

I said, "Why do you not make her comfortable? give her something better to wear, and feed her with nourishing food? That is what she needs. Do you not love your mother?"

"Yes, I love my mother," she said; "but what can I do?"

"Do?" I said. "Why, do everything to make her happy and comfortable again. If I saw my dear mother suffering like that, I would deny myself everything for her."

"But I cannot do it," she said.

"Why not?" I asked. "What would happen if you were good to your mother?"

"We would be put out of our caste. All sorts of bad things would happen to us."

"Has your mother done anything wicked that she should be punished so?"

"Who knows? They say so, or else why is she a widow? But I do not know about such things."

"But your turn may come next; then what?"

"And, see, I have four little girls; no son. Who knows what my lot will be?"

I said in return: "It seems to me that the Hindu religion was made for the benefit of men only. I pray for the time when women may have a right to be happy and cared for."

The woman looked sorrowfully at me and said: "The Brahmin woman's daily prayer is that she may die before her husband."

The rest of the journey I spent in telling them of Christ, His love and tenderness to the widow and fatherless, and His yearning desire that all women, as well as men, should come to Him, not only for eternal salvation, but for present freedom from sin and sorrow. The two women drank in my words, and said mournfully that they were going to a little village, and no one would tell them of these things. But they would try to remember what I said.—*Selected.*

Work Abroad.

TUNI.

Dear Link,—Something took place here in Tunī lately that made me very glad. Thinking you would like to share our joy, I send on the news to you. Amongst our Tunī school girls is one named Ruth. Her parents gave her to Mrs. Garside. They were not Christians and gave up all claim to her, the mother who is more sensible and intelligent than many of her class, often expressed a desire to be a Christian, but on account of the father who often showed a very bad mind, she hesitated about coming out openly, for said she: "Ammā, I think I am believing in Jesus now; but if I come out, he will very likely take the children and go and marry another woman. If I wait a while perhaps he will come too." In the meantime Ruth was truly converted, and then how anxious she was for her parents. Nearly every time she prayed her parents were remembered with tears, I don't think I ever saw more anxiety for the salvation of dear ones. She spent the holidays at home and there

and the hymns and told the Bible stories she learned at school. A few Sundays ago her father and mother were baptized, and when I visited the mother a few days after she said she felt sure this had come about in answer to Ruth's prayers, and told me how Ruth used to beg of them with tears to believe in Jesus.

This is another example of "A little child shall lead them." We hope and pray that Ruth may yet be the means of leading others to Jesus. Those of you who are supporting girls in our schools do not forget to pray often for them. They are often tempted and have not the strong Christian influence all about them that the young Christian has in the homeland and sometimes we are made very sorry by the way they act. Ruth is in the Cocanada school now and is about 12 years of age, I should think.

I am on tour at present in Nundoor, about 10 miles from Tunī. The folks are very curious and improve every opportunity of peering into my tent. It is not always the most comfortable feeling, but then it is for His sake. Sunday morning we had a service at the preachers house. There have been several baptized from this village lately and before the service proper began, I was so pleased to hear each one of the children recite the Ten Commandments and also answer a number of questions from the first few verses of John's Gospel. They were between the ages of five and eight. As the service went on and I noticed the difference between the little company of Christians and the heathen who gathered round, the words about the light shining in the darkness came to my mind. In the afternoon the Christians came to my tent and we had another service to which quite a lot of people gathered. So you see, here in the midst of the darkness, Jesus, the Light of the world, is shining, and although the heathen go on with their work just the same on Sunday, we enjoyed worshipping Him. After the service the children stayed and enjoyed the Bible pictures my Brandon friends so kindly sent me. They had never seen anything of the kind before and enjoyed them so much.

Pray often for us that God will make us faithful messengers.

Yours sincerely,

ELLEN PRIEST.

Tunī, September 19th, 1896.

MISSIONARY TEXT.—Psalm xvi, 10. Say among the heathen that the Lord reigneth.

Psalm cii, 15. So the heathen shall fear the name of the Lord, and the kings of the earth thy glory.

Psalm cxi, 6. He hath shewed his people the power of his works, that they may give them the heritage of the heathen.

Psalm lxxix, 10. Wherefore should the heathen say, Where is their God? let him be known among the heathen.