

several passages from the New Testament, and endeavored to show him, that man by wilful disobedience, forfeited his right to son-ship, and was under condemnation; and by one man's sin all were made partakers of eternal death. At this interval he asks, "What is sin?" Chittiah read the Ten Commandments, and I said, "Are you a sinner?" He said, "No, I have no sin." Then said I, "It is useless to continue this conversation, *We are sinners saved by the precious blood of Jesus*; and we have come to tell others how they may be saved also. If you have no sin, you do not need salvation. Christ came to save sinners; not the righteous." After an hour's interview he rose to take leave; but not without hearing the truth as it is in Jesus. We warned him to flee from the wrath to come, and pleaded with him to make the matter of his soul's salvation a study, and to begin at once.

This is only one example in the many, where the blind are leading the blind.

At Kuppili (six miles from Katapalam and forty-two from Binli), we had a most interesting time. Usually we go to the people with the message of salvation, and rejoice if they but lend the listening ear; but here they came to us, and on Sunday we were able to have two regular services with respectable congregations. In the morning Chittiah preached from the text, "And whosoever shall fall on this stone shall be broken; but on whomsoever it shall fall it will grind him to powder." In the afternoon we had a prayer meeting, and prepared to go to a village near by, but it was not necessary, for the people came to the Bungalow, and continued coming, till the veranda was well filled; and there we sang, talked, read and prayed with them till the shades of night closed in around us, and we asked them to take leave. On the last day of our visit we went to see their temple. It is in the centre of the village on a hill about fifteen feet above the tops of the surrounding houses. Up the stone steps we wended our way, and the first to meet our gaze were two huge idols of stone representing two animals of the lower order. We were not in this sacred place long; however, before the people began to gather; and there beside these dumb idols we addressed about two hundred men, women and children. We began with the hymn, "Nothing but the blood of Jesus," and endeavored to impress upon them the utter foolishness of trusting in these for salvation. Some tried to argue at first, but it was useless; they had to acknowledge that our teaching was true; but they added, as we so often hear, "What can we do? our elders do this way."

During the seven days we sold more books than at any other station. The Malas are the most intelligent and in better circumstances than any I have seen in India. They have two large villages and many are engaged in cultivation; others are in the Salt Dept., the only Government work carried on there. Our congregation on Sunday morning was largely composed of these, and although unable to read themselves they bought books, with the intention of having them read by others.

At Raiga, the people are becoming well acquainted with the principles of Christianity. A large proportion are Kohatriyas or Rajulas, and they are pretty well educated in their own language. A widow of this caste told us she had a desire to come into our religion, said she had no faith in the idols, and that Christianity was the only true religion. She was having some trouble regarding property left by her husband. A step-son was trying to deny her right, and she expected to go to court in a few days; after which she said her mind would be calm and she would decide. She asked us in and assured us that she was not afraid, and that we could speak freely. She

asked the Bible-woman to visit her next day at noon, but when she went she was engaged. We do not know her motives, but she has the knowledge, and we can but pray that the Holy Spirit will apply it to her heart. At another house we met a young widow of fourteen years. Her husband had died three months previous, and although wealthy in this world's goods, she, according to custom, was returned to her parents. She had read portions of the New Testament and some other books. This day she gladly received the handbills we gave her and her mother bought a small book for her. She was a sweet, lovable child—for she was but a child; but her hopes were blighted early in life and the brightness was gone—she was doomed to a widow's lot. I felt so sorry for her and would fain have taken her home. I thought if she only knew the Friend of the widow and fatherless, how different the future would seem, and I asked her mother to give her to us. She said, "There is no mistake, she may go with you," but our relatives—our caste. Oh! this cruel caste which binds its victims fast in its iron chains; but the day is coming dear friends, when these chains will be snapped asunder and the power that comes with the still small voice will do it. Yes, the truth will prevail.

I have not told you about our visit to Ranastalam and Konada; but fear that any letter is already too long, and I will reserve this for another time.

A. C. GRAY.

Bimlipatam, October, 1889.

## THE WORK AT HOME.

### W. M. Union of the Maritime Provinces.

1890.

There is no time so good in which to plan work as the beginning of the New Year. No time so good as this in which to take a glance over the fields, white already to the harvest, and see if we can, each one for herself, just what her own share in the work is to be, and how best it can be done.

As a union we are banded together to pray, to labour, and to give, that the Gospel of Christ may be given to the world.

For five years the work has been growing on our hands. Begun with trembling and some fainting of heart, yet the smile of the Master has rested in such large measure upon our labors that we have been enabled year by year to praise Him, and to go forward.

And the command is still the same, "Bid the people that they go forward." Forward to greater conquests, in larger fields.

In three different sections of the field, our workers are to be found, but for convenience we will speak of it under the two heads, Home and Foreign.

#### THE FOREIGN FIELD.

Here in the Madras Presidency we have four stations.

At Bobbili we have Mr. and Mrs. Churchill, and five native teachers. Miss Fitch is on her way to this station, so we can count her as among them.

At Bimlipatam, Mr. and Mrs. Sanford, Miss Gray, and three native preachers, one colporteur, one Christian teacher, and one Bible-woman.

At Chicacole, Mr. and Mrs. Archibald, Miss Wright, seven native preachers, three colporteurs, five Christian teachers, and seven Bible-women.

At Vizianagram we will have Mr. and Mrs. Higgins.

Speaking of Bobbili, Brother Churchill says: "There are at least 800,000 on this field, and a missionary is