

return to their homes as those who have held high carnival. Heart-worship of the pure and true is unknown to them. Their God is no more than a wicked but powerful man who requires to be flattered by their obeisance and cajoled by their gifts. How wicked his worshippers are, it matters not to him, for he is wicked himself. He only wants their gifts and their adherence as followers. Such is the popular idea of a heathen god, and such, a festival in his honour.

Yet there is a spiritual influence emanating from all such gatherings. Here when God, the pure, is worshipped, the power of His Spirit descends upon the assembly, and even wicked men acknowledge, "Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not." So in these heathen orgies, the worship of the impure, observed, as they are, principally at night, there is an intoxication of evil, a presence and power of Satan manifested, which strengthens everything vicious, and winds round its victims the net of superstition and devotion to the sensual. To those who worship Christ, these idol shrines seem horrible, as the very presence chamber of demons, and reek with the impurities of the worship offered there, while they hold their victims with a terrible fascination.

Here we see around us everywhere the moral elevation that our worship induces, there, everywhere, the degradation that idolatry engenders. Speak as we may of the witness God bears to himself even among the heathen, and the measure of light that every human being enjoys, the fact remains that idolatry is evil, only evil continually. —These social gatherings which are to us a power for good, where our souls are refreshed, and high impulses and holy resolves are born, where, in drawing nigh to a pure and holy God, we catch some inspiration of His purity and power, these very gatherings among the heathen are confessedly the greatest demoralizing influence in the country. Is it not sad to think of this? That their worship is made a curse to them and when they seek good they find unmitigated evil. These, our brethren, and our sisters, led captive by Satan at his will, the sport of evil spirits, going down to chains and everlasting despair, how pathetically they call for our sympathy and prayers. —*Christian Messenger.*

OUR INDIAN STATIONS.

Chicacole.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—For some time past, the thought that I must write again for the LINK, has been underlying many others. Will some of you kindly tell me what you would like me to say? I am busy, and interested in my work, hence the days pass swiftly. Nevertheless I realize that a certain monotony exists, and when these letters present themselves the question arises, What can I write that will have the desired effect of drawing you nearer to India? We live on month after month with no particular change or variety; so it is well that our happiness does not find its foundation in these things.

During the week I teach, study, attend to finances, write, talk, make an occasional visit to some native house, and look after the sick. For two months this has been a very considerable care. On Wednesday we have our women's prayer meeting at three p. m. On Thursday at five the church prayer meeting. On Sunday I attend one or two preaching services, and teach in the boys' Sunday School in the morning, in the girls' in the afternoon. The latter is quite new, and composed largely of the heathen boys and girls from the town, who attend

the day schools. I wanted to unite the two, but Hindu customs and religion were too strong. I have some difficulty in getting the little girls on Sunday; some of them still persist in refusing to come to Sunday School, so hoping to wear down differences gradually, I am happy in having a few, even though it be alone, and gives an extra service.

The day school teachers always attend the morning meetings, and the majority of them are afterwards in my class. I do not think they come because they love to do so, but because when they were employed by the Mission they were told that this would be expected of them. Telugu does not come to me as I wish, and as I hope it will, yet, in the time we spend together there is some talking done. They appear so thoroughly satisfied with their own religion that there is not room enough in their hearts for en a doubt. Occasionally I have hoped that something of that nature was stirred, for they must doubt the old before they can accept the new; again they draw about them all the paraphernalia of caste and Hinduism, and I feel as if working against the solid rock. Last Sunday our lesson was on the first twelve verses of Mark ii., the power to forgive sins belongs to Christ, and to Him alone, was the point with which we were chiefly occupied. We were all very much interested. They, in a quiet but firm manner defended their own religion. I closed my Bible, remarking, "I am sorry for you." One of the head teachers replied, "Yes, Madam, you are sorry for us, because you think if we die as we now are our sins will be unforgiven." "Yes," I answered. He continued, "Our books teach us that forgiveness of sins depends upon our works, therefore we have no fear." "Have you no doubt respecting the truth of your own books," I asked. After a moment's hesitation, his Telugu answer was equivalent to, "We are without doubt." "Can he speak for you all," was my next question. Another one replied, "Yes, Madam." I gave one a Bible, asking him to read such passages as I marked; he did so, while the others listened attentively, but in my heart was the thought, what is the use. Nevertheless, I believe that they think, and I know that with God nothing is impossible, consequently I am not without hope respecting them. But what is the relation between hope and faith? I do hope, yet fear. I have very little faith. They have heard the Gospel for years, and the word of the Lord cannot return unto Him void. Oh, my friends, I am lost here, in the many thoughts that arise. If they were Christians, this school might be such a blessing to Chicacole. Who among the readers of this letter can pray for them with the faith which brings answered prayer? Cannot two or three agree touching one thing, and ask of Him, who is more willing to give than we are to receive?

Recently our town has been visited by two characters, I scarcely know what to call them in English, but I believe they are returning from Benares, one of the holy cities of the Hindus, whither they had been on a pilgrimage. They professed to be seeking holiness, but it seems sacrilege to use that word in connection with them. I did not see them—my boy did—and his account, which I consider quite trustworthy, is after this wise:—One was attended by thirteen followers; his little clothing consisted of tiger skins. The bottoms of his shoes and the cot on which he rested was set full of brass points, not quite so sharp and rather closer together than the tines of a fork. I cannot believe that these really occasioned him much pain; yet, the natives think so. His hair was about five feet long and his nails three inches. He abjured the use of water, and was very careful in