

fairly well furnished. One cot was given by a grateful patient; one is a present of the Berlin Mission Band, and has been named the "Sunshine Cot"; another was given by my sister; while the two in the Maternity ward are the gifts of a Mr. Maas, of Victoria, B.C., who has also given enough money for the other necessary furnishings of that room. One cot remains unclaimed, and four more are needed.

In the beginning of the work Gnananandam, who was trained by Dr. Smith, was my only helper. After we built our first building, we took a lower secondary boy to train as compounder. And until this year, with only these two, we carried on the dispensary, the compounding and nursed our in-patients. Quite fortunately for us Dr. Allyn was ordered home for a much-needed rest, and one of her nurses in training, has been kindly loaned to us. We hope to be able to get one or two girls from our own field to train as nurses.

Ever since the opening of the new addition, there have been more in-patients than we could accommodate, and we realize that if the work is to grow we must in the near future build another row of rooms. We wonder who will help us in this. Having the sick as in-patients gives greater opportunity for teaching God's Word than is possible at our morning's dispensary, where the talk must necessarily be short in order that the sick may not be too long detained there.

I must add that Katakshamma, the Bible-woman who works in the village in the afternoon, spends her mornings at the dispensary, talking to the women as they wait for their treatment and medicine. There is much more I would like to write about the work, but I fear this is already too long. Uphold us in your prayers so that many through this work may be brought to a saving knowledge of Jesus.

Sincerely, G. HULET.

CROSS BEARING.

M. Helena Blackadar.

The Godavery is one of the noblest of Indian rivers. A mountain stream, rising in the western Ghats, flows south-eastward toward the Bay of Bengal. It gathers volume as it nears the plain, an dthough in the dry season

it winds a muddy thread through arid wastes of sand, during the rains it rolls a mighty and resistless flood, filling countless tanks and canals on its shores, bringing life and fertility and plenty to the great valley it drains. Its shores are dotted with innumerable villages where the people live and work, sorrow and rejoice, suffer and die. Twenty years ago in one of these villages, the members of the Vaishnavite sect were excited over the presence of a great cobra that had taken up its abode on their farms. As it is the king of snakes and worshipped with great reverence, none of the devout and simple people would raise a hand to harm it. It wandered unmolested through the village. Occasionally it found its way into a home, and the good wife would come home to find the huge monster asleep in one corner of her home. Not daring to harm him, she left the lordly serpent in undisturbed possession till such time as his fancy led him to some other resting place. So the days were spent in terror of the snake god, until one morning it chanced to wander along a highway, where a shepherd saw it and killed it.

The Vaishnavites were in great fear, and lest a great evil fall upon them, they showed great honor to the body of the snake. They took it to the burying ground and, after cremating it, erected a tomb-stone over the ashes where worship was habitually performed. One man was especially impressed by all these incidents. One night in his dreams the spirit of the snake visited him, and commanded that his son's son should be called after that snake. So runs the tradition. Later the man's son was transferred to Vizyanagram, and in one of its many streets there came one happy day, a little first-born son. The grandfather's vision came back to the mother's memory, and they named the little lad Seshavatharam—incarnation of the snake. When the boy was about twelve years old, the father was transferred to Bimlipatam. Seshavatharam had a friend who was studying in the mission school, and he persuaded him to go then with him. His father forbade him to study the Bible. So for three years he paid little or no heed to Scripture lessons. One day Miss Clark, who was then in charge of the school, gave him a little book of New Testament stories. He became interested