

Work Abroad.

INDIA LETTERS.

Chicacole May 26th, 1893.

While we were in Calingapatam, one night just at dark, while Mr. A. and I were walking along the street a woman ran up against us, in a most unusual manner. I put my hand on her shoulder, and said, "how is this?" "I am blind and have no friends, and see my eyes," she replied, as she put her hands to her face. We looked, and as far as we were capable of judging, she appeared to have been born without eyes. Further on, she said "she had a sister, but she was cross to her and said she did nothing but eat." I asked her, "where she was going," and she replied "to the river, it is better to die than to live," and she uttered such a helpless cry of misery, that my heart quivered. We talked to her, gave her some money, and found a little girl, who said she would lead her to a bazaar, where she could get some food.

A good deal of work has been done in Calingapatam and vicinity, but to our eyes, there does not appear to be any very early prospect of fruit. Many have a fair idea of the Gospel, and one rather clever man seemed to be pretty well convinced of its truth, but how to break caste, and what to do after he had broken it are rather serious questions to consider. One evening Mr. Archibald and I went alone to a village, and how well they listened. We get them to sit down whenever we can, and talk, rather than preach, as they appear to grasp the truth better, if they take a more active part than simply listening.

After a two hours S. S. on Sunday some women came to see me, and we had a helpful conversation. As they were going away, one said "we came with very great fear, lest you might be angry, or would not talk to us being Mala women, but see how happy we are going away!" So many of them say, "we will not worship idols any more," but, they soon forget, and go on, but never quite the same as before. Here we found our old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, with their flock of little ones, as pleasant, helpful and cheery as ever. They try to be faithful to their Master, and are the kind friends of all missionaries who go their way. We left there with a prayer in our hearts, that God would use them yet more in that wicked town for the advancement of His Kingdom.

We came into this village of some eight thousand people on Monday, and find, largely, thick darkness and some foolish opposition. Two young men have come out from here, in the last few years, but thus far in this trip we have been in no place that seems farther from God. It is terrible to stand before these crowds of lost men and women, who show so much that is evil,

and who evince so little desire to learn what is good and pure. The children were lawless, and sometimes made so much noise that larger people had to keep still. One old woman really wanted to hear, and after many vain efforts to give her a proper opportunity, I tried force and tapped one of the worst on the head, saying if he did not wish me to hurt his caste, to keep out of the reach of my hands. Then they raced off, a thoroughly wild crowd, and we had quiet. I told the old lady over and over again, the way of life, and she was so astonished to hear of another life and a home after death. They all have a confused idea of the two future states of existence, but she exclaimed again and again as she heard it put definitely in simple language. After I left her, one man said, "what is the good of your talking to her, she will die to-morrow."

To-day we had a long call from the sub-magistrate of the town who has heard much of Christ and Christianity. He said we did not come often enough to these places, and we send that on to you, to know what you think about it. Thousands of people right here living in a darkness that can be felt, and thousands and hundreds of thousands on this field who are in the same condition. I wondered if he thought, that we, or the people who sent us here, believed our own religion, when so few are sent to find the multitude, whom we say must perish eternally without the Bread of Life.

We have moved now, and come on to Jehnoor, where one of our people has some land, that requires looking after, and in a near village is the girl wife of another, whom we would like to see.

The traveller's bungalow consists of one small room with small verandahs all around, and the mercury travels nearly the whole of the twenty four hours day after day between 90 and 95 °; so there is not the least danger of our suffering from the cold. But the people hear the Gospel gladly, by ones and two and by hundreds. Crowds gather in any part of the town, or adjacent villages; our helpers are called to this place and that, and the women send for me. In answer to one of these calls, I started off walking to a place said not to be far away. It proved to be a good mile, and the heat was great, about 94 °; but about seventy women gathered together, and probably more than that number of men, so, as the women would not sit down in the presence of the men, I must stand and talk. I told the men they must all stand on one side, and not ask a question or interrupt in any way, as I had come particularly for the women. They listened and asked questions, I talked and answered in simple words and in an ordinary tone, the darkness gathered and the moon showed her white face, still they stood without one disturbing element, and I was growing almost too weary to speak distinctly, when into the