

This part was occupied by the father, mother, three daughters, the youngest nearly full grown, and one grown up son. The cattle were always to pasture during the day, and the door was open, yet we were almost suffocated with the odor arising from the dirt and mud floors, and had to hurry out where we could breathe the fresh air.

While passing along the streets of a large town, I saw a man standing beside his door with his four-year-old child in his arms. The child's whole figure was swelled out round and taut with dropsy, while from under the door and to some distance out into the street was a running stream of filth from the stable. "A good subject for the artist—filth and its effects," I remarked.

The moral state of this people is loathsome in the extreme. It is doubtful if there is a pure man among a thousand. I have seen the chief men of towns and villages stand without shame and argue that it was a meritorious act to commit fornication or adultery.

Four years ago when we had about seventy coolies employed in building the mission bungalow, a fire broke out among the thatched houses in the town. The dry thatch of straw and leaves burned like tinder. The occupants were attending a festival some miles distant. One third of the town would soon have been swept away, but on seeing the flames I sent my overseer with the coolies to put out the fire. When they came near the burning houses they saw more than two hundred people gathered there, not one of whom was making any effort to stop the progress of the fire, but all were laughing and enjoying it as our people would enjoy a bonfire at home. My overseer ordered the coolies to take water from a large irrigation well near by and quench the fire. A number of men near by forbid them touching the water, saying that it would defile the well, many of the coolies being outcaste men. Though a Christian, this was too much for the patience of my overseer; in anger he struck some of those who stood near, and they were all afraid and ran away. The coolies then dipped up the water, and the fire was soon subdued. The poor people on returning from the festival blessed us for saving their homes.

While camping at a village, a boy while taking water from a well, fell in, and was liable to drown, while his sister stood near beating her breast and could render him no assistance. An out-caste boy seeing the occurrence jumped into the well, and brought out the drowning boy. The chief man of the village, in anger, abused and threatened the boy severely, saying that he should have let the boy drown rather than defile the well.

A Brahmin, who has been in the habit of deceiving the people in this district, for some time, came to the mission bungalow to-day. He claimed that through the assistance of the delicties, and by reading the stars, he could tell any word that we might write in secret. Desiring to find out and expose his deception to the people, I determined to examine his claim if he would agree. I told him that I doubted his ability to do as he said, but would examine if he would permit. He gave me a piece of paper, a pencil, and a book to write on, and told me to write a word in Telugu. I took it a distance and wrote a word, and put it in my pocket, returning the book and pencil to the Brahmin. He went to the other side of the bungalow for a minute, and then came and told me the word I had written. I was somewhat surprised, but thinking he saw me while writing, and therefore knew the word, I took another paper from him and wrote the word in a private room. He soon returned and told me the word I had written.

I was much surprised, and it set me thinking how I could account for it. I began to think that it must be in the book that he gave me to write on. The book was covered with brown paper, so I thought that he must have some black copying paper between the brown paper cover and the book. I took another paper from him to write on, took the book and pencil as before, and went into a private room and

examined the book, unfolding and taking off the brown paper cover. I found, as I expected, a sheet of copying paper, and under that six or eight sheets of white paper. This was the arrangement on each cover of the book. I carefully replaced everything as I found it, and wrote the word, placing the paper on the table, and not on the back of the book, and handed the book and pencil to him as before. He went as before, but came back, saying that I must write again. I gave the paper to my sister, and told her his trick. She wrote a word and we asked him to tell what she had written, but he soon came back and said we must write again. Mr. Scott also took the paper and wrote, but the Brahmin soon returned, saying that the stars were not good to-day and therefore he could not tell the words we had written.

We then turned off the cover from his book and showed him and a number of others from the town, who had come to see him perform, his deception. We took the copying paper and placed it between sheets of other paper, wrote on it, and showed them how it would copy. He was a sorrowful man, but we were happy that this prop to idolatry could be taken away, and thereby many other such props weakened. He begged of us all not to expose the trick, saying that it was the only way he had of making a living, and that rich Brahmins and kings had offered him hundreds of rupees if he would reveal to them the secret, but that he had shown no one. I lectured him for some time upon the wickedness of such a course, and showed him that he was not only going to ruin himself, but deceiving and dragging thousands of others down with him. But nothing could make any impression upon him. "His God is his belly," and this he must do for his stomach's sake.

Such a state of humanity as is illustrated by the above mentioned examples is the legitimate offspring of idolatry. How can such a people, cruel, unsympathetic, and selfish, steeped in iniquity, with almost the last traces of modesty and morality erased from their consciences, be said to be fit to enter heaven, that pure and holy place, the first law of which is love and self-denial for the good of others, without the enlightening and purifying influences of the gospel and the convicting and converting influences of the Holy Spirit?

BANGALORE, Jan. 20th, 1864.

#### Dear Readers of THE LINK:

"My days are gliding swiftly by, and I, a pilgrim stranger, would detain one long enough to write a few words to you to tell you how often I think of you, and to thank you for the prayers which I know many of you are sending up for me, as well as my fellow-missionaries. Perhaps, too, you would like to hear something from one who has so lately come to India that everything seems strange and new.

Of course you have heard from many sources what a delightful voyage we had all the way from Boston to Madras, with a pleasant week in old London. I cannot enter into the details of the trip, but just let me say that I count it one of the great events of my life. I feared perhaps the voyage would grow monotonous, but it did not; every day brought new scenes, and when we had nothing especially to look at but sea and sky, we brought out our work—*we ladies*, I mean—and reading and chatting, and a very little working filled in the bright sunny days. The gentlemen of our party regaled themselves often with shuffleboard, which is an extremely noisy game, and afforded excellent exercise to their lungs as well as their biceps.

When we landed at Madras we were all—Americans and Canadians—much better for our trip, but glad to get to our adopted country. A very hearty welcome awaited us in Madras. We felt the help of sympathy from brethren already in the work. Madras is rather a discouraging place for the new recruit to see first, I think. It struck me as such a hot, dusty, glaring red city. Crowds of screeching coolies surrounded us on landing at the wharf, anxious to relieve us of the burden of our