

through. Each night we patrol the large compound in twos, two hours each, from 10.30 p.m. to 6.30 a.m. These are times of cheering each other on, and practically relying on the rich and precious promises. Some fear the two reverses near Peking may make the soldiers and people intoxicated with excitement, and they may rise locally to burn and loot. Another rumor is that sixteen thousand Chinese troops are en route for this place to kill the foreigners. But many of these are groundless, I am sure. Any way, the situation is sufficiently grave to say we are in great danger.

"In our San we have ten children and seventeen adults, so that causes thought, if not anxiety, but I can say that I never enjoyed more real peace after my patrol. I sleep like a top, and it is not the natural man, but the Divine hand that keeps one steady in this sea of turmoil and strife. It may all end in our having to leave China, but we will not dwell on that, but rather let us think that greater victories than ever will be the outcome of this distress and desolation. All mission property is destroyed in three cities up north, but we can not hear where our brethren and sisters are.

"Pray for us, very hard, will you not? Each night forty or more meet here for prayer at 8.30. Meanwhile, wife and myself are going on with our daily work. We have to cheer the servants or they might all desert us and, praise God! the first man who wanted to go has said, 'I can't leave while I see you so calm and brave.'

"Poor native Christians, alas! my heart bleeds for them: they will suffer, indeed, they have suffered terribly. Remember them especially; rather forget us than them. I can not write any more, my hands are full. I do not anticipate a massacre, but if so, remember I said *He* is worthy, and if I had ten thousand lives they should all be gladly given for such a precious Master. I fear not, but just *trust*.

J. A. S.

PROGRESS IN THE TELUGU MISSION.

REV. GEORGE H. BROCK KANAGIRI, INDIA.

I bring to you from India's coral strands a message of hope and confidence. I can tell you of the walls of heathenism breaking down, of the gates thereof being burnt with fire. I can tell of the building of Zion's wall to the east, to the west, to the north, and to the south. I can tell you of the golden gates swinging wide open, through which a great host of Telugus are pressing; and as they enter I hear their songs of praise to Him who hath washed them and made them white in His precious blood. We have been astonished with what we have seen of God's wondrous power, and we are eager to tell some of the marvellous works of God as seen by us among

the Telugus of South India. In order to note progress, there must of necessity be contrast—contrast of the past with the present. While we have labored among the Telugus sixty-five years, and some of you are thinking it is about time the missionaries withdrew, leaving the people to themselves, it may be a matter of information to some of you that out of the church membership of more than 52,000 Telugus, most have come to our mission during the past twenty-five years. Many thousands are not ten years old in the Christian faith yet.

Who are these Telugu Baptists? Never be ashamed to say that your missionaries have labored chiefly among the despised outcast Pariahs of South India. The message sent by our Lord to John in prison is sent to every missionary in India: "The poor have the gospel preached to them;" and the class from whom your converts come are the despised and the poor. They are almost landless, they are dirty, ignorant and naked. Among Hindus they have no place. They are semi-slaves to the landholders and despised by all. Their miserable huts are always apart from the village proper. They compete with the jackals and hyenas and vultures in disposing of the carrion of the villages—I mean the rotting carcasses of cattle and goats and sheep that die. Their language is vile as well as corrupt. Their songs, like the songs of most Hindus, are most of them obscene beyond description. The horrible figures carved in stone and wood on the idol cars and on the temples, which to look on once is to be defiled and to regret for life, these people have been familiar with all their days. But I need not enlarge. I only ask when you wish me to report progress, that I be allowed to ask you to get some clear idea of what the progress is from, and if you succeed you will have more sympathy for the Telugus.

It is a fact that ought to fill every heart with joy, that we have influenced by the gospel almost the entire outcast community on the fields occupied by our mission. There are more than 52,000 church members, not to mention the host gone to glory. These, with their families, make a Christian community of more than two hundred thousand. Besides these, tens of thousands receive us as their protectors, helpers and leaders, and they firmly believe that they will some day become Christians.

Dr. Lorimer spoke about the realistic in art and in literature at the annual meeting in Detroit. In India we have the realistic in nature, in the form of naked boys and girls and men just as near to it as they can get, to whom this handkerchief would be a burdensome suit. Is this nakedness elevating? India's immorality is the answer, India's leprosy and India's scrofula give an answer that ought to silence all the poets and fools and rascals. As soon as a naked man in India turns to God just so soon does his nakedness become an impossibility. The handkerchief suit gives way to five yards of cotton as the be-