

shade of a tree, and a pile of stones for a seat. It was a better place for the people to gather, but not so good for me, and as a consequence, I got a touch of the sun, had fever that night, and have been laid up in the tent for two days.

Two years ago we had our tent pitched just here, and one evening Kotiah and I went into the Telugu village, a quarter of a mile distant. Of that visit and our treatment, I wrote at the time for the LINK. Have been anxious ever since I came here to go to that village again, so last evening B. and I went. I did not tell him of our former reception, lest he might not be brave. We went into the first street and a few gathered; they did not seem much interested, still they listened, and we sang to them and told them the way of life. Then a woman came and said there was a better place to talk. I asked where, and she showed me some large stones under a tree at the far end of that street, near the Kamabbayana. On these we sat down and began singing the Telugu hymn.

"O dear friends, come, to Jesus come."

At first a few women came, and as I began to talk to them a great crowd gathered, men, women and children, and between us we kept them interested for an hour or more; never had a better hearing, or more sensible questions asked. But just as we were about to leave, in walked a well-dressed man, coming from another village, swinging a cane and showing many airs, and in a stentorian tone asked the women what they were doing there. Did they not know it was a shameful thing for them to be seen standing around listening where men were also standing? To be gone! And they went like a herd of frightened deer, and many men went away also. I asked him who he was, and why he spoke such words? He politely informed me that this was against their religion. "Well," I said, "in the last two weeks we have visited a great many towns and villages alongside of and off from this road, where great and small, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, women and men, have all come together and listened to the good, true words we were speaking, and you are the first man who has ever said it was improper." B. told him some things we had been saying to the people, and appealed to some old men who were still sitting there, if what he said was not true, and asked if these were not good words, and they had to confess they were. Then I said to him, "Two years ago I visited this village, and had just commenced to talk to a crowd of interested women, when an old sepooy came out of that house (pointing to it), and with abusive language bade the women to go to their work; and they left the two of us standing alone, with nobody to talk to, and what did we do? We just knelt down there by that tree, and prayed to the Lord to pity these people, and send them the news of His salvation some way. And now we have come again, and for more than an hour the people have stood here and listened to the words of eternal life, and I am so glad for this. But I am very sorry you have come at the last and spoken those bad words and broken up our work." Then I asked where this sepooy was now. "Dead," he said. "Dead!" I repeated; "Munchodi. And now you have come and interrupted us." "And I will die, too?" he asked. "Yes, you will die too," I said; "but if you are very sorry for this, and all of your sins, and ask the Lord to forgive you, He will. I shall die too, but He has forgiven me all of my sins, and when I die He will take me to His own happy home. There is a place there for you too, if you will only seek it earnestly." He walked away looking troubled, and we returned to tent.

Feb. 21.—We have changed our tenting place twice since the above was written, and again our tent is under the same tree where it was two years ago. Many of the people remember our former visit, and some of the women come looking round and ask where the little boy is who was with us then. O how often I see him in memory, sitting at the tent door making his little garden, and recall his words, "God will look after the seeds I am sowing and make them grow." And this is just the confidence we have as day after day we cast forth the precious seed of the gospel, God will take care of it and make it grow. B. and I have been into town yesterday morning and this. Yesterday we told the good news in three different places; to-day in four other streets. Just as we had closed our first talk and started along the street, we met two nice looking, cleanly-dressed women, with but few ornaments. The elder one spoke to me and said "We have just come to see you, and now you are going away." "Well, where is your house?" "In this direction." "O that is the way we are going, so we can walk and talk together." Walked on telling her of our Father in heaven. As we came to the next street to hers, and turned to go up it she said, "O, are you not coming to see my house?" We changed our plans and went with her. She took us to her house; a clean, tidy-looking place, quite different from the houses by which it was surrounded, and on the veranda another girl, who had many jewels on. But the mother told us these were her two daughters, and all three were *vidows*. They belonged to the carpenter caste, and her two sons and their three husbands had all died, one after another; that there was a devil in her house, and she could not get it out, what she would. No doubt she has given the Brahmin a great deal of money, and performed a great deal of poojah to various deities, but the devil remained there still, according to her belief; and she wanted to know I could not help her in some way to drive it away. I felt my heart very much drawn out towards her in her sorrow and distress. I asked her to bring me a footstool to sit on, for when I sit on my feet, they get so cramped that I cannot walk for some time after getting up. She brought one, and we went into the shade of a pal house near by, the three following, and there sat down. Quite a crowd collected and listened as we told the widows of God's love, especially His promise to be Father to the fatherless and the widow's God. She told me of her little boys dying, one at five years of age, and the other the size of a boy standing near, about six years old, I suppose, and of her grief. Then I told her of the two little graves in Bobbili, and of my two darling boys, and hers, too, I had no doubt, as forever with the Lord dwelling in light and joy ineffable. When I asked her she would like to see her two little boys again, she said O how much she wished she could, and her eyes opened wide when I told her she might. I assured her that she should see mine again and dwell with them forever. I told her how that was possible for me, and in the same way it was possible for her if she greatly desired it. We made the way of salvation very plain to her, and she said she would worship the true God hereafter and no more worship the worthless idols. I told her if she did this, the devil would leave her house. I prayed that ever I prayed, that the Lord would open her heart, and did Lydia's of old, so that she might attend to the truth spoken to her. And I am going to close this with a request that the readers of the LINK will join me in special, believing prayer for the conversion of these three widows of the comalis or carpenter caste.

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