

We were quite a company in ourselves—missionaries, preachers, biblewomen and Christian servants—as the sweet Christian airs, floated out on the evening breeze. A crowd of about a hundred people collected about us. While we were still singing, we heard in a distance the sound of the native drums and the tinkling of Indian music. Nearer and nearer they came, and soon a car borne on the shoulders of the *devout worshippers* came into view. Within was an idol in the shape of a calf, and before it men and women, offering gifts of flowers and rice were prostrating themselves.

The din of their worship was drowning our service of song. What should we do? Would the crowd leave us? We feared so—but, with hearts uplifted in prayer, and the very tingle of battles in our veins, we played the little organ, till it almost seemed to throb with life, while every Christian in the little company lifted up his voice in song. Round and round us circled the crowd while the crowd, amazed that we failed to give up and go home conquered, remained to see who could win. Gradually the idolaters, despairing of tiring us, gave up and left us. The sounds grew fainter and fainter as the idol was borne farther and farther away, until at last we could sing in gentler tones and the people could hear the words of the old hymn:

"Follow, follow, I will follow Jesus,  
Anywhere, everywhere, I will follow Him."

Breathless but conquerors through the help of our God, we ceased singing and Mr. Sanford began pleading with our Father for life and light and love to flow into the hearts of these Hindoos, who even in their idol worship, were acknowledging the need of the soul for communion with its maker, and in their blindness were groping after Him. Later, Mr. Sanford spoke in tones of warning and pleading, warning them of the *awfulness* of sin, and urging upon them the *love* of God as revealed in Christ Jesus. Others followed, and the crowd, awed by the opening incidents, and kept, by some power greater than human, from following the light, music and colour of the idol train, listened quietly, almost reverently, to the speakers for over an hour.

If we could only know that God spoke to the hearts of the people as the words reached their ears! But we must wait for results much as we long to see souls making decisions for God. Results are with God—ours is to serve with large hope and strong faith and earnest per-

sistent prayer, resting on the promises of God for results.

"We may not live to see the day,  
But earth shall glisten in the ray  
Of the good time coming."

M. HELENA BLACKADAI,  
Vizianagram Iant,

"Longcroft" India.  
Kodiakgual, India, June, 1904.

#### HIS CHILDREN.

Some who used to read "Sights and Sounds in India" may remember of the conversion of our Telugu munshi (teacher). Mr. Morse wrote of him as the "dead munshi" because for three years before his conversion, we believed him dead.

His wife, who did not oppose his becoming a Christian (because as a little girl in Mrs. Churchill's school she had learned of Jesus and believed that the gospel taught there was true) has since been converted. She is now one with her husband in his endeavour to bring the knowledge of Jesus to his fellowmen.

I was much touched in reading in a recent letter from Miss Newcombe, something of what they are enduring, because they are Christians.

Some time ago they went to a heathen town, about twenty miles from Bimlipatam, to tell the Gospel story there.

Their children were not allowed to attend the public school. The dhobi (washerman) will not wash their clothes.

The only water accessible to them is a very muddy kind which has to be clarified with a kind of nut used for that purpose, then boiled and strained.

Yet in the midst of all this persecution Miss Newcombe writes:—"he has not said a single word about leaving the place and returning to his home in Bimlipatam, and seems to take all inconveniences in the right spirit."

I am glad that that verse in the Bible "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake, for their's is the kingdom of heaven."

Wolfville, N.S.

L. P. MORSE.

#### THE HARTLEY SCHOOL AT PARLAKIMEDI.

SOME six years ago Mrs. Col. Hartley, of East Florenceville, N.B., wrote in a letter in which she gave us some account of her museum, and of the work she was doing for missions, and said that her heart was going out to the children of that great country and that she