

would protect and prosper his servant. When Kanaya reached Jamu he found friends among the *maharajahs*, the keepers of the king's elephants, all of them Moslems, who treated him very kindly, and to whom he gave an account of his life. He told them plainly that he had lost his wife and children because he had become a Christian, telling them also why he had become a Christian. From these men he learned how to reach the court. The two judges, one a Hindu and the other a Mohammedan, heard his request that his wife and children, who were at Deva Singh's, should be restored to him. The judges asked him why they were taken from him. With great calmness, but very clearly, Kanaya replied: "I had become a Christian, your Honor." Immediately the wrath of the Hindu judge was raised to the utmost. "Why have you become a Christian?" he demanded. "I have power and authority to beat you and bind your feet with a rope, and drag you out of the city, and cast you forth headlong." But the conference with the judges went on, and, strange to say, Kanaya had the opportunity to speak in the presence of the court and of all who were near, about the Christian faith and his reasons for embracing it. It was a faithful preaching of the gospel, but the judges were inflexible and ordered a soldier to take Kanaya out of the city, and as for obtaining his children, they said: "Never, never shall you in any way be able to recover them."

Kanaya returned to his friends near Naya Pind. After a time it occurred to some of them that there was an attorney near them who was a personal friend of the judges in Kashmir, and a letter from him might possibly help Kanaya before the court. This letter was obtained and Kanaya made a second visit to Jamu, but notwithstanding the letter, the judges were still inexorable. One of them said: "If you will forsake Jesus, we will at once restore to you your family." To which Kanaya replied: "If my life must be the price, I will neither deny Jesus nor forsake him." The judges then declared that it was impossible for him to obtain his children, "even if the heavens should be turned upside down."

Once more Kanaya returned with an agonized heart to his desolate home, but he was heard to say: "When God gives a *hukam* then I shall see them. All power and authority belong to him."

A *hukam* is an order from a superior officer, and such an order, strange to say, Kanaya obtained not long afterward from the English Commissioner. In the capture and concealment of Ramdoi a decree of a district court had been broken, and when this was shown to the highest official an order was obtained addressed to the *Maharaja* himself, calling upon him to see that the decree of the court was obeyed, and the children given over to their father. Armed with this *hukam* Kanaya started on his third journey to Jamu. We have not room here to tell the long story of the difficulties he encountered. The wrath of the people and of the officials was greatly stirred. It was said that if the children were not delivered up in accordance with this *hukam*, then the treaty between the *Maharaja* and the English would be broken, and that there would be war between Kashmir and the British. The judges deliberated a long while. The matter was talked about throughout all the city. Never was Christianity so widely advertised in that region. The people listened over and over again to the reasons which induced Kanaya to become a Christian. The officials did not dare to disobey the mandate of the English Commissioner, and they finally issued the order to deliver over to Kanaya his children. But even then it was not an easy matter to find them. Every obstruction possible was put in his way, but

at last he discovered them in a house, and presenting his order from the court, he joyfully took his children back to Naya Pind, carrying two of them, who were sick, in little beds suspended by a bamboo pole across his shoulders. As he reached his associates on Sabbath morning, the Christian band that had been praying for them so long broke out in loud shouts of thanksgiving: "They have come, they have come; the children and Kanaya have come!"

This striking story, only the main features of which we have been able to give, is found in Dr. Andrew Gordon's volume, "Our India Mission."—*Miss. Herald*.

THE WORK ABROAD.

Chicacole.

MY DEAR LINK,—The winds, waves and other thieans of locomotion, have not yet brought back to us the last letter I sent you. But surely the wind cannot be to blame, for it is certainly very active; it blows, whistles and shrieks; whirls up clouds of sand and dust, from the place where our river was wont to flow, and flings them into our faces as unceremoniously as your March winds toss the snow about. But snow is clean and white, while this covers everything with a charming grey coat, which, to put it mildly, is *not* clean. We keep windows and doors open for light and air; but I suppose all enjoyable things must be tempered with some element less pleasurable, so we have a daily supply of dust, as, perhaps, a sort of patience cultivator. It reminds me of the Western blizzards, of which we have been reading; but we are more fortunate than our prairie friends, for danger and destruction do not lie about us, in this connection. The days are warm and bright; but the sunshine is a trifle dulled by the heated, murky, dusty atmosphere, which is rather a pleasure than otherwise. We are hoping that a shower will come one of these days, which will wash the leaves that are still left on the trees, and quiet the dust, till the next day at noon, at least.

Here I was interrupted yesterday afternoon, by the coming in of two young men, one of whom had been in my S. S. class the previous day, and the other had tried to hinder our work on the street, Sunday evening.

After our 4.30 prayer meeting, several of us usually go to some part of the town, where we spend an hour or two talking, singing and distributing tracts. Mr. Archibald, Tumiah and David are out on the field, so we in this instance consisted of Jacob, Chemia David, some of the boarding girls, Miss Wright and myself. There was a larger crowd than I have seen on a similar occasion this year. I suppose only the Salvation Army ladies are found publicly talking to people on the streets of Christian Canada, and it may be that some of you are shocked that we thus do. If so, I am sorry, but could you only see the crowd that gathers about, you might feel, shall I say better? At all events, were your hearts filled with pity for those who know not God, you might be reconciled to the plan.

On this occasion Miss Wright and I sat in the carriage, but we do not often do that way, and the people were all about us, close enough to be easily spoken to. Jacob spoke well; he is improving, and is at present a young man who is giving us considerable satisfaction.

While David was speaking, a poor old Brahmin, with a few white hairs on his otherwise shaven head, attacked him, with frantic gestures and loud words, and was going