

that in no other missionary country, the missionaries have the same influence that they have in India because of the friendly relations between them and the government. Every reform of the crimes of the Hindu religion, such as the law against infanticide, the burning of widows, and other horrible customs, has been undertaken at the instance of missionaries. The influences of the pure unselfish lives of our missionaries, the characters of our native Christians, and the noticeable decay of Hinduism are all encouraging features of the work.

But whatever appears of encouragement from any source, the supreme hope for India is in the power of the Christian religion, the power of love and self-sacrifice, first made known to the world on the Cross at Calvary. Slowly this law of highest service has been working for nineteen Centuries, and surely will it prevail at last over all the forces of darkness and selfishness. "The Cross of Christ is the light of India and the light of the world!"

"None but Jesus, none but Jesus deserves to wear the bright and glorious diadem of India, and Jesus Christ shall have it."

#### EXTRACTS FROM MISS HELENA BLACKADAR'S LETTERS.

**Y**ES, the cool weather has come at last and it is quite cool this November. I am enjoying it; it feels so good to cuddle down under a blanket and feel cosy. India is lonely in the cool season; one even learns to like the heat, that is in the evenings and the mornings, and the green trees all the time and the flowers and the sunshine; it would be hard to do without them now. Mother, I am so glad Alice took you down to old Plymouth. Isn't it full of historic interest? What a lovely day I spent with her there, I love to see historic places! I have never seen half I want to of India and I do not know half I want to of its strange wonderful history; bound by custom that paralyzes all effort and invention, glorying in their past and utterly careless of the future because they think this is the age when everything will decay. Oh what a strange people, what a strange mysterious queer country it is, yet the spell of its fascination does weave around ones heart and one learns to love it in spite of its evil ways. In spite of all I have written you I fear that you can see very little after all, of my life as it is and the mingling of the sad and the glad, the dull and the picturesque, the joy and the numbing discouragements.

"What kind of an organ did you get for your church father?" I wonder if it will do half as much work as my little "Estey"? What a work you did Daddy, when you urged me to get that! I would not be without it for anything, and Mamma, most things I can do, I must give you the credit of teaching me. Every-time I play and gather the people to hear, it is your work. No one else ever taught me to play. Playing so much for them has given me confidence and I can get along much better now. When we get ready to go out one of the men takes the organ in his hand, and when he comes to a public place he selects a large tree or some shade. I sit down and begin to play and the Christians sing some of our sweet Gospel hymns. Some of their voices are very sweet and the music soon attracts a number, sometimes a crowd. The women and children listen well, and then we talk and preach to them and tell them of Jesus, of the Christ who loved them so much that He died for them. Sometimes a proud Brahmin will pause for a few minutes and listen, ask a few questions which no one can answer, such as: "How do you explain your doctrine of the Trinity?" perhaps say "Your religion is good for you but not for us," and pass on. Sometimes a good many listen and buy or beg for Scripture portions, and promise to read them. The women listen for a while and go on to their work and we too go on to another place.

I am working hard myself, I am trying to pray more than ever. "Prayer is the key on the bended knee that will unlock the closed hearts of India's millions" How often the heart gets tired in India. I only knew the feeling a few times at home, but it comes to one out here, not because I do not believe in the people or the work, I do believe in both, but life is strenuous, and the need is very great and the people heed so little. Oh! it is their soul-freezing indifference that appals and frightens one.

Lost! Oh, they are so hopelessly lost in sin, unless God takes hold of them and puts His spirit into their hearts.

The work is opening up among the caste people of late. We are getting into more houses now. In one whole street we visited we were repulsed in several instances, in others the women received us, almost with embraces. I think some of them would have thrown themselves upon our necks, but for the fear of defilement. I love some of these heathen women. Yesterday we found an old woman who used to