

it all, then the man falls down and worships it and the Brahmin who has been crouching down to perform this ceremony, then rises and presents his feet to the devotee who reverently worships them. Oh, it made one's heart sad.

In another place was a little tiny girl of about seven going through much the same performance. Her husband, standing by her mother-in-law, said she was making worship and offering food for her sister, the first wife of this man who had lately died. I cant tell all; there was so much. Our plan was to speak to anyone we could get to listen. Every little while I was meeting someone I knew from different villages and to these I would speak. Then a little crowd would gather, hear a few words and then pass on. I heard many different ones saying "Oh, there's the Missammajaru," for so many know me now. Some would hide when they saw me, being ashamed of being seen there. We met many workers from N— Mission and they were also witnessing. So we went all around, coming back by way of the booths. We met some of the officials from R. and I tried to witness to them also. We got back by noon, had our breakfast and took a little rest and were ready to start out again when the Hospital Assistant from R. came with a camera and took our boat with some of the workers in. Then as we were waiting for some of the N— mission ladies to join us a great crowd gathered and even as the Master of old we sat in the boat and preached the word to those on shore. They listened long and well. About the same large crowd stayed for nearly an hour and a half I should think. It was great. The workers seemed to have a special message and spoke well. The women had gone on in different companies and when the crowd separated we started off again, leaded as before. We could hardly get in the town, there were so many to speak to on the way and they listened with such profound respect.

When we met on the top of the boat for our evening worship that night it was with a great song of praise. Many said they had never had such blessings before in a crowd like this. There were about twenty-five in the other missions, so we said we had encompassed the city even as Jericho was encompassed. Although there were such crowds, the Christians were always in evidence. Someone heard others saying "Why these Christians are everywhere" and I think

almost every Hindu who could read might be seen with a Bible portion or tract or leaflet in his hand. Joshua spoke of having given one tract to a Brahmin and he had sat down to read and explain it to all those around. It was a specially good tract, shewing the foolishness of bathing for the taking away of sin and this Brahmin was making it all very plain to his hearers who were assenting to it.

The next day was Sunday, so while the others went early to the bathing, which is always in the morning, I stayed home to get the boat ready for our Christian service.

I moved out my cot and dining-table, brought in a board set on some boxes and covered with cloths. I had Mr. Heelis (a worker of forty-nine years in India who has only been home once on furlough and a beautiful Telugu speaker he is) preach, and we sat in the boat with all the Venetians up at one side and in the front, and fifty Christians were accommodated. The bank side happened to be the shady side, so the Hindus filled the bank, sitting quietly and listening. We had a delightful season of worship and prayer. Some account was given of the Welsh revival and earnest prayers were offered that some waves of blessing might reach us. All seemed full of joy, the hearings had been so remarkable. Those who had been there every year said it was most unusual.

I had only been once before, about seven years ago, and that time I remember the tracts we gave were torn before our faces. This time all were begging for them. Some, I remember, clapped their hands in scorn at us, while this time we were called to so many places to speak and sing; what does it all mean? Does it mean that perhaps after all the Gospel is making so little headway that Satan can afford to keep quiet, or does it mean there is a real, genuine awakening of interest in us and our messages? Let us hope and pray that it may be the latter.

On Sunday afternoon the hearings were good again. On Monday morning the crowds were gone but the booths still there. We gathered children together in two or three places and taught them verses, giving them a picture card as a reward. We all came away, feeling that we had had a great good time and that the Lord had been with us.

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