

"Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

We have indications not a few that as Rahab said of the people of Jericho—"We have heard. . . . and as soon as we heard our hearts did melt. . . . for the Lord your God, He is God in heaven above and in earth beneath."

Oh! what a mistake to retrench in this day of wonderful opportunity for which the **past fifty years have been the preparation**. It has been my prayer for months that the Jubilee year might mark an epoch in the history of our Mission in the enlisting of sufficient forces, both in Canada and India to "**Finish our Task**."

"Hats off to the Past!

Coats off to the Future!"

Should the missionary family remain in Yellamanchili (and oh, if only Dr. Wolverton could be left in continued residence for several years what great things we might see); a bungalow for the single women missionaries will be an **absolute** necessity. The procuring of a site may not be easy but I mention this need that it may be included in the subjects for prayer.

On not all of our fields have even the outcastes been evangelized, let alone the **great middle classes** and the Brahmins and other high castes.

The neglected condition of the bright-eyed little children of the Scavenger Hamlet had long troubled me and I had tried to coax them to attend Ruth's School but without success. To invite them into the Caste Girls' School would have been to ruin the school. I decided to venture to have them come into the same compound and erected a comfortable leaf-shed beside the chapel and installed Miriamma, a dainty, clean, little bride from the Tuni field as teacher, and it has worked **beautifully**. The keen little scavengers came, six at least; and several others of the same class who sell fruit—several toddy-drawer children, some mat-weavers, a couple of dear little shoemaker children and others making in all an attendance of sometimes thirty, and usually from ten to fifteen.

God's blessing seems to have rested upon this school from the beginning. They quite frankly express their desire to become Christians.

One Sunday evening a number of us went to a street in Ruth's hamlet which has been so **very hard** for so long and held an evening meeting and were most encouraged when nearly twenty held up their hands, expressing a desire to become Christians and the last I heard of them they were requesting our people to come and pray with them. We have been able also to get some days as many as fifteen of their children to attend Miriamma's school. I have no doubt the tide is turning there, and that some of Ruth's former pupils will become Christians. Please pray on.

Eight or nine years ago as Miss McLeish and I were returning from tour, it seems—and so the lad says, we halted at a village five miles from Yellamanchili and did a little work—sang a hymn, distributed the leaflets containing it, probably spoke a few words, and resumed our journey. That hymn, "O Jesus my King, wilt Thou not come" remained in the heart of a little Mala boy, servant to an Eyot. Thus for years this outcaste lad used to sing the words of this hymn. Later he went to Rangoon where this tiny flame of interest in things eternal was fed by a young man from these parts who had heard the gospel from Kondiah, our recent Theological Graduate. In this way the determination to become a Christian was fostered and withal a determination to learn to read begotten, so that when he returned to India last August, Timothy, as we have named him, was not only fully decided to follow Christ but was able to read slowly but accurately. He was soon after baptized and with his little brother, whose heart easily responded to the gospel, became the "first fruits" in their village and immediate vicinity. Timothy, whose grasp of the Word and simplicity of faith and power in prayer are striking, has grown in grace and witnessed a good confession in his native village, so good