

That which a Brahman curses is cursed in this country. This was a poor family, and, to make matters worse, a fire had burnt half the roof off the house. It is astonishing to see the stoicism, or indifference, or composure, or whatever you wish to call it, of this people under such circumstances. They said it was rather bad, but that was all. The women all sat round in a group to hear us, and an old man who had just wakened up also sat embracing his knees, while a younger one sat in a corner hammering away at his block and his jewel as if all unconscious of the half-demolished roof, singed rafters and blackened supports.

They brought me a chair, which had once had back and arms, but now had only half a back and one arm or part of two. On this I sat with my umbrella up and the girls on a mat beside me, one of them kindly fanning me while I read. We sang, and I chose the raising of Lazarus (John xi.) and talked to them about it as I read. The women listened with open mouths and eager eyes, the old man rubbed his eyes and looked again, the young man stayed his hammer and waited for the end. The dead is raised, the dead lives again. Oh, wonderful miracle!—oh, wonderful power!—oh, wonder-working Saviour! work in these dead hearts here before me, was my prayer as I told them that this life-giving Jesus was the Life-giver, was the Saviour of the world. "Yes," one woman said, "we must believe in Him, as they did, when they saw the miracle, that is what you come to tell us, is it not?" "Yes," I said, "this is He who gave His life for you might live; will you not believe and live?" and so we talked. They would have us stay longer, but after singing again we came away and were just going to drive further on, when a young boy came running up, and stopping us asked if we would not go into his house. I asked if the women were in, and if they could speak Telugu, for I saw he was a Mohammedan, and the women generally speak Hindostani. He said they would understand us, so we followed him. I was very curious, for I had not yet been inside a Mohammedan house, nor had I ever seen any of their respectable women, as the Mohammedans keep their women more secluded than other nations do. We passed first into a little room with some scanty furniture, then into a passage and out into a veranda, from which the inner open court met our view. Two elderly women were sitting here on the veranda and a Mohammedan was standing near. This rather surprised me. He, I afterwards found out, was a younger brother of the head of the house, who is an inspector of police. Presently the door of an inner apartment opened and a lady looked anxiously out, and seeing through the passage that the street-door had been left open, ordered the young boy to go and shut it, and then coming over took her seat near us. Such quantities of jewels! Necklace after necklace, nose rings, and her ears being tipped with rings of gold from top to bottom, presented the appearance of a brilliant golden bow on each side of her face. I forget what she was dressed like, I was so taken up with her barbarous ears. Notwithstanding all this, the woman had a very pretty face, was so fair (that is for an Asiatic) and had features more like the European than the Hindu. She was quite well educated, too, could read both Hindostani and Arabic, had read most of the "Koran" in Arabic, she said, but her knowledge of Telugu was limited, and so the mother-in-law translated for us. We sang some hymns, and I asked them a little about their religion. I had just been reading the Koran in English, and was interested to know more of their practical religion. Their Sabbath day they told me was Friday, which they observed by having more prayers at the Mosque than usual. The women, however, performed

their ordinary work and did not go to the Mosque, etc. I asked them why the women did not go. They said, the men could tell the women what had transpired and that was enough for them. They showed me a Testament that some one had given them, in Hindostani, a book where one has to begin at the back and read backwards, and from the right-hand side to the left. The young boy asked for a Telugu Testament, which I said I would give him if he came to the house. On going out we were called to another Mohammedan house, where the street-door opened right into the room where the women were sitting. Telugu women followed us in and children gathered about the door. A strange feeling came over me, as I thought in that little room, of about 10 by 6 ft., there were gathered representatives of the three great religions of the world. Christians from both sides of the world, Mohammedan and Hindu. Surely the ends of the world were met together while the Christian native was telling the Mohammedan and the Hindu of the one Saviour—Jesus. We sang a few hymns and talked a little, when an old woman came in, and said it was time for the women to get the meal; so we rose to go and they asked us what we charged. We told them it was free—free to all. We were scarcely out of the door, when a woman came and told us to visit another house—a Hindu this time. This was something very unusual, to be called to three new houses in one day. Surely God is hearing our prayer regarding the open doors. You, my dear sisters, pray that the doors in Saruleotta may be opened to me, as they are opening in Coenada, that there also I may find welcome in many homes.

Perhaps, too, the door of faith is to be opened to the Mohammedans. We were called to two to-day, Miss Gibson was called to some quite recently, as also were some of the other Bible women, so we may need a lady missionary out here to study Hindostani, instead of Telugu, and thus carry the Gospel to them in their own tongue. In some missions the Christian women are taught Hindostani that they may reach such. To return, we went to the next house, but our time was nearly up. Singing a gospel hymn, one of the women explained it, and I quoted the text "Come unto Me, etc., to the interesting group of fourteen or sixteen women and a number of children, who sat intently listening, then we sang "Come to Jesus," in Telugu, and told them we would come again with these messages of love. The afternoon's work was about over—the day's heat was past—the sea breeze had sprung up and we drove home feeling that God had blessed much in the sowing—the reaping must come by and bye. In the evening the young boy came for his Bible and promised me he would bring a number of boys out of his class in college to get a Bible on Sunday.

My sisters, you have caught a glimpse into these homes to-day—but only a glimpse. Oh, this mass of heathenism and corruption! you cannot know it altogether. There are many many things which I hear and see in these homes which I cannot pollute my pen to write about.

We are carrying the seed, but we are so few among so many. How we long for the time when the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. The precious Gospel is in your hands and there are millions perishing.

What are you doing, sister? and sister, what are you doing. In the short time before this letter reaches you, 10,000 Telugus will have passed into eternity.

Is it not possible for us Baptists of Canada to let these 3,000,000 of Telugus know the truth before this generation passes, that our hands may be clean?

Arise, I pray you, my sisters, and see to it that those of your associations fulfil their quota both in men and means.

Tell the nations around that the Lord is King—Jehovah reigneth—great is the name of your God.

Yours, in the Lord,

S. I. HATCH.