

was a good deal of fever among the children, and at that time I visited the parents of nearly all of them. One little girl had typhoid fever (at least so far as I could judge it was typhoid) and for about two weeks was so ill that I almost despaired of her life. Her father said that he would give her medicine if I would give it to him, so Mr. Wilson prepared some, and, rather to my surprise, the child did take it. While the fever was at the highest I went every morning and every evening to see her, always taking her temperature. One Sabbath instead of taking my S. S. class I went to Bhuri's house, to read to and have a little talk with the many women who always gathered on a little verandah in front when I was there. I read the story of the widow of Nain's son, and after having asked a few questions to see whether they had understood what I read, closed the Bible, and rose to leave. But they insisted on my opening the *Book* and reading more, and said that if I would only do so Bhuri would get well!

She did recover, and in spite of all I could say the *Book* and the thermometer, not the medicine, got the credit of the cure.

A lady who was staying with me at the time, and who has had a good deal of experience in mission work, told me that it was rather a risky thing to undertake doctoring these people when very ill, for if any of them were to die under my treatment the medicine would surely get the blame.

I shall be more cautious another time, and I hope you will see it to be your duty to send us a medical lady as soon as possible. Just after Bhuri (pronounced Booree) had recovered, several girls left the school, one of them a very bright child, whom I had had much pleasure in teaching. The only reason I could get for a long time for the sudden desertion was "Their fathers and mothers don't send them," which means *will not* send them. At last I heard that the one in whom I had taken most interest had circulated in the bazar that the Mem Sahib had put a piece of meat in the mouths of all the school girls, so breaking their caste, and some people had believed or pretended to believe the story. The child had been put up to tell this probably by some Brahman who wanted to break up the school. Miss Scott tells me, however, that this mischievous little girl has come back to school.

We have just returned from our annual district tour, and find