

Trimmer, missionaries of the Wesleyan Church. She bears the name of one who for over forty years worked among the women and girls of Jaffna, Eliza Agnew. For some time she has had a longing to study medicine, a profession as yet little known to Tamil women. She has refused offers of marriage against the wishes of her best friends, hoping that some time she might be able to accomplish her object. When she heard of the possibility of coming to us, she said this was God's way of making her fit to help her sisters in Jaffna. She came to us and has proved eminently helpful.

For the general conduct of the work in the dispensary, and special assistant to myself as interpreter, I have engaged a young man, Albert Curtis. He is a graduate of Jaffna College, where, while a student, he became a Christian. He comes of a family whose caste is counted one of the highest in the province. His friends were much displeased with his decision to become a Christian. When they found him firm, they yielded so far as to allow him a place in the home, hoping to effect a heathen marriage, and thus draw him back. However, by the advice of the missionaries, a Christian marriage was arranged with a daughter of Dr. Mills who at one time was a student of the late honored Dr. Green. His relatives made every effort in their power to prevent this marriage, even to carrying it to the courts, but failing in this, disinherited him. His father died subsequent to his becoming a Christian, but previous to his marriage. For two years he has not seen his mother. Since his marriage he has lived with his father-in-law, and during that time has studied Western medicine. This makes him a valuable assistant, as his knowledge of drugs enables him to dispense with fair accuracy. In addition to this, he has proved so trustworthy that he can safely be left in charge of all things about the dispensary. He is fast becoming a competent surgical dresser, while his amiable disposition and true Christian character make him the friend of all.

For the evangelistic work among the patients while waiting, we have engaged Mr. Fitch whose long experience in teaching in mission schools, and subsequent work as catechist makes him a capable helper. He holds a meeting every dispensary day with the patients, and then spends the rest of the time in personal conversation, and distribution of tracts. Mrs. Fitch also works similarly among the women. We have also a dispenser and an assistant employed and an orderly, all of whom are doing good service.

I have said very little in this letter about our success in winning the patients to accept Christ, and as now my letter is of sufficient length, I shall leave the particulars of this side of the work for next letter. We are gaining the confidence of the people, some of the strictest heathen, among them even some priests, have entrusted themselves to our care.

Some have professed to accept Christ, while others while not relinquishing heathenism have been made very warm friends of the medical mission. Here we must close, hoping to let you know again of the progress of the work. Our prayer, with yours, for God's blessing on the work of witnessing here and at home, shall always be blended, feeling as we do, that the work is one the world over.

Your sincere friends and co-workers for the Master,

T. B. AND M. E. SCOTT.

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### A GLIMPSE OF GOTHAM!

To the provincial who has been reared

"Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble strife"  
there comes a peculiar exhilaration when he finds himself suddenly and for the first time in the midst of the din and confusion of the great city of New York with its teeming life and ceaseless activity. So much that is new and strange crowds upon him that the senses and the mind are quickened by an unusual stimulus. The inevitable reaction from this exaltation of spirits soon sets in, however. The eye grows weary, the ear rings with the incessant clatter, the mind refuses longer to be roused by the novelty that at first charmed it, and he feels like a helpless waif cast upon the surging tide of this great sea of humanity. The desolation and solitude that comes over a man at such a time is as painful as if he were alone on a desert or in the heart of a great forest. Fortunate is he if at such a time his wistful gaze does not call forth an answering smile of recognition from a "confidence man" or a "bunco steerer."

This feeling of loneliness, too, is but transient, and as it passes away the stranger begins to realize that there is some order underlying this chaotic whirl of metropolitan life. He sees, as it were, the heart of some great giant, the mighty engine whose ceaseless throbbing is driving the nation's life blood along the commercial arteries, even to the farthest extremities of America's giant frame. Compared with its mighty pulsations the commercial activities of the other great cities of the continent are but as answering pulse beats, reinforcing the action of the giant heart. In another respect, also, the American metropolis resembles that most vital of human organs. When stocks become dropsical, when Wall Street grows feverish, when the noisome breath of pestilence is wafted over the seas, and the gruesome spectre of cholera threatens to breathe forth contagion to the land, the telegraph, that great nervous organism of the continent, conveys the sensation to all parts of the system, however remote; the arteries no longer pulsate with vigorous life, and the whole body politic, feeble and attenuated, be-