

must choose between Jesus Christ and your mother." She threw her arms around him, and with dishevelled hair and sobs and shrieks, as though mourning for the dead—as only an Oriental woman knows how to do—she pleaded with him, reminded him of all she had done for him from babyhood, and prostrating herself at his feet, begged him not to leave her. He quietly put her from him saying, "Mother, I will not leave you, but if it is a choice between you and Christ, I choose Christ my Saviour." Next they brought his little wife, a mere child, and said, "Now choose between your wife and Jesus Christ." He knew what that would mean. For the rest of her life, according to Hindu law, she would be a despised widow, hated and cursed by everyone. He looked at the helpless little mite, crouched on the ground, for a few moments, and then straightening himself up he looked to the hostile crowd waiting for his decision and said, "If you will let me have her I will love and cherish her as long as life lasts, but if I cannot have my wife and my Saviour both, I choose my Saviour."

They saw that they had done all that they could do to persuade Sayanna, and had failed, so now they turned upon him in disgust, anger and maliciousness. With abusive words the crowd struck him, kicked him and spit upon him, and treated him with every insult that they could think of. As for Sayanna, when he was reviled he reviled not again, when he suffered he threatened not, but blessed his persecutors, calling upon God to forgive them. Finally surfeited with their own anger and its futility, the crowd gradually dispersed, leaving him alone, but stronger in faith and more glowing in love than before.

The next morning we were gathered in the Mission bungalow for conference and prayer, when suddenly Sayanna appeared among us. His first word was, "I've had all that the Saviour had but the nails." Then he told all that had happened the afternoon before. "Now," he said, "my

parents have taken away my wife and have driven me from my home; my father has beaten me with his shoe (in this country this is the most shameful punishment that can be meted out to anyone), and driven me away, forbidden me even to return to their street again, but no matter, I still possess more than they can ever take from me or give to me. I have my Saviour, and He has stood by me through it all."

All during that week he was sorely tried. Whenever any of his people would see him anywhere, they would abuse him and treat him shamefully in every way that they could, but he was firm through it all.

At last the following Sunday came. As the hour for baptism drew near Sayanna was nowhere to be found. The congregation had gathered at the church and among them was a large number of British soldiers who used to come every Sunday for parade service in full uniform of rifles and bayonets and ammunition. There were two candidates for baptism, a British soldier and Sayanna, but when service had about come and Sayanna was nowhere around, Mr. Boggs jumped on his bicycle and rode up to Sayanna's village. When he got to the house, he found the mother sitting outside, and as soon as she saw him she became very excited and before she was asked a single question began saying, "O, I don't know where he is," repeating it many times with great agitation. This proved that she did know, but as there was no time to search for him then, there was nothing to do but to return and begin the service.

It took Mr. Boggs a few minutes to get ready and he had just begun the service by the baptistry under the trees, when there was a commotion. In came Sayanna running, out of breath, very excited, and not far behind him a crowd of his caste people. It had evidently been a race between them. Without stopping to ask him the reason, we had our schoolboys prepare him for the ordinance while the first candidate was being baptized. When