

afterwards, until they have passed their examinations in the language.

The question was asked Mr. Tauffer, what if a man should fall in love with some one before coming to the field, would he not be allowed to tell her so. "No. He must keep his eyes open, but his mouth shut."

When a young man at the end of two years sends for one or gets his friends to hunt up one for him, she must appear before the F. M. C., and if they do not think that she would make a good wife for a missionary, she is rejected. I fancy our Canadian young men would think that this would be interfering too much with personal liberty in such things.

The Base Mission is known all over India, by the fine quality of cloth which it sends out from its weaving establishment and their tiles which are considered the best in India.

I cannot finish with the Malabar coast, without saying a word about Cochin, which is of historical fame. It having been conquered by the Portuguese, Dutch, Hyder Ali, Tippe-Sultan and the British, who hold it now. It was the first Indian port visited by Europeans and there they built their first fort on Indian soil.

The English built their first factory there in 1660, and there stands the oldest Christian Cathedral, where Vasco de Gama lies buried. In the wall are 48 stone slabs, bearing inscriptions dating back as far as 1534. These slabs were lifted out of their original marking place and were placed in the walls for preservation.

In Cochin are many Roman Catholics, and in fact all along the coast south of it, Francis Xavier having visited the place, as he did many others, and made converts by the thousands. He would gather round him a great crowd, preach to them, sprinkle water on them, give them small crucifixes, and henceforth they were Roman Catholics. The first book published in India, was published there by them.

For all these things Cochin is well known, but there is still another thing which is almost synonymous with its very name, and that is dirt. Of all the places that we visited Cochin was the only one where we had to hold our handkerchiefs over our faces as we passed through the dirty, narrow streets of its native bazaars.

In our medical text books we used to read of a disease called Elephantiasis, called so because of the supposed resemblance between the affected leg and that of an elephant's. It is supposed to be caused and greatly aggravated by bad water, dirt and dissolute habits. Cochin is one of the homes of this disease. We saw between 20 and 30 cases of it in the few hours that we were there. Throughout India it is characteristically called "Cochin leg." The sad thing about the loathsome disease is that drugs have little or no effect upon it.

Tradition says that the apostle Thomas arrived in Cochin A.D. 50, and laboured there. All the Syrian Christians along the coast trace back the founding of their church there to St. Thomas. If we do not accept this as an explanation or the presence of Christians in India in 1498 when Varco de Gama landed, it will be difficult to explain their origin. The B.M.S. has a mission among them.

Strange as is the fact that for nearly 1900 years Christ has had witness bearers in Cochin, equally strange is the fact that there too is a company of God's own chosen people, the Jews, distinct and separate from the heathen round about them as they possibly can be. We were specially favoured in the day that we visited Cochin, for it was one of the Jewish festival days. As we passed from the native bazaar, which as I have written, was

very, very dirty, into the Jewish quarter, we were struck at once with the difference in the buildings and their surroundings. It may be that before the feast, they had a yearly cleaning out, for every building was freshly white-washed and the streets were so nice and clean.

There are two colonies consisting of 150 families of black Jews and 50 families of white Jews. They say themselves that their fore-fathers came to Cochin after the destruction of the Temple by Nebuchadnezzar.

We stood for a little while at the door of the synagogue when the black Jews were worshipping, but were told about the other, "so passed on to it and were invited in. Every Jewish man, woman and child was there. The women of course were not in the same compartment as the men, but were in a room by themselves in front of the synagogue, where they could hear and take part in what was going on.

The women were all dressed in pure white and wore a number of jewels. A number of Hindoo servants stood around the door carrying the little Reubens and Rachels.

The synagogue was ablaze with artificial light, although it was the noon of day. Chandeliers with their score of lights glittered and sparkled from the ceilings. Lamps and candles in dozens were lit upon the walls. The men were clothed in loose, white flowing robes, spotlessly clean with wide borders of different colours. They stood with books in hand and chanted and sang their Hebrew service. They swayed their bodies to and fro and each vied with the other at times, as to whose voice should be pitched the loudest, then all would blend in a long drawn out wail. It was all very weird and it made me feel very strange. I wondered whether their ancient ancestors in captivity could have been more in earnest when they hanged their harps on the willows by the river of Babylon and wept when they remembered Zion.

Truly there did not seem to be any joy in the service and from the mournful strain I could imagine that they were saying from their hearts: "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land."

Yours sincerely
M. McKellar.

A FAMILY HONORED OF GOD.

A sentence in a religious journal has attracted our attention. "One English clergyman has four daughters missionaries in India." We cannot read so brief an item without being led away, in thought, to the home out of which so many came, successively to enter upon the work of saving, with God's help, perishing men and women. We may be sure that it was a home of prayer, and of frequent communings together touching the things of the kingdom and its advancement in the world. It was, doubtless, a cheerful and happy home—it could hardly be otherwise. Some shadows would rest upon the threshold as each consecrated one passed over it, to go far away to a new work and a new home, but the smiles would soon break forth on the faces of those left behind at the thought of the gracious calling to which the departing one had given obedient answer, and especially as the reports of success in Christian work came back. Perhaps, in all England, there was not a happier household than that which surrendered so many of its occupants to the service of Christ in a far distant land.—*Philadelphia Presbyterian.*

THE best way to convince doubters is not to argue with them, but to labor and pray for their salvation. Love wins where logic fails.