

he said, with tears in his eyes, "Bro. Boggs, I have never seen humanity as low as this in any land."

But now we turn to a brighter part of the story of the Yanadies. Truly in their case the predictions in the 72nd Psalm are being fulfilled:

"For He will deliver the needy when he crieth,
And the poor that hath no helper;
And will have pity on the poor and needy,
And the souls of the needy He will save."

Many of them have been brought under the influence of the Gospel of Christ, and quite a number have believed it and received the Saviour whom it makes known, and are now His professed followers. It is only in connection with their evangelization that any uplift has come to them. Twenty or thirty years ago a few of them were converted, and some of their children were taken into the mission schools. But some twelve or fourteen years ago Mrs. Boggs became deeply interested in these most neglected and helpless of all the people; and ever since then her special work has been for them; getting their children into school, finding out and caring for orphans and waifs among them, visiting their poor huts to talk to them of the Saviour, supervising and directing a preacher and teachers among them, and teaching the women and others. And these efforts have been rewarded by encouraging results. There is not very much to be done with the present generation of adults, since many of them are so almost hopelessly dull to apprehend religious truth, and all desire and ambition to rise and improve has been so nearly crushed out of them by oppression. To this, however, there are some happy exceptions. But the children are capable of remarkable improvement. A good many of them have been gathered into school, and have learned just as well as other children. Some of them have passed into High School at Ongole; some have studied in the Theological Seminary at Ramapatam, and are now faithfully preaching and teaching the Truth which their people need so much. Benjamin, the principal preacher among them, is an earnest faithful man, who truly loves and serves the Lord, and patiently and lovingly toils in the evangelization of his poor ignorant down-trodden people.

Just before leaving India last year we had the privilege of seeing the opening of a new settlement for the Yanadies, and the addition of a school-house-chapel in the midst of them. In

this new place they are building their huts in regular lines, and of a much better kind than before. We trust that this will be the scene of much blessing.

W. B. Boggs,

Wolfville, N.S.
Feb. 3rd, 1904.

EXTRACT OF LETTER FROM MISS HARRISON.

I HAVE been watching the last bright tints of day fade gradually away in the west, and before I came in, the moon was flooding all the land with her light. Away off to the North is Devagiri, where our first missionary died. It looks so lonely and dreary to me, although there are many hills all about, apparently almost as high. Away off to the West, the hills are more distant, and so the fertile valley is visible for miles. Over at the North at the foot of the hills, in the other dark shadows, a bright light burned up for a few moments, and then seemed to die, and again flushed up and then grew dimmer, and finally seemed to die. It made me think of our little mission stations in the shade of the dark mountains of Hinduism; and oh, how I longed for the day when the Sun of Righteousness should flood the land with His light; and the tears streamed down as I tried to pray for our tiny light houses at Bobbili, Bimli, Kimesi, etc. A little later, that which had been trying to burn seemed to become more steady, and it cheered me. But again discordant sounds came from a village not far away, and I thought of the many, many such sounds coming up from this plain, and from the many other plains beyond these hills. Oh, what a babel it must be to our Lord who hears it all!

I thought of the tiny little shrine I saw to-day. The idol's name was Pothanna: There was just an ordinary looking little stone projecting two or three inches above the ground on one side, and sloping away on the other side. The thing was irregular, and the entire exposed surface could not have been more than one square foot. On one side was a row of dots of rouge powder. Quite near were two little posts of wood, one shorter than the other, and just a little farther away was another, apparently the baby post, only a few inches high. Along one side of the shrine, which was only about six feet square, were seven or eight more wooden posts leaning against the wall. All had evidently been worshipped this morning as the saffron and rouge