

should have fled if the Karens (of our party) had not shown me the folly of it."

Well I remember the history of the days when these words were written. After a long march among the mountains, tired, hungry and foot-sore, we halted for the night beside a Karen village. To our surprise, though they talked with us and seemed friendly as Karens usually are, they were wholly inhospitable, as I had never known Karens before or since. They would not allow us to sleep on the verandah of any of their houses, nor to camp within the limits of the village; they would sell us no food and acted very strangely, as it appeared to me then. We could do no better, so the Karens made a rude platform of bamboos for me and my girls to sleep upon, to raise us from the dampness of the ground, and we slept beneath the trees outside the village, building large fires to keep the tigers away.

Some Karens came to us from a neighbouring village, and far past midnight we talked to them of Christ, by the bright firelight flickering weirdly among the branches of the trees overhead. Yet, after they all had gone we could hear noises around us in the jungle, and knew that something was prowling near. Strange to say we were guarded as I never was before nor since. Three Pariah dogs came and stayed all night beneath my bed, and at every noise would rush out and bark, or growl from beneath just as an English watch-dog might. Pariah dogs are about as reliable as foxes, and about as useful generally. They are always on the watch to snatch something to eat and to slink away, too cowardly to remain near a stranger. These, however, guarded us thus all night long. "I laid me down and slept; I awaked; for the Lord sustained me."

We had planned to stay here several days, but the Karens were evidently very anxious to be rid of us, and if we let our elephants go we would be helpless among them; while a party of robbers, traces of whom we had several times seen, might come down upon us at any time. We knew afterwards that the villagers were afraid of incurring the displeasure of those marauders if they showed us any favour, and would probably share our fate if they gave us shelter, and that was the reason they shut their doors upon us.

We concluded to continue our journey to a village we had visited before, though they all were heathen, for there were no Christians at all in all that region, still we were sure of a hearty welcome. There we would rest a while. It was a long march, and when we got there though the villagers would refuse us nothing there was the same estrangement. We went up on the verandah of the old man's house who had previously entertained us; and I said to him: "Well, grandfather, we have come back to stay a few days with you again." The old man seemed pleased, but greatly troubled too. It was in the afternoon that we reached the village. Our elephant men (Sjamese), immediately left with their elephant, saying,

"If we wanted them again, to send to such a village and they would come, but they *must* go now. No sooner were we established on the verandah of the old man's house, than one by one the men of the village scattered away till only the old man was left, not another man to be seen anywhere. "To be gone all night," they told us. As I sat on the verandah, resting, the old man went down the ladder from his house to the ground, and went to a lime-kiln which he had made since our previous visit just in front of his house, and which was burning under its covering of mud. He uncovered this till the smoking lime was all exposed. My suspicions, shall I say, rather an uncontrollable assurance of coming danger, had been growing on me all the afternoon. As I watched the old man it seemed as though something told me,—"It is meant for your grave; it is to bury you and all your party, where nothing will be left to tell tales." With this came a horror of death such as I never felt before—an utter unwillingness to die thus. My mother would never know what had become of me. It would hinder others from attempting to carry the Gospel here. Beyond this, too, was such a horror of an unknown death very near, that I could scarcely control myself. I told those with me I was sure some great evil threatened us, but they thought the danger past, and said, "The mamma is very, very tired, she has been so brave when there *was* danger, why is she afraid now when there is none? it is only because the mamma is too tired." Then the old man came back up into the house and said we were welcome to stay, but he had been sent for to go to another village on very urgent business, and would be obliged to be away all night. He was sorry to leave, but he *must* go, and away he went, the last from the village, only a few women and children were left. It was near sundown, and I said to one of the native teachers, "Let us have evening worship, and commit our-elves to the Master's care." We sang, but no one came to listen, and as we knelt in prayer, I remember in what an agony I prayed that God would not suffer any evil to befall us. Ere I rose from my knees my spirit was calmed and the terror had passed away.

Just in the dusk of the evening we saw the old man he was chief of the village—coming back again. As he came up the ladder into the house, "Well, grandfather, we are very glad to see you back, what happened?" He grunted in Karen style but was not at all talkative. By and bye another and another of the villagers came quietly back though they had gone to be away all night. In the evening, just after dark had settled down, two elephants came swinging along, heard rather than seen, carrying several Taleing men who stopped at our door, and while some went to care for the elephants the others came up into the house, brushed past us and sat down with the old man beyond where he sat by his rice pot. They began talking at once in Taleing, a language none of our party could understand. Earnest, low tones—we heard them far on into the night. Towards morning the conference ceased, they strode past us—it woke me as I lay on the creaking platform mounted their elephants and were lost again in the forest. That was all.

When our trip was ended we returned to Tavoy, much sooner than we had intended, for the villagers insisted on our returning. They would take us home whenever we wanted to go, farther away they would not take us. "They would lose their elephants" they said.

Nearly two years had elapsed, when one day a native preacher came to me saying "I have had a letter from