

so quietly and out of sight. Represented power is a ways the most dangerous.

All the influences of civilization and religious light from the New World has fallen on the men alone. It has 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 been one bent, one direction in which to grow, and that is out through her husband and sons to the world beyond. To keep her husband and sons loyal to her is her one ambition, and there is nothing too hard nor too high for her endeavors after it.

When you urge a Hindoo to give his reasons for not accepting the Christ of whose claims he is intellectually convinced, he will be slow to give it, but it is almost invariably: "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 inconvenient, at least, to have no home especially as hotel life and restaurants are incompatible with caste. How 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