

the people who wished to unite with the church and the Brahmin woman was the first who had come. He told how they had already examined her concerning her faith and how she had already had that faith tested because of her desire to become a Christian. Then he asked the woman a few questions.

As a rule the candidates for church membership are seated close to their questioners and only those nearby can hear their responses. This is especially true of the women and girls who are timid in public. But this night the pastor sat in his seat in the front of the platform and talked across half the width of the church to the Brahmin, who sat in one of the choir benches. She did not appear to mind, however. She is an unusually attractive looking—woman, anyway, with a firm mouth and beautifully thoughtful eyes—and she held up her head in her proud Brahmin way and answered all of his questions in a clear voice.

I had noticed just before this time that two Brahmins had come into the side door next to the road and were standing back in the shadows. One of them was a boy of perhaps twenty, the other a typical old Brahmin widow with her grey hair cropped short and one scanty pink cloth wound around her.

When the pastor asked if anyone else had questions to ask, the boy arose and came to the middle of the room. I think the Brahmin woman had not seen them enter for I saw her eyes widen in a startled fashion. But she held her head up and made no response to the boy's beckoning and the pastor persuaded him to take his seat again. Then the vote was taken admitting her into the church and the meeting was dismissed. Most of the people remained in their places, however, as the rain was still pouring—and the two Brahmins came forward and began to intercede with the girl. The boy contented himself with bitter words and pleadings. The old grandmother was angry and pinched the girl's face, then she flung her arms around her weeping and expostulating, telling the girl that she was breaking the heart of one who had cared for her and brought her up. As a last resort the old woman fell on her knees and clasped the girl's feet sobbing and wailing that she would not let her go.

It was really terrible. I don't know how the girl stood it for I was all wrought up myself, wanting to help but able only to help by prayer. She did stand it, however. She was worried, it is true, but absolutely immovable.

The old woman and the girl's brother followed her home and continued to plead that evening and most of the next day. None of them ate any food all during that day. It was not until the next morning that the two Brahmins finally gave up their efforts and went away sadly. I saw the girl standing on the veranda after they had gone. She was gazing into the distance and her face had a strained, sad expression which showed the mental suffering she had endured.

I will not forget how, when remembering many sad experiences would-be Christians have suffered from their Hindu relatives, I asked her if she were not afraid and she answered, surprised, "No, I am not afraid, God is." That is to say, "I have God."

Chengamma is still with us and has decided to remain this school year. She is studying in our 8th Standard now and looking after our Sundra girls' boarding. We advised her to stay here under mission protection because we feared she would not be safe in her own village and because we hope she will become a good worker.

She will still need your prayers for her struggles are by no means over. Please do not forget her. As for me I am thankful that God sent this woman to be an example of faith to me. I confess that I marvel every time I think of her, and I have wondered over and over if, faced with similar circumstances and environment, I would have had half her faith and daring.—Missions.

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