

stay with him. But Tathiah refused. Moses hesitated, but finally decided to stand his ground.

In a few days what they so much dread, and what nearly always happens, took place. A woman became possessed of the cholera goddess. With streaming hair, a flaming daub of red paste on her forehead, her lips and teeth red with the juice of Margosa leaves and pasapu, to indicate that she was drinking the blood of her victims, with her staff caught in her two hands above her head and with the madness of an unholy possession in her eyes, she came dancing and gyrating down through the pettah, emitting now and then breathless, panting cries and screams that spread demoralization and terror in the hearts of all the people.

Moses heard her coming. One's nerves would have to be strong indeed not to be shaken by such an ordeal. But he had the Christian's refuge. He hastened for his Bible, and, sitting down

on his stool in front of his house, he opened it and read and prayed with an intensity that somewhat steadied him.

The goddess (for the woman was supposed now to have lost her identity in that of the goddess) drew nearer. Terror-stricken people on every hand were seeking to placate her. They were bringing her gifts, falling on the ground before her, catching her feet and washing them and putting sacred marks on them. She drew near to Moses. But he only kept his mind on his Bible, and prayed with increased intensity. Then, when she saw that he did not rise, and utterly disregarded her, she suddenly stopped and blazed forth in fearful, angry, vile abuse. She accused him of destroying her worship in the village, and for that reason she was scourging them. It was a critical moment in the history of the village. But Moses still kept his eyes on his Bible and his mind on God.

Then, abandoning all restraint, she



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