

lous to see, and no women in the world exercise greater power. Perhaps you will be startled if I say that they hold the destiny of their country more completely in their hands than the women of any other land ; that they are the ruling power in India, although this power is exercised so quietly and out of sight. Repressed power is always the most dangerous. Women in Christian lands can participate in almost every amusement and every privilege open to the other sex, can have their women's aid societies in every philanthropic measure of the day ; and perhaps this very widening of her influence diverts time and thought from father and brother, husband and child. Certainly it gives us community of thought and action. Women are as much elevated by the mental and moral culture of the day as men are.

In India it is not so ; all the influx of civilization and religious light from the New World has fallen on the men alone. It has had no means of reaching the hidden retreats where the women dwell. The only rays of light that have penetrated there have been carried by the missionary women, sadly few in number, who have been able to reach their sisters in their seclusion, and tell from house to house the story of the cross. I believe this, above every other reason, is the cause of the slight hold Christianity has taken of the caste people of India. A caste woman has not even her father or brother to care for ; she was separated from them in early childhood. Her whole life has but one vent, one direction in which to grow, and that is out through her husband and her sons to the world beyond. To keep her husband and her sons loyal to her is her one ambition, and there is nothing too hard nor too high for her in her endeavor after it. Thousands fail and yet many succeed ; and when one fails it is generally because another *woman* has usurped the place. There is something very suggestive in the fact that the most beautiful and renowned building in India (the Taj Mahal) was built as the tribute of a devoted husband to his queen.

Again, every Hindu woman is bound to keep her husband and sons in the good old paths after the strictest sect of Hinduism. She generally cares far more for religion than her husband does—she is, if you please, more superstitious. Woe to the man who is recreant to her faith ! His wife may not say much, but his mother will ; there is neither peace nor rest for him henceforward.

When you urge a Hindu to give his reason for not accepting the Christ of whose claims he is intellectually convinced, he will be slow to give it ; but it is almost invariably one of three reasons : “ I cannot break my poor old mother's heart.” “ I am afraid of my mother's curse.” “ I cannot give up my wife and children.” *It is a woman's influence that holds him back.*

Many of these men love their wives and children—*more*, perhaps, love the tasty breakfasts and savory dinners that no one else will take the trouble to cook for them. For one reason or another, all find it incon-