads over the matter. After the lapse of a few weeks, when the B.H. was riding home one day from the village, and Luke, the horsekeeper, was walking beside

the horse, Luke began: "Please, sir, do not be angry, but we - the servants - do not know who those two gentlemen were nor why they came. We have thought of everything we could, but can come to no conclusion." "What did the servants think about it?" inquired the B.H. "The first day," said Luke, "the gentlemen were so joyful, but the next morning all their joy departed and they seemed to be angry. First we thought perhaps one of them wanted to marry Miss Wonderful, and you refused your permission, but when we saw that Miss Wonderful was not sad when they left we did not believe that any more. Now we think they came all the way from your country because they wanted to marry the two daughters of your younger brother, of whom you told us. As you are the oldest one of the family of course the daughters can not be given away without your permission; we think that you were not satisfied with these gentlemen and would not give them the girls." So you see, the servants often draw conclusions and the conclusions are usually wrong ones; also you see, the thought of marriage is always the uppermost one in their minds, and you can see the great importance of the position of an elder brother in the family,

At the time of leaving India we were both so worn out that we asked to be excused from all farewell meetings. It was a mistake; we shall never do it again. We got from the frying pan into the fire. Just during the last moments of final packing, and attending to the one hundred and one last remaining duties, with perhaps a somewhat less degree of serenity and composure than on ordinary days, what should arrive but all the schools in a body, followed by several hundreds from the village, accompanied by the beating of tom toms and the shrieking and the screeching of a native Band to give us a good send-off. As the motor car had already been delivered to the Government official, to whom it had been sold, we could not beat a hasty retreat. The crowd and the music followed our ox-cart for a long distance. Then one group after

another dropped behind, the strains of the Band grew fainter, and finally even the nearest and dearest turned back and left us to jog on alone. The farewell of the Conference was by letter through Mr. Trustworthy and the last words of it were the best, "till we meet again," for we had scarcely set sail from India's coral strand before we began looking forward to our return.

The occasion of my visit to London was an invitation to attend an International Conference for the Blind. Leaving the B.H. in the Black Forest to inhale mountain air for the restoration of his impaired health, I came here with one of our nieces, who was partly educated in England, and who was glad of a trip across the Channel. Besides the multitudinous meetings and the many festivities arranged by the International Conference Committee, we have had time for a little sight-seeing and shopping, and to meet some interesting people.

One day an ardently desired visit was paid to the British and Foreign Bible Society with a view to awaken an interest in the needs of the Telugu Blind. The Secretary is a charming man. As the elevator was on a strike, he sacrificed himself and laboriously climbed with me to the top of the building where the Blind Department has its working quarters. The Secretary promised all the assistance in his power. One has always something for which to be thankful, as Little Mother used to say, and as that day I pantingly reached the floor nearest to the firmament on high, I said to myself, what a blessing it is that the B. & F. B. S. is not in a New York sky scraper. Little Mother always taught us that thankfulness was one of the cardinal virtues. After she had recovered her sight she used sometimes to cover her hand over her good eye, so as to realize, she said, how much she had for which to be thankful.

In this cosmopolitan hotel one hardly knows in which hemisphere one is living. Besides the usual visitors from central and western lands one sees the oriental silken costumes of Chinese and Japanese, and

the soft draperies of Hindus. It is as good as an International Fair to sit during the 5 o'clock tea, listen to the music of the invisible orchestra and watch the people. Many of our problems, solved and unsolved, have been going through my head. The problems of Beginnings in the early days of our work were hard nuts to crack. Before us were many openings into fields of usefulness. We saw visions and dreamed dreams, but unfortunately we did not seem to possess the power of making our fellow missionaries or our Board see things as we saw them, and the lack of funds hampered us on every side. Now those times are past.

