

The sisters were baptised long before I came to India, and I had never seen them, for they live in a village far from any of our work and in a region claimed by the Lutheran Missionaries of Rajahmandry; but while in Ganapavaram last week, Sattanandam, the teacher there, told me how these three women had walked the twenty miles to church, the Sunday before, bringing with them Rupees 2, Annas 8, collection, and how hungry they were for the word, even following him to his house after the two services of the day were over, pleading for more from the precious Book. I felt that I must see them, and we came, Annamma and I, and have spent the day with them.

One of Mr. Craig's first workers, an old man, Job, by name, used to visit them regularly and taught them much of the Bible (they cannot read,) but he died shortly after I came to Akidu and since then Mr. Craig has visited them about once a year. There are no Christians in their village or in any village near them and they have stood alone, holding themselves aloof from the heathen feasts, and though they are poor and all their lives have worked in the fields not once have they broken the Sabbath, even in the busy transplanting and harvest seasons no money would tempt them to work on Sunday. This is the testimony of their heathen neighbors.

They told me the story of their checkered lives and through it all gleamed bright and clear unwavering trust in God, and such love and faith and what memories for the things of Christ and how quick to recognise His hand and voice and what deep gratitude for the blessings that are theirs! As I listened, I marvelled greatly for never had I seen it after this fashion.

And the boy—he reminded me of Timothy and Paul's reference to the teachings of his grandmothers Lois and mother Eunice, for these women have taught the lad all they know, even the names of the rivers Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel and Euphrates. When we have the ear of the King, shall we not remember these lonely far off ones!

F. M. STOVEL.

IN THE HINDU CITY OF SALVATION.

Dak Bungalow, BENARES, India, Dec. 7th, 1892.

In the sacred city of Benares we witnessed thousands of people bathing in the Ganges to wash away their sins.

There were old and young, rich and poor, some were so weak that they had to be helped down into the water, some poor old women shivered and trembled as they dipped themselves into the chill river. Many of these people had come hundreds of miles to bathe and pray and worship in the temples, for this city is the centre of Hinduism and is wholly given up to idolatry.

Yet God is working here and Jesus Christ is calling out his sheep as the following incident will show:

Upon walking to the Dak Bungalow a young Hindu accosted me and asked, "are you the one who preached in the Methodist Church last Sunday night?"

Upon answering in the affirmative he said "I want to ask you a question; why does not God answer prayer?"

"He does," I replied.

"But he has not answered my prayer," the young man said.

"Are you a Christian?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered, "I am the son of a convert."

"But are you a convert yourself, do you rejoice in having your sins forgiven?"

"No," he said, "but I am praying that God will give

me light and reveal the Gospel to me, and He has not answered my prayer."

"But you have the Bible," I replied, "do you expect that God is going to open the heavens to your sight as he did to Saul?"

"No, I do not expect that," said this young Hindu student, "but I am not satisfied."

"Are you satisfied with Jesus, are you content with God's gift?" I asked.

"Yes," he said "I am."

"Are you satisfied with the work Jesus did for you or do you want Him to come down from heaven and die again just for you?" I asked.

"Oh no," he said, "I am quite satisfied with the work Jesus has done on the Cross for me."

"Then," I replied, "God is also satisfied with that work so that you are satisfied with what God is satisfied with, is not that so?"

"Yes" he replied.

"Now listen to the promise," I said, "He that believeth on the Son hath eternal life."

"Do you believe on the Son?"

"Yes I do," he replied.

"Have you eternal life?" I asked.

"I do not know," he said, "I do not feel that I have."

"But what does God say?" I persisted. "He that believeth hath eternal life." Notice the tense "hath," not "shall have."

"How shall I know?" he again enquired somewhat perplexed.

"You know by believing God's word," I replied.

"Supposing a father promised a son money, if he did a certain work, how would the son know that he would get the money when the work was done?" I asked.

"By believing the father's word," this young man replied.

"Would you believe your father's word, I asked the Hindu.

"Yes," he replied.

"And when you did the work would you get the money your father promised?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied.

"But here God makes a promise which reads, 'He that believeth on the Son hath eternal life.'"

"What is your name," I asked.

"Kaneje," he replied.

Taking a piece of paper I wrote in English.

"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that Kaneje believing on him should not perish but have everlasting life."

He took the paper and read it, and with joy and brightness on his countenance exclaimed, "I see it," "by God's promise I know I have eternal life."

"Now praise God," I said to him. Thank Him for the gift. Tell Him you are satisfied with Jesus and trust in Him now and always for Salvation. Confess the name of Christ to others, tell your friends you are trusting in Jesus."

"It is very plain to me now," he said. "Thank you very much, sir."

As he walked away he turned his head several times to look back at me as I stood under the shade of a tree, and the angels rejoiced at one sinner repenting and turning to the true God.

In this town the Church Mission, the London Mission and the Wesleyan Methodist Mission with the Zenana workers and Medical workers and teachers and scholars by hundreds are hearing of the Saviour. No doubt some wish to see the fruit of their labors and are weary in the work, but there are many links in the chain