

crossing the river in a boat, that none of that contaminating liquid touched him. The other was also afraid of water, but was trying to secure purity of soul by close proximity to fire. His hair was nearly all burned off, and his body showed evident signs of suffering by that element.

They were visited by crowds of natives, who offered to them various acts of homage and reverence, to which they deigned little or no reply. One of the Christian boys approached very near one of them with his shoes on, and he soon found language enough to bid the boy removed, as the ground was holy.

It is by such acts as these, and by many lesser ones, that this people expect to attain Heaven. I often ask myself, do they really believe it? It almost seems incredible. It is yours and mine to teach them, "not of works, lest any man should boast," and that "Jesus is the way, the truth and the life."

May the new year find us with much increased earnestness of purpose, and hearts so devoted to the Master's cause, that it will be a year of blessing from on high.

C. A. HAMMOND.

P. S.—Since writing the foregoing one of our sick ones has gone, we trust, to the better land.

Mrs. Armstrong will know to whom I refer, when I say that Booboo, the old woman at the hospital, died on Saturday last. We buried her on Sabbath morning. Some friends here whom she served for many years, were very kind to her, and also relieved me of a great deal of care. They knew her far better than I, and think she was a believer in the Lord Jesus for years. Mr. Armstrong baptized her into the membership of this church shortly before his return to Canada. C. A. H.

Bobbili.

MISSION LIFE AND WORK.—OUR NEIGHBOURS.

In one way and another, I have been trying for the last year to get permission to visit the Bellama caste women who live across the way from the Mission compound. These people are our nearest neighbours, and yet, a few weeks ago I had not succeeded in seeing any of the women. They are *Gosha*, and are not allowed to be seen outside and the men would rather no one should visit them in their homes. Between us and them is a garden, as it is called here, but we should call it a badly cared for grove of fruit trees, and the women sometimes come out into this when no men are to be seen. One Sunday as I was teaching my class on the veranda I saw a few women come out and listen to our singing; as the evening came on, the children and I went out and sat down on the wall over the drain on the side of the road to sing, and wait for their papa to return from town. While singing, I saw an old lady come out and listen, so thought I would walk over under the trees and see if she would speak to me or run away. She was a nice looking motherly old lady and seemed very willing to talk, so I told her how long I had been wanting to go over and see her caste people, and how often one of their men had promised to come and take me, but had always disappointed me. She said, "Come in now," and I can assure you I was very much pleased and accepted her invitation. She took me into the enclosure between her own and her married daughter's house and asked me to sit down on the veranda; then a number of women came flocking in to see me, but all kept at a very respectable distance from me. As they all seemed pleased, and it was getting dusk I asked if I might come the next afternoon and talk

to them. They said, "Come," and I took leave. As the old lady escorted me to the gate, she asked me not to tell *Dora* (my husband) I had been there, or he might not let me come again. I was very happy to assure her that he was perfectly willing that I should come and that I had no occasion to keep anything secret from him.

The next day I took a Bible picture and my hymn book and went over early. A great number of these women had come together, as well as many of other castes, and children; so I told them I would come one afternoon a week, and I only wanted the *Gosha* women, that there was too great a crowd and too much noise, and I could see the others elsewhere. They were quite taken with the picture and listened well till I began talking about God, when there was a little stir and one woman looking frightened said "Whose God?" Soon the old lady's big son came home, and then some left and they all looked disquieted. He walked back and forwards at a distance from me, out on the street and in again, quarrelling with some one, scolding very loud and looking very much like a wild beast. I saw the spell was broken and soon concluded my work for that day. Then I called this young man to come nearer me and in a friendly way asked him some questions about his work, etc., till he too seemed quite friendly;—the next day a boy brought a large fruit saying he sent it.

When I went again the following week, they took me on to another woman's veranda saying, some women there wanted to see me, but had young children whom they could not leave. There too, I had a good time telling the story of salvation, commenced with a picture and an anecdote to get their attention. After I was done, one woman showed me some of her work. I was quite surprised to find they could sew so nicely, but whenever I leaned over to see the work any one held in her hands, she would move it and herself a little farther away. There was some fancy work on the jackets, and I wanted to see how it was done; as I was looking at it closely, a woman at last threw me one and said I might touch it, but as I was coming away I saw my ayah holding out her hand with this in it and some one pouring water on it; she then washed it and hung it in the sun; when dry it would be purified from my touch, and they might take it again without being defiled.

As I was leaving, they asked me to go and see one of their women who was sick with fever. I asked several times if she wished to see me, for they said she was lying on her cot inside the house, and I very much doubted that I would be allowed to go in. They assured me that she wanted to see me and sent a little girl to show me the way. It was quite a long distance down the street, and as I came to the shed which stands out by the street and turned to go into the enclosure where the house stands, the man of the house, sitting there with some dozen others, said I could not go in; that his wife was sick in bed and could not see me. So I stopped and chatted with him and another intelligent man of his caste for a while, and as I told them I knew the one way, the only way, of getting to Heaven, he asked me to sit down and tell it to them. The veranda was too high for me to sit down on, but I leaned against it and we had a long, earnest talk; the others listened and a crowd gathered in from the street.

Returning home, a little girl was sent to call me into the house of one of the women who had heard me talk, and whose son was very ill. The poor young man crawled out on to the veranda to see me and tell of his sickness, which was of long standing and probably incurable. They all looked and talked as if they believed I could