

meet all brethren who pass this way.

BARRANQUILLA, REPUBLIC OF COLOMBIA, SOUTH AMERICA.

The Heroic Church among the Heathen.

WE speak of heroic missionaries, but we should not overlook the heroism in the church we are developing among the heathen. We make room at cost of other good material for the following illustrations: Miss Grace Stephens, of the mission at Madras, a frail Eurasian girl, courageous in faith and abundant in good works, writes to Miss Hart, of Baltimore, the following, which appears in the *Baltimore Methodist*, about a native prince, one Rajah Naidu, in protecting and guiding whom both her own and Dr. Rudisill's life have been constantly threatened. She says of the Rajah:

"His troubles are many and great; on all sides he has been persecuted, and his friends are still trying to persuade him to give up his Christian profession and return to the old faith. But he has the martyr spirit in him, and even goes into the midst of his people and preaches Christ. The day he was baptized our chapel was crowded with people who had come to witness it, but none of his friends or relations were there. Everything had to be done in secret, and we had to keep a strict watch lest they should hear of it; otherwise our purpose would have been defeated. At that time he boldly read a paper on the confession of his faith. Immediately after Dr. Rudisill took him to Goolverja, near Hyderabad, but his friends followed him and gave him and the missionary in charge there a lot of trouble. They tried to take him away by force, so Dr. Rudisill went out and brought him back. When coming down, at some of the railway stations gangs of people waited for them and pleaded with him to return. Poor Dr. Rudisill was wonderfully sustained, and bravely faced the mob, or otherwise they would have, in all probability, torn Rajah to pieces. It was thought best that he should openly declare his faith to his relations, so notices were sent to them and a meeting convened. Rajah was overwhelmed; it was a great trial to him. His friends and relatives thronged the place, and it was a hard task to face them all and tell them of his new faith, but he did it in a few simple words. The very sight of him, as he stood there without his marks, his hair cut short, was enough to anger them. They would, though they loved Rajah, rather have seen him dead than numbered among the Christians, and they entreated him to leave the

missionaries, and go away with them. They were mostly men of wealth and property, holding high official appointments. We never witnessed such a scene before. They thronged the parsonage where Rajah was taken, and this was kept up for several days. We were obliged on several occasions to seek for him, as well as ourselves, the protection of the police. Even his wife, mother and sister, in a closed carriage, went to the parsonage, and tried by their tears, threats and entreaties to induce him to come away. They rolled on the ground, threw sand on their heads, beat their breasts, and in grief and agony begged him to return to them. Mind you, these were *high caste* women who would not dare show their faces outside of their own doors. It was, as he himself said, 'so hard to hear their cries and entreaties, and witness their grief, and then receive their curse.' But, he said, 'the peace of God kept mind and heart.' It was the tearing asunder of the joints and marrow, and many a sympathetic tear was shed for Rajah and his afflicted but blinded friends. How true that 'a man's foes are they of his own household.'

"They still keep up their persecution and give him no rest, while he still adheres to his holy purpose to preach Christ. Yesterday morning he went out with Dr. Rudisill and preached in the streets. He is scorned and hated, and many an insult he has to bear. Alas, many flowery inducements are put before him to go back to his home, but he knows full well that they consider him an outcast and never will associate with him or make him one of them until he gives up Christianity and is restored to caste. One of his relatives told me, confidentially, that if he went back to them, till this is done they would treat him worse than a dog, make him stay outside the house, throw his food at him, and make him sleep with horsekeepers (lowest caste of people), or perhaps send him away from Madras with threats to kill him should he return. On the other hand, they offer him large sums of money for a ceremony that will restore him to his family and reinstate him in caste. They feel so lowered and degraded that, as I said before, they would prefer his death."

And still another illustration must be given of another mission and another land. A native Pastor of the China Island mission writes from Shao-hing of a man named Tsang Ying-kuei.

He is about 53 years of age. Five years ago he carried his sister's bedding to the chapel and incidentally heard the gospel. A year ago he was converted.

"For some time his wife, son, and son's wife unitedly opposed him in all his efforts