

to that street. One woman, when I called her to come near, said she had on her cooking-cloth and must not go into the crowd lest some one might touch it. A number of women were looking over the mud walls that separated the yards on either side. We asked if they wished us to come and see them. They made some excuse, so we came home, silently praying that the Lord would use His own truth in opening these blind eyes. Will not all who read this offer the same prayer?

On Friday we went over to visit the Yellamas. At the first house there are only three of a family—an old man, a widower; his daughter, who lost her husband a few months ago; and her daughter, also a widow since her childhood. That afternoon another old lady and her daughter, and two children were there, besides two others, which made us a congregation of nine, who sat and listened attentively, except the children; and even they were very much pleased with my pictures; one showing the Prodigal Son while engaged in feeding the swine; and the other, his father embracing him on his return home.

The old lady was very ill a month ago, so ill that I did not think she could recover. For more than a week she could not speak and could scarcely hear anything, but always greeted me with a smile when I went to see her. She was the one who first opened the door to the Yellamas to me, and I have always felt that she *must* be saved. She confesses before them all, seemingly sincerely, that she believes in Jesus and that He is the only Saviour. He only knows how deeply her heart is affected by the truth. One of the women belonged to the second house we visited and went home before us, and we were followed by the other stranger. I had been called to this house when one of the daughters was very ill, some two years ago, and they never forgot my services. This day I had a warm welcome and many enquiries after my little boy, and why I had not visited them for such a long time. Here, too, was a woman waiting for the purifying waters the Brahmin could manufacture, and they seemed quite surprised when Siamma told them that no such purification was ever required by her. They said, "God had commanded it." To this we took exception, and showed them why the Brahmins taught it, as well as a great many other observances at which they must be present, and receive their pay. Here ten women listened to us attentively, and three of them followed us to the next house, where they again listened well to the lesson for the day, and, answering the questions correctly, helped us to teach their sisters who had not heard before. At each of the houses we offered prayer, both to show these women how to pray to the true God, and to ask His blessing on our work. At each house we were invited to come again soon, and I came home feeling that the Lord had surely been with us. We had only been at three houses, but all the women from six houses and a few others had been present, and heard of the way of life that afternoon.

Just as I got home, two Yellama men came to see me. One said he had a sick son at home, his only child, and wanted me to go to see him. The other said, "You cured my son two years ago, and I have brought this man to you that you may go and cure his son." I tried to make them see that it was only God, the true God, who could cure diseases, and that without His blessing on my work I could do nothing; promised to go next day and see his boy, and dismissed them, for another little boy was then waiting for me.

Saturday we went out again, calling at another house on our way. Here had lived and died the husband of the widow we visited the previous day. (She has now gone

home to her father's house.) I had known the man well, as he often came to our house for flowers, etc., and brought me limes which could seldom be bought in bazaars. In talking about him I asked, "Where did he die, in this room?" pointing to one near us. "O no," they said; "he died out there," pointing to a shed, I suppose used for their cattle—a number of posts set into the ground and roofed with grass or leaves; no protection around the sides. "How many days did he lie there before he died?" "Three. When they thought he would die they had him carried out there." For he must not die in the house lest the house should be unlucky afterwards, and all kinds of misfortunes should come to them.

While I was there, there was considerable talk about a piece of cloth, and I asked what it meant. They informed me that this cloth, or *quaka*, had been purchased without asking the Brahmins whether it was a good day or not, and afterwards it proved to have been a bad day. So the cloth was laid aside, and must not be put in with their other cloths till a good day came, on which they might tear off the end and put it away ready for wearing. The woman who bought it had no one to send it with to the Brahmin, to see if this was a good day or not, so had sent it over to these her relatives for some of them to go and enquire for her. We tried to convince them that all days were alike good, but failed. Then I said I could tell her whether this is a good day or not, as well as the Brahmin. She stood irresolute, and her daughter said, "Go along and ask the Brahmin," and by way of apology to us, "All of our people do this way, and we must too." We pointed out to them how that for this service, as well as the innumerable other things in which they were consulted, the Brahmin must receive pay, and for this the custom was instituted. As we came out of the yard we met the woman returning. "Well, is this a good day?" we asked. She replied by rolling up her eyes, shaking her head, and spreading out and twisting her hands in the peculiar manner which always means *No* among these people.

Arrived at the house where the sick child was, we found the father holding him. I asked for the mother, "O, she is in there," he said. "Sick?" I asked. "Yes, a little." Some other person whispered what I already knew, but had forgotten for the moment, "The wife must not be seen in the presence of her husband, or the husband must not see her in the presence of others."

We intended to talk to the women of this house too; but after praying with the father and his child, and administering the remedies we had brought, the black clouds rolling up in the north and west, the muttering thunders, and almost constant flashing of lightning, warned us to return home without delay. This we did, and it was no vain warning, for we were no sooner housed than the storm was upon us in all its fury. First, clouds of dust, preventing us from seeing across our compound, and reminding us of a blustering snow storm at home; then the rain, thunder and lightning, with the wind blowing a gale all the time; lasting till some time after night-fall.

During the dust storm, in looking toward the east, we saw the glare from a burning village, which we at first thought was our own town burning. It must have been a hard time for the poor unfortunates to become houseless and homeless.

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Repentance is the act of a Christian, but repining is the act of a carnal man.—*Secker*.