

cise their Hindu rites. Ramabai and her daughter, however, have been living their simple, earnest Christian lives all along, and as a result of their example many of the pupils in the school have become Christians. For some years past Ramabai has been feeling that the non-religious basis was no longer the one on which she wished to conduct the school, though it had been already a great blessing to India's women, and about a year ago, the principles of the school were avowedly changed. In the Sharada Sadan Christian teaching and influence are now given their full place. The Association in this country has endorsed the change made by the judgment of the one who knew best the needs and possibilities of the work, and it is gratifying to note that nearly all contributors have shown their willingness to continue their help on the new basis. At the same time, the hope is that devout Christians who felt unable to give money to what was not avowedly a Christian enterprise will now show their approval of the change in practical ways. The school will continue to teach high caste Hindu widows and girls. In addition to this school, six years ago, when the famine was so severe, Ramabai was constrained to take in some three or four hundred waifs, with whom she established a separate school, the 'Mukti' school, to be conducted on a Christian and industrial basis at Kedgaon, about thirty-four miles from Poona. This work has been growing ever since, till now, in the two schools, the girls under Ramabai's care number two thousand. Owing to the presence of the plague in Poona, the Sharada Sadan has had to move to Kedgaon also, and its older pupils have given valuable assistance in the Mukti school; but they may eventually return to their original location in Poona. At either place the entire work of this noble lady is now a definite Christian enterprise, and as it has no denominational connection whatever, will find its sympathizers in all branches of the Christian Church. If, as it is hoped, the Pandita is able to come to America this fall, many will listen to her own account of the mission with eager interest.

The letter we give this week from Ramabai has, however, no reference to her own particular work, but to a Christian medical college for women in North India, to which one or two of her girls have gone as a fitting for larger service after their course in her school. Ramabai's letter was written some time since, and Dr. Condict, as well as Chundrabai, one of Ramabai's old pupils and subsequently one of her teachers, are now in America.

After this resumé of the Kedgaon work, Mrs. Wardlaw's letter needs no introduction. We hope some of our boy readers will enable us to send the 'Messenger' to this lad 'Vishnu.' Such a subscription sent to us would be promptly acknowledged, and in case more than one was sent we would take it to be the wish of the donors to send the paper to some other lad who would equally value it.

Mukti Mission, Kedgaon,
Poona Dist., India.

Dear Friend,—Allow me to introduce to you Dr. Alice Condict, who has been a medical missionary in India for many years. She is going to England to work on behalf of the Ludhiana School of Medicine for Christian Women.

I believe it is the only Medical School of its kind in India, and deserves to be well supported by those people who are specially interested in medical work for India's women.

How I wish to see a school of this kind established in each Presidency in India. You know well that Her Excellency Lady Dufferin very kindly undertook to carry out the work

of providing medical help for women in this country, and we are very thankful for the women's hospitals and the advantages afforded to women in government schools and colleges.

But it must be remembered that the science of medicine is a dangerous instrument in the hands of persons who have no fear of God before their eyes.

In many cases the study of medicine in government schools which must of necessity be non-religious, has not produced happy results. Our women who are just coming to light and knowledge ought to be helped by Christian people providing medical training and education which will be conducted on strictly Christian principles.

I hope that the Christian friends of Indian women will take up this work and help Dr. Edith Brown of Ludhiana and others who are laboring in this country to give medical help to the women of India in accordance to God's will and word.

Yours in his service,

RAMABAI.

P.S.—Dr. Condict's address in America will be:—Care of Mrs. J. M. Lee, 7 Perry Street, Morristown, N.J.

Mukti Mission, Kedgaon,
Poona Dist., India.

July 9, 1904.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Our Chundrabai is very grateful to you for having sent her the 'Messenger.'* She has lent it about, and our doctor's son (a bright lad of fourteen) is specially interested in it! Now, please, Chundrabai has gone to England, thence to America, where we prayerfully trust and prayerfully expect God will open hearts to help her to study at the Women's College, Philadelphia.

She is a grand woman, and for years has prayed to be trained for a medical missionary.

