

ably, it was the last time he would ever have a chance to hear the Gospel, and, as he said, in their ignorance how could they understand and remember. Since I have started out into this touring work this had been the saddest and most discouraging feature to me. How many, hearing our story, perhaps only once in a lifetime, can remember it! And how hard to understand it when we do tell it! Oh! how we need a supernatural power to make things clear to these people. I, of course can do very little yet, but I find the Telugu becomes easier every day, and that is a great encouragement. This is my third tour since I finished my studies and we hope to have another month before we have to stop. The weather has already become very warm and to-day we have our first mango showers, which means our cold weather is over. However, we have had a delightful cool season, so we cannot complain.

Thanking you for your kind interest and prayers. I am

your sincere friend,

Ruth Philpott.

Samalkot, Godavari Dist.

TRUST IN JESUS.

The following sweetly simple original lines from Mrs. W. H. Porter's old Scrap Book, written many years ago, sweetly breathe that spirit of cheerful, peaceful trust, which ever so conspicuously characterized her.—Contributed.

The arm of flesh may fail us,
The eyes of love grow dim;
But hope and trust in Jesus
Will give us peace in Him.

His pity never faileth,
His love is ever sure;
And those who trust in Jesus
For ever are secure.

ANOTHER NEED.

(Miss Agnes E. Baskerville.)

Years ago, in the early days of the Caste Girls' School in Cocanada, a little girl, named Koringa Veeramma, was one of the pupils. Her family belonged to a respectable Sudra caste. Books required in the study of the Scripture lessons, such as Gospels and Bible portions, are furnished free to the children, and Miss Simpson made it a point to give New Testaments as prizes to those who passed their examinations, as soon as they were able to read. In this way the little girl carried to her home these portions of God's word, and her father, who could read, became interested in them. Looking for further light on passages he could not understand, he sought out Jonathan Burder who was pastor of the Telugu Church at that time. Little by little conviction became stronger, and finally, the father was converted. For years those of us who are acquainted with Koringa Sattayya have not doubted that he is truly a Christian at heart.

His influence among his relatives has made itself felt, and wherever we find a family connected with him we are sure of a cordial reception and an interested hearing. His youngest daughter recently passed the highest grade taught in our Caste Girls' School. A near relative, from a village on the Tuni field, came out and confessed Christ in baptism not long ago.

The family of a cousin who lives not far from the Harris Bungalow, has always welcomed our visits. Two interesting young daughters have had regular lessons from one or other of the Bible women, and have become well grounded in Scripture truth. The father in this family also is a converted man, and the mother loves to hear us tell about Jesus. The eldest of the family, a young lad of sixteen, the hope of his parents, the pride of his younger brothers and sisters, was one of the Lord's chosen. He