

in some minds. It may be better that they should grow up in heathenism, and then that the gospel should be preached to them by missionaries. But some women in India have always felt that it was worth the effort to tell these children of Christ *before* they had grown old in sin. So far as my own experience goes, I have always found that the first and easiest work to approach was school work, and that has seemed the natural introduction to all the rest. From the school to the house is not only a very easy step, but it insures a welcome which otherwise it was hard to obtain. Any mother likes to see the teacher of her child, especially if the child is always speaking well of the teacher at home. In fact, how to obtain easy access and a hearty welcome in a number of Hindu homes apart from school work is a problem very difficult to solve. I presume the majority of you read our little *Missionary Link*, and know a good deal of our school work, and our visiting among the homes of the children in Chicacole. Yet I will try, if I can, to give you some new features of this work.

The man who usually led the devotional exercises, and assisted me in teaching the Bible in our school, was Suthenah, the head preacher at the station. A sketch of him and his wife Adama, who frequently accompanied me in my house to house visitation, may not be uninteresting to you. You know that the type of face among the Telugus is much like the English, and apart from the color we frequently notice likenesses to people whom we knew at home. Suthenah, for instance, bore quite a resemblance to Dr. Welton, of Wolfville, only he was an older man, and his hair was grey. He had fought and won many hard battles with himself, and it made him seem older than he was. A caste man, and one who had held the office of sergeant in the native army,—the truth that makes us free had taken hold of him, and had brought him to free himself at any cost from all the bonds of heathenism; but remember, heathenism is grown into the flesh and bone of its victims, and the separation, however needful, is agony at the time. His position and influence made it all the harder for him. As usual when he was baptized his wife took her children and left him. But the living power in his heart carried him through, and after a few years his wife came back to him to learn to be a Christian, and her family came with her. I never knew a man more settled in purpose to do what was right at any cost. It was not easy to convince him that he was wrong, but if you patiently gave him intelligent reasons from the Bible, he would accept no other,) for any course of conduct till he was convinced, you needed not to do it a second time. He was extremely sensitive, and felt keenly that his religion made him a social outcast. He was not always a happy Christian, because he was more conscious, perhaps, of the coldness and alienation of those about him than he was of the smiling approval of his Master, but he was thoroughly conscientious.

This manifested itself very clearly to us in an instance I will mention here. A boy from the outcasts, as they call them, but probably the most thorough and masterly young man that we have, was baptized at Chicacole a few months after our settlement there. Suthenah was very much interested in him, and took him at once into his own family, treating him as though he were his own son. It was just as though some bright, promising lad, picked up in the streets here in Yarmouth, and taught the Bible for a year or two, had given satisfactory evidence of his conversion, and Dr. Day, pastor of the church, hoping he would make a good preacher some day, took the homeless lad to his own table, and his own fireside.

He remained there about a year, and made rapid progress in his studies, but as those who understand human nature at all will understand, he began to feel almost too much at home. Feeling himself thoroughly domiciled in Suthenah's house, he began to smoke in the presence of his wife and daughter. This among heathen is looked upon as a mark of disrespect, no one will smoke in the presence of a superior. Out of this matter the trouble grew, and Suthenah wished the young man to be as friendly as he pleased in the part of the house where the men visit, but did not wish him to be in his family any longer. He felt this a good deal and said he had done nothing wrong and meant nothing wrong, and if Suthenah did not want him he did not wish to intrude. So for a while they held aloof from each other. A reconciliation was effected, but the old warmth of feeling was never restored. Suthenah was not willing to have him in his house again as he had been, and the boy felt as though he had been rather unkindly dealt with. Since we left Chicacole I have been sorry to learn that he has taken his family and removed to another place, chiefly, I believe, on this account.

Let me tell you something of his wife Adama. She was most gifted in prayer, and a woman who never let an opportunity of speaking for Christ slip by her unimproved. She had met with sore trouble in the loss of their eldest son, a very promising Christian young man, who had taken a degree as native doctor in a medical school in Madras, and upon whom many hopes were built. She had prayed most earnestly for his life to be spared, and when he was taken from her, her faith in the promises of God was sadly shaken. It seemed a very dark and mysterious thing to her that the promises to answer prayer which she had plead before a throne of grace had met with no response, as she supposed, because her son had died. Have none of us ever felt the same difficulty? Sisters, may God bless you in your work of sending the gospel to the heathen, and give you many stars in the crowns of your rejoicing.

FOR THE LINK.

## A PROMISE.

*Ecclesiastes xxxiii. 14.*

"My presence shall go with thee,

And I will give thee rest."

I hear, O blessed Saviour,

Thy promise sweet and blest.

I seek no other answer

To any prayer of mine,

No other full assurance

That I am wholly thine.

And so I go rejoicing,

Still clinging to Thy side,

Thy loving presence with me

Forever to abide.

And when my earthly mission

Is closing with the day,

Again, I pray, dear Saviour,

O let me hear Thee say—

"My presence shall go with thee,

And I will give thee rest,"

So saying bear my spirit

To glory on Thy breast.

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THE Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church raised last year \$107,932, an increase of \$31,656 over the previous year.