

we might work under the best conditions, and with every reasonable facility, for the Kingdom. And this *house does* conduce to our better work, for so much of our work that is personal comes to us in our bungalow, and now each one can give herself fully to each opportunity that presents itself without hindering and interrupting each other, as was inevitable before. Also we have an opportunity now for that uninterrupted, calm quiet, which, at times, seems so necessary for our spiritual welfare and without which our work would suffer, if our souls did.

"I think we realize our responsibility to use this home for His glory and His work, and we pray that no action of ours may mar the beautiful thought and love which took this tangible form for the women of India.

MEDICAL WORK—AKIDU.

IN March, 1903, we went home on furlough, leaving the little Hospital, "Star of Hope," without a physician. In 1904 Dr. Woodburne took charge until our return. A pleasant furlough ended, in Jan., 1905. We reached Akidu, glad to be once more in our own home and in the place that God had given us in the world.

There were many familiar faces to welcome us but some were missing. "Nurse," who had been our efficient helper both in school and medical work during our first term had accepted another position.

Rutnam, a young man who had received some training from Dr. Woodburne, was acting as compounder, and while we have been very thankful for his services there have been many times when we were greatly in need of help that he could not give. To add to our difficulties the Boys' and Girls' Boarding Schools required more time than usual, consequently medical work had to take a second place and the number of treatments has been small.

As usual, sick people came from near and far, but many had to be sent away simply because we hadn't time to attend to them. During the latter part of the year there was much sickness among the Christians and we were kept busy going from house to house.

Cholera has been on all sides, Akidu reporting the largest number of deaths in this taluk. On hearing this I expressed my surprise to a native official and said, "Very few people have

come for cholera medicine, I did not realize it was so prevalent." "Oh," he said, "they ask for medicine before the cholera came, but when it gets here they are so terrified that they spend all their time praying to the goddess and do not come lest they should make her more angry." Then he laughed and said, "Poor things, the goddess does not seem to hear them." I replied, "The one true God must have heard, because He has kept every Christian in this village."—He shrugged his shoulders and said, "Perhaps."

In a village where we have a number of Christians, a Brahmin priest claimed to have a vision from a certain goddess. He said that every one in the village should pay one rupee towards the building of a temple and that all should worship the goddess every Sunday. The Christians refused to pay and the outcastes wouldn't pay until the Christians did. The Brahmins were furious and said, "We will give you a week to decide and if you don't pay the *gods* will burn up your houses."

The next Sunday came, the Christians had to stay home to guard their houses from the *gods*. The priest came for the money but got none, so he went away cursing them, their children, their cattle and all their belongings. Monday morning the Christians came to tell us that the best of their cattle had been poisoned and were dying. They wanted to know if it would be possible to have a *post mortem* examination so that they might prove their case. We said "Yes, but let us try to save the cattle." They were sure that it was a hopeless task as no cattle had ever been known to recover from that poison. We replied "You honored the Lord, He will honor your trust in Him, let us do the best we can." They gave the cattle the medicine and the cattle were cured. All the people considered it a cure from the God of the Christians and the Brahmin priest has decided to leave them alone. Once we were called to a Mohammedan house and while there we saw the old grandmother bring out a little bottle of sacred water from Mecca and give a few precious drops to the sick one as a last resort. Oh, what an opportunity it was to speak to them of Jesus the Water of Life, flowing, freely flowing, and to tell them that it was *His love* that had constrained us to help them.

The men said, "Oh, we Mohammedans believe in Jesus Christ, He was a very good *man*." To which we replied, "We believe in