

churches are working, as a colporteur. I did not see him before he went, but was told that he went full of enthusiasm and desire to preach Christ in what, to him and all his family, was a foreign land. These Telugus are so attached to their own dooryard that twenty miles from home is a "far country" to them; so when Nagabushnam left for a remote town, none of them had ever seen or heard of, more than two days' journey from home, and without a soul in it whom they knew, one can imagine what a foreign missionary he was held to be!

Then I came to live in Avanigadda, and one day there came to my room, in company with Jane's adopted daughter, a sweet, sad-faced slip of a girl, and she was Nagabushnam's widow!

Very quietly and sadly she told me the story—of their trials and loneliness in the new, strange place; how they couldn't find a house, and their committee didn't find one for them, so that they were homeless until a friendly heathen gave them a room in his house; how, all through these trying experiences, "Bushnam," as we called him, was brave and cheerful, and preached and sang Christ to everyone. Then how he got very ill with fever, and the poor little wife, alone in a strange land, without friends and without money, because their last month's salary was long overdue and not come yet, sold their bed and hired a cart to bring him to the railway station, and thence to Pithapuram Hospital. Alas! Alas! It was hot season and the doctors were away on the hills. The compounder attended to them, but Bushnam got worse, became delirious, and the poor little wife so frightened that she slept under his bed to be near him! She had a letter sent to his father, and the father came, and they started home with Bushman. But it was too late. He died on the train just before they reached the last station, and they buried him hurriedly there for fear of the native police, who, taking advantage of the unusual circumstances, would probably extort money from them under threats of prosecution.

I gazed in amazement at the little woman who told me this tragic tale so quietly and restrainedly, without mur-

mur or complaint or a word of self-pity. Then I said: "Elizabeth, what does your mother-in-law, Boodamma, say to all this—and her husband?" She looked quietly at me and said: "They are going to be baptized next Sunday."

Baptized! Next Sunday!! It took this, then, to bring them to the feet of the Saviour—this terrible and sore trial, which, in all my Indian experience, has usually proved to be the death-blow to the faith of the new convert. The death of a child—why, even the death of a buffalo, or a more or less severe illness in the flock or family, is usually enough to drive the timid venturer on faith in God, back to the ranks of the idolaters and believers in witchcraft, sorcery, charms—sometimes never to return. But it brought Boodamma and her "man" to their God! And another son, Bushman's brother, all anxious to serve Bushman's God.

Boodamma herself came in to see me a few days later, to talk it all over with me, and to show me her dead boy's Bible and Hymn-book, which she had brought, neatly wrapped up in paper, for me to see.

"Look, amma," she said, with the tears rolling down her cheeks, "isn't it a grand Bible?" And so it was—an unusually well-bound one. "And see the cross he drew on this piece of white paper, with the initials on it. I think the initials stood for his own name, and by them he meant that he had placed himself on his Lord's cross." And I listened in another maze of wonder at God's miraculous grace, as that mother, so lately emerged from centuries of heathenism, talked with a glad, sure note of confidence of her precious son, of whom she was so proud, being now with the Saviour. No Christian mother at home in Canada, the heir of centuries of Christian thought and training, could have borne the blow with a deeper and quieter faith.

Boodamma was baptized the next Sunday, with her "man," and she has grown so rapidly in grace that she is already a recognized leader among the Christian women in Bordagunta. The house is always ready for a meeting; and she takes an active part in Christian work.

Can you imagine what a tower she