

minutes' walk, lies the city, showing only its tiled roofs, and the pagodas of some temples, and the white palace rising among the foliage of the trees. To the east, and farther away, are the railway station and the bungalows of the employees. Away to the west (it is to the west that we most gladly turn in this "Land of Regrets") lies a spur of hills which, though barren as hills can be, have all the lovely coloring of distant mountains, and are the charm of the landscape. The new line of railway coming from the direction of the hills, and passing within a few hundred yards of the Mission House, is one of the most interesting features of the view, for it is a link with the outside world that only those living in an isolated station like Rutlam can fully appreciate.

The dust, and the glare, and the hot scorching winds, that weary you with their never-ceasing *sough*, of this season of the year, you have heard about often enough. However hot as it is here, and it has been very hot this last week, it is not so hot as Neemuch, and a matter of even a few degrees less of heat is something to be thankful for. The nights are much cooler than the days in Rutlam, and one can usually sleep comfortably. And yet, probably, the difference in temperature between day and night is a cause of illness. There is a great deal of fever in the bazar just now, and a large number of our native Christians are ill. Small-pox is prevalent, and one of our women and a little child are suffering from this loathsome disease.

Interesting Incidents connected with Woman's Work at Rutlam.

FROM MRS. WILSON.

You have an account of the mission work in Rutlam in Mr. Campbell's report for 1893, and Mrs. Campbell will be with you