

few missionaries to place. There are so many empty stations. So very few to spread over so many needs.

So, loyalty to my fellow missionaries, those who have grown as dear as brothers and sisters, would take me back to India even if other considerations did not.

Again, 'tis eventide, when the soft hush of departing day falls over us. Behind the beautiful blue bamboo-clothed hills the sun is setting. The sky is tinted blue and pink and gold.

Amid a cloud of dust a herd of cattle is coming down the road. Perched in their midst, his bare brown legs astride the broad back of a buffalo, is a little Hindu boy. His dirty white turban is the most prominent article of his dress. He is singing. What is he singing? "Yasu Chreestudu Nitya Davudu—To worship Christ, the everliving God is profitable O men." As the herd passes me and wends its way down the road among the distant foot-hills I hear that clear boyish treble singing over and over again that refrain, "Yasu Chreestudu Nitya Davudu"—I have heard it many times during my furlough. I hear it now. It is the ever pleading call of Indian childhood to know the truth which will make it free. It embodies the plea of Indian childhood to know Jesus Who said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Let me take you, now, into the Women's Court in the very last house I entered on the very last tour which I made before returning home. Thirty women have gathered there from surrounding homes. For three hours they have sat on the stone floor without any support to their backs and listened to the Bible-woman and me as we have talked to them of spiritual things. Their interest has been eager and sincere. Their questions have been "How shall we get rid of sin?" "How shall we pray?" etc. They are greatly troubled. Their missionary is going home. "Will not someone come to teach us? Are you sure someone will come? Will you be sure to come back? While you are away, who will come? We need so much teaching. We know so little. Surely someone will come

without fail." In her heart the home-going missionary knows she can promise no one.

"Sing to us a hymn," they say, "in your own tongue." "But it is late," I object, "and your husbands will be home to supper. Will they not be angry if none is ready?" "We shall tell them," they answer, "that we've been hearing the 'good teaching' which makes us better house wives and they will be satisfied with a little rice and some onions."

One of the songs which I chose to sing was the "Glory Song". I wish that you could have seen the faces of those women as I sang and translated it for them verse after verse. "Can it be that such a lovely place is for us? Oh yes, it may be for you. Yes, we can believe it would be for a white woman like you. But for us—for us—poor, ignorant women like US. Ah no; it cannot be. There is no such place for such as we."

It was a great joy to tell them that the heaven sung of was for them, if they would believe in Jesus.

When the hymns had been sung and we were coming away, I said: "Though I do go home to Canada, I shan't forget you. If any of you will give me your names I shall write them in a little book and pray for you every day. But, you must know that if I write your names in this book and pray for you, you will be sure to become Christians." To my surprise they said: "That is what we wish."

Therefore, the third thing that calls me to India is the need of the Indian women.

There is one other thought that I should like to leave with you.

Many of you have read in *The Enterprise* of the wonderful meeting at Ingersol when the senior Timpanys were sent out to India. You will remember how enthusiasm rose higher and higher on that night until it reached high-water mark. From that time, from the time that the Senior Timpanys and McLaurins were sent out to India, many earnest prayers have gone up that the walls of caste and the high hills of idolatry should be levelled down. These prayers have gone up from hearts intensely desirous of the coming of the Kingdom of Jesus in India.