

Well, one day one of these little brooks, that were always accustomed to laugh and sing while doing their work, took it into its head to doubt and grumble. Calling to another little stream not far away it said: We've been at this work for a good many years, but it has just occurred to me that anything we can do must be of no great consequence. Why, I hear that the old river that we help to fill up, I mean the Godavari, is expected to water seven hundred thousand acres of land. Now just think for a moment, and you can see that all the water we give cannot be of any help in watering such a large extent of land as that.

Fortunately for the people who eat the rice that grows on the land watered by the river, the second little stream kept its head, and was not led astray by the foolish talk it had heard. So it replied: Yes, of course that's how it appears if you look at the matter carelessly, but let me show you the truth. Supposing that I and the other little brooks near here listen to your advice and stop running, what would be the result? There would be no small river a little further on, and there would be no mighty Godavari still further on. The great stone dam, built by the good Sir Arthur Cotton, would be empty; the canals leading from it all over the country, and the little channels running to the rice-fields would be dry; the little rice shoots would wither; there would be no harvest, and the poor people—men, women and children—would go about trying to find roots to eat to keep them from starving, and thousands of people would die. And all this loss and sorrow would come because we, foolish little brooks, had not done our share in helping to make the river. Now, for my part, I intend to laugh and sing as I go running along to help in giving bread to thousands of poor Telugus; and I am going to tell all the other little brooks to do the same.

The Telugus need the bread of life for their souls as well as food for their bodies, and to supply this need a river of love and sympathy and prayer and gifts is flowing from Canada to India. This river is like the great Godavari river because it flows from little springs and brooks, which we call churches and circles and mission bands and Sunday-schools. And it is like it at the other end too, because its life-giving waters are gathered only to be distributed again through the missionaries and the schools and the preachers, until many a village and multitudes of Telugus have been supplied. Let us hope that no little church or circle or mission band or Sunday-school will be like the thoughtless brook. But may all resolve like the wise brook to hurry along joyfully to help in swelling the river that carries life—eternal life—to dying Telugus!

JOHN CRAIG.

THE FIRST FRUITS.

H. F. LAFLAMME.

This generation of Telugu native Christians are the first fruits of our Canadian Baptist Mission work. Many of the second generation of Christians will be the fruitage of the independent Telugu Baptist churches, now coming slowly into existence. By means of the following brief description of an association held at Tuni early in 1892, one gets an idea of these native first fruits through the delegates. These are not the choicest and the best of the Christians by any means and yet are far from being the scrub of the Christian community. They are a fair average representative body. See them and judge. Many of them arrive on foot. The Telugus are great walkers, frequently travelling 40 miles a day on "shank's mare." Some of them arrived by ox-cart, creaking along all night at the rate of two miles an hour or less: yet at times the overwrought driver follows the lead of his load of sleeping passengers, the oxen then follow the driver into the land of dreams and the entire combination are roused by the break of day having covered only four miles it may be of the twenty-five miles expected night's journey. After a few such experiences the missionary (sarcastically disposed) dubs the ox-wagon method of locomotion the "Wagner-Sleeper." On arrival the delegates are accommodated in a large shed of bamboos forty feet square, the top perfectly flat, and walls not eight feet high, covered with large palmyra palm leaves. Here they cook their simple meals in little black earthen pots placed on three bricks, within which the fire of thorny sticks crackles and blazes merrily.

Rice straw scattered liberally on mother earth's broad lap provides comfortable bed room where rows of men women and children lie down in the clothes they have worn through the day, their Sunday best, and sleep regardless of the creeping creatures that under similar circumstances would render sleep impossible to the more tender skin of the luxuriously-bred white man, to say nothing of his vast imagination.

At eight in the morning in response to the school bell they troop into the little school-house, church members, delegates, heathen friends, all who can possibly crowd into the suffocating place not 12 x 24 feet in area, with ceilings only seven feet high. Two doors with the help of three small windows seem incapable, after admitting the Association, of letting in even so unsubstantial a necessity as air. The limited wall area is decorated with foliage, flowers and illuminated texts and mottoes, celebrating the occasion and extending a welcome in Telugu and English to the mixed assembly. The men occupy seats around the wall and two-thirds up the floor area; the women—the patient, much-enduring women—and the children sit at their feet on the remaining floor space,