

A few weeks back we had a gathering at the bed of a very sick woman. I read to her slowly the story of Jesus healing the paralytic from Matt. 9: 2-8, dwelling chiefly on the words of Jesus. "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee, take up thy bed and walk." The poor sick lady and her mother listened with eagerness. She said: "Why does God send such sickness? Why, if He does not want me to be well, does He not take me away. I want to die. I do not want to be a burden." It was very sad indeed to look at her and to hear her mournful complaint. I tried to show her that we cannot understand God's purpose, but I am afraid with little effect. Her mother who seems to love the Lord, said, "I know that the Saviour will heal my daughter. I told her to ask Him to heal her. I know He is able to do it." She told me that she never forgets to pray, and that she is asking the Lord to restore her daughter.

Another dear young woman said, "Write and tell the ladies of Canada that I love the Lord Jesus, and that I am reading the Bible every day, and that I have given up every kind of idol worship, because I know there is no truth in them."

The dear woman mentioned in my reports, is strong in faith. Receives us always with a bright smile and says, "The Lord has been good to me, and is helping me in many ways. I pray to Him before I go to bed, and when I rise in the mornings, I praise Him for His watchful care over me."

One gets cheered to hear Rathnamma speak: she is verily a follower of the Lord. At our last visit to her, she said, "The Lord has been trying me much, sometimes I feel as if He has forgotten me, but when I take up His Book and read, I find words of comfort. When I pray to Him, I feel so very happy. The Lord has been good to me during the past, and so I will trust Him till the end comes."

Our dear Kanthamma says that she has her foundation on the Rock Christ Jesus, and no one is able to shake her faith. We are hoping to see her come out and confess Him openly.

In conclusion, I ask the dear friends to pray for us that God's blessing may rest abundantly on us during the coming year, and that the Spirit of God may work mightily in the hearts of our dear women.

P. BEGGS.

The "Home Missionary Society of India" gave me a scholarship in 1910, to go through a year's course of Missionary Training in the C.E.T.M. Training Home, Madras, and I appeared for, and passed my first S. I. M. A., Telugu examination in November of that year in Ingore District.

I came to Cocanada on the 13th of the same month, and went with Miss Gibson in the afternoons for five weeks to the Zenanas she visits.

From January to April I took the Kindergarten class in Timpany Memorial School, and read Telugu with a Munsbi for an hour in the mornings. I conducted the servants' prayers daily, and attended a village Telugu Sunday School on Sunday mornings. The servants have committed to memory two hymns and ten Bible verses since last July.

From July to November I have been reading Telugu in the mornings, and attending the Zenanas in the afternoons with Miss Beggs. Since then, I have been going to the neighboring villages and Zenanas in the mornings also, with a Bible-woman. The villagers are, as a rule, willing to listen to the Gospel Message, but sometimes we meet with refusals on the plea that they have no time, but we tell them that life is very short, and they ought to make time to listen to God's Word, and after we reason with them, they sometimes listen to the message; occasionally, they call out to us as we pass by. I have been visiting the hospital once a week; the patients are glad to see me, and to hear the Word. Some of the girls in the zenanas are reading the Gospel of St. Matthew and committing to memory special texts. Please pray with us that every hearer may receive Christ as her Saviour, and confess Him before men.

EMMA G. PHILLIPPS.

WHAT WE ARE DOING.

Miss Priest writes: "It seems to me that almost any day of my life might be part of a story that would help link our sisters at home more closely to the work of the uplift of the people here. For instance, this is a rainy day, and I am taking advantage of it to write. It is too dark inside, so I sat on the east verandah this morning, but so many interruptions came that I moved out to the south one. As I sit here writing,