

would probably have had to conduct the services myself, which would have been a much more trying ordeal than the other duties performed.

You will notice some resemblance to a burial at home—for it was a *Christian burial*, and when compared with the terrible customs of burying the dead in this country, we are led to rejoice in the change which Christianity has wrought even in such instances as this.

Aug. 23rd.—We enjoy our work in Kimeedy much, and thank the Lord daily for sending us here. Mr. Higgins takes a great interest in the native government school here, and this pleases the natives. This year he offered two prizes—a first and second—to the two boys who could recite best "Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard." (In English, of course. The boys are all taught English.)

On Monday afternoon at five o'clock, Mr. Morse, Mr. Higgins and myself went to the High School to hear the recitations. Mr. Morse (who was spending a few days with us) was to decide the matter of prizes.

Two of the boys did very well indeed, the others fairly well, but it was not difficult to tell who would be the recipients of the prizes. After the recitations Mr. Morse and Mr. Higgins examined the pupils in pronunciation and the meaning of words and construction of sentences. It was astonishing how much they knew and understood.

The prizes presented were a gilt-edged reference Bible to the best one, and an ordinary Bible without references to the other of the two boys entitled to prizes.

The teachers then wished us to remain and hear the boys recite that part of Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice referring to Shylock. They did it well, and with animation and intelligence. Mr. Higgins told them afterward that boys at home with the same amount of education could not have done better.

Once give these Telugus an education, and they will become a very intelligent people.

Later.—I have something encouraging to write you to-day. It is this. Last evening the second master in the High School came to see me (Mr. Higgins being on tour), bringing with him one of the boys from the school. He wished to know if Mr. H. would teach a Bible class, and said that about six of the matriculating boys would like to study the Bible under his (Mr. Higgins') supervision. He also said that hereafter more attention would be given to the Bible, and he would be glad if a knowledge of it could be spread through the town. They are all pleased that Mr. Higgins takes so much interest in them, and I think he has a grand work to do here in Kimeedy. There is no other town in our part of the mission field where the people are as unprejudiced as here. There are many here of the more enlightened men who do not worship idols, and yet have not accepted Christianity. God grant that they may be led to accept Christ as their Saviour speedily.

#### THE YANADI'S AMONG THE TELUGUS.

Among the many peoples and castes and tribes speaking the Telugu language is a people called Yanadid, or, Yanadulu, in Telugu, which means without a beginning. Their early home and history are unknown. They number, perhaps, 25,000. They live chiefly near the sea coast, and beginning near Madras they extend north beyond Bapatla. Some of their manners and customs are quite unlike those of other Hindus. The poverty, ignor-

ance, superstition, degradation and oppression of some of Asia's millions, have been told and re-told, until you are, perhaps, tired of the story. And yet, after having seen something of heathenism in Burmah, Siam, China, Singapore, and various parts of India, I believe the Yanadi people to be the very poorest, the most utterly ignorant, stupid and senseless; victims of the most atrocious cruelties and oppressions—in fact in every respect one of the most thoroughly degraded people of Asia, if not indeed the most of all.

We visit these people at their houses. These houses are tiny palm-leaf huts, smaller than we see anywhere else; too low for a woman to stand upright, without a window, and only one door or opening about 1½ or 2 feet high, so that they crawl through. Their chairs, beds, blankets, simply the loose, dry ground; and, indeed, their only furniture two or three earthen pots for holding water, and for cooking purposes. Their clothing shamefully meagre, and the children entirely naked—except the covering over the entire body of dust and ashes; and never bathed in all their lives, we are told. Their hair is very curly, and from being neglected, and probably from birth uncombed, is loaded with sand and vermin, and stands out round the head nearly as large as a hall bushel. Too lazy to work, until they have been some times a couple of days without food, eating as luxuries, cats, rats, flying foxes, etc. Can you in this land of privileges and culture, imagine such a life?

We stand and look at them in their squalor, and accustomed though we have become to the sight, we are constrained to ask, "Can these be of the same blood as we?"

I said to a Yanadi woman one Saturday afternoon, "Aldama, you and your husband will be over to the meeting to-morrow morning, will you not?" And she replied, "Yes, I'll come, but Narsialu cannot come if I do, as this is the only cloth we have, and when I wear it he has to stay at home."

The cloth referred to was a piece of very dirty cotton about as large as a bath-towel—twisted about her body. The entire wardrobe of the whole family! Many of their social customs are very degrading. They are the only people of whom I have heard it said, "They have no marriage ceremony." It is simply an elopement, as often as a man or woman finds one whose company he or she fancies might be preferable to present circumstances, accordingly, with a few exceptions, all are really unmarried. Yet no adult lives alone, and this makes it necessary for every adult candidate for baptism to be married, as part of the preparation for that ordinance.

Three years ago a Yanadi man professed conversion, and wanted to be baptized, but was prevented, because his heathen wife was unwilling to be married to him. The oppression of the Yanadi's by all other classes, is sometimes almost incredible, and we have known some very, very sad cases of unjust, cruel wrongs suffered by them because they are "the poor that hath no helper." Every other Hindu in the country is ready to take advantage.

A most daring robbery of nearly 500 rupees' worth of jewellery was committed in Ramapatam about two years ago. It was believed to have been the work of one of the prominent, influential village officials, but he succeeded in getting the charges fastened on one or two helpers, timid Yanadi men. They were tried before a native magistrate, and on the testimony of *false witnesses*—hired for the occasion—convicted, and sent to gaol.

We believed the poor men to be innocent and ac-