

as a special blessing of God that these our missionaries do not stand alone, but are supported by a stately array of native helpers, namely: 14 native preachers, 4 candidates, 57 catechists, 267 teachers, and some 130 inferior assistants of various sorts, making out 473 in all." The income of the Leipzig Society for the last financial year was: contributions, \$69,614.40; interest on legacies, profits of the *Missionsblatt*, etc., \$4,098.72; total receipts, \$73,713.12; balance in the treasury, \$10,440.24. Grand total, \$84,153.36; outlays, \$72,317.76; balance, \$11,835.60.

Trichinopoly is a main station of the Lutheran Mission. I therefore give at length the following description from Missionary A. Gehring, as it conveys a vivid impression of South India:

"A citadel of heathenism. This citadel lies ever plain before my eyes as a steady admonition not to become weary in the combat for the truth. For when in my study I raise my eyes to the window it frowns threateningly across the city upon me. This citadel is 'the Rock of Trichinopoly.' A brief description of it may perhaps serve to convince my friendly readers that there is still much, very much, to be done before the King of Glory can enter India also in triumph.

"At the northern end of Trichinopoly, not far from the banks of that stream of blessing, the Cauvery, there rises out of the plain an isolated, massive rock of granite, apparently ejected from the interior of the earth by volcanic forces. The rock, unclothed with soil, lifts itself in the form of a truncated sugar-loaf to the height of 330 feet. At its foot extends the city, toward the south. Coming from the European quarter, which lies outside the city, we pass through the long market-street directly to the point at which begins the ascent to the rock. From thence we behold the whole rock-temple lying before us in its imposing grandeur. For it is no modest footpath which leads to the summit. For you must climb toilsomely up, some two-thirds of the height, by ample staircases and under lofty halls, constructed of great granite blocks, which are built to the rock almost as if amalgamated with it. The steps are perfectly smooth from the continual ascents and descents of the barefooted visitors, and the walls have been colored black by their oily hands. For in India people like to oil themselves, and even the idols receive their daily unction, so that at last they acquire the veritable color of darkness. After the first landing we turn into a street which runs around the rock, and is already within its precinct. There dwell Brahmans, at the feet of their gloomy idols. A little farther the visitor is greeted by two huge elephants, which offer their salutation by lifting their trunks to their foreheads with a trumpeting roar, begging a gift for the temple. These, notwithstanding their clumsy feet, have learned to go up and down the staircases most handsomely. For all, their puffing we leave them without a present, and still ascend. The Brahman women, mostly close-shaven widows, who are toilsomely ascending and descending, carrying water-pots on their hips, crowd shyly back against the wall as if fearing the polluting vicinity of the unbelievers, or retreat into the niches which are built on here and there on either side, and in which Pallelar, that hideous idol with the elephant's head and huge paunch, broods in the darkness. No never lacks for fresh flowers and a sacred candle, nor for timid worshippers that humbly bow before him, presenting oblations and prayers. About half way up the ascent we reach two great halls to right and left, supported by stone pillars hewn out with skill and art, and serving as a storehouse for all manner of tinsel used in adorning the idols, and as a place of abode for guests at the great heathen festivals. The covered staircases end only at the entrance of the main temple, which lies to the left of the ascent, and, massively built of granite blocks, rises in a lofty oblong. Into this temple no European dare venture, and only from the threshold do the anxiously watchful doorkeepers allow him to cast a glance into the dusky halls. No great loss. For the space within seems like the vestibule of hell. Bats flit around by thousands and poison the air. Filth, moisture, darkness and uncanny music resounding out of the background quickly drive the visitor away, to go out upon the open rock, and to enjoy himself in the fresh air with the beautiful prospect which offers itself from here over the city, and beyond it over a plain overflowing with abundance. How beautiful, indeed, it is! Below, the variegated throngs of natives in their picturesque costumes passing through the streets; beyond, the green trees and gardens out of which the European dwellings shimmer forth, and to right and left the palm-woods and luxuriant plantain-gardens interrupted by rice-fields in the most glorious green. We then learn to understand the words of the missionary Bishop Heber, who indeed lies buried in Trichinopoly:

"For every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile!"

"But there is one thing which I may not leave unmentioned, which rejoices the heart, after having come up hither through the darkness of the courts of heathenism. That is, the crosses which rise before us over the slender church-spires. One of these spires belongs to our Zion Church, which in its vestment of rose color, illumined by the evening sun, greets us with a friendly mien strengthening to our faith.

"But we are not yet at the summit, for on the very uppermost pinnacle there still stands a tem-