

ward and asked for him. After a few minutes he came forward, his wife by his side. Turning to him the inspector said, "Are you being detained here against your will?" "I am" was his distinct reply. "Do you wish to leave here?" "I do" was the decided reply. Turning to the assembled relatives the official said "You cannot keep him here against his will; I have heard his statement, he is not a baby to be treated in this way, he is a man, if you attempt to detain him against his wish, we will deal with you." One man stepped forward and commenced a lengthy discourse, in the course of his remarks, he said to the police inspector, "You have no right here." At that the inspector turned on him and said, "Don't tell me that I have no right here, I have, I am but doing my duty, you are keeping that man here against his will and I tell you I cannot permit it, and will deal with you if you attempt it. You let him go, but don't tell me I have no right here when I am doing my duty." Turning to Mr. S. he said, "Step out, if you wish to." "Wait a minute 'till I get my coat," was his quick reply. Then he quickly stepped out, his wife pressed forward, some of her people caught her and pushed her back. A large crowd had gathered, but no one made any attempt to detain him. He stepped forward, where Mr. Paul was waiting for him and walked down the street with him with the air of a man that was free. It was all so different from his manner the evening before. The police and inspector followed him. I stood there in the midst of the crowd, for a few minutes and spoke to one and another, then followed them. There was no violence of any kind, just a crowd of people. We went to where my motor car was waiting and entered it. We then went to the Main street school where Mr. S. wrote out a statement to the effect that he had been

taken from Bimli by force and was being kept in confinement and his movements watched. The police inspector took the statement, bade us good morning and went away. We arranged for Mr. S. to have his noon meal at Mr. Paul's house and I returned home for mine. Had just finished when Mr. Hart arrived from Bimli on Mr. Gullison's motor cycle. They had a hard time at Bimli the night Mr. S. was taken away and were very anxious, so Mr. Hart came to find out how matters were.

His countenance beamed when he heard that the brother was safe and enjoying his dinner. As the house is near, Mr. Hart went to see him. They soon returned, and arrangements were made for him to return to Bimli in the motor cycle with Mr. Hart. According to all reports he is doing well and standing firm. Oh, that he may grasp the truth in all its fulness and be a true worker for Jesus.

A day has passed since I commenced this letter. To return to the first of it, yesterday afternoon after going to the Palli street school, I went to the Brahmin street to see some of the people who were keeping their children home. I talked with two or three of the women but made little progress. Then I went to the home of Mr. S. Five or six women were gathered there, his wife was one of them. I asked if I might enter and they refused admittance, so I stood in the open doorway and talked. The wife and another woman started crying. She asked where her husband was and I told her he was in Bimli at his work. She talked very bitterly saying she would never go to him. Gently as I could I sought to tell her that we had not injured her in any way, that her husband had simply done what he believed to be right. I reminded her that she knew he had been thinking of entering the Christian faith for some months, and had not