

lar Wednesday evening evangelistic meeting at the High School last night. We are trying to see the encouraging side of opposition. If you ever prayed for these eight hundred boys—do now. What an opportunity! God grant we may not fail!

Susie Hinman.

Waltair, Vizag District.

MISS PHILPOTT ON TOUR.

Dear "Link,"—All week I have been wondering what I could write—that would interest the "Link" readers. We get so accustomed to things out here we feel they are almost too commonplace to write about, and yet I know that often it is the most commonplace that is the most interesting to people interested in our work.

I am writing this letter out on tour and I am sure you would be delighted if you could only have my view from here. The tent is pitched in a delightful mango grove just at the base of a hill, while stretching far away on either side are great ranges of hills. We are just about half-a-mile from the village, far enough to escape the noise and smoke and yet near enough to walk into work, so we have an ideal spot for tenting. As this is Sunday we didn't go into the village to work, but after breakfast we went over to the little chapel to attend the service. On the way we met a little group of ten or twelve women, who had walked in six miles to see "their missanmmas," and attend the service. The day has been extra warm and they all looked so tired and hot, I couldn't help pitying them. I was so amused as we walked through the village, our coming caused great excitement and the people all rushed to their doors to see us pass. Then the children—and there is no lack of them in India—raced after us in crowds, their bracelets and anklets

clinking as they ran. By the time we reached the chapel we must have had nearly a hundred men and children after us. The church is just a little mud shed, but it was swept clean and there were two very wobbly chairs placed in readiness for us. Already there was quite a crowd of Christians gathered and they gave us such enthusiastic salaams, we knew we were welcome. Our crowd of followers came in after us, so the little room was packed to overflowing. As I looked around that little audience I could not help comparing it with my own home church. Everything was so different, everything so rude and humble and yet as we sang our first hymn: "Behold the love of God," I could feel the same spirit and realized again how one we all are in that love. As we sang our audience increased steadily, crowds of caste women whose curiosity mastered their fear of us, a group of very intelligent-looking young men, and still more children. Much to my surprise they all sat down and listened quite attentively while the pastor spoke, though once some old women began to discuss the two "white missanmmas," and the pastor warned them they would have to be driven away if they were not quiet. After that things went smoothly till a boy began to smoke a cigar and then most of the audience seemed to think it their duty to scold him. Even one old heathen woman asked him if he didn't know the white women didn't like it. Finally, however, order was restored and then as Miss McLeod spoke to them all, the attention was perfect. She spoke only a few words on "The wages of sin is death," but it seemed to make a great impression. One poor old leper sitting at the back called out, "Yes, it's all true, but what can we poor ignorant people do. We have not enough sense to understand things." Somehow, it saddened me as I looked into that poor diseased face and thought of how soon he would have to receive his wages. Prob-