

the preacher's house, and disposing of it with good appetite, I started out for an afternoon's work among the caste women of that town, accompanied by Ruth, the winsome but rather frail, in appearance at least, daughter of the pastor of the Vadasalara church, whom her father had brought to help me.

We had our uplifts and downfalls, as usual, that afternoon, the uplifts which are caused by eager, glad hearings, and the downfalls which are caused by our teaching being interrupted with a fire of such questions as "Do you wear your topee always? Does it grow on your head? Why have you gold in your teeth? How much salary do you get? How many children have you?" etc., etc." But of one uplift and one downfall I wish to write more particularly, for each of these show how much you are needed to help by "putting Him in remembrance of our need." The uplift was given when we came to the house of a young married woman, whose parents had been residents of Peddapuram, and who reminded me that she had often listened to our teaching there, when we visited her mother. What a different hearing she gave us from those who were listening for the first time! As she repeated our words to the other women, I realized that the seed sown in her young heart had not lain idle, but had grown, and needed only His magic touch to cause it to bring forth fruit into eternal life.

Here, too, as I talked I became aware that a shy young girl, who had seated herself quite close to Ruth, was asking her for something, and upon enquiry found that she wanted a hymn-book, although a pamphlet I had given her, when I found out that she could read, contained several hymns; so when she had sung several of the hymns very sweetly and without fear of those around, joined us in doing so. I gladly left one with her, in the hope that the good work begun in her heart, when she

learned to sing these hymns in our Caste Girls' School in Coanada, will be carried on until she is fitted to join the Heavenly Choir in praises "to Him who hath washed us and made us white."

Later the downfall came as we sat on the front verandah of a comaty's house and talked to a crowd of men and women who gathered around, and a Sudra man asked me the very pertinent question, why, since we were always teaching that people should not lie nor steal, the Christians in their town should lie and steal as systematically, or more so, than they had done before they took the name of Christian? It was not much help that those of whom he spoke in this case, are not our Christians, for the fear remained that in many cases our Christians are not earning any better name, and the name of Christ is more than the name of Christian to me, I trust. I tried to answer him as best I could; nevertheless I came away from there feeling sad that so many so-called Christians "have a name that they live and are dead."

Soon after that I went my homeward way, and reached my tent in time to sit and watch the setting sun paint the sky in glorious colors, and to thank the Great Artist for the clouds that form the background to the picture which reveals His majesty.

Oh, readers all, may we learn to thank Him for the clouds of discouragement and disappointment which form a background on which to paint the revelation of His wondrous love and patience!

Charlotte M. McLeod.

Samuleotta, India.

"The newest newspaper in Hankow, China, has a serial story, running in it daily, and the story is 'The Pilgrim's Progress.' It is said they consider it a thrilling story. Do you? Have you read it recently enough to know what it really is?"