

I am writing, but you will not be able to recognize the fine grove of mango trees where the tent is pitched. This sort of a place is selected for the sake of the shade it affords. From here every morning and afternoon I have started out with my Bible women, visiting villages in the forenoons, and the towns in the afternoons.

About a year ago there was a woman converted here and now I want to introduce her to you. She is of good height, slight, of a pleasant countenance, and has intelligent black eyes. Her name is Kunchamah. Soon after coming here I went to the street in which she lives and she was home, awaiting our arrival, and such a crowd gathered around us, not leaving us elbow room, and we were in such a narrow, dirty lane, that even the current of air, that was trying to get to us was kept back by the crowd. Such sights, children clean and dirty, clothed and naked, noisy and crying, while the men and women kept calling out, "we all want to hear you sing and talk, we have left our work to come and see you." "Yes," shrieked a woman, "I have been watching an hour for you by the roadside." Reader, what would you do with such an audience? We quieted them for a while, then first one and another wanted to ask questions—some of them very sensible ones—others not worth replying to. Finally I induced them all to sit down on the ground,

and then, had a long talk with them. It was then my opportunity to ask questions. So I wanted to know how Kunchamah was living in their midst. Did she do as they did? "Oh no, she can pray, we do not know how, she has wisdom; we are fools, she does not worship idols, nor take part in our feasts any more, and is all the time telling us we must give up all our wicked ways." Indeed as they turned and looked at Kunchamah they seemed proud of her, and well they might be for she is as, "a brand plucked out of the fire," and has become a bright and shining light in a very dark place. She is a poor woman, earns her own living by working in the fields, reaping in harvest time, transplanting paddy (rice plants) when that season comes. Many women go to the forest for wood and she goes too, and as they wend their way along, she *actually preaches* the Gospel to them; telling them all she learns in the Bible class on Sunday, as well as what she culls from the preacher's sermon. Yesterday afternoon Kunchamah came to my tent and said, "tell me a Gospel story." Before doing so I asked her to tell me the short one I had taught her on Sunday from Mk. 2nd. 30-32 vs. she did so, then I talked with her an hour and a half, and she looked perfectly happy so long as I read and explained the way of salvation to her. Upon closing my Telugu Testament, she said, "that is