

strength, for one thing—to learn of Him, and make Him known. . . . I might say a word about what the Lord has wrought through us. Some of our caste women are growing very bold. One is daily witnessing for Jesus bound with chains. Her people, fearful lest she get away and come to us for baptism, have chained her by one foot to a post in the house. The chain is long enough to allow of her performing such daily duties as pounding rice, grinding flour, etc. Mayhap her words and life will bear fruit like that of Paul when bound those two years. God grant it. Others are not so brave, but give unmistakable signs of being born again.

You know it is "teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you," and among this people it must be "fine upon line, line upon line, precept upon precept, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little," for they are such children in intelligence and Christian knowledge. You can easily see how great a work there is for us among the women of our churches, to say nothing of the heathen hundreds, yea thousands about us. It is a work that only women can do. No preacher or pastor (English or native) can go into a Telugu home, and with a few touches bring order out of the confusion of rice pots, etc., at the same time giving a wholesome little lesson on cleanliness of heart, then sit down by that woman and teach to her a verse of scripture, till she understands and can repeat it word for word, thus giving her something that will remain with her after we are gone. The moon cannot do this; we can and do, for all firmly believe that just such heart to heart work will win, especially among the Christians.

*Miss Hatch, Samudrolta, July 6th.* We have been very busy arranging work for the beginning of the term. Something over 70 students assembled, classifying and everything of that kind to do. A new teacher to take Jajannikassius' classes, namely, John, of the English Church Mission, is secured. He has passed special Upper Primary Examinations, and besides holds normal certificate. He is quite young, but is married. Jajannikassius is thus relieved, and is going to take some of my Bible classes. I am to oversee all the English work in the school, and will take a class in English occasionally. Most of the old boys are back that we expected. I am not so strong for work as I should like to be. There is no mistake about it, this climate is very enervating, and every year tells more and more on one's strength. The weather is very pleasant now, but for all that breezes at 85° are not invigorating breezes, to say the least. Did I tell you I went out to Yotlapallun the other day, and it was twelve at night before I got home. Had three services in the villages, and coming home the buggy, drawn by coolies, broke down. Isaac tied it together with strips of palm leaf, and we came on. Ramayamma was with me. We had a blessed time at the villages. The Salvation Army are making a great noise here, and through the clatter some pure tones may be heard, some good is being done. The "Carreers" I have met are not of the educated classes at all, with one exception. It is considered quite a virtue when the English marry the natives, and the fact is paraded and made much of in the *War Cry*. They make so much of getting near the people you know, and this seems to me ridiculous when they don't learn their language, nor take any pains to acquire it. They hope to "pick it up." If English people had the linguistic powers the Hindu I believe always has, he might hope to pick it up, but languages don't come that way to an Englishman, in my humble opinion. . . . Yesterday, *Sunday, S.* had taken leave after our Bible lessons, and had gone home I

thought, but after awhile she came back to me with beaming face, saying: "Oh, Amma! I saw two such nice mangoes in the bazaar, and bought them for you." Well, you know she had done it so innocently, I felt quite badly to have to tell her that it was Sunday, and of course I could not take them. How her face fell! She thought she was going to please me so much, poor girl. She went off with her head down, and her hand over her mouth, quite dejected. You see how much teaching they need yet.

### Yellamanchili.

The record of events on the Yellamanchili field for the first half of 1891, will mark two historic facts, one, the first baptism, the other, the formation of the Yellamanchili Baptist Church. The convert, Netareddi Appalawami, is a Cocanada refugee, of the Shudra or lowest caste, a young man of 22, a cigar-maker by trade, and a convert who has thus far shown a bold and indomitable spirit. He is the fruit of a lay member's efforts for Christ; was won to seek salvation by the quiet and frequent appeals of a young Christian who acts as sexton at the English Baptist Church in Cocanada; and from the time he has professed to know Christ as his Saviour, he has been bold and constant in his confessions of Him, and above all, anxious to follow Him in baptism. The relatives with whom he lived, on learning his purpose, gathered about him with all possible persuasion, arguments and threats. Those being of no avail, they resorted to abuse, striking him, one after the other, and catching his long twist of hair, pulled him right and left about the room. The next day he had a barber cut off the jutee, as this roll of hair is called, which is the distinctive mark of pride in a Hindu. When he returned to his home they all shouted out, "You disgraced bald head! You despicable Christian!" and they at once had the family barber shave his head from the forehead to the crown, that he might have the appearance of one who had made a vow to the god, and thus prevent disgrace to them all. But seeing that he was still determined to join the Christians, they locked him in a room, and fed him there in close confinement for about a month. One day two women commenced fighting on the street near his home: his sister-in-law, who happened to be alone in the house, as his only guard, rushed to see what was the matter. Taking advantage of her absence, he ran away, and as no immediate alarm could be raised, he managed to reach the boat landing, and stow himself away in a canal boat bound for Rajahmundry. There he found out the Christians. While he was waiting to receive baptism, an uncle of his, resident there, caught him and kept him in close confinement in his house. But before word could be received from his Cocanada relatives, Appalawami had made good his escape and was well on his way to Tuni. There he found employment with a Christian railway contractor, a Eurasian, who took an interest in him, and on hearing his story, promised in a few months to take him to a missionary of his own church, the Episcopalian, and have him baptized. In the meantime the Cocanada relatives had word of his whereabouts, and as he was coming from the Tuni bazaar one morning, his uncle and brother suddenly sprang upon him from a corner, and after every imaginable threat and persuasion, succeeded in securing his consent to return with them. On the road that night, as his two guards were sound asleep, he quietly crept out from between them in the narrow cart, and slipped into the jungle at the roadside.