

lutchmi was safely conducted by another way to the mission house. Her people caught sight of her while she passed, and in the violence of their anger, they made a disturbance which threatened to become serious. Our native Christians had poured out of chapel and gathered round in a great crowd, and until police assistance arrived we were under apprehension lest any of our warm-hearted adherents should resort to an un-Christian mode of settling the dispute. At length the crowd was dispersed, and Muthulutchmi was left alone with her protectors. She had been more agitated with the fear that her angry relatives might seize her forcibly than with all that had transpired previously.

"The rest of the story may be told in a few words, though more may have to be added in another issue. Lydia Muthulutchmi remains with us, and we are daily more and more convinced of her intelligence and piety. To our Hindu friends we can only reply that Muthulutchmi is perfectly free. She has voluntarily taken this unusual step that she might obtain religious freedom, and it would be contrary to our principles of religion to interfere with that freedom by forcibly ejecting her. May the dawn of religious liberty, which is only just beginning to break on benighted India, develop rapidly into the brightness of the perfect day, and may the glad illumination appear in every home. We ask the sympathy and prayers of all God's people."

THE WORK ABROAD.

Christmas Day in Cocanada.

Dear Readers, On this side of the world, Christmas Day dawned bright and beautiful, the sun shone with unsurpassed brilliancy, but instead of the dazzling whiteness of snow and frost, our eyes beheld green grass and foliage, and flowers in abundance; indeed as we sat down to early breakfast, with doors and windows wide open, we were reminded of a June morning at home rather than of the 25th of December. Immediately after the above mentioned meal all the boarding-school girls came to our house (the zenana house, where at present Misses Hatch, Simpson, Baskerville and I are living), they arranged themselves on the veranda, and sang two Christmas hymns; as they finished singing, the church bell rang, and they, Miss Hatch and I went to the Telugu church, Misses Simpson and Baskerville attending the English Church. After the service, which was conducted by Jonathan Burder, we came home to do some decorating. Mr. and Mrs. Craig, Mr. and Mrs. Davis, Miss Folsom and Mr. Laflamme were to take dinner with us, and we were desirous that our house should be clothed in true holiday attire. Breakfast was at eleven o'clock, and we were about to rise from the table, when our cook and his family appeared in the doorway. Cook carried a cake, from the top of which floated a paper flag, whereon was inscribed, in Telugu, "For the English Missionaries," this was their Christmas gift to us. I wish I could give you the picture they made as they came toward us, first there was cook, who is a man of about forty-five years; he always has a wild, frightened expression on his face, and this morning it was more apparent than usual, behind him, came his wife, a bright, happy looking woman, in her arms was a year-old baby, and clinging to her skirts, were two other little ones, one in a yellow skirt, bordered with red, and a purple jacket, the other in skirt and jacket of very large patterned

chintz. They made a brilliant picture, quite worth framing. At twelve o'clock the beggars were to be fed. Every Monday they receive rice provided by the missionaries in the compound. This however was an extra supply, as they had been fed the day before as usual. The work of distributing the rice belongs to Jonathan, the Telugu pastor here. So to Jonathan's house we wended our way, and there, in front of the verandas were more than one hundred men, women and children, a more wretched, miserable lot of human beings you could not imagine. There were the lepers, the palsied, the blind, the lame and diseased of all kinds. I could but wish that the Saviour might come down into their midst as of old. Think of the change that would be wrought—the leper cleansed, the blind seeing, the lame walking, etc. Looking on such a sight, one begins to realize the depth of meaning in the words, "He healed all who came unto Him." The next thing on the programme was the treat for the children. Misses Hatch, Simpson, Baskerville and I had decided that we would try and give the children of our Christian schools a wee taste of home Christmas. At 3 o'clock p.m., they met in the church and marched to the house; first came the girls of the boarding-school with their bright red quakas, after them came boys and girls whose costumes were varied both as to color and style. There were skirts, jackets and coats of green, yellow, red, blue, pink and purple. There were boys with trousers of white muslin, patterned in enormous red flowers, and made with draw-strings at waist and ankles; such had no need of a coat, and didn't have one. Others had coats or shirts and no skirts; there were girls with skirts minus waists, others, however, were quite well-dressed, though none had shoes and few had hats or turbans. They all sat down on the floor, and we gave them buns and coffee, bananas, guavas and candy. They enjoyed it, so did we; one look into their happy faces, sparkling eyes was enough to gladden any heart. After they were gone, we all sat us down to dinner and a happy family we were. At the close of a pleasantly spent evening, we looked back over what was, to three of us, our first Christmas Day in India, and I think we decided that it had been the happiest Christmas we had spent for a long time, and a little song of thanksgiving rose from our hearts, because our Heavenly Father had counted us worthy to be here.

F. M. STOVEL.

Jan. 2nd, 1889.

Cocanada.

(Extract from a Private Letter.)

I have just returned from a short tour. But as it is my first I must write you a little about it. Brother Laflamme and I finished all our examinations in thirteen months after reaching Cocanada. This kept us pretty well down to books, and my soul longed for real contact with the people. Accordingly Brother Craig and I started four days ago, and I tell you we did some hard work. We set out on the boat in the evening, and after going about two-and-one-half miles from Cocanada we stopped and took our lantern and started for a small village called Knouven. We preached about an hour and a half in the Malapilla, to the outcasts; many of them were drunk, but they all listened well, and said if we would come often they would learn the good way. We then went up to the village proper and preached to the caste people. We had tracts with us but no one could read in the village, or if there were any we did not see them. We told