

strews a few ashes in front of them and they "make their letters." The older ones shout their lessons after the teacher. The middle ones hold their books and gabble aloud. Would one ever think that anything could come of such a school as this? Yet this my friends is your crusade in its inmost workings. Here, the little madiga girl of four years first learns the name of the wonderful Jesus. Every day, without fail, she comes to school. When she is five her name is written on the list. "I do not want you to write a heathen name, give me a Christian name." And she is entered by that name most beloved of all names, I think you will agree. Mary. "Why are you not a Christian?" I asked her mother. "Well, I am going to be one. See that son of mine. He believes in your Jesus, because Mary is always talking about Him. My brother over there in that house—he was baptized last Sunday, all through Mary. She is always singing and praying. Yes, I am coming too. Every Sunday without fail, little five year old Mary brings her copper collection. Last week, she was recovering from an illness and she brought her mother by the hand and gave a half a rupee thank offering. Little crusader only five years old. "Can anything good come out of"—the madiga outcaste? "Come and see."

Here is another crusader. "I am always telling my parents to be Christians. I know all about Jesus. I wouldn't be just a mala or a madiga for anything." He is leading me through the devious foot-paths of the Indian rice fields, with an air of elegance and importance. His front tuft of hair shines with cocoanut oil. His shoulder blades and elbows keep time with his feet. His twine string garment flaps in front in time with his shoulder blades, and the precious New Testament that he has earned for "knowing everything" is tucked under his arm. Between his teaming from behind and his running on ahead, he finds time for a flow of Telugu truly remarkable in one so young. But the burden of it all is "Please come to my house and talk to my parents. I preach to them all the time, and they seem interested. Tell

them to be Christians and give us all new names. And, Oh, Ammah, do you think that if my parents were Christians, the doragaru (Mr. Gordon) would take me into the boarding school? And do you think that sometime I could be a teacher too?"

In the mass movement area, we have the custom of giving new names to the converts. It is a fitting and a magnificent thing. "I will write a new name." "Dirt heap" becomes "Jewel." "Crazy Fellow" becomes "Joyful Wisdom." "A hateful goddess" is turned into "Smile of God." No wonder the children's cry is "Give us a new name." We sometimes wish for more signs of the new birth, that is true. The children of this crusade are but children and even the grown ups have not become much more than little ones in the Kingdom. Yet Christ said "I came that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly." If the life of the Christian in the outcast hamlet is not "more abundant" than the life of his heathen relative, the sharp eyes of the children would not fail to detect it. We never hear a Christian child say, "Give me a heathen name." No. The crusaders ever press on toward the light, and there is no fooling the children. They press into the Kingdom. They take it by force. They break the bonds of an age long servitude to man and to devils. Their banner is the name of Jesus, and they know not the word retreat. They have leaped over the bounds of space. They have outleaped the March of Time. God Himself has written their names in the Book of His Eternity.—Tidings.

On the back page of this paper you will find a list of missionary books that can be borrowed from the Literature Department for reading this Summer. But better still, you can buy THE ENTERPRISE (\$1.50), Telugu Trophies (25c), Pioneering in Bolivia (40c.). You can read them in the Summer, and you can pass them on, for you will certainly want to, they are so interesting. They can be gotten at 66 Bloor St. W., Toronto.