

tall cane to see what was the matter. There, across the channel, just at the top of the water lay what appeared to be a reddish brown stick of wood. Leaves and grass were lodged upon it and had formed a little dam. Reddi tried to break the stick and draw it out. It was dark down among the cane stalks and he could hardly see. Aiming his crooked axe as best he could, he struck the stick a blow. To his surprise the rotten log squirmed and turned upon him. The head, the eyes and the fangs of a poisonous snake came lunging toward him. With a loud cry the boy sprang back, but it was too late. Into his right ankle the serpent had sunk its fangs. Then with one piercing flare of its ugly eyes it wriggled away into the cane, leaving a bloody trail behind it. When the serpent struck him, Reddi felt the pains shoot up his leg. His heart began to flutter, and his eyes became dim. His uncle heard his cry and ran to him. He caught him by the shoulder and dragged him out of the cane. Throwing him on his back, he ran with all swiftness to his home in the village. Reddi looked as if he were dead.

A scared crowd of natives soon gathered around the home of the bitten boy. A snake-bite was a terrible thing to them, as it usually ended in death. A Telugu chief who knew all about snakes said that this was not a cobra that had bitten Reddi, but a serpent just as poisonous. One man rushed through the village to find a snake-stone, but there was none to be had.

Reddi's sister, a sad-faced little girl, stood by the side of her brother as he lay on the bench. She loved Reddi, and her eyes filled with tears as she heard the men say that he could not get well. She did not want him to die. What should she do? That very day she had heard Reddi say that a missionary doctor had come to the village and that he kept people from dying. Why didn't they get him to come and save Reddi? She would ask her uncle.

"Are you sure?" asked the uncle, as he listened to what she said. "Reddi told me so. He knew a boy whom Dr. Chamberlain had saved. It was a snake-bite too!"

In a moment the little girl's uncle had Reddi on his shoulder again. Then off he started. The natives all

looked at him in wonder. Where was he going to carry the boy? They had already begun to arrange for the funeral ceremony. The young men were to draw lots to decide who should help carry Reddi to his grave.

And now Reddi was being carried off by his uncle. They did not know where he was being taken, but the uncle knew. The night before, the missionary doctor had put up his tent in the next village. The uncle was taking the boy to the doctor.

With the boy on his shoulder, the big Telugu man rushed down the sloping rock, across the hollow, up through the bushes, and over the fields already plowed for sowing. Two of Reddi's cousins ran by his side, and every now and then they took the sufferer from his uncle's shoulders to their own. A messenger had hurried on ahead of them to tell Doctor Chamberlain that they were coming. When they reached the tent, the doctor and his assistant were all prepared to receive them.

Taking Reddi inside the tent, Dr. Chamberlain began his work. First he gave medicine which helped him, and then he dressed Reddi's ankle where the snake had bitten him.

How they worked that morning! The doctor had been teaching the village people about Jesus when the messenger came to tell of the bitten boy. He told them how Jesus used to heal the sick, and that he had come in Jesus' place to heal them. He wanted them all to love the Saviour.

While the doctor worked over Reddi inside the tent, the village people were telling the crowd of Telugu natives from Timmareddipalli what the doctor had said about Jesus. They wondered if what he told was true.

Just before noon the tent flap was pushed apart. The men outside stopped talking and all looked around toward the tent, terror and amazement mingled in their eyes. The tent flap opened, and Reddi came out, leaning on his uncle's arm. His eyes were open. He was alive. The missionary doctor had done something wonderful for them. He had given back to Reddi his life which was lost. Now, they all thought that the story that Doctor Chamberlain had told them about the Lord Jesus must be true!—World-Wide.