

how I love this work," and her words always found an echo in my heart, for I do not remember of ever being happier than on some of these afternoons, when we would have 50 or 100 persons, in perhaps three different places, who listened attentively to our words, and seemed by the answers to our questions to have taken in their meaning. But we did not always have such a hearing. I may give you a few experiences by way of variety. I remember on March 1st we were in tent quite near to the village of Ootravally. In the forenoon quite a number of women and children came to the tent, and two seemed very much interested in what we said. As we finished talking they said they would come that afternoon and take us to their house, and would call all their relations to hear us. In the afternoon a crowd of poor women and children came early to the tent, and as Mr. C. was talking to a number of men at the front of the tent, we took these out under a large tree and told them the way of salvation. They seemed very stupid and had so much to say about their poverty that they seemed to take little in. I observed one of the women who had promised to take us to her house, but she had evidently changed her mind, and when asked about it, said "come to-morrow morning." We went into the village, a crowd gathered, and we stopped in the first street. Over 50 surrounded us, we sang, and as we were telling the good news of salvation, a Telugu caste man began interrupting us, asking us how much pay we got, and saying what an easy time we had to what their women had, trying to turn the women against us. We told him he could be excused, as we came to talk to the women, so he went away, but came back and said no more. Then we went on further into another street and one woman to whom we had spoken at the tent, asked us to come into her street. We followed on and on till I saw a Brahmin woman; I said we would talk to her people a little, and then go on. Turned aside to do so, but the women did not seem to like us to talk in their street, and secreted themselves. Then a man said some women were calling us. We went down the street, but such a crowd gathered that I said we would stop and talk to them. One woman came running and said the Yellama women, who do not go out publicly, wanted us to come to their houses. I promised to go as soon as we had talked to these. Nearly 100 were around us and they listened pretty well, till a drunk man came along talking and shouting so loud that only those nearest to us could hear us. However, these listened well, and when we got through we followed the woman to the Yellamas. Had just got seated on the verandah and a few friendly words spoken, when the Telugu man who had previously interrupted us, and the drunk man rushed into the yard, the drunk man screaming and the Telugu man telling me at the top of his voice to come out immediately, that the Yellama man who lived there did not allow me to talk to his women, and had sent him to take me away. I thought I would pay no attention to them, but the frightened women ran into the house and shut the doors, and other women looking over the wall motioned me away. I had nothing to do but to go. As we came along the street wondering why the Lord had permitted this interruption, the Moonsiff's daughter, looking over the walls, motioned for us to come inside the yard. They placed a mat for us to sit on, on the veranda, and many gathered, among whom I saw the Brahmin women who had run away from us in their own street. Here we had a good time, and then started for the tent. On our way we saw the Telugu man who so quickly broke up our talk with the Yellama women. I asked him where the man was who had sent him to call us away from his house. He pointed to a man sitting there, who had been smiling on us most complacently,

and salaaming very gracefully as we came along. I asked him if he had done this, he said it was a mistake, he had told him to call the crowd out of his yard. But I said he told me you ordered me to come out. O no, he said, it was all a mistake, he knew me in Bobbili, and how friendly I was with his people there, and how I had cured his relation's son when he was very sick, and he would be glad for me to talk with his women. Well, I said, if you send some one for me to-morrow afternoon and take me to see your women I will know that it was not your mistake, but the Telugu man's. He promised to do so, and he did I suppose, for a woman came for us and took us to another house, and these women came and listened to us the next day. After leaving him, in passing an alley, some Rajah caste women motioned us to come in. We followed them into the enclosure by their houses, and there in the beautiful moonlight we sang "Nothing but the blood of Jesus," told them the sweet story of the cross, and prayed with them, promising as we left, to come again, and returned to our tent. Four days after this we came in our journeying to Kajam. After our tent was pitched, and the bandies that brought us had gone, we heard that the cholera was very bad in the town, and as our servants were cooking our food the smoke from two burning corpses was blown into their faces by the wind, which was high every day we remained there. In the afternoon Mr. C. and Nursiah went into the town to preach: as they passed through the streets they saw two very bad cases of cholera. I went into two palems that were near the tent. In the Mala palem they listened very well until we thought we ought to come away, and I wished to get to the Telugu palem before dark. Katiiah went with me to the latter village. We stood under a tree near to the houses and sang a hymn. While singing, some 50 women came, and began listening to our words afterwards with great attention. However, as we got fairly started, an old Sepoy came and said, "What are you here listening for? I have heard enough about the Christian religion, these people have come to spoil our caste, away to your work, you idle women." And away they went. If any lingered they were very angrily called away by some of the others. The doors all along the street were shut, and not even a child was allowed to come near us. I said to Katiiah there is only one thing we can do for these people, and that is to pray. We each prayed, sang another hymn, and waited. After a time another man came and asked us what we wanted. While we talked to him, a number gathered around again, and he said come into another street and they will listen to you. We went, and a few gathered, but as soon as Katiiah began to talk they interrupted him, saying they had their cooking to do, but if I would come in the morning they would hear. We came away, and Neila and I went in the morning about 8. A few gathered, but they wanted to talk more than to listen, so that only a very few heard the message we brought to them. We remained an hour and an half trying to shelter ourselves from the burning sun in the shadow of an old shed, and talking as lovingly and earnestly as we could to all who would hear. Coming back to the tent, I thought how true that "one sinner destroys much good. If that Sepoy had not come, it seemed as if we could not have had a better hearing. That evening two more were carried out and burned; one had taken sick after we came there, and many more were lying very low in the town. It made us feel solemn to be so near the dead and dying, so we all gathered in the tent, read the 91st Psalm, committed ourselves and those perishing people into the hands of Him who is able to save, and lay down to sleep trustfully.

About 10 o'clock in the morning (Sunday) they came