

Missionary, their Bible Women's Home, and various other means of spreading the good news. The very interesting branch is the Industrial Home where some 50 or 60 widows (name of horror in India), are gathered together under Christian influence and taught all kinds of industrial work, thus changing them from poor down trodden creatures to self-supporting, self-respecting citizens. In all the Gospel story nothing appeals to these poor people so much as the idea of a God of Love—a God who loves them poor and wretched as they are. Three hundred and thirty million gods have they; gods of retribution, vengeance, and hatred, but never before have they heard of a God of Love! Can it be true they say that there is *for us* a God of Love, that you have known this all these 1900 years and have never come to tell us this before? (Romans x. 14, 15). The Medical Missionary in this work is a young Punjaubi girl, so skilled is she as a physician that large sums have been offered her to practice elsewhere, but nowhere will she go but where she may preach Christ. It is of course well known that no man save the husband may enter the Zenana or woman's quarters of an Indian House, hence before the advent of these God sent women doctors the poor inmates must suffer and die unaided by others than their fellows in misery. And if this was the case with the wife what was that of the widow whose very shadow is a curse upon whom it falls. It is easy to see therefore what an opportunity this is of telling the old, old Story to these poor isolated women. One anecdote told by Miss Bristowe will serve to illustrate the position of a woman in an India Zenana. It was the case of a young wife incurably ill, though much could be and was done to relieve her sufferings. The young Punjaubi doctress was sitting by her bed asking her if she feared to die; oh no, she said, not now I know Jesus! At that moment she fell into a kind of fit, and fearing the end was near the Missionary hastily summoned the "Baboo" (the husband of the house), almost instantly he rushed in, tearing off his muslin robe as he ran. Seizing his unconscious wife he dragged her out, her feet bumping as they went; the Missionary followed quickly, but ere she arrived the man had gone leaving his dying wife on the bare ground under the burning India sun. This, Miss Bristowe hastened to assure us arose from no special lack of affection, but had the woman died in his house his caste had been broken, and he would have