

around. Lizzie spoke at some length and then I began. I had only spoken a few minutes, when a woman with a baby in her arms crowded forward and pointing to her dirty rags told me she had no clothes and not enough food. I continued talking but was interrupted every minute by questions such as; Where I came from? How long had I been in this country? Was the buckle on my belt gold? etc. They were quite willing to have me talk about such things but not about my Saviour. It was my first attempt at street preaching. My heart sank within me as I thought of the greatness of the work. Turning to Lizzie I asked her to speak again. Some of the more troublesome left, a few remained and listened fairly well.

Having been invited repeatedly to visit Kimidi, I arranged and went. Arriving there, I spent a few days and then went to Neramandalam, a village fifteen miles off, to join Miss Harrison. After a windy journey, reminding me of the Sackville, N. B. marshes, with Mr. Carey's jourinksa and coclie, I found Miss H. and a good dinner awaiting me. Next morning Miss Harrison was early astir. As soon as our breakfast and worship with her helpers, was over, accompanied by her Bible-woman, she started out. I remained with my books. After about four hours they returned. In the afternoon she and her helpers had a short prayer service and went again to talk with the people, returning about 6.30. Next afternoon I accompanied them. A crowd of children followed us into one of the low caste streets. A number soon gathered around. Miss Harrison soon got their attention, and then with great earnestness and clearness, told the story of the Christ. She was interrupted a great many times. I wish you could see her audience. A number of women, only half-clad, most of them with a baby astride the hips, several of them with cigars in their mouths, and all of them with tousy uncombed heads. A few men stood around. As usual, a number of dirty children crowded to the front. Often while Miss Harrison talked their loud chatter made it almost impossible to proceed. Then the men and women would try to silence them, making more noise than the children. At one time an ox-cart loaded with straw came down the narrow street and the people had to disperse. They soon returned, however, and Miss Harrison went on with the story. She was earnestly telling about the crucifixion when a couple of chickens flew into

the verandah beside us and began a vicious fight. Their noise made it impossible to speak or hear. They were finally driven away. The next interruption was caused by the visit of a young buffalo and pig both of which began to give their opinion of the subject in their pleasing tones. Then some one started a fire and the blinding smoke came straight for our eyes. The woman on whose Verandah we were sitting, was suddenly seized with the desire to have the house clean, and swept the dust out so that it blew nicely onto us. It really seemed as though man and beast and the powers of the air had united to do all they could to prevent the story of the cross being told. A few tried to listen well. One woman especially seemed touched when Miss Harrison, in earnest, loving tones told how He who knew no sin, had suffered death for their sin. A look of real sorrow came on the woman's face. Turning to the others, as though she feared that they did not understand, she said: "It was for us, He did it all for us."

Dear sisters, I cannot tell you the varied emotions that filled my heart as I looked at the motly crowd. I forgot all about the dirt and the degradation. A great pity for them filled my heart, as from its depths went up the cry, "Oh Jesus, Master, help them to hear of, and accept thy great love." Then, as I heard them questioning, laughing, and arguing. I thought, how like to the way it was when the Master was on earth—Some mocked, others turned away, and some said, we will hear thee again of these matters. At last we arose to go. The children ran howling and yelled after us. The woman, previously referred to, turning on them savagely, sent them away, and then followed us a few steps.

The story had been told in all its beauty and fullness. Some had heard. Will the hearing but add to their condemnation, or will they be among those who will believe and be saved? God only knows. It is ours to tell the story. The results are His.

To-morrow I return to Kimedi. Hope to spend a few days with the friends there and return home to Tekkali by the end of the week.

Dear sisters, the work is great, pray, oh pray for these people and pray for our missionaries that we may be baptized with power from on high and that this year may see a great ingathering of souls. For this we long; for this we plead with you to pray. "Laborers together with Him," dear sisters.