

"Why don't you show us your God? We show you ours. Show yours and we will believe in Him," and one of the most common questions: "Will your missionaries give us food if we become Christians?" Often she is met with words such as these: "We will not leave the way of our fathers. Let their portion be ours." Again, "If this is such a good religion why do not the Brahmins and Komites receive it? Would you have us that are last become first?" Sometimes they ask, "In what are the Christians better off than we? They have to work, they meet losses, they get sick and die—what more happens to us?" And others again pass on with their burden as did a poor old woman of Samulcotta, who replied to an invitation to wait and hear about the kind Father who had created her, with the scornful query, "Will a man plant a tree and not water it? If I do not toll to the bazaar with my load of grass and sell it, will I have food to-night?" Thus you see that it is not enough that the light is set before them, the Holy Spirit must open their blind eyes, else it is as if (or worse than if) no Saviour had died for them." Now a few of Minnie's notes will give you a glimpse of some of the more hopeful aspects of her work.

May 3rd, 1888. At one house to day they asked me the name of my God. When I told them they said, We worship Ramasesany. I asked if Ramasesany created or preserved them. As to that, they answered, We have never heard. Our people all worship R. therefore we do the same. I told them their idol was no god, and then something about the great and good works of the true God. They said We never heard this before; if you come again we will listen.

4th. A shopman from whom I buy oil, tamarind, etc., asked me which was first your god or mine. I told him some Bible truths. He said your words seem good, but your religion mixes up all castes—is there no difference between the great and the low? Is the left hand the same as the right? I said is not the left truly a hand? Would you part with it? Does it not do the left hand's work? God made all of one blood at first. Then I lent him a tract on the evils of caste, which he said he would read.

7th. In a street I went to-day there was a big stone idol. For a great many days it had lain on the dust-heap, all used it as a seat, children and dogs played over it. Yesterday a widow took it, and set it up near her house, washed it, put color marks on it, burned incense to it and worshipped it, others joining with her. I told them of the folly of all this, that the true God is a spirit, and all must worship Him alone. True, they said, we have no reward for worshipping these dumb things, but all do so, therefore we do the same.

10th. Sat near a house and sang a hymn; three or four women and two men sat down to listen. They asked, Did not your fathers worship as we do, then why condemn us? I said when they knew the truth they stopped doing so. So I told them about God. That He is angry with those who worship false gods, but will make all pure who believe in Jesus.

11th. To-day some women said they were too poor and mean to go near God, so I read to them about the rich man and Lazarus. They listened with desire, but for the sake of their customs look back. A man asked why Christian men wear short hair. I explained and came away.

12th. To-day some men were sitting near a temple, as I passed they said, Umma, will you not tell us some good words; we will listen. After I had spoken to them about Jesus Christ they said, Your words are good, but you Christians make all castes one, and that is not good. They also said, We too worship one god, only his name is *ya-co-niriana murte*. I told them there was but one God and one Saviour. They listened well, but said, We will certainly not give up caste and be baptized.

14th. I sang a hymn and told its meaning to a few women. They asked me why, when Christians die, we bury instead of burning the bodies. I explained and they agreed, but said it is the custom with our people to burn so we must "not change." And so the story goes on and thus the work (in one department) goes on, not feebly and uncertainly as you might fear from such records and see from such ex-

periences, but with steady invincible progress, for it is the Lord's own work, and the heathen shall be given to Him for an inheritance. If it were not for the promises we would faint. The people are so blind and they do not want to see, they are starving but feel no hunger. Spiritual death and darkness shut us in on every side, and what are we? We are infants striking puny blows upon an adamant wall with no effect (it seems) but that a quiver of pain runs back to our own heart. That's one side. There's another. It is the living word of the living God we are making known, it cannot perish. It is seed indestructible we sow, it must bring forth fruit. Confident in this we can afford to labor and to wait, to suffer and be strong. But even in the evident tokens of His blessing, which the Lord has given us, we have abundant encouragement to go on. He is working miracles around us every day, and is loosening the chains of caste and custom from these Satan-bound captives, and they are going forth free and happy in Him; and He will go on conquering to the end, whether we accept the high and holy privilege He gives us of being co-workers with Him, or whether we forbear. Thus missing such opportunities as angels might weep for. Let us try this year, you there and we here, to occupy more worthily than ever before the vantage ground He has placed us on.

Aug. 3rd. Long before you see this you will know that as a mission we are again bereaved. Our faithful, devoted brother Currie has been called to his rest and reward. He had been sick for a long time, but we thought he was improving till Saturday, 31st July, when he suddenly sank away. We had not anticipated this. It seemed to us as if in our weakness he could not be spared, so we looked to the Lord with much confidence for his recovery. But his work was done. What patient, close, hard work it has been few know. After years of lonely trial at Tuni, those desert places were beginning to be glad for him and the solitary places to blossom. Much new ground had been taken in the Master's name and fruit began to cheer his heart. When now we have to lay the hero of those quiet toils away to rest, we feel that we have lost much, and we are grieved for poor Tuni. May the Lord quickly send one to its rescue. The poor wife will be almost crushed. I wish you had known her, a gentle, refined spirit; only God can soothe such grief. She will think it would not have been so hard had she been with him, but she cheerfully bore the harder part in sending him back so soon and so promptly when she was compelled to remain behind. I hope you will still have her come up to your annual meeting some time when she can bear it.

And now I must close. It was in my mind to answer your questions, but this cannot be delayed any longer. You will hear of Mr. Currie's last hours through others. Trusting you will have great success this year, I am, dear Mrs. Humphrey, Yours affectionately and sincerely,

M. B. McLAURIN.

Aug. 3rd, 1888.

*My Dear Miss Buchanan.*—I want to remind you that we here sympathize with you in all your efforts for the good of this work for the Telugus, that we constantly remember you in prayer, and are encouraged in your encouragement. So you will join us in thanking God, and in taking fresh courage in view of all His goodness to us during the year now closing. In no year during the history of our mission has he caused us to see more of his loving kindness, or to enjoy more of his blessing. Yet the sense of a great loss is strong upon us just now. Again we are brought to feel ourselves weak and small. God knows all and He knows best. We will trust Him, but truly He works far above our comprehension. Those who knew Mr. Currie intimately, and from close observation knew the kind of work he was doing, held him in highest honor. He did not know how to make a noise or show and had no desire to learn how. Missionary enthusiasm in him found expression in close, patient, persevering work for the lost, and in quiet endurance for Christ's