

children. The last few nights a large number of people, fathers and mothers, have been drawn to the meeting, unable to keep away; but the little ones take the lead and the effect is marvellous."

Much more could be added, but there is not space. Have you thought? This wonderful manifestation of God's presence is on the field occupied by Welsh missionaries. First the home church received the blessing and then it overflowed and was prayed over to her missionaries. See, how closely we out here and you at home are bound together! God grant that you too may receive a glorious visitation from His Spirit, and then pray the same over to us!

Your fellow servant,

MAUD HARRISON.

Darjeeling, India,

May 6th, 1905.

GOD'S POWER.

DEAR SISTERS,—When asked to write a letter for the LINK my first query was, "What shall I take for a subject?"

Many times since coming home I have been asked to tell what difference Christianity makes in the life of the Indian women. In the brief space at my disposal, perhaps I could not do better than cite one or two examples of real changes that I have noticed in the lives of some of the women in our own field, Bimlipatam.

During the first year we spent in India, I visited the missionaries at Bimlipatam on several occasions and with them went about among the Christians, getting acquainted with them in their own homes. In one of these homes there was a woman whose face was very repulsive to me. She was of Goldsmith Caste and lived with her nephew and family. This nephew had just been baptized. His family broke caste with him, but still remained heathen. In order to continue in this family, where she had been living for some time, the "aunt" also broke caste. I inquired into her history somewhat, and found that she had been married when a child, and while still a child became a widow. As is the case in so many instances of enforced child widowhood, she fell into sin and for years lived a life of shame.

But there came a change. Shortly after we took charge of the work at this place we were compelled to go to the hills. On our return, Miss Newcombe told us of some of the encourage-

ments she had had in the work during our absence, and said she would not be much surprised if some of the women requested baptism, and so it proved. One evening not long after, while sitting out on the verandah, I saw two women approaching, one went to Miss Newcombe's room, the other came along and sat down beside me. It was "the aunt." Very tremblingly the poor woman told me of her life of sin and of her conversion and desire to live a pure life. Said she, "Amma, I am going to pray to Jesus every day and ask Him to keep me from falling into temptation." Then she requested me to tell my husband that she desired baptism. I called him and together we talked with her and finding in her such a humble spirit, such a lack of confidence in herself and such a strong faith in Christ, we encouraged her to offer herself to the church for baptism and church membership. The result was that she, with four others, was shortly after baptized and for over four years this dear woman has lived an exemplary, consistent Christian life. I used to take her touring with me, and although unable to read or sing, in her humble way she did what she could, testifying to the power of the Gospel to save sinners, even sinners like herself.

Among those baptized at that time was a woman from the outcaste, our cook's wife. She was a typical *Mala* woman, uncombed hair, filthy dress and altogether as disgusting in appearance that the missionary's wife forbade her to enter the cook-house where her husband worked.

But when Christ came into her life there was a change. They were poor, but an effort was made toward cleanliness. Her voice was not so often heard in angry scolding. We all felt that Mongamma was doing the best she could. Although ignorant herself, she desired that the children be educated and was willing to do all she could to give them the privilege of going to school. I needed someone to assist the boarding boys in their cooking, so told Mongamma if she would help them with their work in the morning, I would take one of her boys into the boarding department and send him to school. This she gladly consented to do and no fault was ever found with her work.

Later, there came a time when she was taken seriously ill, all that we could do was done to save her life, for she had endeared herself to us all. She could not speak above a whisper, but time after time as the glass con-