

removal of the guilt and pollution of sin. All agree in confessing sinfulness, especially each others. The need of atonement finds no place in Mohammed's religion, so it is a new idea to them, and must be illustrated and made plain. So far they agree to my propositions, but when I say: "There is a Friend who took our place, a Saviour who died for our sins, and that Saviour is Jesus," they catch that name, familiar to them only as one of the prophets, and opposition begins. He is *your prophet*, but Mohammed is superior to him."

"We believe there are many prophets, but only *one Saviour*," I say. "Let me tell you about Him." They are willing to listen, and what a beautiful story it is to tell! His teaching and parables win their admiration, and they exclaim: "Sweet words!" "Good words!" His death rouses their pity, but does not melt their hearts, and they listen to it all, briefly told, even to the ascension and promise to come again in "clouds of glory," as to a pleasant tale, new and wonderful, but having nothing to do with them. They are too ignorant to argue as the learned men do, though they ask: "Do you count Jesus, God?" It is hard to explain that mystery which we ourselves do not understand.

Sometimes they zealously try to convert me, saying over the creed in Arabic, and urging me to say it and turn Musulman, even the children echoing: "Turn, turn." As a practical objection which they will understand, I say: "As a woman there is one reason specially why I prefer my religion. Your prophet had many wives, and permitted others to have many. Do you find it pleasant?" This is a home thrust, and they all wax indignant over their wrongs, while they tell of the misery of such a life. But divorce is no less an evil than polygamy. Once, in a crowd, they pointed out a woman "who has been the wife of seven men."

The talk is not often uninterrupted, and it is disconcerting to see an eager question in some face and lean forward to hear it, hoping some truth has taken hold, and be asked: "Are you the Sahib's first wife?" Sometimes a face will appear above, in the hole in the roof, and my words will be shouted up to this house-top listener. Sometimes a coarse, profane woman hearing me say "the Son of God," asks: Has God a wife?" and often they ask indecent personal questions which would make one leave in disgust, did not this very thing show how much they need to hear of pure hearts. Ignorant, fanatical, impure they are, as well

as superstitious, and often they beg me to write them a prayer to act as a charm, or look in the book by chance and tell their fortunes.

"How do you pray?" they often ask, thinking of their many genuflections and oft-repeated formulas; and Christ's own words from the Book answer the question perfectly.

"Our Father" is a new name for God to their ears. It made me realize how much Christ gave us in the name. May they, too, receive the "Spirit of adoption," and call Him Father, "the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ."—*Woman's Work for Woman.*

LIGHT AND SHADE IN MEXICO.

Miss E. Le Huray, of Miraflores Mexico, gives the following account of work in that country:—

Miraflores must, indeed, be a favoured place, for here we have no priest against whom to contend, and we have all the children in town who do not work in the factory. As I often go with them to their homes, I think we have more than half the parents in the place. The girls and myself are frequently invited out to dine. These visits are a great pleasure, we are so gladly received.

How I wish you could see me when school is dismissed! The children crowd around me, and want to know who I am going to visit to-day. They follow me all over the village, telling me their little confidences—what happened when this one died, or that one moved away, etc. When we go in to read or pray with the mother or one of them, they all sit quietly in the doorway and take part in the little meeting. Whatever else they do, they grow up having a knowledge of the Bible, and accustomed to prayer; all else God will care for, and it is written (for my most blessed consolation), "My word will not return unto Me void, but will accomplish that which I please, and prosper in the thing whereunto I sent it."

Not only do the members of our church come to us, but often, especially in case of sickness, others will send to the mission, asking for the minister. It is these features that make the work so encouraging, and could you, at home, see all we do, your hearts would be greatly comforted.

This afternoon, when your letter came, I was doing work not properly mine—that is, conducting a funeral. As the native