

The Young Women

WANTED!

Wanted, as soon as possible, to serve God in India, a lady doctor. Will every reader of this notice kindly make it known widely in her neighborhood and among her friends near and far, by word or letter. Applications to be addressed to Mrs. H. E. Stillwell, 5 Woolfrey Ave., Toronto. 'The King's business requireth haste.'

J. F. Robinson
L. M. Jones

THE SEMINARY NURSERY

As we have married students with children in the Seminary, and as the mothers are supposed to take a course of study too, some provision has to be made for the children during school hours. We have a nursery for the tiny ones, a kindergarten for those of kindergarten age, and the ones who are of school age, go to the American Baptist Primary school, which is in the same compound.

The nursery is one of my special tasks, and many a time has that old jingle been in my mind:

"There was an old woman

Who lived in a shoe,

She had so many children

She didn't know what to do!"

I wonder what she would have done, if besides having the children she had had mothers as well to deal with! The babies are just half the work the mothers are. Since taking this work in the nursery I have marvelled more than once, that the mortality among babies—high as it is—is not higher. If women who are educated, and are taught how to care for their babies, do the things they do here in the seminary, what about the uneducated ones in the village?

We had twenty-four babies when school began, but a little lad of two, and a

baby girl of nine months have left us. The little lad had tuberculosis in nearly every form that it is possible to have it, and grew weaker and weaker. We were glad for his sake when he went for the Doctors said there was no hope that he would grow up, and it was hard to see him so ill. The baby was one of the healthiest and loveliest babies on the compound, until her mother began feeding her food she could not digest. They had lost two children before, and when this baby came they decided to dedicate their lives to the Lord's service as a thank-offering.

The husband had given up a good government clerkship and they had come to the seminary. "My people said not to come, and now the baby is dead, and they will say it is because we came," the mother cried. I hope there will be more babies to comfort them, and before that time I am sure Suramoni will have learned more about the care of them. For weeks and weeks one baby had been most carefully fed, then we had a wedding. There were lots of good things to eat, and of course the baby had to have some. Do you wonder I say that the mothers are more trouble than the babies?

One baby was brought to the compound about five o'clock one evening. She was eight days old, and such a tiny mite. Her mother had died, and her father wanted someone to adopt her. I don't know which of her adopted parents is most proud of her. I saw her father, one day, when he didn't notice me, admiring her, and it takes real home love to do it, for she is such a scrawny looking little specimen of humanity, and oh how she cried at first!

Three of our babies have graduated from the nursery to the kindergarten, and my but they are important. Their importance is only equaled by those who