

amused me was the boys' rendering of "Johnny Schmoker" in Telugu.

We have been here in Waltair for over two months and have gotten nicely started in our study of Telugu, which we are keenly enjoying. We have met and learned to like some of the Telugu Christians. We have attended our first conference, and have felt something of the great need and know how comparatively few are the laborers and how heavy are the burdens of work carried by our missionaries, and we are eagerly looking forward to the time when we shall be able to do real work.

EDNA E. FARNELL.

#### A FORTRESS OF IDOLATEY.

Dear Readers of The LINK:—

It is now some little time since Miss Robinson and I were reminded that letters to the LINK were overdue from us; and knowing that she has paid due heed to the reminder, perhaps I have been a little more dilatory in doing so than otherwise I would have been. However, I may not again in a long time have as good an opportunity to heed the kindly reminder, and the voice of my conscience, as I have now, since I am on tour on a part of our field where nearly all of the villages belong to the Lutheran Mission, and where my work is simply to visit our Christians in their villages; and as I cannot very well go to a village four miles over the fields on one side of my camping place in the morning, and to another a couple of miles on the opposite side in the afternoon, I have taken two days for that work, which gives me the greater part of the afternoon for other duties, since the village where my tent is pitched belongs to the Lutherans. In former days, before a "scrap of paper" bound us, I used to work in this village in the afternoons while camping here, and am not sure that even "the scrap of paper" justifies me in the sight of my Master for not doing so now; but writing to the LINK is a duty, too.

There are two villages within easy walking distance of my tent. The second one, which is a little farther away, may be called a fortress of idolatry, for right behind it is a small cone-shaped hill, the top of which is ornamented (I was going to say crowned, but will not,

for a crown is a sign of honor, not of degradation) by a beathen temple, which can be seen for miles around; to reach which the worshippers must mount a long flight of steps, several hundreds I should think, up the side of the hill. I would like to mount up that hill some morning, when all nature is singing a song of praise to its Creator, and roll their old idol over the side of the hill. No, better still, start it down the long line of steps and listen to it go bumping down to destruction. But of what use would it be, since I could not at the same time roll out of their hearts the superstition and sin that set the idol there, and bring them in crowds from miles around once a year to worship here? They would only put another in its place, as I have been told they did once before, when someone, with a less worthy motive than I would have, carried off their idol of gold. Only they substituted one of stone, considering, doubtless, that it would be less attractive to a thief. No example of the incapability of their gods to defend themselves seems to shake their belief in them. One day, as I stood in front of a temple, talking to a number of people about their worship, and singing a hymn, a line of which says, "A stone on which to wipe feet" (a practice of the Hindus), I illustrated by wiping my feet on an idol beside me. Seeing which, a young man said, with some anger: "Will you kick our God?" I answered him by saying: "What am I that I should kick your god, the maker of all things, the one who gave you eyes to see and ears to hear? True, I wiped my feet on that idol; but if it is a god will it not defend itself? Why should you defend it?" Often since I use that scene to enforce my teaching; but alas, I fear that many of the Hindus partake of the nature of the typical (?) female, whom the poet has made famous—who, "convinced against her will, is of the same opinion still!"

As I go from village to village, this year, I am trying to teach the Christian the call of the Master to the weary and heavy-laden, and am finding in that call, oh, such rest to my own soul. Pray that it may be used in lifting from many a heart the burden of sin, which they