

There was a marked difference between the women of the villages on the Vuyyuru side and those on the Akidu side. In the former, we had to start at the A B C of the matter, whereas in the latter, many were ready for more advanced teaching. In not a few cases it was evident that our hearers were conscious of their need, while others asked us outright, "What must I do to be saved? How must we believe?" I shall not soon forget the case of one poor old woman who asked tremblingly, "What is meant by believing?" and how she did endeavor to grasp my meaning, as I tried, seeking the Spirit's guidance, to explain. After listening for some time, she said, in such a hopeless, sad tone, "If I believe, I must leave all, and how can I do that, now I am old?" How my heart yearned over her, yet somehow I had the assurance that the Spirit would direct her into the light.

In another village in which Miss Stovel has an exceedingly encouraging work, Annamma and I had a delightful experience. As we were taking leave of the inmates of one house in which we had spent about three hours, and Annamma had told with unusual pathos the story of the sufferings of Christ, a very old woman said to us, "What is the name of that God?" "Yésu Kriatu" [Jesus Christ], we replied, whereupon she repeated it over many times, as if fearful of its slipping her memory after our departure. Then she requested to be taught to pray, but after repenting rather a long prayer after Annamma several times, and finding it too great a task to remember it at once, asked us to write it, saying that her grandson, who could read, would teach her. Alas, I had no pencil, nor had Annamma, but upon saying so, she replied, "O just wait, I shall bring one," and with faltering steps left the house, returning in a short time with pen and ink. I wrote, in Telugu, a prayer, short and to the point, and read it to her. Her satisfaction was great. It was delightful to witness her eagerness. Truly "the Gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation to every one who believeth." The word of God is a living word, and bound to live and bear fruit where it is faithfully and prayerfully proclaimed. Nor was this the only bright experience we had. In another village we entered at about 11.30 or 12 o'clock, we sat for four hours or more tailor fashion upon the veranda of the village munsiff's house, without altering our position even to ease our cramped limbs, and spoke by turns, to a crowd of women, nearly all of whom stood, some of them the whole four hours. One dear old woman with a sweet motherly face stood for at least three hours listening so eagerly to the message. Upon the arrival of new comers she would try to make room for them, saying, "These have not heard." I smiled upon her once, she returned the smile, saying, "I came to hear." Some women who were returning from the fields for their rice, stopped, and after listening for a

while, said to one another, "What will our master say if we are late?" They then decided to stay to listen instead of going home for the much needed rice. I could scarcely refrain from tears as I looked upon those eager upturned faces, and thought that the majority of them had doubtless never heard before, and that those who had heard, had heard indirectly and vaguely, never having had the message told to them personally and lovingly, and that they might never hear again. I prayed that they might get enough there that day to lead to their enlightenment through the blessing of the Spirit. I thought a little of the people at home, who are "at ease in Sion," but more of my own coldness and lack of compassion and zeal. Oh for more of the compassion of Jesus, a consuming self-sacrificing love! Oh for more of the Spirit indwelling for us all, that we may fight not as those who beat the air, but as those whose right arm, directed by the Spirit, descends in ringing blows, every one of which tells for eternity. Oh for the ever present consciousness that we shall not pass again this way.

In one village on the Vuyyuru field they would have none of us. Owing to Miss Stovel's management, we tied up each Saturday night opposite one or two villages containing Christians. After spending six days among the heathen, it was so refreshing to meet with those who, however weak and inconsistent, were indwelt by the same Spirit, and hence had a greater or less sympathy with spiritual things and a knowledge of the same spiritual truths, which, however imperfect, far exceeded that of their sensual heathen neighbors, who revel in all that is immoral and corrupt, and practically speaking, whose vocabulary knows no such word as innocence. The sights and sounds of an ordinary Indian village are anything but elevating, indeed, one has to abide constantly in the cleansing stream to be kept cleansed from the smut. It all tends to have such a blighting effect upon the spiritual life of us who are supposed to be rooted and grounded ere we are sent forth to this work, that we are led to sympathize with our weaker brethren and sisters, who have to wage war with such uncleanness, within and without.

I had almost forgotten to tell you about meetings held with the heathen children. (This is quite a problem with me, how to conduct successful children's meetings.) One day we arrived at a village just as the children of the village school had been dismissed for the noon hour. Seeing us, they, out of curiosity trooped after, and following us into the house to which we had made our way, crowded about us. Miss Stovel soon had them seated upon the floor before her, and was having them repeat after her as she told off on the fingers of her left hand, "I must not worship idols. Must not use abusive language. Must not drink toddy rum, or smoke cigars." This was such strange new teaching to them, to whom