

any man, but their own husbands and sons, and the next best are those who have seen only near relatives. You would like our daughter to see all the men in town. Fatima shall stay in form this day, and you shall watch and see that she does not go out." But what is purdah? The Mohammedans believe in keeping their women and girls in like prisoners. They must always stay in the back part of the house or walk about the bare little yard with its high wall. They do not look out of the front door or windows. Very seldom do they go out in the ox-cart, and then the cart must be covered so that they can see little that passes along. Poor imprisoned women and girls.

(4) This story is from the pen of Miss Murray, our own missionary: "Nookalamma was a little girl who lived in the outcast quarter of one of our mission stations in India. Although only nine or ten years of age, she had been married four years. Her husband, a grown man, had gone away to Burma for work, but would return some day for her. So the little girl lived in her own home and played with the other children of her village, or went to the fields to help transplant the rice or to glean after the harvest, or at other times to gather fuel. Her parents were poor, so her clothing was scant, and her supply of jewels small. She had a bright little face, however, and when cleaned and combed was not unattractive. There was a school for her class near her home, but she attended little, if any. It was said of her, that, young as she was, she was opposed to her people's becoming Christians. She was named for the smallpox goddess and on feast days, in honor of that goddess, she liked to adorn herself as best as she could, and join in the rude noisy worship. She knew, too, that Christians were despised and often persecuted for having broken caste.

That year the rainy season brought

with it that dread disease, cholera. Nookalamma sickened, and in spite of all her friends could do, grew worse, and worse. When the missionary went to see her on a Sunday morning, she lay on her cot with scarce a sign of life. Her heathen mother-in-law had visited her, and to drive away the evil spirit—the smallpox goddess—had marked the child's forehead with sacred ashes, and placed upon the cot beside her a broom, a shoe, and a bit of root tied up in a saffroned rag.

Satan seemed very near, but he must not have Nookalamma. Jesus must save her. After prayer by her bedside, the missionary hurried to the Christian Chapel where Sunday School was in progress. Time was precious. The work of the Sunday school was stopped. All listened to the story of the child's need, and then all knelt in prayer. One by one, the Indian Christians prayed. Then came a wonderful prayer. Beginning away back at the crossing of the Red Sea, the young man reminded God of a number of His wonderful deliverances, and pleaded that He would again prove His superiority over the gods of the heathen, and cause the people to acknowledge Him by healing the sick child. The regular morning service followed. At its close, word came that Nookalamma had opened her eyes. The use of medicine and nourishment was resumed and the next Sunday, she came to Church. Since then her father and brother have been baptized, and she, herself, is changed. She was quite willing to acknowledge that Jesus had healed her, and, at her own request, her name was changed to Annamma. She began to attend Sunday School, and day school, and we long that her soul, too, may be healed of its disease. Pray for her.

Closing recitation,—“The Children's Pledge.”

O dear little girlies, far over the sea,
In beautiful India, where'er you may be,
From southern plain to mountains high