

mother, for long, I think a believer, are hoping to be baptized. Do pray for them both that we may all rejoice together.

S. I. Hatch.

THE HISTORY OF THE CHOULTRY AT VUTYURU.

By Dr. Hulet.

One Sunday afternoon while I was trying to get some rest after a hard morning's work, I was disturbed by the persistent tread of footsteps back and forth on the front verandah, and an occasional opening of the bars and shutters to the different windows and doors. I determined to pay no attention, hoping that the intruders would get tired and go away. But no, — back and forth, adding a most significant cough, which is the Indian way of demanding attention. I tried to make myself believe the call was not one to be heeded, but all sorts of extremities provokingly suggested themselves, and knowing that I could not get rest in that uncertainty, I got up, not willingly or graciously, I assure you. I was ready to blame if the case was not urgent, and holding myself in, I enquired of the man what his business was. He was so deliberate in his reply that I was on the point of going inside and closing the door between us. It was either a demand so large, or so small, that he was ashamed to ask, and somehow I felt that it was not a case of sickness. After the usual, but most tantalizing delay, he almost took me off my feet by calmly announcing that his employer had sent him to tell me that he was going to build a choultry for our hospital. HIS EMPLOYER? Who was he? How did he know about our need, and so on were my excited questions. And I learned that the benefactor was a Mr. Venkata Ramayya, a Brahmin, who was once a resident in the district, now a lawyer in

Madras; but he had learned through some patients how badly such accommodation was needed; that he was getting up in years; that he was very desirous to do this meritorious deed, before he had to leave this life. I was not going to question the man's purpose; it was enough that his heart was thus kindly disposed. I learned that I had only to write that we would accept the offer, and that we would at once get instructions.

You may be sure that I was eager for this man to go that I might lose no time in writing to this new found philanthropist. There was no delay in getting a reply. But imagine my dismay, when try as hard as I could, there was not a mite of land to be procured. The low land lying next the hospital quarters was under litigation, and was likely to be for some years, as cases of that kind usually are in India. This was in 1916. Now my anxiety was that if the land could not be secured speedily the man would be afraid to wait, and would turn to some other place. A long two years followed of efforts and prayers and disappointments, as it seemed then, but which now we see was God's better plan. The man was getting impatient—when lo—the case of the land under litigation was settled, and in favour of a man friendly to us,—friendly, but penniless. He was desperate, and so were we. It finally ended by us giving him \$300 for two-thirds of an acre of land so low that with every heavy rain it would be like a huge pond. Through Mr. Menson's efforts while chairman of the village council, a drain was put in so as to let off the water into the canal below the sluice. We at once sent word that we had some land. The old man was cautious, and was kept well informed. The land was not suitable!

In despair of ever getting the choultry we turned our attention to the possibility