

Mohammedans, and Rosinamma also has had Bible lessons each day with her patients.

Pray for them that they may have a strong desire for souls and that they may be much used of God.

Pearl Smith Chute.

THE MINISTRY OF HEALING

Among the Telugus.

Our mission works among the Telugu people, of whom there are about 26,000,000, speaking the sweetest of the 180 or more different languages spoken in India. It is called Telugu and is often spoken of as the "Italian of the East." It is strictly phonetic and every word ends in a vowel, making it soft and musical.

Our mission is situated on the east side of India, extending from Vuyyuru, 450 miles from Madras, to Annakapalle, 420 miles from Calcutta, a stretch of about 200 miles.

About half way between Vuyyuru, on the south, and Annakapalle, on the north, is situated our principal medical station, Pithapuram, about midway between Madras and Calcutta and ten miles from Cocanada, our oldest station on the sea.

Pithapuram is an important city in several ways. It has a population of 15,000. It is one of the very holy cities of India. Tradition says that a great Rakshasi, or Giant, troubled the Brahmans at their sacrifices and one of the gods came down and slew him. His head fell at Benares, the holiest city in India, his umbilicus at Puri, where Juggernaut, the god of the world, is worshipped. His feet fell in Pithapuram. Pithapuram means the town of the throne or diocese and is one of the original sixteen seats of Sakti worship. It is known religiously as "pada gaya," which means "the place of the wounded feet."

A wealthy Rajah, whose income is about \$300,000 a year, lives here. His forefathers were soldiers of the Nizam of Hyderabad (Mahomedans) and received their lands as a present for faithful service. They adopted the Mahomedan custom of secluding their women and all those of this particular caste of the Sudras observe this custom very strictly here.

Because it is a prosperous and populous centre and on the railway, and because it was most difficult to reach by

direct preaching, it was considered a good medical centre. It was looked forward to as such from the time they heard Dr. Smith was preparing to go to India as a medical missionary.

In 1874 our mission was opened and it was not till 1893 that our medical mission work was started by Dr. Smith.

Although they had been trying for some years to acquire suitable land for a station at Pithapuram, when we arrived in 1893 they had not succeeded in getting any. Yellamanchili became vacant by the necessity of Mr. Lafamme taking furlough, and we were sent to fill the gap. This was early in 1895. After using one of the bathrooms in the bungalow and the end of the verandah for the medical work for some years, a small hospital was built and the congestion relieved at the bungalow. I cannot tell you the relief of knowing that those suffering from smallpox did not need to come to the bungalow, peeping in at the kitchen door or windows looking for the doctor.

People used to walk into our dining-room or bedroom and announce there was cholera in their house and they wanted medicine. Lepers and others suffering from all sorts of loathsome diseases and sores came to the bungalow and when they could not find the doctor, wandered about the verandah looking for him. Oh! the joy of that little hospital and what it meant to us! It was erected at a cost of \$400.

One day, in the year 1899, a Brahman (the highest caste in India) came flying into the compound, his hair hanging down his back, looking for the doctor for his wife, whom he dearly loved. She was almost dead. He had tried the services of the usual old native women, the hospital mid-wife and the hospital assistant without avail. My Indian teacher or Munshi, a friend of his and ours, begged him to call Dr. Smith. The thought of having a man, and a Christian, attend his wife was almost worse than death, so he delayed till almost too late.

Dr. Smith went and was able to save his wife, and his kindness to this Indian gentleman won his affection then and there. A Bible was also given him. This gentleman, Mr. Venkata Ramanayya, was from Pithapuram and had brought his wife to her mother's house in Yellamanchili, as the custom is. Ceremonial uncleanness keeps people from helping at these times, also for