

ing torches; from human breaths fetid with tobacco, garlic and toddy—the intoxicating drink of the country; from hundreds of unwashed bodies steaming with perspiration in the suffocating heat and from the blood of the victims, now clotting ankle deep at the altar's foot, make breathing difficult and spread a sickening faintness over us. The appearance of many of the people, now excited by strong drink and religious fervor, is wild in the extreme. The drummers and leaders seem like demons let loose in fantastic frolic. The noise, the blood, the nauseous smells, the uncanny sights, suggest the gaping mouth of the great abyss. Overcome with an intense and weakening disgust we retreat to our homes, and in the privacy of our bedrooms pray—for sleep is impossible after such a vision—that the Sun of Righteousness may arise with healing in His wings and shine upon these sin-sick souls. All through that night of prayer there comes from the village near by the sounds of drunken revelry, of fearful blasphemies, and of gross and debasing idol worship. For in as many houses as there were sacrifices made that night is being held an orgy of lustful and filthy indulgence, known only in lands where confidence and faith are “in the shedding of the blood of bulls and of goats” to take away sin, and where He is unknown who, “when He had offered one sacrifice for sins, forever sat down on the right hand of God.”

Now consider this other picture.

A bell rings gladly. It is a church bell in a land of heathen darkness. The bell is tolling for morning worship. It is a Sabbath morning in a land where the groan of labor never ceases, where the toil of living finds no respite in a day of quiet. As the bell rings forth across the fields a far-off echo seems to come back. And yet there is no echo, for tho the music of the bell has long since died away, this note grows stronger and louder, till the full melody of song breaks upon the ear. The singers

appear, wending their way from all points of the compass in little bands, which, as they draw nearer the common center, unite and swell the larger choruses. On they come across the naked rice fields, through the empty watercourses, over the tank *bund*, and into full view from the church. All are well dressed, neat, and tidy. Men and women, with the children, are all on their way to the house of God, singing as they come the sweet songs of Zion, the psalms of ascent of the Telugu Christians. They sing as with one voice, much as Israel must have sung in their journeyings to and from the great annual festivals—for these Telugu Christians, like them, are coming in to one of their annual meetings of the Colais Association, from the neighboring Christian villages. There are fifteen churches with a membership scattered over one hundred villages. The Gunamapudi church, in which they meet, is their banner church. The church building rises in bold prominence above all surrounding buildings, the high mason-work walls and substantial tile roof presenting a bold contrast to the thatch roofs and mud walls of the villagers' homes. This place of worship is a concrete expression of the people's love for Christ. The building represents their sacrifice in liberal gifts. Three brothers led the list with a subscription of \$400. That would be a generous offering even in this land of plenty, but magnificent in a land where day labor commands only six cents in the man and three cents in the woman. The general liberality in poverty of the rank and file of Christians is indicated by the fact that the several hundreds remaining members have been enabled to give \$100 additional. The balance of the total \$1500 is made up by missionary donations and a small debt, the prospective contribution of posterity.

Within the church walls are represented all the activities of a complete church organization—the public preaching of the Word, the celebration of the