

In Oodeypore and its surrounding villages, wherever I can, I preach the word. Many come to me to hear the word. In the hospital I also preach, and without any interference. The people in the villages gladly hear me. This is all through God's kindness, for in the city even there is no opposition. Your prayers on my behalf have been productive of fruit. In this city of Oodeypore there are many Jains and Vedants and idolaters, among whom I witness for Jesus. For five years the people have heard the word, and are now coming to church.

In Meywar the villages are chiefly inhabited by Bhils, to instruct whom is no easy matter. They listen in some villages with great attention; and as long as the Lord wills it, I shall remain in His service, but the spread of His own kingdom lies in His hand.

#### COULDN'T STOP SINGING.

Dr. Jessup tells the following story, in one of his books, about a little Moslem girl:—

Five years ago there was a little Moslem girl in the school, named Bulkis,—the name the Moslems give to the Queen of Sheba. One day she went home, and sang in her father's hearing the Arabic hymn,—

"Sweetly sing, sweetly sing,  
Praises to our Saviour King!"

He did not like it at all, as he did not wish her to learn Christian hymns, and he came at once to the teacher, and told her not to teach his daughter any more such hymns. She told him she was not obliged to learn them; but she heard the other girls singing, and *would* learn them, and no one could stop her. If he wished to remove her, he could do so, as he paid for her tuition, and could do as he pleased. He did not take her out, but forbade her singing any more.

The next Friday at the public exercises of the school, all the girls sang but Bulkis, who held her lips compressed, as if she were determined that, however much she might sing

*inside*, no one should hear her voice. This she kept up for some time; but one Sunday, as Dr. Jessup was sitting in his room, he heard a little voice singing most sweetly under his garden wall in the effendi's yard. He stepped across the garden under the pepper-trees, and listened. There was little Bulkis sitting behind the stairs of the effendi's house, singing in *English* the hymn,—

"Come to Jesus just now."

And after that time, whenever the girls began to sing in the school, she joined in with all her might. Her father found it to be of no use to try to stop her.

#### TUNG AND HIS TEXTS.

The Chinese in Hupeh province are much given to the custom of pasting up on their doors expressive words and sentences. The language abounds in such, and they are used as symbols of good or charms against evil. The Rev. Griffith Jones tells of a convert named Tung, whose house is also adorned in this fashion; but the words, sentences, and sentiments are entirely Christian. Over the outer door is a signboard, bearing four large characters, which, translated into English, means "The gospel is published afar." On the left leaf of the door we have, "Ye must be born again;" and on the right, "Repent." On the leaves of the inner door is inscribed the golden rule, "Love thy neighbour as thyself."

SPEECH is silver; silence is golden.

A BOY in one of the mission-schools in Peking, China, at a late examination, repeated the whole of the New Testament without missing a single word, or making one mistake.

THE smallness of our gifts need not deter us from giving, for the Book does not tell us that as many as had plenty gave, but as many as were "willing-hearted, and every one whose heart stirred her up, and whose spirit made her willing."