

perhaps He will try punishment to turn them away from their idol worship. But even the punishment is meted out in love, to turn their hearts to Himself, and thus make them melt for the great everlasting blessings He has in store for them. A caste man came to us last month, saying that he had heard Mr. Churchill preach in his village two years ago, and had worshipped no idol since; that he was believing in Jesus and wanted to join the church.

As he was an entire stranger we told him we could not baptize him immediately, but he could stay and earn his food and some clothes, which he needed badly and we would teach him. He worked pretty well and made no trouble, was anxious to be baptized the first of this month. Mrs. C. was not willing to take him so soon so he said he would wait another month. But Tuesday morning after worship, instead of going to his work, he walked off and took with him besides his own new clothes, a new coat belonging to one of the Christians, so we are not sorry that his name is not on the Bobbili church roll.

Two of the wives of church members are anxious to find the Lord. I started a mother's meeting a few weeks ago, and we all enjoy it much. Some of the mothers could not leave their children to come to the prayer meeting in the evening, but can leave them with the larger ones on Saturday and come to our mother's meeting and learn to pray in public. There are just 12 of us and we all plan to be always present. Two are not Christians yet, but we are all praying for their speedy conversion and they are joining in the requē.

Our preacher's family is in deep sorrow at the present time. Please

remember them when you pray. The father, Bagha Van Bahara, mother, daughter and only son came to us a year ago. The son, a very bright smart boy, had taken typhoid fever on their journey, and for a month we watched over him, his life hanging by a very slender thread it seemed, but God heard prayer and he recovered. The father had suffered too much anxiety of mind, and shortly after broke down in health. However, he went out among the people and did what he could to preach the gospel to them, till in August of this year, he could go no more. The last of August a little grandson was born to them. They had brought their other daughter here to take care of her because she was weakly. They had one other grandson about 9 months.

Sep. 8th the preacher was called home, after placing his two children in my hands and commending them all to the Lord. The dying words of the first Christian martyr were his last words. On the 21st the older grandson died at Palcondah, without any of these having seen him. And Oct. 7th the little boy baby here died very suddenly, and was buried on the 8th, just a month after the grandfather was buried.

Ratnamma, the grandmother, has always been a very quiet keeper at home, but after her husband's death, I asked her if she could not go out and do Bible work among the women living in the streets near to us. She has taken up the work, seemingly with her whole strength, and it has been the means of comforting her own sorrowful heart, to try and bind up the wounds of others, who have no such Saviour as she has. Please remember her as she goes out among her country women, her own heart