

Remembering that I must send a letter to "Tidings" this week, I went out this morning to find something interesting to write about. I think I found it in the Rellie Street. How I wish I could present the picture to you as I saw it.

Who are the Rellies? You have all heard of caste, of which there are four main divisions, viz: Brahmin, Warrior, Merchant and Cultivator. But a great part of India's population is non-caste. These are called Pariahs. Of these, the lowest are the Rellies. As far as outward appearances, and social status is concerned, there is truly a great gulf between the Brahmins and the Rellies, and we can well understand how that the high caste people, with hearts unwarmed by the touch of Divine love, regard with contempt the degraded out caste.

The picture Christ gives us of the Pharisee's, in the 23rd of Matthew is about as true a picture of the Brahmins as one can get. I sincerely believe that the woes He pronounced upon the former, will be poured out upon the latter as well. But however impure their hearts may be, they certainly keep their bodies scrupulously clean. Their dress is neatness itself, and I must say it is much more pleasing to our tastes to talk with one of these, than with a Mala or a Rellie who with few exceptions is very ignorant and very filthy. Their dress—well, they have none. A scanty breech-cloth is about all they wear.

About three weeks ago, a Sunday School Class was established in the Rellie settlement. Having given up my class over to Miss Harrison for the morning, I accompanied the teachers, P. John and Bapi Raju as they went to their work. The street upon which we entered was not very clean. I wished for a scented pocket handkerchief before I had gone far. Pigs? Pigs to right of us. Pigs to left of us. Oh such filthy pigs! How they squealed!

P John stopped in about the middle of the village, and pointing to a tree, said, "We have our school there in the