

Somanna, a young man of 20. For a short time I thought they had killed him. But in an hour he was able to walk home with us. It seems that fearing his uncle meant violence toward me, he had struck him with my riding whip. Then his brother-in-law had dealt him these blows. Anxious to assert his rights, for a man loses none but his social standing by becoming a Christian, I again submitted his papers to a lawyer. He said a case might be made, but would require a few false witnesses to strengthen it. We searched the village for evidence, but every man was against him. False evidence was forthcoming in abundance for a small cash consideration. So we had to drop the case.

Ramamuti, who had been weakening, at last went stark mad, and in a fit of wild insanity attacked a crowd of coolies with a huge club and an American spade, almost killing one man and knocking two others over. The rest fled like frightened sheep. He was sent to gaol, and at last we secured his admission to the District Insane Asylum, where he remained till quite restored. In the meantime, believing that his insanity was caused by the blow, and purposing to institute legal proceedings against his people, I consulted the district doctor. What was my chagrin and disappointment to learn that it had resulted not from the blow, but from excesses in the use of that very harmful and intoxicating drug called the hemp plant! The very night he went home from his baptism so full of confidence in his own strength, after being taken in by the goldsmith, he spent the night smoking hemp. I was sorely grieved, and quickly abandoned proceedings. His relatives, however, fearing our intention, had long before entered a charge against Ramamuti and me for assault, theft and criminal trespass. This is quite an Oriental proceeding. As no Englishman can be tried in a criminal suit except before an English magistrate, our case went up to a young English officer who is not only a personal friend, but who had in his investigation as to the man's fitness for admission to the insane asylum become conversant with all the details of the case. The day of the trial, which took place in a neighboring town, the magistrate asked me over to breakfast at his camp. While waiting for the meal he opened our case by bearing the prosecution. Seven men stood up to seven lies. The case was adjourned while we breakfasted. After breakfast the defence was heard, and the case dismissed. The court criers had great difficulty in keeping the prosecutors quiet while the defence was being conducted. They persisted in calling each witness we put forward a liar and other uneuphonious names. The noisiest man was put out and the rest threatened with fines for contempt of court. The magistrate, who is a Christian man, making all allowance for the untutored barbarity of the people, was most indulgent.

After an incarceration of eight months, Ramamuti went in my absence to live at Narsapatnam under the care of the Barrows, who were very kind. He showed an admirable spirit, but soon fell sick, and for almost five months was racked with one attack of fever after another. With the approach of the hot season he seemed to improve, and entered with great energy into the sale of books and tracts with much success. He recently sold from 16 to 35 cents worth a day, and that is considered fair work for a good colporteur. He

could not read, but he learned hymns and Scripture portions, and took delight in repeating the latter. He was scrupulously honest for a native. In an attempt to secure his little daughter, now five years old, we visited his village. The relatives came out on us like a pack of wolves. He was as moderate and forbearing as he formerly had been angry and hot-headed. But we gained nothing by the attempt, as the ruling seems to be that in cases of this kind the father cannot legally secure possession of the children until seven years of age, except it can be proven that the mother is leading an immoral life. This was a great disappointment, but his mind, which had before been unsettled, now rested in the hope of securing his child and through her his wife in the course of two years. He bent to his work of book selling with redoubled energy and great success.

One night recently he went with my preachers to a heathen festival where the men succeeded in exposing a great fraud, by which a multitude had been deceived into believing that a light surreptitiously shown by three men, whom they caught, was the apparition of the village goddess. The exposure and excitement induced by that event, and a prolonged search through the throng for his wife, whom he expected to see there, brought on an attack of fever. He grew worse very rapidly and in four days was dead; the fever reached 115°. His quiet spirit passed away as his lips moaned in an almost inaudible voice the precious name of "father."

The day on which he died was Thursday, our weekly market day, and exactly one week from the time of the exposure of the "goddess trick." The people affirm that she killed him, and that after eight days, which by their reckoning means a week, another will die, until all implicated in the exposure shall have been killed.

Ramamuti's earthly tabernacle lies by that of our preacher David's in the compound garden. Our little flock now numbers only six. He was the first native of this part ever known to turn a Christian, and we feel his loss greatly.

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THE MINISTER'S WIFE AND FOREIGN MISSIONS.

[A paper presented by Mrs. Delavan Dewolf at the Missionary Institute held at Freehold, N. J., Feb. 22, 1894.]

What is the relation between the two—what the dependence of the one on the other? How may we, as ministers' wives, help in securing the missionary enthusiasm so much needed? This is the problem propounded to us. Let us seek its solution by treading three steps, which seem to follow each other in natural order, each successive one depending on the one before. Let us consider the minister's wife: First, in her relation to her husband; second, in her relation to the church; third, in her relation to foreign missions.

First, What is the relation of the minister's wife to the minister? On the right determination of this, we believe, hangs all the rest.

She is his wife! yes, but what do we mean by that? To different people that means widely different things. We read "David Copperfield," and are touched with