

bungalow, where she was found very faithful and painstaking. When the missionaries left, I began to take her out with me when I visited the houses, and I found that she could tell the story of Jesus' love with much power and pathos. She is now under training. Her sweet disposition endears her to all, and so careful and consistent is she in her walk, that I have great hopes for the future of this young and gentle widow. Will not prayers go up for her continually, that she may become another Mary sitting at Jesus' feet, or another beloved Perda laboring much in the Lord?

No. 7. *Poor Papamma!*—And why poor Papamma! A rich woman but a slave, an awful slave. To what? To the opium habit. Only yesterday were we there and she showed us all her various ornamented rooms, and tidy walled enclosures, presenting us with gifts. She is a wife and mother and apparently rejoicing in her riches, but she knows that this habit is wrecking her life, and she begged us, saying: "Can you not stop this? Can you not free me from this?" Even while she was speaking to us, she took out her opium-box, and taking out some opium, swallowed a portion the size of a pea; and when the child beside her cried for it, gave him some to quiet him, before he would stop crying. Her mother and her daughter, who were both there, begged us again and again to stop the habit, saying that the woman was gradually losing her mind and would get quite helpless. But what could we do? I could only pray with them and for them, that God might have mercy and break the chains of sin.

No. 8. *Pedda Lakshamma and her Friends.*—But time would fail me to tell of Aydia and of Sarah, of Rachel and of Miriam, of Achamma and of Mabalukshmi, and of others, incidents of whose lives would possibly be helpful and suggestive of the different phases of our work on this field. Still, of Pedda Lakshamma and her friends, I would say a word. There are, besides Lakshamma, four other widows of the Komma caste, who have not yet been numbered with the Lord's own, here, but who profess to be fully believing in Him. Some of them have come from their village, five or six miles away, at different times, to see us. They drink in the Word with great avidity and seem to be most devoutly in earnest in seeking salvation. They are all apparently women of means, and I believe hold property in their own right. They say they have forsaken idol-worship, have given up going on pilgrimages, and are praying constantly to the one true God. They have been asking Shautamma, who sometimes visits them, if they cannot be baptized secretly. They are afraid of an open profession, for they know what terrible persecution it would mean. They know that they would be entirely cut off from their people, that they probably would not be allowed

to live in their own houses; that, if possible at all, their property would be snatched from them, and that they must be looked down upon in contempt by those who had hitherto loved them. One of these inquirers asked me on my last visit, whether it was necessary to be baptized in order to be saved. I told her she must answer that for herself, but that the Lord had said that those who would not confess Him before men, He would deny before His Father in heaven. I could not urge her to do anything, but I told her that if she were in a right mind and really believed in Jesus, that He would show her the way in which she should walk, and that He would give her strength to walk therein. I cannot persuade them; they must be persuaded of God to take this all-important step, and then He will give them the needed strength to bear what must follow.

And so, my dear sisters of the dear home-land, of these dark sisters of this far-off heathen land, I have written you, that your sympathies may be aroused, your faith strengthened, your zeal encouraged, and your prayers increased. Does not the burden rest upon you? Will not your prayers be heard before the Throne, that these who still remain in darkness may see the Light of Life, and that those who have come into the Light may always be bright and shining examples of Him who loved us and gave Himself for us?

S. I. HATCH.

#### EXTRACTS FROM AN ARTICLE—THE REAL INDIA.

##### WHAT IS ENGLAND GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

BY JULIAN HAWTHORNE, THE COSMOPOLITAN'S SPECIAL COMMISSIONER TO INDIA.

[We would like to give our readers the whole of this very interesting article, but lack of space prevents. It is contained in the September *Cosmopolitan*.]

As I sat in my whitewashed room at the Jutbulpore hotel on the forenoon of the day after the visit to the famine-works, I saw, between the slabs of the blinds, two figures come and seat themselves beside a footway in the rear of the hotel buildings. The blinding sunshine fell on them; they squatted in the dust, making no attempt to protect themselves from a heat which would soon have been fatal to a European. They were garbed in the fewest rags, and the filthiest possible.

They were a grown person and a child of six. I took the former at first to be a man; but after scrutinizing the figure for some time, I suspected it to be that of a woman. There was nothing womanly left about her; but there was a fragment of cloth over the shoulders and hanging down in front which a man so destitute would hardly have worn; he would have restricted himself to the loin-cloth. The head was covered with matted, lustreless hair. The face was held downwards, so that the features were not clearly distinguishable. I could see only that they were repulsive. She sat with