

is a better religion than ours. But, sirs, we Brahmans cannot afford to let you succeed. Look at our position. We reap the rich revenues from all these temples. We are treated as demigods by the people. At every festival we receive rich gifts. We are looked up to and worshipped. But let your system succeed, which teaches that there need be no human mediator between God and man but Jesus Christ, and we Brahmans drop from our high pedestal down to the level of what we are worth, and you know what that means as well as we do. We Brahmans can't afford to let you succeed. We have got to fight you." And fight us they do.

How then is such a system, defended by the power of caste and of an endowed priesthood, to be overcome? We missionaries try to follow our Master in the oral proclamation of the gospel to the people, carrying it to them in the highways and the byways, in their towns, their villages, their hamlets; at their markets and their fairs. We take our tent and pitch it by some central village, and preach in that and each of the surrounding villages within a radius of say three or four miles, reaching perhaps forty to eighty villages, before moving on. We mount upon some platform and gather the people together, and preach to them of Christ and his salvation. In our part of the country we gather them by the voice of song. The eighteen millions of Telugu people are a very musical people, and their language is a language of poetry and song. They have old tunes by the hundred, weird and sweet and pleasant, which they have sung through twenty generations in the praise of their gods. We, anxious to seize the devil's choicest weapons to thrust him with, take these tunes of theirs and marry them to Christian words, and set them afloat again through the country in tracts with the gospel message put into their style of poetry, and adapted to their choicest tunes. They, curious to see how the new words fit the old tune, will often sing until they sometimes sing the gospel message into their understanding, and the love of Christ into their hearts. And on in the night, mingled with my sleep, I have been conscious of hearing songs of redeeming love sung by Hindus who had that day, for the first time, heard of the Redeemer, Jesus. Thus with preaching and with song and with tract and Scripture scattered as we go, do we canvass the country sowing the seed of the kingdom, and the seed is taking root.

We are reaching the people also by medical work. Many of us are physicians as well as ministers. We have gathered in thousands from all the villages around simply by the knowledge that if they came their diseases would be healed. They have come from thousands of towns and villages in all directions. They hear the Bible read; they hear the proclamation of the gospel of Jesus Christ; they listen as we raise the voice of prayer to him who made us and who can save us; they go back to their homes; they take with them the tickets on which are