

tween seventy and eighty. What was the cause? A Brahmin convert! and the people up in arms and the children forbidden to attend school. The facts, briefly as possible are as follows. A Brahmin teacher in the mission school, Bimli, whose people live in the vicinity of my school in the Palli Street of this town, was baptized by Mr. Gullison Monday, August 28th. Thursday evening of the same week, some of his relatives went to Bimli and taking him by force brought him to Vizianagram. Mr. Hart, in the absence of Mr. Gullison, sent word to me the next morning, asking me to do what I could to effect the release of the man. That afternoon I went to the Palli street school, and sent word by one of the Brahmin teachers, that I would like to see the teacher from Bimli. In a few minutes he came to the school, closely followed by a brother-in-law. The latter knew English and dogged our steps, so I saw it would not be possible to have any conversation there. Turning to Mr. S. I said "Will you get into my car and come to my bungalow that we may have a talk?" I may say he was not an entire stranger to me, as he called on me one day when visiting his friends here. He said he would be glad to come and got in the car. His brother-in-law then said he thought I should go and tell his wife where he was going. I replied "He is simply coming to my house for a talk, but if you wish it I will go and speak to his wife." The house was near so together we went, while our friend remained seated in the car. I found the wife, and the usual grandmother, or mother-in-law, and some others seated in the house. As soon as the wife saw me, she started moaning and wailing, and the others all began to talk together. The relative, who accompanied me, told them Mr. S. was in my car near the school. The crying increased in volume and a crowd gathered. I

retraced my steps followed by the weeping wife, and a number of men, women and children. Our friend was comfortably seated in the car, where we left him. His wife rushed toward him; a brother or near relative sprang up from somewhere and darting forward caught hold of Mr. S. and said "What is this? What does this mean? Get right down from here at once." Our friend only planted his feet more firmly in the car. His relatives then pulled his arms and coat sleeves most vigorously and tried to drag him from the car. While he was still pulling his hands and coat, he turned to me and said, "You are using force, you are taking him by force." Seeing that I was standing at least four feet away, doing and saying absolutely nothing, the accusation was slightly amusing. Laughing, I said, "As I see matters, you are using force, I certainly am not." The crowd continued to increase, so I saw it was useless to think of proceeding. Turning to Mr. S., I said "I think you had better get down, and go back to your house with them." He got down at my request; his wife stepped to his side and slipped her hand in his, and he walked away with her, with such a sad, dejected air that my heart ached for him. He looked like a man who had lost all hope. The crowd moved away and I got into my car and returned to my home. It was late and pouring rain so nothing more could be done that evening. Next morning, accompanied by Mr. K. G. Paul, one of the leading Christians in our church here, I went to the office of the police to consult with the sub inspector. He said he would come with us; he called a constable and we went in the car. As the street is rather narrow, we had to stop the car a short distance away. When we reached the house we were told that the man was not at home. Someone standing near said in a low tone, "He is inside." The police inspector stepped for-