

he gradually removed them to his own house. Like so many of India's people, Papama used opium, and this man began to adulterate it with something that had the effect of making her suspicious. When a fire broke out in that part of the village her house was burned along with the rest, and when the others were re-building theirs she begged for a few leaves to be put over the burnt walls, that she might have at least a shed to shelter her. But this man wanting to hasten her death turned a deaf ear. In her misery and helplessness, she turned to the only ones who had shown her kindness and began to go often to the pastor's house. This was in the lawless days when non-co-operation was at its height and had staunch followers in that little village. These men were very bitter against the pastor and persecuted him in every possible way, and they taunted Papama when they saw her going over to his house on the non-caste side of the road. But through much tribulation God was leading this soul to Himself, and she began joining them at morning prayers and the old life lost its hold upon her. God's thought for her was manifest in the friends He raised up for her through Pastor Monakym. The Sub-Inspector of Police was a Mohammedan young man who became much interested in Jesus Christ while a student in McLaurin High School, through the Bible lessons taught by Miss Craig and the kindness shown him by Mr. Cross. He makes no secret of his faith in Jesus Christ, though so far, he has not been baptized. He was stationed in Anavaram in those days and did all he could to help her. She was still living in a poor shed, and Monakym and his family were ministering to her needs. As she felt herself growing weaker, she became anxious lest she should be in debt to Monakym, for she knew he could not afford to support her, and that wicked man had got possession of her jewels and everything of value that belonged to her. At her earnest request Monakym took her to see the Collector when he came to Anavaram, and she told all her troubles to him. Here was another proof of God's care for her, for he was an Indian Christian and took her case into careful consideration, setting the officials to

work to find out the truth and help her get redress. After this, she became steadfast in her trust in God, and slowly, as the neighbors saw the kindness shown to this poor, helpless old woman by God's children, they changed their attitude towards her. It was decided that she must go to see the Magistrate when he came to try some cases in the village six miles off. So Monakym took her in an ox-cart and a number of the men came along, every one of them a witness against that wicked man, who had to stand alone before the judge. Everyone's sympathy was with old Papama. The Judge, an Indian, showed her much respect by giving her a chair near him. After he listened to all the wickedness done by this man, he wanted to punish him severely, but Papama said, "Sir, do not punish him." "Well, what do you want me to do with him?" said he. "Pay him for the time he supported me and put me in Monakym's care, and see that what remains of my possessions is secured to him." In the presence of the Court the Magistrate made him hand over that unjust document and promise that he would hand over the jewels and other things he had got unjustly into his possession. In spite of all this kindness shown him, on his return he refused to do as he had promised and soon afterward the Magistrate was transferred so it looked as though he would win the day.

The man who defrauded her of her house and stirred up so much bitterness against her became very ill and died the death of a wicked man, his family have become beggars and his name is disgraced.

Papama got very sick and she felt that her end was near and Monakym insisted that she come over to their home so that they could care for her. Her one fear was that he would be the loser, but at last she consented, and as she was leaving her shed in the caste quarters she leaned upon her stick and said to the crowd which gathered, "You will say I am going to eat Mala food and such things, but although I am the oldest woman in the village, not one of you stood by me to help me. It is from over there my help has come and I am going there," pointing across the road to Monakym's house. During those