Now, please, could you continue to send the 'Northern Messenger' to our doctor's son, Vishnu? His father has not a medical degree, but has the title of hospital assistant, and his wife is a trained nurse; yet their pay is but \$20 a month. Out of this they have three children to feed and clothe, so you see there is not much left to pay for newspapers, is there? Could you not get some nice boy to pay for Vishnu's paper? I call him Francis, for Vishnu is a hateful name to me, that of an abominable Indian idol! But you see, Francis was born before his father and mother became Christians.

I wish Vishnu could come and study in Canada when he has passed his matriculation; he speaks English well and likes us Britishers.

*[It was paid for by the Post-Office Crusade Fund.—Ed.]

Yours faithfully,
LITTLE MOTHER (Mrs. Wardale).

'You're a Fool.'

Some years ago a Christian lady in Scotland lay upon her death-bed. Her husband was already dead; and reflecting that her little daughter would soon have to be handed over to the charge of her grandfather, who was an infidel, she was filled with anxiety at the prospect, and called the child to her side and obtained from her a promise that for her sake she would read one chapter of the Bible every day.

The child soon after was removed to the house of the aged infidel and faithful to her promise, was found by him one day reading to herself in the garden. Requiring to know what book it was, she replied it was her Bible.

He at once began to make light of it, de-

clared that it was useless to read such a book and asked what was the good of it. She answered that she might learn of God.

'God,' he said; 'there is no God.'

The effect of this upon the child can scarcely be described, so great was her fright and amazement. For the moment she appeared petrified; but recovering herself, exclaimed, with passionate earnestness:

'Oh, grandfather, you're a fool! you're a fool.' The man was amazed at this extraordinary audacity on the part of his granddaughter; but the child continued to exclaim:

'Oh, grandfather, you're a fool! The Bible says you are a fool! "The fool hath said in his heart. There is no God."' (Ps. xiv., 1.) The man listened no longer; but to forget it was impossible. Wherever he went, by night and by day, every waking moment seemed to come into his mind. 'You are a fool! The Bible says so!' The result was that he became miserably unhappy and broken down before God; and the Lord graciously used the circumstance to his conversion.—'The Faithful Witness.'

Challenge the Darkness.

'Moses drew near unto the thick darkness where God was.' Ex. xx., 21.

(Charles A. Fox, in 'Life of Faith'.)

Challenge the darkness, whatsoever it be—
Sorrow's thick darkness, or strange mystery
Of prayer or providence! Persist intent,
And thou shalt find love's veiled sacrament:
Some secret revelation, sweetness, light,
Waits to waylay the wrestler-of the night.
In the thick darkness, at its very heart,
Christ meets, transfigured, souls He calls
apart.

Only.

(Agnes N. Anderson.)

If only the darkness would not shadow the light,
If only the gladness would be purer and bright,
If only the sturdy would be strong in the fight,
Battling for truth, justice, honor and right;
If only the freshness of flowers would remain,
If only the friendships of past years be the same
If only the sweet balm of late eventide rain
Linger'd a while in hearts burdened with pain;
If only the starlight would be free from the cloud,
If only the willow were not stunted and bow'd,
If only the helpless would be helped in the crowd,
Only a heart feeling be giv'n the proud;
If only the tare stalk would not mix with the corn,
If only the briar would be freed from the thorn,
If only the sinful would remember the morn
Bringeth a tear in remorse's dark form;
If only our own lips from false words would be free,
If only our own eyes were open to see,
If only our own hearts would aspire unto Thee,
Jesus our Saviour of Calv'ry Tree;
If only the Christian would be truer and pray,
If only the scoffer would look to Christ's way,
If only the sunlight would brighten his ray,
Making God's path as clear as the day;
Oh, 'only' to doubters would be then made so plain,
But 'only' to tempters would be ruin and bane,
And 'only' to outcasts would be a rare welcome gain,
Bearing a tool that will shatter their chain;
Oh, Jesus, in pity, then, look down from on high,
And hasten that moment, ere long weary years fly.
Give Thy strength and Thy love, then, as time will roll by—
Nation to nation will 'Only' reply.