

their conversion to Christianity.

Have we not ground for the sure conviction that the caste system is doomed to vanish with the other shadows and spectres of the night, before the growing light of day?—C. B. Newton, in *Woman's Work for Woman*.

FOUNDATION CHRISTIANS.

TUNI, India April 4th, 1893.

"How long have you been trusting in Christ?" I asked old blind Razanna. He turned his sightless eyes towards me, his hand pressing upon the shoulder of the little boy who was leading him, and replied: "Oh a very long time, many, many years, for I am the foundation Christian of Satyavarum."

I looked towards Satyavarum and beheld "a wilderness of spires and crystal pile of rampart upon rampart dome on dome. Illimitable range of battlement on battlement and the imperial height of canopy o'er canopied."

Nay, but under the glowing Indian sun this bright vision did "Darken and shrink and shiver into huts; black specks amid a waste of dreary sand; low built, mud-walled barbarian settlements."

Old blind Rajanna once saw the mud walled houses of this village, but though this was shut from his vision he had glimpses of the heavenly city and rejoiced in the fact that he was, as he expressed it, the foundation Christian of his native village.

This man had seen stirring times. His father was a servant to Pykarow, a Raja, who built a village of that name which is one of our out stations, but this Raja being guilty of murder, rebellion and marauding, was caught and hanged by the East India Company and his body suspended *in terrorem* in an iron cage near the Tunni bridge.

Little Rajanna stood with hundreds of others and saw his father's lord and master hanged. The people gave up their swords and spears and quietly betook themselves to their ploughs and spades and earned their living by tilling the fields.

When the missionary came to tell of Christ, Rajanna was married and a prosperous farmer.

It seemed as though his heart had been prepared for the Gospel. He was the first one to believe the message and his wife Mohalakshmi soon followed his example.

Now commenced their time of trial for their relatives and former friends fiercely persecuted them. No fire, no water, was the edict that went forth from the elders of the Malapalem, and this prohibition to give fire or water in a place where there is not a box of matches in every house and where there is only one well for the palem, is hard indeed.

But the people did not stop here, they drove Rajanna and his wife away from their home so that they took refuge in a field and there for weeks they subsisted principally on the fruit of the palmyra palm and drank water that was supplied to the cattle.

Their two little children had been separated from them and sent to a near village to live with a relative but these Christians stayed in the field with but little shelter and almost without food.

How lonely these hours must have been, the night season with the shouts of the watchers in the fields, the sound of the drums which told of distant villagers

keeping their feasts and celebrating their marriages, the blowing of the trumpet at the idolatrous temple mingled with the excited shouts of the worshippers as with frenzied dance they did puja to their God.

Then the advent of the day with sunshine so brilliant and blinding that it seemed to take the very color out of the landscape, and the daily search for fruits and nuts which were so unsatisfying, all this took place with the ever present knowledge that if they denied their faith they would be received back again to their house and village.

A Brahmin found them in an emaciated and forlorn condition, took pity upon them, gave them some rice and told them to go back to their village.

The owner of the field came and said that if they would watch his crops he would give them grain. Soon their children timidly appeared, the boy Appala Swami and little black-eyed Kondama their daughter who brought a message for them to come back home, for persecution had ended.

That year was a famine year, yet Rajanna's field seemed to yield more than that of his neighbors, so that he had enough and to spare, his house was ever open to Christians and many a hungry one was given a meal accompanied with words of cheer.

Rajanna suddenly lost his sight and consequently was compelled to relinquish his field. The people who formerly profited by his bounty do not visit him as frequently as before, still the Christians are kind to him and out of their poverty he receives gifts for his necessity. Better than all his son and daughter are growing up to fear and love the Lord. There is a pride of birth, and a pride of wealth, a pride of beauty and a pride of attainment, but no prince seems prouder of his title than does Rajanna in being called the foundation Christian of Satyavarum.

R. GARSIDE.

"WATCHMAN, WHAT OF THE NIGHT."

There was deepest silence in the Pullman car of the night express. I had lost count of the hours, and when, from my window, I saw a few lights in the distance, I said to myself, "It is only midnight, and these are lights in the homes of revellers; or, perhaps, in humbler homes where careburdened mothers finish the task all out of proportion to the day." But while I counted the hours of that long winter night, the train rushed past a clock that towered bold, bright and true above the darkness of the city, and the hands of the clock pointed to the hour of four. The lights were not of the night, but of the morning.

Have we not mistaken the hour of the night? Have we enough *hope* in our work? Sometimes when I read the precious promises in God's word, my heart leaps with joy, and I say, "surely the morning cometh." Certainly we have much to discourage us,—much in the failure of others, more in the failure of ourselves. Not long ago I was saddened by hearing a young Christian say, "No, I don't believe in Home Missions;" and again, by hearing an older Christian say, "I don't believe in Foreign Missions any more." The day that we become divided in our interests, in our labors, in our prayers, then sets the star of our hope. Common interests have in themselves the germs of life and the promise of growth. Unity is strength and brings to labor success. And prayers that *blend* rise as sweet incense to God.

Let us be warned of the danger. Let us not say