

are used as wards—not like hospital wards in this country, no snowy-white beds and waxed floor—just four white-washed walls, a cement floor and a native cot, without mattress, sheet or pillow, though we do have one or two blankets to use when necessary. In-patients are generally brought on their own beds, *i.e.*, a crude rectangular frame on four short legs, and strung diagonally with home-made string. Most cots are so short that the patients feet hang out over the end. As for mattresses, sheets, pillows, etc., the Telugus do not know much about them; the patient wears her clothes and may or may not be covered with a cotton cloth.

The food for the in-patients is provided by their friends and cooked out-of-doors under some tree, or by the road-side. Were we to provide a kitchen the caste people wouldn't use it, as fire and food are so intimately connected with their religious customs, and to use a common fire-place would break their caste. Some cases where special nourishment is required it comes from the mission cook-house and is served as "medicine."

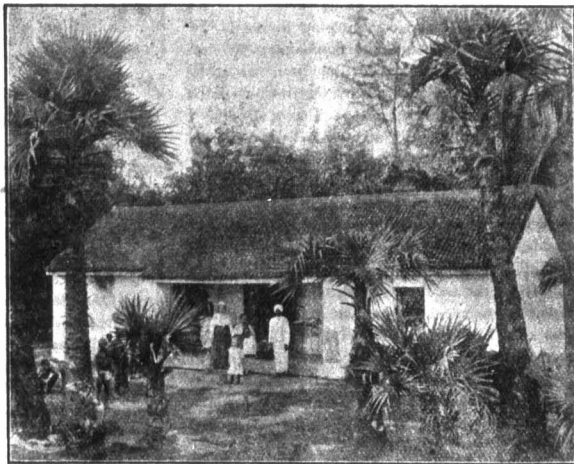
The patients come from all castes, men, women and children, we do attend the men in some cases, but the women and children are our special care. Once in a while men have been received as in-patients. One day a goldsmith, who had been very friendly to us, was brought in in an unconscious condition—he died in the hospital and was taken from there and was buried immediately. *After he was in his grave* they sent word to the little widow, only five miles away, that her husband was dead. As soon as the serious nature of his illness became apparent, she had been thrust from his bedside and had not seen him for sometime before his death.

If any one doubts that the heathen are *lost*, I would that they could have heard the awful language that man used as he was dying and witnessed the fearful horror that came over his

face as he passed into eternity. Yet he was a Hindu of the Hindus. A priest, highly respected and a leader among his people.

The work is steadily growing, each year brings a larger number of patients. Last year there were 3637 treated. As the time drew near for our furlough it was necessary to close the hospital that we might prepare for the long journey. But still they came and *would not be sent away*. The sick were brought and placed on our verandah. Screened doors failed to keep out the more importunate ones. From early morning until late in the day, their pleading continued until we were obliged to attend them.

The people could not realize that the hospital



"THE STAR OF HOPE."

was really to be closed. They said, "Some one will come," "Surely our need is great." But no one came, and the key was turned in the door of our little "Star of Hope."

How could they come except they were sent; but *where* was the money to send them. Did you, dear sister, have some of it in charge?

But sad as it was to close the little hospital, it was not to be compared to the heart-ache of the missionaries as station after station had to be left without a mission family.

Akidu, with its 1800 Christians, and thousands of heathen; Tuni, Peddapuram and Narsapatnam, covering hundreds of miles and represent-