

down-trodden people, and if we can only provide them with teachers, we shall see a grand ingathering. Thank God for giving us this opening, for which we have long been praying and working."

His wife tried to look glad, but failed, as she led him in for the cup of tea and slice of toast she had prepared since seeing him come over the knoll a mile away, and until he had had this refreshment she would not tell him of the home mail, with its freight of crushing news that had come during his absence.

He needed the refreshment, for even then his hands trembled as he held the letter and read the imperative orders for a ten per cent. retrenchment on the last year's expenditure, instead of his hoped for expansion, and then, putting his head on his hands, the strong man sobbed. "Then these seekers to whom I have promised the bread of life must go back and feed on their old ashes. O God, what does thy Church mean thus to play fast and loose with thirsty souls—to send me to proclaim in all this district 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters,' and then strike the cup of the water of life from their lips as they bend to drink. Merciful Jesus, show Thy Church what they are doing."

THE ABANDONED MISSION SCHOOL.

The heart of Mr. K., missionary at Tenевur, had been greatly gladdened two years before, by the reception of a petition from the town of Bibinagar, twenty miles west, signed by the leading inhabitants, Brahmans, merchants, artisans, farmers, begging him to take under his charge, as a mission school, an Anglo-vernacular school which they had established a few years before for the education of their sons. They expressed their perfect willingness to have him introduce the Bible, as a text-book, in each class, every day, for they had noticed that the study of the Bible elevated the character of those who studied it, even though they did not become Christians.

He found these people in earnest. The fees paid by the boys entirely supplied the salaries of the present masters. The missionary put in better teachers, and added a new Bible master. In two years the people had grown to appreciate the school so much that higher fees could be collected. But, with the Bible master, it still required one hundred dollars per year from mission funds to keep it up. It was worth it. Christianity was gaining its first foothold in that town, in that taluk, or county. The people were listening with respect, and attention, and interest, to the weekly preaching.

Then a heavy letter came from the home board; heavy with heartache. "Retrenchment, immediate, must be made at all the stations." The proportion falling on Tenевur was Rs. 1,000 (three hundred dollars.) Sadly Mr. K. went over every expenditure, out off Rs. 50 here, 75 there, 100 in another place; dismissed three native agents, though they knew of no other employment; and yet there was Rs. 300 (one hundred dollars) more that must be cut off. No other way could be found. The Bibinagar school had to be given up. The Bible teacher was obliged to leave. It was re-organized as a heathen school, and Bibinagar was enveloped in its pristine darkness.

THROUGHT BACK INTO HEATHENISM.

"Jesus loves me, this I know, for the Bible tells me so," sang Sikamani (Crown-jewel), the little Brahman girl, as she entered her father's house from Miss R's

caste girls' school in Singapuram, and her musical voice rang through the zenana apartments. "Here, my lotus blossom, what is that you are singing? Who is Jesus? and what is the Bible?" asked her kindly-faced grand-mother. "Come and sit down, and tell us all about it."

It was a leisure hour, and all the zenana women gathered, and seated on the mats around, listened while little "Crown-jewel" sang more of the beautiful songs Miss v. R. had taught them, in their own vernaculars. Then she told them all she had learned about that loving Jesus "who died that we all, yes, we women too, may be saved." Daily in this Brahman's home, in merchants' and artisans' homes, were such scenes witnessed since Miss v. R. had, one year before, opened the first Hindu girls' school in all that region. The school had filled its building in the Brahman street, and Miss v. R. had just engaged to rent another in the Goldsmiths' street, and open another school, and already scores of pupils had made application to be received.

Miss v. R. had come home joyously from completing the arrangements, making melody in her heart unto the Lord for giving her such opportunities, for she was already getting an entrance into one and another of her pupils' homes, to talk with their mothers and aunts. On her table lay the evening letters. One, from the secretary of the mission, she seized, opened, read, and sank into a chair, while disappointment and despair, too dry for tears, shook her slender frame. "Killing retrenchments ordered from home. No appropriations for Hindu girls' school. Must close them all from end of next month." That school cost Rs. 225, or \$75 per year. The new one would cost the same. But the home church was too poor to afford the \$150, so the order had come as to all those Hindu homes into which the light was beginning to steal, "Shut out the light, shut in the darkness."

DR. ANNA AND HER PATIENTS.

Dr. Anna B., sent out five years before, had opened out a very fine and desperately needed medical work in Bilanagar. Her hospital with twenty beds for in-patients was always filled, while the hundred out-patients daily were blest with her medicines, her skill, and her prayers. The seeds of the kingdom were daily sown in hundreds of grateful souls. Some seemed germinating. More patients were begging for treatment than she could possibly receive on her appropriations. She had sent a strong appeal for an increase in funds, and an assistant or associate, as the work was more than she could do. "Impossible. Funds not coming in. Can not keep up even present appropriations. Retrench 15 per cent. from January 1st. Imperative."

Sick at heart she went over every expenditure to see where she could possibly cut down. Medicines and necessaries for treatment must be had. A small reduction was possible in a few minor points, but on "diets of in-patients" must nearly the whole reduction fall. There was no help for it. Hereafter but ten of the twenty beds could be filled, for the people coming from distant villages were all too poor to provide food for themselves away from home. Ten beds were packed away, as they were vacated. The remaining ten were all filled with important cases, and Dr. Anna prayed for a hard heart, to enable her to refuse others.

"Will the dear lady doctor please come and see a dying woman in Kallur, four miles north?" A young mother, fourteen years old, whom native midwives had