

ONE AFTERNOON IN TUNL

Went with Lydia this afternoon, first to Govindama's. A neighbor woman and her niece joined us, and I was so glad to find that they two can read, and were easily persuaded to sing with us. But right there I was made to realize again the grip of old custom and superstition. Govinda's child was covered with some kind of skin disease that calls for good bathing and medicine, but the child has some fever and so—no medicine can be put on, as that would mean a bath, and that would be fatal. Also her hair is long and getting matted, and bothers the wee one's eyes, but—it has been vowed to the goddess who has matted it, thus claiming it, and so they dare not cut it or clean it! And her mother is not one of the ignorant outcaste women, and if the child dies she will blame God.

From there we went to Nukarazu's house. His old mother was there, and so we were not asked inside. I was given an old dirty mat to sit on on the verandah, and I sat close to the door so that I could look into the room, for on the far side of the room lay Nukarazu's wife, so sick and thin, weary of life, and yet no assurance of the better home. How I longed to get closer to her, but the old mother-in-law sat just inside the door busying herself with making her leaf plates and talking in a loud voice about pilgrimages and such things, so utterly unconscious of her need. One of our Brahmin friends came on some business and stood on the steps a few minutes, telling us of the death of one of their relatives while they were away on a pilgrimage, and of whose death they did not know until they were near home. She listened a few moments and then passed on. Soon another of our friends came and sat on the steps, a potter woman this time. She is a widow and a sufferer from elephantiasis, just how much Jogamma's heart has laid hold of the truth it is hard to say, but her face always lights up as she listens to us and learns a text.

On that same street lives Piedamma,

a woman we have been interested in for many years. As a little girl she learned to read in Mrs. Currie's school, but when she grew a little older her mother gave her to a man to be his second wife. She lived in a separate house and never went into the life of a dancing woman, but her younger sisters were given up to that life, the lure of the jewels drawing these attractive girls into this snare. How many times they have been warned as to the fruit of a life of sin, but they are wedded to this life, and have drawn other girls into it. After the death of her husband Piedamma came to live with them, and now she is weak and ill and full of sorrow over the death of her one son and her sister's daughter. It is so hard to visit such a house, and yet for her sake we went and tried to give her a message.

How this afternoon brought home the deadening effect of Hinduism. These people are all caste folk, and enjoy all the privileges of their religion, but no sense of sin seems to have touched them. The utter helplessness of any mere human power getting down underneath all these conditions grows on us the more we come in contact with them, but when Jesus sent us forth He said, "All power is given unto Me in heaven and earth. Go ye therefore." And we are here in His name.

Your loving friend,
Ellen Priest.

EASTERN SOCIETY NOTES.

On Thursday, November 4th, the Day of Prayer was observed in Montreal, the women of the Circles meeting in the parlor of the First Baptist Church. Representatives from the China Inland Mission addressed the meeting. Earnest prayers were offered for our Home and Foreign Missions. Then followed the annual meeting of the Ladies' Grande Ligne Association. Officers were elected and Madame Scott, our devoted missionary, gave her quarterly report. Refreshments were served at the close of this pleasant and inspiring afternoon.

On Monday, October 25th, Miss Hatch