

must continue to make the best of what he had.

After cycling four miles he dismounted, and made his way to a village not far from the roadside. A friendly shade tree invited him to rest a bit. Taking off his hat he wiped the perspiration from his brow, and sat down on a stone under the spreading branches. The ever present pariah dog soon announced his arrival, and it was not long before one and then another came up curious to know why he should be sitting there. Men on their way from the fields; women carrying water from the well; children, naked, dirty, diseased, stopped, and very soon he found himself the centre of a most interested group.

"Well, sir, how are the crops?" he asked one of the men.

"They are drying up, sir. No rain. We will die of famine," was the reply.

It was not long before the conversation, which began concerning things temporal, was changed, and the missionary went on to tell about the cause of starvation, sickness and death, and of the Saviour of the world who came to give eternal life to all who would believe in Him. As he spoke the crowd thickened. Among those who came was an old blind man who seemed to be particularly interested, and who assented to all that was said. His clothes were soiled and ragged, and he evidently was a Mala, that is of the lower class or outcaste people. But he seemed to be intelligent, and the missionary made up his mind to find out more about him.

"Have you ever heard about Jesus before, grandfather?" he asked.

"Oh yes sir," he replied. "Years ago Mr. Sanford and his family came to Bimlipatam. He built the mission house there and I used to cook for them. Every day the men who were working on the buildings and the servants were called together for worship, and Mr. Sanford told us all about Jesus, and I have never forgotten."

"Do you believe what Mr. Sanford told you was true?"

"Yes, sir, every word was true."

"Well, why have you never become a Christian?"

"I am afraid, sir, if I should become a Christian my people would disown me."

"But you are an old man. You cannot live much longer. Don't you want to become a Christian before you die?"

"Yes sir, I will before I die."

Thus the conversation went on until the daylight faded and gave way to the softer shades of moonlight. It was time for the people to go home for their evening meal.

As the missionary rode back to the town his mind was again busy, not with thoughts of motor cars this time but of the wonderful way in which God did His work. His mind went back to the early days of our mission, when our first missionaries, Mr. Sanford and Mr. Churchill began sowing the seed of Gospel truth as they built their dwelling houses and struggled with the study of a new language and a new people. Already he had baptized the man who had taught Mr. Churchill the Teiugu language—Luxmi Narsimulu, who for over thirty years studied his Bible and prayed in secret to the God Mr. Churchill had taught him to love. "One soweth and another reapeth." Mr. Churchill had gone home to his reward. Mr. Sanford was still living, but had changed his field of labor. "Others have labored and ye have entered into their labor," seemed to ring in his ears.

"You never can tell when you do an act. Just what the result will be,

But with every deed you are sowing a seed

The' the harvest you may not see."

Weeks and months passed. In conversation with some of the Indian Christians, the missionary found that they were acquainted with the old blind man Pappiah. They visited him and encouraged him to take a stand for Christ. Some of his relatives had already become Christians.

Finally, one evening, the pastor of the Church at Bimili came with the glad message that Pappiah and his wife had both decided to be baptized. They came before the church, and with several oth-

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