

talks to the women as well as the men, (indeed, Mr. Stillwell himself had preached to an audience of women sometimes, there), and some from Amwamma, our little blind girl, who learns so readily and also teaches others, who reward her with clothes, or other presents. Of course, we were very glad to see each other. We had recently been studying the story of Philip and the Ethiopian, and I had the picture of them with me. So I told Suramma the story of how Philip was preaching to so many in Samaria, and yet, when he heard the call to go into the desert, he went without hesitation and found it was for the conversion of that one man. She applied the story at once by saying I had left all those in Kaleru so that I could come to her. Some women who had come with her, left just then, so we only had Subhamma and Suramma to talk to. We think she has long been believing. She was only hesitating about baptism. So I pressed home to her the duty of baptism, referred again to the Ethiopian, who was ready as soon as he believed. She said there was only one hindrance in the way, and that was concerning her one daughter, who is now about ten years old. None of her caste people would ask for the daughter if she became a baptized Christian. I asked her if she would want to give her daughter to a heathen any way; would she not rather she married a Christian? I asked her, if her people should cast her out, would she have the means of living, and she said yes, she had property in her own right which belonged to her only and her little girl. I said we would hope in time to find a husband for her daughter. Well, we talked a long, long time, and before we had finished, the other workers had come, and the pastor, so we talked together with closed shutters, for Suramma was afraid of many people seeing her away from her home. The two women sang many hymns and paraphrases of Scripture, and seemed to enjoy the singing of them so much. It was dusk when they left, saying they would come together to Ramachandrapuram, and she would be baptized there. We had much prayer on the matter, and as I was down the canal seeing some other villages for a few days, I returned to Kaleru and found that Suramma was ready to be baptized right there, by the pastor. We called some of the other

elders of the church and had another meeting in the boat, where all had the opportunity of questioning her concerning her faith in Christ. She gave such clear, bright testimony, and there in the quiet evening, just as the sun had disappeared, leaving a beautiful sunset glow behind, Suramma put on Christ by baptism. Only those at the boat saw the baptism, but we think there was rejoicing among the angels over the lost one found. On changing her garments, she came to me with her eyes shining with a new bright light, saying: "It is over now, I am your child." "No, the Father's child or the Lord's child," I said. "Yes," she said, "and you, every one, prayed for me, too, in the meeting. I am so glad."

The next day we saw her in her village, and she seemed so happy, though as yet her neighbors do not know she is baptized. It will come out gradually, she said, as the news of Subbamma's baptism did, and they will then think it is too late to make a fuss.

And so Suramma, and her little girl, who now attends the Hindu village school, would be glad of an interest in our prayers.

Our other caste converts are a very great encouragement to us, as they testify according to their ability and in their different villages, and several others are considering the question of baptism. They all need our prayers.

Oh, if there were only hundreds of Christians, such as these, who, in their own homes, could be loyal to Christ, could show there by their good lives, holy conversation and pure walk, what it means to be a Christian, the leaven would soon spread and India might soon be Christian!

Those who must be taken out of their natural surroundings, and put elsewhere, are like exotic plants. They need much nursing and tending and care, and even then may not flourish as they might in their natural soil.

But there are exotics that must be cared for that are not allowed to grow in their own soil, and our duty is to nourish them. We must be all things to all men before we win India for Christ.

S. I. HATCH.

Ramachandrapuram.