

or four families, for whom I would ask you to make special prayer. One is that of the old goldsmith, of whom I have told you in my report. He came to the Mission House, last Saturday, to show a piece of work he was doing; and before he was aware of it an hour passed away. His subject for conversation was, the wonderful love of God, and the resurrection of the body. He had been reading about the resurrection, and did not understand how our bodies would be raised. It is about three years since we began visiting his house. At first his wife was more interested than he; but after a time, he asked us to lend him a copy of the New Testament, which we did; and every evening he would read from it to his wife, and others who gathered around him. One day when there, and seeing it on a writing-desk, I asked why it was so worn. "Oh," said his wife, "my husband reads it every day. We have learned much from that book, and have given up many of our old customs. By degrees we will leave them all."

This man is about fifty-five years of age, is in very comfortable circumstances, has only one son, eight or ten years of age, and as far as we can see there is nothing to prevent his coming out. On Saturday he told me that he would be baptised this year. I said, "Do you think you have the new heart?" he replied, "before, I did not love this new religion, or even believe in it; now I believe it, and want to do according to its teaching. I have given up idol worship, and am trying to serve the one true God. Is this not a new mind?" "Well," I said, "if you love the Lord Jesus Christ you will follow Him in His appointed way." Sabbath afternoon he came to the prayer-meeting, and at the close, he said, "I have seen people worshipping in a great many different ways, but there is no way so beautiful as this way."

Another man, whom we think has been a Christian for some years, came to the morning service. When we began visiting his house two years ago we were surprised to find that his wife and mother had quite a knowledge of the Christian religion, and asked them how they had learned these things. The mother said, "my son taught us all we know. He believes in one God, and for a long time has not worshipped idols, and if we do so he will be very angry." Then she told us that he had a book, which the Christian had given him, and he was always reading it; she said he even took it to the store with him. We knew that the words she spoke were true, for the preachers had often told us about this man, how that he had encouraged them at the Clock Tower, telling them to keep on and they would gain the victory. Last Sabbath evening we went to this same house and found them more eager to hear than ever. I asked them to come up to the Mission House some day to me, that I was all alone, and they need not be afraid; but they have not come yet.

On Monday, when returning from the town, we were passing by one of our houses when we heard a voice calling from within. "Will you not come in?" I said, "It is late, we will go home and come to-morrow;" but she urged us to come in just a little while. We went in, and found that they had friends visiting them from Berhampur, in the Genjam District. Among them was a woman about thirty-five years of age, the most intelligent, or one of the most intelligent I have met among the native people. It was she who wanted to see us. We sat down and began by singing, "Christ the only Way," and endeavoured to explain it; but before we had gone far, we saw that she was no stranger to this new way, she could speak the name of Jesus as plainly as we. I said to her, "where have you heard this story?" She

said, this is the first time I have heard it from your people. My younger brother was living in Vizagapatam, and while there, he learned much about the Christian religion. He believes in Jesus, and never worships idols; and before going to rest he reads and prays to the true God." Here is another secret believer who needs your prayers.

After a most enjoyable half-hour, spent in teaching and conversation, we took leave promising to come again and bring a book for her to carry home as a keep-sake. As I write these words I can see her face before me, so calm and gentle—the index of a meek and quiet spirit. Even among these dark browed sisters there are many lovable characters. The influence of the Holy Spirit in their hearts will do for them what it has done for us.

Yesterday, Tuesday, we went down to the sea shore, where the fisher people live, and where Mr. Archibald used to spend many of his evenings when at Bimili. Here we have a mixed crowd, occupied in various ways. Some are curing fish, others making nets, others dressing their hair, or sitting on the ground smoking cigars. Yes, they remember the Dora, though the greater part of his teaching is forgotten, except that he told them they must give up their idols and worship the one true God. All know that this is the first requirement in our religion.

A half-hour with these poor, ignorant men and women, we move on to one of our old houses in a better and healthier locality. A chair is placed on the veranda for me, while the Bible-women sit down on the mat spread for them, and around us gather twelve women to hear the story they have so often heard. They number twelve, but nine are widows, and after one hymn, "Trusting in the mercy of Christ" is sung, we notice one of the number going into the next house, and she comes back leading a younger one by the hand, who comes in shyly and sits down on the floor behind a pillar. When asked if she is ill, they reply in a low tone "not ill, only sorrowful; three months ago her husband died, and she has not been out since, and she is ashamed to see your face." Poor thing! I thought, "If she only new the sympathy in my heart for her she would not be ashamed or afraid to see my face." This is another interesting house to add to the number. And so we might continue to enumerate and describe; but I trust these will be sufficient to enlist your sympathy and prayer. We who have lived, and do live in Christian lands do not know what it means for a caste man or woman to come out and unite with the followers of the meek and lowly Jesus.

During the month, we have made a short visit to Ellenkey and Santam. Ellenkey is about five miles from the station, and is the home of the teacher in our school. His father is Mirasidar for a number of villages, and is law-giver as well as scribe and general director in village affairs. They have different ways of punishing the disobedient villagers. One way is, to cause them to stand in the public highway for a few hours at noon. Another is, to put their feet in the stocks, seal them, and make them sit on the ground at mid-day. If they will not submit to this punishment they are sent to Bimili to the sub-magistrate. The people in these villages are very quiet and simple-minded, and always give us a kind reception. Both here and at Santam we have the use of the indigo factories, which are owned by a company in Madras; but this agent kindly granted us leave to occupy one or two rooms. No work is carried on in them, except in July and August. They are large buildings, and consequently cool and pretty comfortable. The rats and bats were the only intruders. They have full away, and probably thought we were the intruders.