

I lived in the little church building which is right in the street. The people were living on all sides of me so I had the benefit of all the noise

The church is about 14 by 20, feet, has a mud floor raised a foot at one end, the windows are simply holes with bars across close enough to keep dogs out but cats wander in and out at pleasure, at nights bats innumerable kept the air in motion. I called them my punkah, they made me think of Dr. Judson's description of "Bat castle," a house that he lived in at one time.

From early morning until late at night the people came to see me and my furniture which consisted of a bed, table, chair, lamp, a few dishes, and a box in which I kept my food, this box has four legs which were kept in tins of water so that the ants could not get in. One day I was rather taken back when they asked about my idols. I assured them I had none, but they pointed to the dishes on the table and said, there they are. I explained that I did not worship them but used them for eating my food. They as a rule pile their food on a green leaf and always eat it with their fingers, so know nothing about knives and forks. The people never seemed to get tired watching me eat and crowded around the windows just as eagerly after I had been there three weeks as they did the first few days.

In the mornings I did not go out to the houses but spent my time talking to the people that came to see me. They listened very well, and I in turn listened to their trials which are more than usual this year because of the famine. We have had no rain yet and in that part of the district the rice crop is a complete failure.

There are some things that we cannot understand and this is one. No doubt it is for the good of the people but it is hard to witness the suffering of the many helpless children. Every afternoon Lizzie (the pastor's wife) and I went out to visit the people in their homes. Many women sent for us, and many who did not send seemed just as glad to see us, only at one or two houses were we refused a seat on the veranda.

I managed to visit every street in Akultampara, some twice over. Some of the villages were quite a distance away, at one all the children disappeared as soon as I arrived, they had never seen a white woman before, and it took quite a while for them to get over their fear enough to come out and see us.

In another village I counted one hundred and forty people as they gathered around us listening eagerly to the words of Life. After we made our salaams and started away, a man came up and spoke to me in English. He told me he was a christian and knew all about what we were saying, but that it was no use to talk to these Jungle people, they had never been away anywhere so did not know anything; he had been away somewhere and learned a little English. I tried to show him that the Lord had given him a great opportunity to work for Him right in that village, as we had more than two miles to go I had not much time to talk, but could not be sure that he really knew what salvation meant.

The evenings were spent in my room surrounded by the Christian women and others who came in. I would generally read a chapter that I felt would be helpful to them, then