

Last Sunday I was in Jangampadu, and, after the morning service, saw three women for whom we have long prayed and worked, baptized in the Salt river. One is a widow, the other two have husbands—who have been Christians some time. Yesterday, three new Brahmin houses opened to us. You know the Brahmin women are very hard to reach, and three new houses in one day is an event worthy of note. In all the years of our work here in Akidu, we had only five Brahmin houses. Last year one of these closed, "then there were but four." Now it seems that our prayers are to be answered and that this is the beginning of opportunities great and good among the Akidu Brahmin women. We have Brahmin houses—one or two here and there in other villages.

To-day we go to Bhimavaram, a Razez village two miles from Akidu. The Razez women are quite as difficult to reach as the Brahmins. They seldom see the outside of their own village, and, if ever they do, it is always in a closed palanquin; and at first they are always afraid of me, and the men-folk invariably oppose us. Four years ago, in this particular village, we tried six times to get a hearing, but they would have none of us. Then there came a day when the combined wisdom of eleven native doctors could do nothing for a woman who was like to die and then men came for me. They got down on their knees and caught hold of my feet, asked me to forget their abusive language of less than a week before and begged me to accompany them. I went and was able to help the woman: she recovered, and from that day to this every house in the village has been open to us; and for every ache and pain, cough and cold they come running to me, much to the disgust of the native doctor of the barber caste, who lives on the outskirts of the village. One woman, the wife of a wealthy Soucar, is a great opium eater. I am trying to persuade her to give it up and propose that she substitute coffee; am taking her some to-day and will show her just how to make it.

We have now five Razez villages that we can go to any time, sure of good hearings.

Last week a village of Ellama people, quite four miles from Akidu, opened to us. All these five years they have persistently refused to listen to us, and would have nothing to do with us. Again and again we have visited the village but never once succeeded in getting a hearing. Last week two men came with bearers and a palanquin and hustled me off to the village to see a sick woman. The medicine relieved her almost at once, and it soon began to be whispered through the village that the woman was better already, and that the Missamma from Akidu said she would surely live. The women began to crowd into the great outer hall, and I listened to them tell of different troubles, and when I could, prescribed, and when I couldn't, advised them to go to the hospital. Then they began to ask me about myself, had I a father

and mother, and sisters and brothers, and were they living, and where, and was I married, and why not, and why was I in this country, away from my relations and friends? Then it was I had a chance to tell them of Jesus and His love. So often the story of the Cross opens just in this way. I went back to the village four days later, found the sick woman able to sit up, and everywhere at every door calls of "Come to my house to-day." "Sit on my veranda a little while." So we are pretty sure of that village for the future.

Fifteen days of last month and fifteen days of this month, we spent in Kolair Lake; saw eighteen new villages, besides, others that we had visited before. Wish we could tell you of them all, but must content me with incidents here and there. You will remember that scattered all through Kolair Lake are little islands, each with its village, the people of which are nearly, if not quite all, fisher people and malas. The second day in the Lakes, we spent in a small village where we found a Christian family who had come there from a distant village and settled, and now several men and women were asking particulars about this religion of Jesus, and, indeed, seemed "almost persuaded." A month later Mr. Craig visited the village, and while he was there they decided to renounce the religion and gods of their fathers. Mr. C. cut the men's jutus; by-and-bye, when they are a little better taught and know more about what is expected of them as Christians, they will be baptized.

At one village I had a new experience. We had never seen the place before, and our reception was very cool. The women (all fisher women), didn't listen very attentively to what Annamma said, so I thought that perhaps, if I addressed the children who were crowding about us, I might at some time gain the ears of the women. All went smoothly till I referred to God as one God, whereat, a tall, hard-looking woman spoke up—"One God indeed. What about our goddesses Vankamma and Ganganamma?" and, without waiting for a reply, she seized a handful of mud, flung it at me and ran. At this there was a good laugh, for the mud didn't improve the appearance of my white dress. We tried a little longer, but failed to secure any kind of attention, and were obliged to come away, only hoping that next year we may find them better disposed to listen. I have had women abuse me before, but this is the first time one ever went so far as to throw anything at me.

We spent one Saturday and Sunday at Kommalapudi. The rain just poured all day, both days, but through it all came my eighty children to the children's meeting Saturday morning, and fifty-nine women to the women's meeting in the afternoon. At both morning and evening services on Sunday the congregation numbered more than a hundred.

In Gallavapilly we had a well attended women's meeting and a children's temperance meeting. With excep-