Of the problems of caste I have no doubt written you volumes. Fighting caste is worse than useless. There were in the beginning some old rules to the effect that only baptized boys should be admitted ~~to~~ into a boarding school, that before admittance all caste prejudice must be given up, and that the long tuft of hair, worn by every Hindu boy, must be cut off. These rules were impossible to carry out under the new conditions, but the rules were there in black and white. In dealing with such questions one can learn from nature. In India ~~and~~ ^{the} fresh green buds and leaves which appear in the hot season cause the old leaves to fall off. So the vigorous budding life of Christianity will force out of existence old customs and habits of caste. The Bible rule also is, "Be he transformed." How? "By the renewing of your mind." At the Council in Jerusalem you remember, when the affairs of new converts were considered, James said, "My sentence is that we trouble not them which are turned unto God." The new converts were only to abstain from idols and wickedness, and we read that the new Christians "rejoiced for the consolation." In order to understand the people and their problems we have to try to put ourselves in their place. The Bible Record had once a story of a half witted fellow who found a horse that had strayed from home. All others had failed to trace the animal. He was asked how he

did it. His reply was: "I asked whar that hoss was seed last. I went and set down thar, and axed myself, if I was a hoss whar I'd go." So we have to "ax" ourselves the same question in regard to the Hindus.

The family problem is one of the toughest. You remember our boy Kondayya. He was the first one who helped us in our endeavor to secure caste servants. I have a picture of this family, taken in their house. In the foreground are 4 children, little steps, holding each other by the hand. Under this picture I have written the words: "First these must all be married." Kondayya himself desired baptism, but he felt it too great a problem to have Christian children. Mixed marriages, Christians and non-Christians, are unlawful and are undesirable - the temptations are too great; as yet there are not enough Christians for husbands and wives for everybody. Can you suggest a solution?

Then there is "Beggarmaid," so named to divert from her the evil eye. She is the sister of a man who entered our service as water carrier and afterwards became headboy. They are a poor but well born family - relatives of the village Munsiff. During the year of famine and the hard times following, we had this dear child, along with others, in our house. She was saved from starvation, and became a devout and earnest Christian. One time she begged to be allowed to attend the big annual meetings for women in Lakeville. At one of these meetings she gave, unsolicited, a testimony showing such earnestness of purpose and sincere love to Christ that the hearts of many were touched. Upon her return she begged for baptism. The result was that the old widowed mother Seetamma, insisted upon marrying her at once to a rich heathen farmer, a widower, who would help to pay the family debts. The dear child came to me in tears. "I can do nothing now," she said, "I must listen to my elders, but after I am married and mistress in my home, then I am going to be baptized and get my husband to become a Christian; then I will help you in your work. "Poor girl! She little realized the forces against her.

She imagined that her life as a wife could be a free one like mine.

The problems of Customs is just as serious. The customs of certain tribes of having two wives, the custom of child marriage, certain practices connected with births, deaths, and anniversaries of deaths - these are all unsolved, as are also many problems of disease and sanitation. The goddess of cholera, the goddess of smallpox are our enemies. The problem of the segregation of lepers is also not as easy a one as you might imagine. In one of our villages the lepers sit on the lower steps of a "going down" well and cool their sores. In one village the oldest son of a family was a leper. He could not find a wife. According to custom the younger members of the family can not marry until the older ones are married. Force was therefore brought to bear upon a near relative, and a cousin, a beautiful young girl, was made the victim and tied for life to a repulsive leper husband.

Once as a young girl I visited a schoolmate in Washington, who took me to a museum where in a glass case were realistically represented the hands of a leper. As I was turning away from the horrible sight she said, "Here is a nice corner where we can eat our lunch;" a change of air and scene were necessary before I could think of lunch. One of my greatest trials is caused by the non-segregation of lepers. Frequently when we are camping, lepers come and sit near enough to the kitchen tent to be able to hear the gossip of the servants. These lepers are usually surrounded by flies, and the thought that the flies might settle on our food has more than once caused me to fast.

