

to these people; but thanks be unto the Father, He has shown us that but a touch from Him is needed to transform even such as these into chosen vessels unto Himself.

We had come to the suntha—why? Did curiosity lead us? No curiosity is satisfied in this regard, and one would fain escape from the sight of heathenism, were it not that we are sent to lift up the degraded, and bring light to those in darkness. It was not the most pleasant place to think of spending even a few hours, for the odor of fish, in all stages of decay, was almost unbearable. Then why had we come? Like those in that surging, wrangling mass, we had come laden, but not with earthly treasure, not with anything money could purchase, but with the message of life for a lost and guilty world. Just a few rods from the crowd we took our stand, protected somewhat from the sun by the friendly shade of mango trees. Oh, the picture was sad, lamentably sad! There was that multitude wrangling over a few pies, the obtaining of which was their one object. No hope in the future for them, naught but darkness, dense darkness. Here, but a stone's throw away, they might hear of Him who is the Bread of Life, and Water of Life, and how to store up riches that would never pass away, and yet so few came.

Oh, how the missionary needs a firm unwavering faith in, and dependence on God! Had we leaned upon the arm of flesh to-day, heart sick we should soon have retraced our steps, to where we might at least have pure air and more quiet, though it may have been to give way to despondency, and wonder, if after all, we were not throwing our lives away, but, "Oh God, our eyes are upon Thee." "The battle is not ours, but God's." Thou hast led to this place, and here will we stay, rejoicing that Thine is the work and the might. When noon came we breakfasted under the trees, and while sitting there two Brahmin widows came near, the younger asking for medicine for the elder, who was an old woman, and seemed quite ill. Their shaven heads covered with a white cloth, and lack of jewels, told the story of disgrace, shame, cruel treatment, and slavery, because that by their sins their husbands had died. Mr. Morse told them he had no medicine with him for the body, and began to speak of the Heavenly Physician who can cure not only the body but the soul. They would not listen, and turned away to continue their pilgrimage to Bimlipatam, whither they said they were bound, there to bathe in the Bay of Bengal, and go to the Temple, situated high up on the hill behind the Mission house. Oh, it was so sad! Their lives are so dark, miserable and hopeless, and yet they deliberately turned from hearing of Him who loves them, and who yearns to give them true and abiding peace and happiness; but they would not; they would not listen, and perhaps never again will they have the opportunity to hear of Jesus.

By this time the people were beginning to leave the suntha, and as they passed along, many attracted by the music (for Mrs. Morse took the little organ with her), gathered round, when to them the Gospel was preached. To how many it was "a saviour from death unto life" we know not. The seed was sown, the results we leave with Him who sent us here.

Yours in Christ,

IDA M. NEWCOMB.

In Tent, near Polepilly,
February 18th, 1898.

Young People's Department.

OUR SISTERS IN INDIA.

(To be recited by three girls, of different ages.)

FIRST.

I want to tell you about the little girls of India. When a baby girl is born in that country everyone is so sorry. Her papa hates the sight of his little daughter, and feels that his home is disgraced because she came into it. Many a poor mother has killed her little baby as soon as she found it was not a boy. If the baby girl is allowed to live, she has little to eat and nothing to wear for the first two or three years of her life. She has no toys to play with, and is knocked and kicked about by the men and boys of the house as if she were good for nothing. Her mother teaches her to pray to idols made out of stone, wood or mud, and to give them part of her food so that they will not be angry with her. Then she is taught to pray for a husband, for people in India think it is a dreadful thing if a girl does not get married. Our kind missionaries take these little girls into their schools, and teach them about Jesus. They have never heard of the dear Saviour who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." They do not know of the beautiful Heaven, that He is getting ready for all who love Him. The money we put in our mission barrels helps to pay for these schools where the poor little girls may learn about Jesus. I am so glad I was not born in India, and I am so sorry for the little girls who have nobody to love them!

SECOND.

Girls in India cannot wait until they are old enough to choose their own husbands. When they are only babies their father often sells them to the highest bidder. He sometimes promises that they shall be the wives of men who are old, ugly and deformed, or even lepers. Often a little bride never sees her husband until the day she is married to him. Then he takes her away to his home where she has to live with her mother-in-law, and ever so many sisters-in-law!

A home in India is divided into two parts, one for the men and one for the women. The last is called a "zenana," and is never as comfortable as the rooms for the men. It has no books, pictures or carpets. The windows are so high up in the walls that nobody can see out of them. The little bride in her new home has to be a servant to everybody. Very often she cries herself to sleep at night, wishing for the mother who was kind to her, and for the old home where she could be a child once more.

Six millions of high caste women in these closed