

with us. She was never allowed to go out alone and was practically a prisoner.

About two months ago a *tithi* was to take place in the house of the grandfather, and Chaudamma was told to attend it. She firmly refused to have anything to do with it, and this precipitated matters. Her people called *panchayats* to try and bring her round, but she maintained a glorious witness before them all, declared boldly that she was a Christian and intended to join us, and when challenged about the Bible she held in her hand read out of it to the assembled people.

Her relations decided that she must be allowed to follow her inclination, and were already letting her go about the town at her will. At this point certain sow-cars and others well known for their bigotry intervened, and began to trouble the girl anew. They tried every device they could think of, offered the girl jewels, told her that we dare not baptize her, and so on; and when that was fruitless, tried to get her to turn Mussalman. It is said that they even went the infamous length of suggesting to a pure-minded girl that she should turn prostitute.

On September 14th, at 7 a.m., I got a letter from Chaudamma saying that she was well, and that the time was suitable to arrange for her to be baptized. I replied telling her that on Sunday, the 18th, I would let her know my arrangements definitely, and according to her request sent her some books to be reading in the interval. Her letter was dated from her grandfather's house to which she said she had been sent and put in a room alone. On the following day, hearing a rumour of her death, I went to Naganna's house and there found the body of Chaudamma outside the door. I caused it to be seized by the police, and the post mortem has revealed the fact that the poor child was poisoned by arsenic. Bribes have been freely used and atrocious lies have been told, and the net result of all the police enquiries so far is that no charge can be brought against her relations. —
From Harvest Field, Mysore, India.

ANOTHER Zenana worker says: "One delightful new house has been opened to me lately, in which is a young woman who is so anxious to learn to read, and to whom the Gospel has really been delightful news. She loves to read it, and though she is so anxious to get through her book stops and says, 'Now, we must have some of God's Word, or else there will be no time.' 'What wonderful things these are!' she often explains, 'and my people do not know anything about them; do come often and tell me more, cannot you come more than once a week? Oh, do come, I want so much to learn! You do come into this street another day of the week, do come in here also,' and it seems impossible to make her believe that I would love to do it, only there are so many others looking out for me just as anxiously."

HE CARETH.

[The following words voice so nearly my own heart's thoughts, that I close my report for '97 by quoting them in full. May another of the same experience have the same after joy!]

(Omitted from last LINK for want of space.)

"What can it mean? Is it aught to Him
That the nights are long and the days are dim
Can He be touched by the griefs I bear,
Which sadden the heart and whiten the hair?
Around His throne are eternal calms,
And strong, glad music of happy psalms,
And bliss untroubled by any strife,
How can He care for my little life?

And yet I want Him to care for me
While I live in this world where the sorrows be
When the lights die down from the path I take,
When strength is feeble and friends forsake,
When love and music that once did bless
Have left me to silence and loneliness
And my life-song changes to sobbing prayers,
Then my heart cries out for a God who cares.

When shadows hang o'er me the whole day long
And my spirit is bowed with shame and wrong,
When I am not good, and the deeper shade
Of conscious guilt makes my heart afraid,
And the busy world has too much to do
To stay in its course to help me through,
And I long for a Saviour—Can it be
That the God of the universe cares for me?

Oh, wonderful story of deathless love!
Each child is dear to that heart above,
He fights for me when I cannot fight,
He comforts me in the gloom of night,
He lifts the burden, for He is strong,
He stills the sky and awakens the song,
The sorrow that bowed me down He bears,
And loves and pardons because He cares.

Let all who are sad take heart again,
We are not alone in our hours of pain,
Our Father stoops from His throne above
To soothe and quiet us with His love.
He leaves us not when the storm is high,
And we have safety, for He is nigh,
Can it be trouble which He doth share?
Oh, rest in peace, for the Lord does care."

WANTED.—SNAKES.—Surgeon-Captain R. H. Elliot, I.M.S., writes to us from Nungumbaukum:—"I should regard it as a great favour if you would again lend me your valuable assistance in my efforts to obtain snake poison. I want poisonous snakes, i.e., Cobras, Kraits and Daboias, and have found very great difficulty in obtaining them. If your readers will send me any venomous snakes killed in their houses or compounds, I will be glad to give to the servant who brings the snake eight annas for each one brought. The head should not be touched. I mention this because it is the custom in this country to beat the head to a jelly after the animal is dead. By so doing, the specimen is rendered useless for the purposes of collection of venom. I may say that as I am collecting for Professor Fraser as well as for myself, I shall require one hundred Cobras or more, and as many Kraits and Daboias as I can obtain. The snakes must be fresh, preferably alive."