

wife and children and aged father and mother all depended upon him. What could he do? It was a hard question. I could offer him no inducements. That might jeopardize his soul. He must come, if come at all, in absolute trust in God. In face of such a problem, I could not speak any word of mine. I took my Bible and read to him from the sixth chapter of Matthew those beautiful words of Jesus, so full of heavenly peace and calm: "Be not therefore anxious, saying, what shall we eat and what shall we drink and wherewithal shall we be clothed. For after all these things do the Gentiles seek: for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you." He listened to those wonderful words as to the voice of God and in silence he made his *salaam* and went out.

Some months after we were holding our *nelasary* or monthly meeting for our native workers in Kurnool. As we were examining candidates for baptism, suddenly out from the throng stepped Chenniah. He seemed like another man. The old mark of heathenism on his forehead was gone; the tuft of hair on his head was cut off; a clean and simple dress had taken the place of the beads and charms and gaudy robe of the Hindu priest. He stood before me with a look of triumphant joy on his face. Without a word he stretched out his hand and gave me the family idol which he and his fathers had worshipped for generations—the most sacred treasure of a devout Hindu. And then with a voice trembling with emotion, he said, "*I have come for baptism.*" That was all he said, but that was enough. It had the ring of victory. It was the utterance of a soul that had fought and struggled and come out more than conqueror.

He became a preacher—a witness of that which he had seen and heard in his own soul. No Brahman could stand before him. He knew them and their system from centre to circumference. He had no learning of the schools. He spoke with that native eloquence and with that deep insight into the common heart of man that so delights and moves the Telugus. What an inspiration, yea, more, what a revelation it was to hear him preach Christ. It was the fresh and living declaration of one who spoke "not in words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power," and it was clothed in the beautiful garb of the Orient, revealing anew the marvellous adaptability of the religion of Jesus to the Eastern mind.

One day he looked at his hand, and as he looked a shudder ran through his frame. The cold sweat stood out on his forehead. There was the unmistakable mark of leprosy. He saw it and knew that he was doomed. He is a leper now. Slowly, but unceasingly, the dread disease is fastening its hold

upon him and the days of his sojourn here are numbered. But his faith fails not and his hope is as an anchor reaching within the veil. Think of these two men—the priest and the leper. Who would not rather be Chenniah the Christian leper than Chenniah the heathen priest.—*Baptist Missionary Magazine.*

## ZENANA WORK AT NAGERCOIL.

BY MISS DUTHIE.

On January 11th we had a very interesting Women's New Century Meeting in the Nagercoil Church, at which about four hundred women were present. Two of the Bible-women, Sandhai and Mariamie, spoke, the one taking "The Past," the other "The Present," as her subject. The following are a few extracts from Sandhai's address:—

"Before zenana work was begun here, the women round Nagercoil were in a state of great ignorance and superstition, given over entirely to idol and demon worship, and with a firm belief that all diseases and every misfortune were the work of evil spirits. Every house had its own pagoda; and pilgrimages to sacred places were frequently, and often with much cost and trouble, undertaken. In 1872, zenana work was begun near Nagercoil by Mr. Devadasan, the first native pastor here. For six months a Bible-woman was employed teaching in the house of a rich Sudra, who was favorably inclined to Christianity. Then two women were sent, and the work began to spread in spite of great difficulties. Caste feeling did not allow of the Bible women being admitted to the houses, so they had to sit in the cow-shed or on the ground in the front of the house; and, when giving the lesson, they were not permitted to touch the books, but had to point to the letters with a stick. The place on which they sat was carefully washed as soon as they left. Sometimes on their way to and from their work they would be threatened with a beating, or their clothes and umbrellas torn. Stones were thrown at them, and sand poured on their heads. Some, to whom tracts were given, tore them into pieces and made them into garlands, which they mockingly threw over the Bible-women's heads; while others made crowns out of the torn pieces, saying: 'Your Jesus wore a crown of thorns, and you shall have crowns of paper.'

"The women who were bold enough to wish to learn had also much to endure, sometimes from the other women of the household, sometimes from their own husbands. Then there were obstacles with the learners themselves, the chief being the difficulty of convincing them that they were sinners. 'We are high-caste people,' they said; 'we are rich, and we have children and property. It is only the poor, the blind, the lame, who have sinned.' Six years after the commencement of zenana work, the