

comes ringing from the back veranda, and there is a mother with three children and no support. You give them something, but before they are out at the gate, another call, Ummah! Umma-a-ah! comes and you find a little girl who says both parents are dead and she is starving, or it may be an old woman who has thrown herself down on the veranda, crying because she is so hungry, or a woman in dirty rags with a wailing emaciated babe guiltless of even a rag. These we tell to bring their babes twice daily and we will feed them with milk. Sometimes it is a mother who says her child has died of cholera and she has nothing with which to purchase wood to burn the body. And so it goes on till you are glad to close the house, and rush away to school or into the town to your Bible work among the women. And there you often come upon respectable women who are very needy, but who will not go out to beg. I sometimes take a few rupees in my pocket when I intend to visit in certain streets, and it is easy to leave them all behind me before I come home. But if we should "give" all that is needed to every one "that asketh of thee," we would be at the end of our resources before one month was gone.

And how do the people thank us for all this trouble. There are some exceptions, but the usual "thank you" is "tsaladoo! tsaladoo!" ("not enough, not enough.")

An old caste man was found lying on the side of the road, where he had fallen down, near our Christians' houses. He seemed as if his race was about run. They talked with him about his soul and he asked them to give him some food.

They said if they gave him food his caste would be broken. He replied, What did he want of caste? He only wanted something to eat, to learn about God and go to Him when he should die, and he was going to stay here till he died. They took him in and fed and taught him. That was more than a month ago, and at the last Conference he came and asked for baptism so earnestly, that the church received him, and Mr. Churchill baptized him on Sunday with a caste boy of about 16 years, who also came to us before the old man did, begging to be allowed to stay. He is almost blind from the effects of small pox when he was a child. Ever since he came he has been very persevering in learning about Christ, asking first one and then another to tell him more about Him, and learning to pray; and he has been very faithful in doing any work we have put into his hands to do. Some other caste people have asked for baptism, but we think it better to wait a little, and see whether it is salvation or food they most desire.

No doubt you have heard how our hearts have been cheered by the good work at Chekkagoorda continuing. Mr. Churchill baptized 5 more when out there in August, and there are more to follow.

One other, an old man, was received for baptism, but was too ill on Sunday to leave his bed. He had been turned out of his home by his wife and out of his village by his caste people, when they knew he was determined to be a Christian; but we believe the pearly gates have since been opened to admit him, and he has heard the welcome, come in and dwell forever more, in the home not made with hands.

I went to see our School Conductress' little boy last Friday evening after our school prayer meeting, and distribution of rice, to our poor pupils, kindly supplied by the generosity of our friends in Windsor.

I heard this child had cholera and had sent medicine to him at noon from the hospital near us. I found the child very weak and ill, his eyes sunken, and body cold, but the disease somewhat arrested. He was lying on the verandah, and when I told his mother to carry him into their one room, she said it was dark and she had no oil for her lamp. Her caste people were all standing around, and I asked them to give her some oil. No, they had none, they said, though I saw a rich woman with a profusion of jewels on, standing among them.

I finally said if any one would supply a light, I would send the money to pay for it on the morrow, and then oil

was brought. The mother watched alone over her sick boy all night, so she told me afterwards, the father being away in town with our colporteur. Such are the tender mercies of the heathen, even to one of their own caste in trouble. I sent more medicine when I returned home and hunted up the apothecary, and the boy made a good recovery. There is not much cholera in town, but many people are so debilitated, for want of proper food, that they simply die right off when they take it. The wonder is that it does not become epidemic and sweep them off by the thousands. One of my old pupils who was married and lived near my school was seized with it and died, before I knew that she was sick. Siamma and I went to see the stricken mother, and she told us how her daughter, when she knew that it was cholera that she had, knelt on her cot and continued praying, to Jesus for a long time, asking Him to forgive all her sins and take her to His home above, then lay down, looked up with a joyful wondering gaze, and smilingly died. She has always given us pleasure when we visited her, singing our hymns with us, and confessing her faith in Christ, and I believe she is now with Him. Her happy death has made quite an impression on her people.

We have taken in two small caste boys, perhaps 10 years old, who came to us on account of the famine. One is an orphan, his parents both died of want, and we could not refuse to take him. The other was brought to us by his father, a mere walking skeleton with skin drawn over the bones. He hoped to sell him, but I said no, I cannot buy anyone. I will take the boy, support and educate him, and give you a rupee per month while the famine lasts, and give to you all on Mondays with the rest. He took the boy home and I asked the Lord to send him back if it was His will, for I felt that I ought to do that much for the starving family. It was a struggle with the father to give up the boy to break caste, but three more weeks of starving brought him to it. He came on to the veranda one day, and pushing the boy toward me said, "take him." Both of these boys can read in the second book, so I have put them into the school, praying and believing that the Lord has something for them to do on this Bobbill field sometime.

I must now stop writing, for I fear my letter is already too long. With loving remembrances to you all, I am your sister in the work of rescuing the perishing.

M. F. CHURCHILL.

Bobbill, Oct. 16, 1897.

### WHAT OUR AIM AND END SHOULD BE.

"The great object for which we are here is to make known the Gospel. A farmer evangelist was once asked what business he followed. He replied, 'I preach the Gospel and farm to pay expenses.' This man had grasped the true principle. It is of small moment whether we are lawyers, farmers, doctors, merchants, or shopkeepers, or whether we give our time wholly to direct Christian work. Our aim and end in every case must be to carry out the Divine commission entrusted to us, and

#### OUR BUSINESS OR PROFESSION

should be but a means to enable us to reach this end. If God's children did but realize this and aim to live up to it, how it would transform the whole scene; but, alas! in too many cases Mission work is looked upon as a good thing that may be attended to or neglected, as suits us. Thank God, there are, however, some who, like David, labor and give with all their might for the advancement of God's work. With them, to seek first the Kingdom of God is not only a text to hang on the wall, but a principle to mould the life and regulate its every detail." — *Editorial, North Africa.*