

grace their caste. The little lad lay moaning and crying from some eye trouble. They told him to cry softly or they would put more medicine in. It was found out the medicine was raw pepper mixed with alum. So they could only pray for the good Shepherd to come and take the child.

Is not caste a cruel thing? To most of us caste is only a name. To those of India it is unspeakably strong, unmercifully cruel, and yet it is in them, part of their very being. It is the strongest foe to the gospel of Christ on Hindu fields of India.

Wyecombe, Ont.

A paper read at Langton Mission Circle.

THE "BIG TOUR."

Miss C. M. Zimmerman.

There were so many interesting incidents connected with my first long tour, that I often wish I could sit down with you and talk about them. There was one new village of Y—— which we visited. The Bible-woman told me they had tried to enter it three years before, but they had not been allowed to do so. We were moving our tent to another centre and intended visiting one or two places on the way. This village was one. Before entering, we asked God once more to allow us to enter, and our prayer was answered. The men folk were not very gracious, but after much talking, we received permission to sit on the verandah of one of the largest houses in the village. The men sat at a little distance to hear what we had to say to their women; but one by one they came nearer as our little Santoshamma poured out her soul to those women who had never heard before. For two hours we talked and sang, and then rose to go. Can you imagine our joy when the head of the family turned and said: "Come again; come once a month. As we turned to

leave that home, a man who had been a silent listener while we talked, asked me to come to his house. Gladly we followed him to the far side of the village. The women of his house came and listened well. After four or five hours, we left the village feeling that God had indeed been talking to those people, and wishing that we could do as they had invited us to do. How often that oft-repeated sentence rings in my ear, "Come again; come every month."

That same day we were passing through the village of C——, and stopped at the house of a Kama family. A very large crowd gathered to listen. During the singing of the first hymn, I was looking around and noticed that women were peeping through the small windows in a wall which surrounded a large Brahmin residence. Presently a Brahmin widow appeared. She was leaning over the wall. She had heard from the lady missionary many times, but wanted to hear more. She talked intelligently about the "new religion." A Kama man in the audience was taking part in the conversation, which became rather lively, to say the least. He said he had never sinned, so had no need of the Saviour of whom we talked.

The widow whose life had been full of sorrow, was seeking for something better. Before we left, she said, "I do believe this Jesus is our Saviour." Then she darted down behind the wall. We may never see her again. Pray that she may find Him to be her Saviour indeed.

I would like to ask for special prayer for these dozens of caste women on the Vayyuru field: women who are interested and yet are so bound by caste. God alone can break the bonds that tie them down.

Another day we had spent in the village of K——. The women were