

wish to hear, but others were coming and going, not appearing to have time or interest enough to listen to our message, so as some one said they were calling us to a house at the top of a slight elevation just in front of us, we went there only to be told in no very polite terms to "Go." Coming back again to our verandah seat, we found the woman of the house who had followed us up the hill and back again, and several other women ready to hear us. So we sang a hymn, and Miriam began to tell them its meaning. We could see the "king of the castle," who had ordered us off so summarily, from where we sat, and he could see us, but he could not hear. A feeling came to me that he would come nearer before we were through, and pretty soon he came swaggering along with a cigar in his mouth, and a "you can't teach-me anything" air about him, and halted in front of us. One of the women was asking Miriam some questions and showing considerable interest, and he walked around by Miriam and began to oppose her. Then gathering courage to speak on account of his opposition, I asked him why, after telling us to go, he had come there, and as he kept quiet then, through surprise at my attack or for some other reason, I went on to tell them why we had come, that it was not to do them harm, to take their money, etc., but to tell them God's message concerning salvation. While I was telling them something of the message, somebody came and told him that his cow-house was on fire, and he left in great haste.

After he had gone the woman of the house said his manners were like those of a buffalo, and that his house was being burned because he opposed and would not listen to the words of truth. As they are ever ready to see God's hand in any trouble that comes upon them, it may be that that man and others will listen to the next witnesses for Jesus Christ who come that way, more patiently.

Have I said enough to show you how much I need that you should "hold the rope" of prayer for me? Then I have accomplished my purpose in writing this. A selfish purpose? Do you think? Not altogether so. It is "In His Name" and "For His Name" that I ask you to pray for me.

LOTTIE MACLEOD.

Nov. 12th, '96.

TUNI.

Dear Miss Buchan,—I can't just tell how it is that I have been so long in writing to you, but it is neither because I have forgotten you, nor because there hasn't been plenty to keep me busy.

Perhaps you would like to hear about medical work in Akidu. My office is a little room about eight by fifteen at one end of the veranda; originally it was intended for a bath-room. An Indian bath-room is quite different

from one at home. One part of the floor is cemented and divided from the rest by a little ridge; this takes the place of a tub, and here we stand splashing or pouring water to our heart's content. The rest of the floor is covered by bamboo matting. This room is light and airy, and makes a very nice little dispensary: at one side stands a large cupboard filled with medicine for daily use, near the window is the table, in one corner a large earthen water-pot, a very great necessity; in another corner a washstand and basin, then a big shelf, much more useful than ornamental. Office hours are supposed to be from 9.30 to 11 o'clock, but hardly a day passes but some one comes begging you to "make kindness," leave your other work and attend to them. If it is a serious case, or some one who has travelled a long distance, I do "grant favor," otherwise they have to learn to come at the proper time.

My patients—On first coming to Akidu I resolved to harden my heart and do as little medical work as possible, as I needed at least four or five hours a day to study Telugu.

We arrived here on Saturday afternoon, and before daylight Sabbath morning, Miss Stovel awakened me to tell me of my first patient. Some high caste men had come from a village five miles away to have us go and see one of their women. From what they told us, we thought she would be dead before we could get to her, and, even if we went, probably they would not let us work as we wished for fear of breaking their caste; and if the woman died after we had entered the house, we would have been the ones who had surely killed her. As I had had no chance to gain confidence, it didn't seem wise to risk such a chance of losing it, so we sent the men away, and told them if they wished they might bring the woman to us. To our surprise they came back about nine o'clock, bringing the woman on a cot. She was just alive and that was about all; it proved to be a very difficult obstetrical case. The treatment she had received from the native midwives forbids description. It was the hour for morning service, and as we worked the people in our little church prayed; for hours our efforts were useless; we grew so tired that it seemed we would have to give up hope, but the consciousness of God's presence renewed our strength, and at last the work was accomplished, our God had given us the victory. We kept our little patient here in one of the teachers' houses until she grew stronger, and within ten days they carried her to her own home. It would be such a help if we only had a small house which could be always kept as a sick room, a very serviceable one could be built for twenty-five or thirty dollars, if we had the money. Her people were very grateful, and, as a result, Miss Stovel had a new work opened to her among the caste people of that village, and my fame spread abroad faster than I wished it had. I was besieged with all kinds of aches and ailments,