

scribe it. It was impossible to make ourselves heard and as there was nothing that we would be allowed to do, we left them alone with their dead.

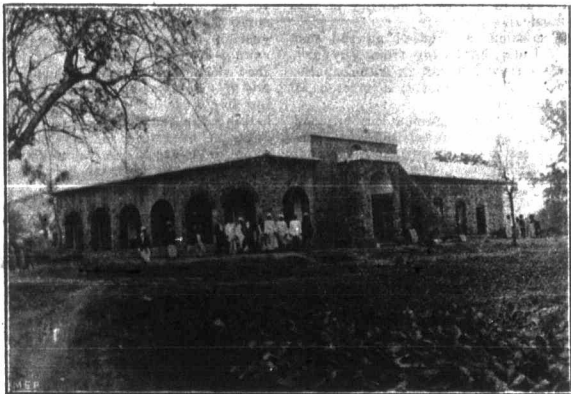
No Hindu would willingly defile his house with a corpse, so she was to be taken direct to the burning ground.

After some little time we went back for the funeral. Oh! the horror of the scene! There, in the sand by the roadside, propped in a semi-sitting posture against a palm tree, was the body of little Rukmerne. They had given her a purifying bath, her clothes were dripping wet, her pretty wavy black hair streamed in tangles about her shoulders,

with them, telling them how sorry she was for them. Sorrow made them forget their caste and they didn't drive her away.

The body was placed on a litter, well besprinkled with red and yellow powders, and borne away by four Brahmins. The grief-stricken father went ahead, swinging a smoking pot of incense, behind followed the weeping women in their dripping wet garments, for they had plunged into the canal to purify themselves so that they could pass others without defiling them.

Thus little Rukmerne was borne away to the burning ground, never having



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her face was smeared with sacred powders to the gods, her limbs were twisted and warped, her ear-rings, nose jewels, and necklaces had been removed and big strong men with ropes were tugging and pulling at her heavy anklets to get them off. Presently a rope broke and the men fell back laughing into the sand.

It was too horrible. We brought tools and had them removed speedily.

At one side sat the aged grandmother with a number of other women, most of them widows, weeping and beating their breasts, and in their midst a poor, half-witted Christian woman sat weeping

heard of Jesus. So many, many every day are dying without Him.

But medical work is not all sadness—there is much gladness too. During the year we had the privilege of helping and restoring many. Among them a young Brahmin was spared to his little twelve-year-old wife, and God gave us many opportunities of witnessing for Him to all that family.

Our compounder, D. Andrew Paul, and our nurse, Rosinamma, his wife, have given good service during the year. They have both been studying Hindustani so they may be better able to help