

food for my soul, *now I must go and tell others.* My dear reader is this burden on you too, that you must go and tell others. I hope it is. Remember the zeal of this poor unlearned Christian woman, pray for her, that she may be kept from the evil of the world, and that by her good and honest efforts to tell of His love that she may be useful in bringing many others into His kingdom.

Before closing, I want to tell you of another woman I met one evening as I was returning from the street where the few Christians live. Her name is Chundramuni. She is of the Rajah caste, and a widow. I have often tried to see her, but have been politely refused. However this time importunity was rewarded, and I was admitted, my Bible women also, into a nice clean court, and we had a long conversation with C. The cause of my interest in her, is the fact, that she is the mother of Herriamah my Bible woman, whose life-story Mrs. Archibald has written. The mother's heart seemed touched when she spoke of the daughter who had so many years ago, gone out of her home and life. Instead of being glad that Herriamah had found the Saviour, she said to me, "oh she is ruined." My heart ached for the poor old woman as I conversed with her, for it was very evident that she was wedded to her idols, and no impression seemed to be made. The shades of the even-

ing came on, and yet we talked trying to induce her to cast her care on Him who is willing to receive her, but she did not evince any desire to turn to Him. As I left her veranda, she said, "for me to have seen you is gaining much righteousness, but to see these Bible women who have come with you is sin to me." I wanted to know her reason for saying this, and she replied, "you have remained in the caste in which you were born, they have not." Think of the darkness of this poor widow, her poverty in His sight, while Kunchamah, poor in this world's goods, has laid up treasure in Heaven.

Then there are others of whom I could tell you, but for the present take these two upon your hearts and may they be often remembered by you before the throne of grace.

May He hasten the time when mothers in this dark land, will not think their loved ones "ruined" because they follow the Saviour who has redeemed them.

My tour is just over, and it is no boast for me to tell you that I have been very busy and often upon returning to the tent, have been too tired to take the meal that was ready for me, and as I have sat and rested myself, I have thought of you in our favored land, in contrast with those among whom I had been. "Who hath made thee to differ?" By the grace of God I am what I am. Then let us see