

venient, at least, to have no home, especially as hotel life and restaurants are incompatible with caste. Now, to have a home one must please the women who dwell there. If a man wishes to be a Christian, he has not merely his wife or wives to contend with ; his mother and grandmother, his brothers' wives, and all the women of the establishment (usually not a few) club together to bring him to his senses ; they will coax him first, but they have no end of devices for bringing him back to their faith if coaxing fails. Men know this, and the terror that hangs over the head of every one of them is, that if he persists in what the women of his household call evil courses, something will be mixed in the food which they cook which will conquer all his stubbornness and end his days.

The only thing a man can do, and what every caste man who has become a Christian has been obliged to do, is simply to leave them all—literally, to run away and leave with them his property, his house, his children, and everything he owns in the world. Bunyan's description of the pilgrim starting on his pilgrimage has been literally fulfilled in many a Hindu.

I remember a case in point—a wealthy and influential high-caste man, who, I have no doubt, is a converted man, and who was baptized by my husband some years ago. This man was remarkable for breadth and strength of character, a man of sterling worth and great independence. He was practically king in the district where he lived, and he thought he was able to be a Christian and make his household either submit or leave. He was wealthy, had two wives and a large "following."

When he came to the house of the native preacher to ask for baptism and to offer himself to the Church, a crowd of retainers came with him, among whom were his two wives, weeping and tearing their hair. One of these—one to whom he was strongly attached—beat her head against the wall of the house until they had to hold her to keep her from killing herself, while she declared she would kill herself rather than see her husband a Christian.

But none of these things moved him. He deferred his baptism for a while in consequence, but avowed constantly his faith in Christ, and his purpose to confess His name publicly in baptism. And he did so. He came and was baptized, but he held to his property and one wife. He had no children.

His friends found that they could do nothing with him, for he was too far above them to fear them. However, they were determined not to lose him. Finding that he had actually left them, they all rallied round him again. His wife said "he was wise and good, and she would cook his rice and be a Christian too." The rest of his household said that if he, in his wisdom, thought it best to be a Christian, they could not gainsay it ; he was greater than they ; they would be what he was. So they cooked his food, and ate with him as before, and treated him as well as they knew how. It was not in human nature not to feel flattered with all this deference to his opinion.