

Russell I have once or twice before spoken of her in my letters to you, we perceived she was the wife of a Brahmin priest, and shortly after we moved to the hospital last year, she was brought to us in apparently a very poor condition. So ill, indeed, was she that we at first thought of not wise to admit her, but she begged so hard to be allowed to stay that we consented, and she remained with us for three months.

She could read and had read many of the Hindoo sacred books, but had never heard of Christ. As soon as she was able to sit up and listen to us she began to be interested in hearing of Him. I gave her a New Testament, and she spent hours daily reading it. Long before she returned to her home her faith in her own religion was gone and she openly declared herself a Christian.

After leaving the hospital, whenever I visited her in her home, before all her husband's people, would sit down and talk of Christ, and they all said she was no longer one of their people. Her home was near by the city dispensary and after her return she came in once or twice every week, at the time the patients were gathered, and always with her hymn-book in her hand. She was no singer, but she would sit down and croon over the hymns to the women and then talk to them of Christ. She got her husband to read the Bible and other books I had given her, and several times spoke to me of how she prayed for and talked with him.

1892. About a month ago her old illness began to trouble her again and she came back to the hospital, and it was in the hospital her last illness seized her. When we saw that she would not recover, I sent for her husband, having first told her that she might not live until evening. She did not speak for a few minutes, when she looked up at me and said, "I am not afraid, God is calling me to His House and I am ready to go, for Jesus has saved me." I said to her, "You feel that Jesus is all you need."