

there is often a great deal of caste feeling among Christians from the Mala and Madiga castes, and yet people of both these castes are considered out-castes by Brahmins and Shudras. The preachers and others who were with me ate the food prepared by the Madigas, and thus proved their sincerity in preaching against caste, as of course they do. There are not many madigas in this region, but now that some have come, I trust others will follow them.

I visited about sixteen other villages and returned to Akidu on the 19th April, at 11 p.m.

Two or three weeks ago my students came from Samulcotta for the vacation, and are now at work upon various parts of the field. Last Sunday we had a good many people at our monthly meeting. Eight were received for baptism, and on Monday morning I baptized them in a tank a short distance from the Mission compound. Peter and I have baptized *one hundred and ten* since the beginning of this year. I trust we may have the privilege of baptizing many more before the end of June.

I have started a Girls' Boarding School, but have only five girls in it. At the end of next month the school will be dismissed for vacation, and after the re-opening I shall try to increase the attendance. For various reasons I am not anxious to have many attend at present.

JOHN CRAIG.

Akidu, 10th May, 1883.

Bobbili.

SKETCHES OF MISSION LIFE AND WORK.

A young Brahmin came to see me last week, and told me that his grandfather was very anxious to see me. I promised to go, so started yesterday afternoon to fulfil my promise. Going along, I said to Siamma, "We will read the story of the Prodigal Son, and get the old man to listen, if possible, instead of allowing him to talk about his Shasters and his great learning, as he always wishes to do."

When we came in front of the house, I saw there was a pandall up and bunches of leaves tied and hanging down from it, as they always have at the time of weddings. There was nobody to be seen, so Siamma said she would go and ask if she might go in. But before she reached the house, the young man who had invited me came rushing out, and said his grandfather had gone away to some village, to the marriage of one of his grandsons (a little boy of course). I asked if there were any women in the house. He said "No; all had gone to the marriage." But I replied, "Your aunt, the widow, has not gone, has she?"—for widows are not allowed to go to weddings. "Oh no; she is in the house," he said. "Well, I will go and see her," and down I got from the carriage without waiting for any words of dissent. The aunt welcomed me with a smile, and motioned me to a seat on the verandah. After talking a little and asking her if there were no more women in the house, she called others, till eight sat down in the hall. By this time, also, a crowd had gathered outside, women and children, in all about fifty. We sang a Telugu hymn giving the history of Christ, which Siamma explained, I adding a sentence occasionally, and helping her along to the crowning act, His dying for us, while their attention was fixed. The women inside, and a number outside, listened very attentively, making their comments as we proceeded, especially when we told of His miracles, and I felt that the

Lord had chosen the day for us, when there were no men present to interrupt. After praying with them, and asking the Lord's blessing on the words of truth spoken, we asked if we should come again. They all said, "Come," so promising that we would, we took leave, and drove on into another Brahmin street, to see a woman whose husband had come for me nearly a fortnight previously, and taken me to his house, to see if I could do anything for her.

This time we found her sitting out on the verandah, looking very weak. A woman not out of her teens, I suppose, and this was her third child. Until she had had her bath on the seventh day, not one of her relatives would go into her room or do anything for her; they allow an old woman of a lower caste to go in and do some things, but almost everything for herself and child she has had to do herself. On the eleventh day, if that be a good day, she will take a second bath, some holy Brahmin will come, perform some muntrums over some water, give her some to drink, sprinkle some around the room, and name the babe. Then both she and the child are considered clean, and her friends can go into her room, and she can go into the other rooms of the house.

One day last week her people sent for me again, saying some bad symptoms had appeared, and they wanted me to come and see her. My own babe was ill, and I could not leave him. I told the messenger what to do for her; but feeling anxious, I took Siamma and went down in the evening. I found her alone in her room and the babe crying lustily in her arms. I told her she must put the babe down, or I could not do anything for her. After a great deal of talk and waiting, an old, old woman of a lower caste came poking in, leaving her cloth at a respectable distance from the woman and child and us, and at last got the babe in her arms and quieted it, while we attended to the mother. Having finished, we asked her if any of her Brahmin friends would come in and wait on her as we had done. She said, "No, not even her own mother would come near her to help her or do anything for her." So we tried to make her see why we were willing to come and do hard things for her; it was the love of Jesus in our hearts. She acknowledged the difference, and yesterday, when we went again, she seemed very glad to see us, and asked us to sit down on the verandah with her. We sat down, far enough away not to touch her, and a crowd gathered round among whom were a number of boys from the Rajah's school, who, when we began to talk, began to interrupt by asking questions. I told them they had many opportunities of asking questions—they could come up to our house for this purpose if they wished; but the women had few opportunities of hearing us and it was to them I wished to talk to day, if they would kindly stand a little farther back. Then I turned to the women and said, "I had joy and peace in my heart, and I was very anxious that they should enjoy the same, and if they would listen we would tell them how they might get it." This woman and another, her husband's sister, and some girls, listened very attentively, seeming to drink in every word. Among the latter were some I had had in my school when I first opened it here, four years ago. One of these came and stood quite close to me, and I asked her to sing with us a hymn I had taught her at that time. She sang it all through with us, giving me great pleasure by so doing. I asked her if she could repeat the Ten Commandments she had then learned, but she said she had forgotten them. I had them on a leaflet in my book, and asked her if she would learn them again if I gave it to her. She said she would, and took it, and I hope to hear her recite them when I go again