One day we heard in the distance the sing-song cries of bearers, "Oh - hoah - um hm, Oh-Hoah - E - he." The sounds came nearer; they were carrying someone towards the bungalow, and we went out on the verandah to see who it was. The bearers were Christians from Pinelli. They laid their burden on the verandah in front of the study door. It was

a leper; fingers and toes were gone and the face was greatly disfigured. All that could be understood from his hoarse whispers was, "I can not die, I can not die." The bearers told the story/ He was unrecognizable but he was the man named Konda Reddi, who had always worked with all his might against Christianity. He had repented, ~~he~~ wanted to become a Christian, and he could not die until he had been baptized. He wanted to be baptized in his own village. Konda Reddi pointed upwards and nodded now and then confirming the words of the bearers. Muttuswamy was sent back with him to his village to instruct him. The baptism took place outside of the house in the large courtyard. Konda Reddi had invited the village officials and the elders of the place, for, he said, his words against Christ had always been public, and now his confession of faith in Him must also be public. He was able to respond audibly to the questions in regard to his faith in Christ as his Saviour.

After the baptism he said there was yet one more thing to be done. He wanted to write over all his property to the Padri. The B.H. remonstrated. "You have a wife and a daughter, who do you wish to write over your property to me?" "Because," he said, "my family do not yet know you, but after they learn to know about this religion they also will then become Christians. If they know that you have the property they will listen to you; otherwise enemies will turn them away from God." The Brahmans understood his words and could not conceal their anger. The next day Konda Reddi had himself carried to the Taluk office where he wrote over to the B.H. all his property, his house, his lands, his cattle and carts, his fodder and his stock of grain. It was only a few days after that that the ransomed soul left the poor diseased body and took its flight to the One who alone can cleanse the leper. His own heathen caste neighbors carried him to the grave and the whole village followed; Muttuswamy preached the sermon and said he had never been present at a

more impressive funeral.

Who do you think has taken charge of my work until I return? You will never guess - the "Little Angel". Her husband is to have the Taluk work and they are to live in T.V.o.T.T.T.T. The Little Angel has already begun to love the blind children and she is enthusiastic over the work. It is too good to be true.

As soon as the Blind Conference is over we go to Wiesbaden to return the visit of the poet and his wife who failed, when they visited us, to get the tiger. By that time no doubt the B.H.'s health will be such that he can tell his story to the churches in America, and we hope to sail in August or September for that Happy Land. Then you shall hear from my lips more of the wonders of God's working, for the half has not been told.

Epilogue

Since the last of these letters was written years have passed. Before plans for the future could be carried out came the great world war. The return to America had been announced to the Board of Foreign Missions, but how could a born German get through the lines? Finally, hearing that a Norwegian liner was successfully breaking the blockade, the two missionaries sailed in October, 1915, on the "Christianiafjord" from Bergen. It was midnight. The wonderful moonlight night and the Scheinwerfer made it as bright as day in the beautiful heaven. The next morning there was a dense fog. Why was there no fog horn? Had the captain on the bridge a clearer outlook? Was the ship slowly feeling its way through the fog? No, it was racing through the bitter cold wind towards Iceland, because the wireless betrayed the fact that six British cruisers were out on the search. Towards evening of the day previous to the expected arrival in New York the ship stopped suddenly. There was an excited running to and fro on deck. The British cruiser Essex was signalling, first with flags and then with lights, and insisting on an inspection of the Christianiafjord. America had not yet entered the war and the captain claimed the protection of neutral waters. When, after about half an hour, the Essex turned and sailed away, in the hearts of at least two was sung - "Now thank we all our God."

From the hour of their arrival in America they were followed by detectives without at the time their knowing it. Letters were opened and their telephone was under surveillance. At every meeting or convention a spy was present. The two heavy suitcases containing lantern slides and literature which were always carried on the visits to churches, were reported to contain bombs which were said to be manufactured in the cellar. An arrest followed. The secret service officers carried off the chief suspect while two other secret service men remained to search the premises. When finally in a dark corner of the cellar a cloth supposed

to conceal the bomb machine was timidly lifted revealing an old bust of Napoleon Bonaparte, interest in the case died out and the work among churches and societies would be continued unmolested. At the close of the war the doors to India were still closed by order of the British Government. This was a great blow, but Paul plants and Apollos waters and God opened other fields of labor. Perhaps the most important part of this work has been prayers and intercession for India and for the rest of the world, that God so loved that He gave His only begotten son that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish but have everlasting life.