

would do all we could to help, but that we wanted his advice and medicine if necessary. He said he would send her something, but we would have to see that it was taken. We had a hard time to get them to give her the things we wanted her to have, they were so afraid of spoiling their caste; but we gave them some coppers for milk and meat, and once or twice I mixed some beef extract with the medicine.

The girls used to go there and pray for her, and when we heard them offer prayer, there was usually a petition for her; while we in the house were as constant in remembering her. There was no visible improvement, and one day she sent word that the hospital medicine was not so good as that we were giving; so I sent a bottle of mine over to the Eurasian doctor in charge of the hospital with a note. In reply he said to give her one, which was "Fellows' Hypophosphites," and that it was better than any he had in the hospital for her disease. The days passed and after a while there was a change for the better.

In the meantime the young Hindu man, for whom we were praying was getting deeper and deeper into trouble; he came regularly to our meetings, and visited us at other times. In April the clouds cleared, and he came to tell us that the new heart and peace had come to him. He looked very happy, and the girls were all much pleased; but it was a pleasure about which we were very careful, for there was, and would be an insuperable barrier to his baptism. He must wait till he was eighteen years old.

Shortly after the meeting referred to with the women, in one of her Bible lessons, with the school children, Miss Gray spoke to them of the things we had written on the blackboard, and asked Godavey "why the Dora Sonna did not get the others to pray for her also." The poor child looked sad, and said "she did not know, but she would like to be prayed for." Miss Gray said "never mind, that she would pray for her."

In speaking of it among ourselves, we thought perhaps the leaving of her name out at the first had more effect upon her than if it had been mentioned. We knew that she was praying for herself, and sometime after that she offered the opening petition in the Bible class.

Days passed on, and the progress of our patient was gradual but sure; and finally much earlier than we expected, she was moving about, with her head, which was still kept shorn, wrapped up in a cloth.

On Saturday morning I took with an unconcerned manner Matt. 7, 7-8, but the appreciative expression of some of the girls' faces sent a quiver to my voice. I asked "if they remembered what they had decided before to pray for," and they mentioned all the requests. Then I said, "turn around the blackboard," which all this time had been standing with its written side to the wall, and asked them "to point out the ones to which God had given the desired answers," and Lizzie mentioned the sick girl and the Hindu boy. We had a good deal of talk, and I asked "if this was encouragement enough to go on, or did they think we had better stop praying for these things and take up some others?" They said "not to give these up." "How long shall we pray for them," I asked, and they said "till He gives." So the days, weeks and months passed by, and occasionally one came, whom we hoped belonged to God's chosen ones. In Sept. Jessicah, offered herself to the Church, and was received, she dated her first really earnest desires from the time, when the Kelly young woman, of whom you have heard, came out. There was another in the congregation also, who before that, had been deeply impressed, but who gathered strength to decide from the action of that poor ignorant woman.

I heard with great sadness, only day before yesterday that that same Kelly woman had been doing naughty things, and would have to be excluded from the Church. This makes us feel very badly, but in my heart is a great pity for her; because what we have been always taught to regard as very wrong is natural and proper to her. Then when I think of the others, who were led to think and decide by her action, I get almost lost.

In Sept. a young Brahman began to come to our meetings, and in due time the Holy Spirit moved upon his heart, and inclined him to accept Jesus as his Saviour. He came to our services till Dec., when he went away to his own village, but said he would be back on Christmas Eve, and that he wanted to be baptized Christmas Day. We believed he was converted and hoped he would come but feared; as in coming he must leave so much from a worldly point of view. But true to his promise, he appeared among us on Christmas Eve, was received by the Church early in the morning and baptized. We knew if we were seen there would be trouble; and his friends would take him from us by force. The police had been informed, but we could not expect a great deal from them.

The gentlemen—Messrs. Sanford and Archibald—went walking one way, while Miss Wright and I with the young man, drove down in the carriage by another way. We had the boot pulled up over our laps, and an umbrella over his face. Some Brahmins met us, and one stopped short and tried to look into the carriage; but we got down safely, he was baptized and driven home again by the gentlemen.

By the time we got back to the house, the word was out, and in a few minutes hundreds of people had gathered. It was almost a mob, but our boy was in the room and refused to go out to see, because he had said before, if they got hold of him they would drag him away. He wanted his friends to come inside and see him, but they refused. After some time the gentlemen yielded to the importunities of the mob, and took him out, when in a moment our poor boy was among the wolves. He knew they would take him by force if he did not go quietly, and he thought his chances of life and safety were better if he consented to go; so he went, but said he would come back. We believed he would, if they did not kill or drug him if he remained firm to the truth. Our only hope was in God, and our prayers went up for his protection and deliverance. He remained firm in his decision not to go back into caste, and said he would never give up his faith in Jesus. A friend of his, whom he could trust brought us an occasional word from him. He was strong in faith, though much broken down, and very anxious to see us, but could not get away. However on the evening of New Year's day, he came, and we had a very joyful time together. He said he loved Jesus more than when he was baptized; that he was sorry every one would not call him a Christian, and that he would be back with us soon. We saw him a few times before we left Bimlipatam, and I had a letter from him the other day, in which he states his intention of rejoining the Christians, as soon as some few things are arranged.

He comes to the mission house frequently, and our hope and prayer is, that he will do this thing.

Before I left Bimli, I wanted to have another meeting with the women, and once more talk about Matt. 7, 7-8, and review the work of the year, but other things crowded this out.

We had what seemed to me a very excellent conference, immediately after which, we packed up and came here. Now you will get no more letters from me about the Bobbili or Bimli work. Both will be dear to our