

THE TOUCH OF HUMAN HANDS.

Among the hills of Galilee,
Through crowded city ways,
The Christ of God went forth to heal
And bless, in olden days.
The sinning and the sad of heart
In anxious throngs were massed
To catch the Great Physician's eye.
And touch Him as He passed.

We have not in our hours of need
His seamless garment pressed,
Nor felt His tender human hand
On us in blessing rest;
Yet still in crowded city streets
The Christ goes forth again
Whenever touch of human hand
Bespeaks good-will to men.

Whenever man his brother man
Upholds in helplessness,
Whenever strong and tender clasp
A lonely heart doth bless,
The Christ of God is answering
A stricken world's demands,
And leading back the wandering race
By touch of human hands.

—The Golden Rule.

PAKEREMMA.

Pakeremma is the name of a Christian woman on the Vuyuru field, whose story is well worth telling. She lived in the village of Kanamuru, situated about four miles from Vuyuru, and belonged to the Madega, or leather-worker, caste. Kanamuru has a reputation, far and wide, as a rough and lawless village. The people at the village proper belong to the Kamma caste, one of the wealthiest and proudest of Hindu castes. The Madega hamlet was situated not far from the village, and was famous for filth, thieving and drunkenness.

Amid such surroundings as these Pakeremma lived for many years. Her husband was a lazy, shiftless fellow, with only a modicum of intelligence, yet he felt it his duty, like all Hindu husbands, to lord it over his better half. She had to work for her own living, and, day by day, might be found working in the fields like a man. Moreover, like the woman who bathed Jesus' feet with her tears, she was a "sinner," and bore an unsavory reputation.

An old converted Hindu priest named K. Samuel and I used to visit Kanamuru to preach the Gospel. Among the motley crowd of degraded men and women that used to come to hear the Gospel was Pakeremma. Being naturally somewhat intelligent, she used to listen with a great deal of interest to the truth. As in the case of Lydia (Acts. xvi. 14) the Lord opened Pakeremma's heart so that she received the Word of God and was converted—the first real convert in that hard village. She came out all alone, applied for baptism, and was received into the church. This on the part of a woman whose husband, relatives, neighbors, and villagers were all heathen and bitterly opposed to the entrance of the Gospel into that village, was an act of great moral courage and faith. With what fear and trembling she must have gone home that night after her baptism, to face persecution and scorn for the name of Jesus! But God

was with her. She grew bold and began to testify for Christ to her husband and neighbors. God used her testimony to the awakening of several, and a number of new converts were baptized. Then she conceived a great desire to learn to read. Some one taught her the alphabet, and in a few months she could read the New Testament quite well, and knew several hymns by heart. She dearly prized her New Testament and hymn-book, and it is truly wonderful how much of the Scriptures she committed to memory.

While she was thus engaged in winning souls to Christ, the devil stirred up many enemies against her. He put it into the heart of one man to poison her. This man got a native doctor to prepare a poisoned rice cake which he succeeded in getting a woman, an enemy of Pakeremma's, to hand to her. She ate some of it and was poisoned. By God's grace she vomited up the poison and her life was saved, though she was quite ill for some days. The three parties to this crime were apprehended and spent some months in gaol as a reward of their deed. After Pakeremma recovered she began again, undaunted, to bear testimony for Christ and win souls to Him. Some time before I left India I visited Kanamuru, and, to my delight, I found that she had twelve or fifteen people under instruction for baptism, some of them her former bitterest enemies, and among them the very man that poisoned her. This is an example of the conquering grace of God, in India. Pakeremma, from a once worthless woman of doubtful reputation has been so transformed that she commands the respect of heathen and Christian alike, and has been made the messenger of life to scores of her fellow-countrymen and women. May the readers of this little sketch remember her and her testimony for Christ in that great, hard heathen village, in their prayers, and may the Lord speedily raise up many more such women to bear witness for Christ in India.—J. G. BROWN, in *The Canadian Baptist*.

MRS. GRAY'S OPPORTUNITIES.

(A Leaflet published by the Methodist Society of Boston.)

Mrs. Gray had been dusting her cosy parlor, and, as she viewed the result with a satisfied air, was turning to leave the room, when her eye fell on an illuminated text hung on the wall: "As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men," she read slowly and half aloud. And then, as a sudden idea seemed to strike her, "Why, that was the text last Sunday morning! And how much the minister did make of that word 'opportunity'! I wish I had opportunity as that rich Mrs. Dee has; how I should love to do good! but then I haven't"; and Mrs. Gray's conscience, which was one of the convenient kind, and never impertinently asserted itself, subsided into its usual silence. It seemed, however, that on this particular day it was not to have its usual quiet rest, for its owner had no sooner laid off dusting-cap and apron and taken her seat at the sewing-machine than she suddenly exclaimed, "Why, this is the day for the meeting of our Woman's Foreign Missionary Society! But then"—as she glanced dubiously out at shivering trees and fast-falling flakes—"I can't think of going in such a storm. No one would dream of going out to-day! If it were fine I would go and get ready now, as I never have time after dinner, with my dishes