

The other is the wife of the hospital assistant. She is like the Bereans, searching to see whether these things are so. She is always full of questions she wants answered, and difficulties to be explained, and, in this, is very different from most of the Hindu women, who receive only too apathetically all one tells them, and would do the same to anyone telling them quite the opposite, half an hour after.

I do trust that she is really thinking about the salvation of her soul, and that she will yet cause joy among the angels of God, who wait anxiously to see the travail of Jesus' soulfulfilled and Him satisfied.

The work among the Mohammedans is of quite a different type, for one thing, it is carried on in Hindustani, and as we have no native Christians in this part, speaking that language, we have not the great advantage of having them for our helpers.

Soon after my return, I started a school for Mohammedan girls, employing one of their own people as a mistress for the secular part, and I taking the Scripture and spending much time in the school every day. The children, (who are not allowed to be seen out in the streets), were fetched to school every day in a bullock cart, the funds, for which, were provided by the Cathedral Sunday school, Montreal. All went well for a few weeks, the members rose to thirty, and we were beginning to get them into some kind of order and discipline, when the Thazi, a man combining the office of magistrate and priest among them, found out what was going on, and passed an order of excommunication upon any parents sending their children to the mission school, with the result that not a single child has come since.

I called a meeting of the leading Mohammedans here, to discuss the matter, but we all remained, each of our own opinion still, *i.e.*: they, that I must teach the Koran, and stop the Bible, and I, that it was impossible for me, as a Christian, to do as they asked.

I now visit about eight Mohammedan houses, and am teaching fourteen girls at home, and getting many more in each house to come and sit down while I read the Bible. I make no secret of the object of my visits, and in every case, go only with the persuasion of the master of the house, but as soon as it becomes known at headquarters, they will try to stop this, I think, in fact, I heard, that last Friday, (their Sabbath), I was again the subject of discussion in the mosque, so I shall be rather curious to see what sort of a reception I get on my next visits.

Then, God is giving us an opening among the Todas, one of the hill tribes of the Nilgivus. They are quite different from the ordinary Hindus, and together with four other tribes, for centuries, were the sole occupiers apparently of these hills, till English people made it a health resort

and now, thousands of natives from the plains, have settled here also. Like all these similar races, they seem destined to die out before the advance of civilization, not in this instance of white men, but their own country people. They are in many ways, I should think, like your Indians, but less civilized. Their language is unwritten, they scorn manual labour, and live by herds of buffaloes that graze on the hills, and tribute that they exact from a tribe, whom they consider inferior to themselves, but, who are in reality, far more industrious, and are becoming very powerful and wealthy. I have just got hold of a Toda, who once went to a government school and learned to read Tamil, and with this, as our medium of communication, I am making him teach me their language. He always brings some of his people with him, and their interest in my progress is very amusing. We have just started a Tamil school for them, out amongst the hills, near one of their munds, and the master teaches the few children, who come, a short time, and then goes out to the grazing grounds and munds or Toda villages around, telling them of God.

Then, my regular work in Ootacamund, where I live, is interspersed by monthly visits to Coonoor and Wellington, where we have schools and Zenana work too, carried on by very earnest native Christian helpers, one of whom is paid by funds from Canada. A little preaching hall we have opened at Wellington, not only serves as an opportunity of preaching to the heathen, but is drawing many of our young Christian men to come and see what Christ has done for them.

Occasionally also, I go on an evangelistic tour through the Wynaad, a large district entirely occupied by coffee and tea plantations, where a large amount of native labour is employed. The population there, though considerable, is scattered over a large area and contains very varied elements. The last time I was down, I spoke to about 250 people in smaller or larger groups, women in their houses, coolies returning from their work in the evening, servants in English bungalows, held in different places a service for children, an evangelistic meetings for overseers on one of the estates, a public discussion in a bazaar, with the members of an Anti-Christian Association, etc. But our native Christian workers there, have very uphill work, the European masters, who ought to help them, more often presenting a great hindrance to the spread of the Gospel, by their ungodly lives, and some will not give to the building of a church, or the extension of missionary work among their people, but help the heathen to build their temples and subscribe to heathen ceremonies. But, in all these different centres, in the hearts of one and another, the spirit of God seems working, and He is adding to the church in this place, from time to time, such I trust, as shall be saved.