

of the steps ; Mrs Morse begins to play and the sweet tones of the little organ attract the passers-by until very soon a typical heathen audience has gathered. The fisherman, twisting twines for his nets by rubbing the cord between his thigh and hand, stops on his way past to learn the meaning of such a gathering. Women, carrying baskets on their heads and it may be children on their hips, turn aside to hear the strange new message. The vender of sweets ceases jingling his iron hoop strung with iron rings and joins the crowd. Children, ever on the alert to see what is going on, come in numbers and hear a message so simple that even a child could hardly fail to understand that Jesus Christ and He alone came into the world to save sinners. Just outside the gathering I have seen a barber sitting on the ground waiting upon his customers. People on their way to the market, coolies going home, sellers of fowls, cloths, &c., &c., may be seen in the congregation. Nor are the high caste people absent. As they pass by on their evening walk, not a few turn aside and listen for a while. The haughty Pharisee in his spotlessly white robes, purple and gold turbans, stands aloof from the crowd and in act if not in word, says, "God I thank Thee, that I am not as other men are." Others venture near and some even go so far as to mingle with the mixed throng. A motley crowd indeed is a heathen audience! Some among those assembled, seem to listen to the message; some make it an occasion to bargain about their wares; others argue that their idols of wood and stone are as good for the Hindu as is Jesus Christ for the Christian; the majority listen for a little, then pass on their way, their actions clearly telling that they want none of this Jesus who is being preached—no, for following Him does not permit the sin the natural heart loves and which Hinduism allows.

A service at the Clock Tower always makes me think of the parable of the sewer. Here we find the roadside, the stony places, thorny ground, and we hope, the good ground as well, in which some of the precious seed may lodge and there grow, yielding sheaves which the reapers may carry home with rejoicing to lay at the Master's feet. Ida M. Newcombe.
On Tour, Chittivalsah, Nou. 8, '99.

Notes From The Treasurer.

As time is passing with its usual rapidity, and we are