

night as I sat reading Isa. 91, and thinking of the restfulness of the shelter of His wings, such hideous noises began over there, and the streets were one blaze as if the leaf roofs had all caught fire (they were carrying lighted leaves) and the sound of beating on these leaf roofs with big sticks, made the yelling more fearsome. This went on for some time, and then all night long, they took turns in beating old tins. Do you wonder that next morning the cholera was worse.

The man in charge of the small Government Hospital here, who was trying to help them all he could, sent word forbidding any more such performances.

When it had abated they had a big time one night escorting the goddess out beyond the bounds of the village. A lot of rice was cooked, some pigs procured for sacrifice, and some men engaged to beat the tom-toms. It was terribly sad to have to sit and listen to all this row—men yelling at the top of their voices, others beating the tom-toms with all their might and the pigs squealing as one after another they

were sacrificed at the four-corner boundaries.

We prayed much those days for Lydiama and her little family and for Pollayya, the young man belonging there, who was baptized last March, that God would spread His wings over His children there and guard them from the pestilence, and He did.

We heard one sad sequel to this last ceremony. That night, three men from a village four miles away, were returning home so very hungry, as many are these days. They saw this cooked rice under a tree by the road side, and could not resist eating it. They went to their village, took cholera and died and others also!

These, who are so in bondage of superstition, need your prayers, Satan does not give them up easily, let me tell you. And we who live amongst them, we need your prayers more than we can tell, that we may be made channels of blessing to them.

Your fellow-worker,

ELLEN PRIEST.

Tuni, India.



Telugu Women Grinding at the Mill.