

singing with the Christians and talking with them. They showed me the box in the church with their offerings of rice, paddy, wool and other things. These are given and then sold for the church. Even these mites God will bless. After prayer with some of the Christians we went to Philip's house. Philip is now dead; perhaps you remember reading about him in the LINK as one of our best preachers. His widow and children have a very nice garden with pomalans and limes, and they gave us a good supply of the latter.

Only once did I venture to speak before the whole crowd on the journey, but confined my work to speaking to the twos and threes, to the women and Christians, whom I exhorted earnestly to fresh work and endeavor in the Master's cause; they were always glad to hear me. I also gave away many tracts to those who could read, but, oh, how few there are. In some villages not half-a-dozen in a crowd of a hundred.

Later on we separated, Mahalutchmi and I to talk to some women who were on the verandas and elsewhere, when the rain came down in torrents, and the crowd melted away quickly. We took refuge under the verandas near by, but one woman was careful to shut her door lest we should pollute her threshold. We tried to talk to the women near us on the veranda, but they said it was no use, they were so ignorant, they knew nothing and could not understand anything.

The rain having partly ceased we left the veranda and came to the Mala-Pilly, where the so-called out-cast people live, which is always distinct from the caste village and quite separate from it although the division may only be a street. One knows the Mala-Pilly at once. Instead of the tiled houses, white-washed walls and broad clean swept streets, there are the low thatched, the mud walls and narrow alleys. But where think you did we feel most at home? In the broad streets and among the fairer faces? No, but in close, smoky Mala-Pilly. Why? Because, there, in one of those little thatched houses, which was swept quite clean, we found the preacher and his wife and family, and instead of the mocking, jostling, and ignorant crowd, those who loved the Saviour, and into whose hearts the great light of His precious knowledge had come, and instead of the "we don't know," and "we don't care to know," we found here a poor blind beggar confessing his knowledge of the "Jesus Lord" as he said, who had suffered and endured so much for him, and for whom he was willing to endure the loss of all things. I said "poor" but by his voice and weird singing he has been able to acquire quite a living for himself. For some years he has heard the Gospel, but not until a few months since had the light come to his soul, and now, though he must give up his former living he can trust all to the Lord. This is because the songs they sing are all sung to their gods, and if we know the heathen gods, we know what defilement is written in the songs to their praises. As the man desired baptism, Jonathan and I examined him closely.

His testimony was that he had received salvation through the sufferings of Christ, and that now he was rejoicing. The room was somewhat dimly lighted, so I could not see his face plainly, but the next day, when he came after us to the next village to receive baptism, I saw the poor sightless face fairly beaming with the soul's light. In this village was a church, and as it was Lord's Day we had Communion in the morning with about 20 of the members.

We had a good service; I urged upon them the necessity of fruit-bearing, and begged them to see to it, that next year at this time their numbers might not be twenty,

but five times twenty. They responded to the appeal to make great effort in that direction, though they pleaded much ignorance and weakness. At 3 o'clock the baptism was to take place near the boat in the canal, and the Christians all gathered together again.

One other, the son of a Christian, was also to be baptized. As the two with Jonathan stood on the water's edge, and as the latter spoke very plainly of our salvation through Christ and of baptism as the sign of that salvation, and the taking of the name of Christian, it was interesting to watch that blind man's face and hear him as he assented, "Aye, sir; aye, sir," and "Chiltain, chiltain," taking in all the words to himself.

After his baptism he soon returned, and I asked him if he could yet sing any Christian hymns; he began a hymn I had never heard before, calling sinners to come to the Saviour, the Saviour who had shed his blood for them, urging them to seek the better way and be saved. "Where did he find this hymn?" I asked the preacher. "It is one of his own," was the reply; "I have taught him about Christ, and he has put what he knows into song, and now sings to his own familiar tunes."

I thought of F. R. Havergal's words

"Take my voice and let me sing
Always, only for my King"

As it is quite customary for the converts to discard their heathen names on being baptized, we gave him the name of Bartimeus. Our hearts all rejoiced over him, for is not one soul of more value than the whole world, and do not the hosts of heaven rejoice over one sinner brought home to God?

That evening we went to the same village, though we were again scattered by the rain, but this morning we had another good time. Jonathan spoke twice, urging them to escape the punishment awaiting them and to come for pardon to the only one who could pardon, even Jesus Christ. Just as he finished, I started the hymn, "Nothing but the blood of Jesus," a hymn they always listen to very attentively, though it has to them the unfamiliar English tune. Here in our part of the crowd, I could only find one who could read, and to him I gave two or three tracts, one of them being two Christian hymns—one called "Jesus Christ the only God," and the other "Behold the love of God." M. and I then went to a house where two or three women were standing in the doorway, and M. began talking, when the woman said she didn't understand her.

M. said, "Why, am I not speaking Telugu? Is not this your language? If I were to talk to you of your houses, your children, or your jewels, you would understand, but because I speak to you of heavenly things you don't understand."

Just then some of the men came up, and the women running inside, M. began to sing "Come to Jesus," when the man to whom I had given the tracts came up and wanted to know if we wouldn't teach them those hymns. Most of our hymns are set to their tunes so he was somewhat familiar with the tunes, but could not adjust the new words very well. We then sang them together, and he would go over the verse again if he did not get it just right, and showed in all respects a great desire to learn, and assented fully when the Bible women explained or emphasized the truth. He had a fine voice too so we beseech the Lord that he too may be consecrated to his Lord and his King even by the learning of the Christian hymn. The others then came from the Mala Pilly where they failed to get a hearing; most of the men had gone to their work, and the women on seeing them had run into their houses through fear. We were just