

PUNDITA RAMABAI.

Four years Ramabai and her brother continued their wandering life, which was one of great suffering and hardship, for work, which he was now willing to do, was scarce and ill-paid. Everywhere they went, however, they pleaded for the education of women in India, as their father had done. Their faith in the gods was by this time considerably shaken. One instance of this is of great interest. One day, to their surprise and joy, they found themselves on the shores of a sacred lake, which they had scarcely hoped to find. The tradition regarding this lake was that the seven mountains contained in it would move toward the sinless soul that prostrated itself on the shore. Over and over again the brother and sister bowed in contrition, only to find that the mountains remained as they were. The priests warned them that the water was dangerous because of crocodiles, but the next morning before the priests had risen the brother swam out toward them, and discovered that the supposed mountains were only piles of mud and stones, with bogus trees, built on rafts; that a boat behind these mountains contained a priest who, at the signal of a priest on shore, whose hand was well crossed with silver, would move the raft toward the poor deluded mortals.

At last the brother succumbed to the privations of his life and intense devotion to the gods, which led to the abuse of his fine physical strength. So now poor Ramabai was left alone, but she still went on with what she believed to be her work, the uplifting of the child widows of India, though she had then no idea of the only force that could possibly uplift them—the religion of Christ. The Pundits of Calcutta on hearing of her eloquent efforts in their behalf sent for her, and were so delighted with her that they gave her a title, meaning God^{ess} of Wisdom.

Soon after this she married a highly educated Bengalee gentleman, who sympathized with her in her views, and together they planned a school for child widows, he to support it and she to teach; but these plans were frustrated by his sudden death from cholera after nineteen months of happy married life, and Ramabai was again left alone but for a little baby daughter.

For some time she had had a great desire to go to an English school, and the way being now opened, she left her home, landed in England, and went to a woman's college, where she taught Sanscrit, and so paid for her tuition. Here she studied and compared the religion of Christ with her own, and chose the

former, being baptized into the Church of England, but she says it was not till years after that she found what the Christian life really meant. She was disappointed because she found no help and encouragement in her plans for the women of India while in England, but providentially, when about to leave, she received a letter from her cousin, just graduating in Washington, who advised her to come to America, as he felt sure she would there receive the sympathy and aid she needed. So Ramabai came to America.

(To be Continued.)

 THAT MIGHTY NAME.

A missionary in India one day saw on the street one of the strangest looking heathen his eyes had ever lighted upon. On inquiry he found that he belonged to one of the inland tribes living away in the mountain districts. Upon further investigation he found that the gospel had never been preached to them, and that it was very hazardous to venture among them because of their murderous propensities.

He was stirred with earnest desire to break unto them the bread of life. He went to his lodging-place, fell on his knees, and pleaded for divine direction. Arising from his knees, he packed his valise, took his violin, with which he was accustomed to sing, and his pilgrim staff, and started in the direction of the Macedonian cry. As he bade his fellow-missionaries farewell they said, "We shall never see you again. It is madness for you to go." But he said, "I must preach Jesus to them." For two days he travelled, scarcely meeting a human being, till at last he found himself in the mountains and surrounded by a crowd of savages. Every spear was suddenly pointed at his heart. He expected that every moment would be his last. Not having any other resource, he tried the power of singing the name of Jesus to them. Drawing forth his violin, he began with closed eyes to sing and play,—

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all."

While singing the last stanza,—

"Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all,—

he opened his eyes and saw that the spears had dropped from their hands, and big tears were falling from their eyes. They afterward invited him to their homes. He spent two years and a half among them. His labors were so richly blessed that, when he was compelled to leave them by reason of ill health and return to this country, they followed him thirty miles. "O missionary, come back to us again! There are tribes beyond us," they said.—Mission Studies.