

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 gain-say 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.

For about a year his conduct was exemplary; but soon the heathen influence by which he was surrounded began to tell upon him. His wife and relatives made trouble when other Christians came to eat with him, and defiled the dishes. It was only a matter of eating and drinking, and he thought it hard not to conform a little to their wishes when they had borne so much for him. He was strongly attached to the wife who had remained with him, and her influence induced him to withdraw more and more from intercourse with other Christians. He said that he knew it was wrong, but he was really worried to death. After a while his other wife came back to the house unbidden. Again and again he promised to break away from them all. He believed in Christ; he worshipped Him only, and wanted to follow him; but he said he saw there was nothing for him to do but to build a small house for himself and live there alone—that he could not be a Christian and live in his heathen home. This man's case is a remarkable one, because he had sufficient authority, for a time at least, to compel his household to submit to him; but they conquered in driving him out at last.

These women are standing right across the path of Christianity in Hindustan. The work of converting them, humanly considered, is restricted to the labors of Christian women among them. Sisters, here is a work peculiarly yours that no one else can do. How will you do it? With lukewarm zeal, spasmodic efforts, and indifferent success? Or, with all your hearts unflinchingly, till it is accomplished?—*Missionary Review*,

Work Abroad.

MADRAS, NOV. 21st. 1893.

Dear Mrs. Newman,

At last we have landed in the land of our adoption, and our hearts are full of thankfulness to our Father. In the words of the Psalmist, we say, "It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto Thy name, O, Most High! to show forth thy loving kindness in the morning and Thy faithfulness every night." His gracious favor to us all the way encourages our hearts so much as we look into the future. How can I describe our feelings as we look around us? So many strange sights and sounds greet us. To our great joy the familiar beloved face of Mr. McLaurin was amongst the strange faces that filled the boats coming out to meet us. There were also some native Christians, and as we looked into their faces it gave us much joy to see what God's grace had done for them. The English Baptist Church gave us such a nice welcome last night. Two of the native preachers spoke, and a number of others. Mr. McLaurin was chairman, and as you may imagine was very happy. We,

the Canadians, are going on to Cocanada by boat on Wednesday the 22nd. The weather is beautiful just now in Madras. The natives think it is cold, but we hardly agree with them. We are all well and happy, oh, so glad to have the privilege of being in this land. Though we have seen much already of the degrading effects of idolatry and superstition, as we look into the faces of such people as A. R. Veerasaamy, one of Mr. McLaurin's helpers, and hear them speak so joyfully of what the Gospel has done for them and welcome us so very gladly, it makes us feel that to be used in leading one such into the light and joy of the Gospel, would be worth all that it costs and a great deal more. For a while there will be a certain amount of novelty to us. The buildings, the way of doing business, the plants and insects, the last named are already sampling the new blood, as the show of hands this morning proved. It almost looked as tho' a plague of measles had broken out amongst us, but it's only mosquitoes. We were shopping to-day, and took a cup of cocoa at the Y. M. C. A. rooms. A peep into zenana life was given me on board the Avoca. Two native women came on board at Colombo, very closely veiled and in charge of a young woman. She took me into their cabin next morning to see them. They were lying on their berths, with so much jewelry on, and seemed glad to have any one come in, for of course they never showed their faces outside. The captain let them go up on his deck, but they were veiled closely and led up; oh, how purposeless life is to them. It is impossible to conceive how much we as women owe to the Gospel, unless one has seen with her own eyes the vast difference. There are many things of interest, but I will have to leave them now. We send the compliments of the season to all our dear friends, and pray that this coming year may be one of added interest and blessing. Pray for us, that Christ may be manifested through us.

Yours sincerely,

ELLEN PRIEST.

COCANADA, Nov. 4. 1893.

Dear Mrs. Newman and Readers of the Link:

We have at last reached Cocanada, and are all in wonderfully good health and spirits. I want to tell you about our welcome meeting in the Telugu church here in the Compound, Saturday night, 25th Oct. I found my mind continually wandering back to that wonderful farewell meeting in Toronto, exactly two months previous. When we got to the chapel we found our Telugu brothers and sisters engaged in singing a hymn. Then followed in Tulugu, the reading of a portion of Scripture, and prayer by Jonathan. Though I could not understand his prayer, my heart was filled with prayer to our Father, that this people might soon be taken from the gross darkness of heathenism and sin. Another hymn was sung, then an address to the church by Jonathan, telling them how the missionaries had left friends and country, and had put thousands of miles between them and all that was dear to them, to bring this gospel to their country. He spoke of what a blessing the missionaries had been to them in the past. Then followed a formal address of welcome to new missionaries, which Mr. Davis interpreted for us. Each replied briefly, Ezra acting as interpreter. Refreshments were then served, very strong muddy and