

some of the women and children would get injured in the crush. Before twelve the doctor gave up in despair. Every one wanted to be treated first and pressed forward. Then those who came merely for curiosity jammed up the yard in front so that there was no getting in or out. Remonstrance was of no avail.

#### WE COULD DO NOTHING.

We even went so far as to say, if they would not cease crushing forward we would pack up the the medicines and go away to another city.

This afternoon I gave up teaching and manned one of the doors, only letting one-in at a time. The Chinese don't seem to care for their own people, but when we took a stand they yielded. At first they commenced to climb in through the windows, but to enforce the lesson upon others we ejected them back through the windows. This fell to the foreigners, one man jumped in through the window and refused to go out when asked by our helper to do so. They appealed to us. I took him by the shoulder and pushed him out. Even the

#### WOMEN CLEIMBED IN BY THE WINDOWS.

We allowed this for a time, but for the sake of order, we were forced to eject the females who came in by the wrong way. But we did not wonder at the poor women trying to get in at the windows, because the men were so selfish that the women could not come near the door. Then, to overcome this, I would not let the men in while women were waiting outside but made them give away enough for the women to squeeze in.

The doctor treated 158, besides examining many whose diseases were either hopeless or too difficult to undertake without a suitable place in which to treat them. *Darkness came on, and many of the sick had to be turned away.*

## THE WORK ABROAD.

### Three Telegu Brothers.

#### A REFRESHING STORY.

Missionaries are often discouraged at the low spiritual state of the Christians under their care. Here and there however we see an amount of zeal and consecration that revives our hopes. But probably it is not often that we find three brothers all of one mind in deciding to do business for the Lord Jesus Christ.

The men, of whose devotion I am writing, live in two villages some miles north of Gudivada in the Kistna District. By occupation they are farmers, but the second brother has been a preacher of the Gospel for fourteen years or more. Still he has always been regarded as a partner in the farming. The eldest brother has been munsiff or headman of his village for a long time; yet he has preached the gospel to very many, and helped in the erection of school-houses in neighboring villages, where some had become Christians. The third brother has had the most to do with the farm-work, and yet even he has not failed to let his light shine. He has often conducted the services on the Lord's day in his own villages.

I should say here that these men had a good mother, they never learned to use tobacco, because she punished them when they began. And this was before they knew Christ. Their mother believed after they did.

A few years ago these men started a good school in their village, and lately some of the girls as well as boys of that region studied for the middle school examination. Other Christians have helped some in bearing the burden of that school. Still our three brothers have had to give freely themselves.

For the last two or three years they have had another enterprise on hand, namely, the erection of a brick chapel. Missionaries and other friends have sent in donations, but the Christians themselves will have good reason to consider the chapel their own, when it is finished. Among others our three brothers are likely to have a large sum invested in this enterprise by the time it is finished. The second brother, who is pastor of the church, assured me some months ago of the liberal intentions of his brothers and himself. But I was greatly pleased a few weeks ago to hear the same sentiments from the youngest brother also. We were talking privately about the heavy expense of finishing the chapel, when his brother said, "Never mind, we have decided to give the bulk of our profits to the Lord's work, so the chapel may have it now; and after the chapel is finished we shall give it to support preachers and teachers in the villages round about."

God be praised for His grace in the hearts of these Telegu disciples!

JOHN CRAIG.

### The Work on the Tuni Field.

Since the meetings in January I have been touring all the time, having travelled several hundred miles in ox-cart, on horseback and on foot, and preached in many villages, distributed many hundred tracts and sold portions of Scripture. In the village of Ballagattam a man and wife were baptized who formerly did Mission work among the Telugus on the island of Mauritius.

On February 19th the great annual bathing festival, which takes place in the sea, at Pentakata, was visited. Some 50,000 or more people were there; Abel and I spoke as well as we could for the beating of hundreds of cymbals and many drums, together with the roaring of the waves and the shouting of the bathers, made preaching difficult. A much better hearing was given at Nakkapalle, a village 11 miles from here, where a great annual feast is held, to which tens of thousands of people flock. My wife accompanied me, and we stayed several days preaching to the people. Mr. Laflamme came down from Tellamunchelli. We were each accompanied by two preachers, and every morning and evening for two or three hours we preached to crowds of people; if strength had permitted we could have had an audience all day and most of the night. A little town built of bamboo poles and palm leaves had sprung up near the temples where numbers of shopkeepers sold their goods, which ranged all the way from silk to vegetables. There were idol processions, illuminations and music; a large car, something like the Juggernath car, was drawn along in procession one day. On a hill stood a little temple, reached by 284 stone steps; some nights these steps held a little lamp on each side. Up these steps between these lights the people walked and gave their offerings, which amounted to many thousand rupees.

There has been a great amount of fever in this section during the past cold season. In our Mission house we have our little medical dispensary, and while on tour my medicine chest is my constant companion. During the past few months I have given more than thirty rupees' worth of quinine, besides other medicines, to the natives.