

of their village. And at the close of the day, tired, and almost broken-hearted, they went to a little hill back of the town and prayed God to send some one to Ongole that they would listen to. Returning to Nellore they felt sure that the "Lone Star" would still shine on.

*Vera.*—Do you suppose God heard their prayers for such miserable, ungrateful people?

*Neta.*—He surely did. Dr. Jewett came home, and the Baptists were thinking of giving up the mission altogether, and asked him what he thought. He replied that they might give up the Telugu if they wished, but he would go back to India and die there. The secretary of the meeting sprang to his feet and said, "Well, brother, if you go back there to die we must send some one to give you a proper burial." Dr. Clough was the man sent. Thirty years have passed since Dr. Jewett and wife were rejected by the people of Ongole, but they waited and God answered their prayers.

*Ella.*—In 1868 Mr. Clough went to Ongole, and the people were willing to listen, and the following year he organized the second Telugu Baptist Church, of eight members.

*Eunice.*—And is this the same place Dr. Jewett and wife were driven from?

*Neta.*—Yes, but Mr. Clough was received, and the Telugu began to believe that their gods were not as our God.

*Dora.*—In 1878 there were 9,000 converts. On one day alone there were 2,222 baptized, and to-day the church at Ongole has the largest membership of any Baptist church in the world. It is said to have 12,000 members, and 59 churches have grown out of it.

*Vera.*—If they are getting along so well they surely do not need our teacher, and it is real selfish to ask her to go. I'm sure if I were one of those Telugu I would say, "Stay home with your girls when they want you so much."

*Neta.*—Do you really think you would? If you were in India you would have more sorrow than you do. Miss Newcombe tells us of a boy who had been attending the Mission School and had learned to love the Christian home, and she hoped Jesus too, who begged to stay with them, for at home he heard nothing but oaths and curses.

*Dora.*—Another missionary tells us how the girls are treated by their heathen parents. By the time a girl is five years old she must be engaged to be married, and if the man or boy dies she is henceforth a despised and hated widow, is dressed in rags, and her jewels (about the only pleasure a Telugu girl has), is torn from her, and she is made a drudge in the family. Now, if you were in India, do you think you would say, "Do not take the girls from their happy homes in Canada, let us live and die without anyone to teach us."

*Eunice.*—Surely Dora, you must be mistaken, no parents would treat their children that way. They must know that people are liable to die without the fault of any one.

*Dora.*—That is just what they do not know. They think their daughter did some terrible wrong, and their gods were offended, and so they illtreat her to appease them. (*Vera rising to leave*.)

*Ella.*—Do not go yet, Vera, we have only just begun to tell you the needs of the Telugu.

*Vera.*—Thank you, I have heard quite enough. We will go right down to Miss Brown, and if all you have told us is true, we will gladly see her go, and will come and join your Band if you will have us.

*Eunice.*—It was because we *did not know* that we were unwilling for the Telugu to have what we wanted. (*Exit.*)

*Girls.*—Of course that was just the reason. We will be glad to have you join the Band. Do not forget it meets every Wednesday afternoon.

(*Exit all.*)

### LETTER FROM C. H. ARCHIBALD.

DEAR FRIENDS:—Did any of you ever attempt to write a letter to order? If you did not, and want to sympathize with me, as you know you should, just sit down and try it, and see how quickly the few thoughts you have had seem too valueless to put on paper. The brain suddenly becomes inactive, and a letter is nearly as big as a mountain.

Some of us, who felt that to flee from the heat was wiser than to brave it on the plains, have clubbed together and taken a house in Coonoor, where we, not Maud, have a garden of roses and lilies fair on a lawn, and here we walk and admire, and at fairly regular intervals, eat good beef and mutton and vegetables, that would hardly discredit a Canadian market.

There is a delightful, delicious atmosphere, and singing, birds and rippling brooks, with rugged mountains, whose curving shoulders and overhanging peaks are dressed in ever-varying shades of green foliage and purpling haze, according as the sun's rays fall aslant them. But we are not only here to admire the works of God, and adore Him through them, but to learn what He is doing through His children and to profit by the methods and experiences of others who work not only in the Telugu, but in several other languages of South India.

Those of you who are acquainted with the field operated by the American Baptists in the Telugu country, know that during the first thirty-five or forty years of the history of this mission, the fruitage was comparatively small. Then the multitudes began to come in, until there was a great cry for men to shepherd the untrained flocks. Among