

ers were received for baptism and church membership.

The following Sunday, immediately after the morning service, Missionaries, Christians and some few curious onlookers, gathered around the little Baptistery in the garden, near the Mission House, where Pappiah had served as cook and learned the gospel story fully thirty-five years before, and watched him who had been a secret believer all these years buried with his Lord in Baptism.

He and his wife spent a few days with friends in Bimil, and then went back to their village to enter upon their new life. They were provided with a generous supply of Scripture portions and tracts, and sent out to visit the villages within walking distance of their home, to carry to the people of their own caste the gospel story, and to distribute Christian literature.

Before leaving India we visited Pappiah and his wife. They had just returned from a tour among the villages, and his old face shone as he told us of his effort to carry the message of Salvation to the lost. He could not see, so his wife had to take his hand and lead him. He could not read, so he had to get some of the villagers to read for him. But he was doing his best. "God's work is done by each one doing his own part, though small, in his own place."

Several from that village have since become Christians, and we hope for many more. Just what part he has had in helping them we cannot tell, but we feel assured that

"He who in his righteous balance  
Doth each little action weigh"  
will not leave unrewarded the effort of poor blind Pappiah.

#### A GLIMPSE OF THE WOMEN'S HOSPITAL, PITHAPURAM.

"People do have such queer things the matter with them!" When one exclaims in surprise, Dr. Allyn only laughs and says, "Oh, that isn't nearly as interesting as—." It is hard for the lay mind to grasp the meaning of the medical terms,

but it is not hard to grasp the meaning of patients' words as they tell of their thankfulness for relief from pain.

They are all castes, non-caste, and Christians. Quite a number are Mohammedans. This young Mohammedan girl has no less than three things the matter with her, each one worse than the last. Her sister who is seventeen is the mother of two children. It is hard to believe, but here are the children.

This woman had a major operation. She chose a 'lucky day' and now she will consider the day more lucky than ever. Her bright eyed baby boy stretches out his arms to the doctor, and in his own language tells us of the queer hospital world he finds himself in, and his contented little cooing tells better than words how much he thinks of the doctor lady, and the nurse lady.

That fine looking young woman is a high caste widow who has sold herself to a rich merchant and in suffering is paying for her sin.

My, how thin this woman is, but she is fat compared to what she was at first, the doctor tells you. Married to a man much her senior she found life so miserable that she thought she would end it, by starving herself. Too weak to resist they brought her to the hospital, and one hopes that the future will hold more joy for her than the past.

They wanted to take the baby, who is on the next cot, away, because they thought he was going to die. They were persuaded to leave him and he is slowly but surely getting well again. One coming in has interrupted his dreams and he whimpers until his mother bends over him and pats him back into the land of Nod, where for the time he forgets that life is not a happy healthy baby.

Here in the corner is Kantamma's baby boy, two days old. She used to be the doctor's ayah and did the dusting and mending, and made a warm place for herself in the hearts of those whom she served. She was too tired to stay after the baby came, so slipped away to the land where there is no more weariness or pain. They held the funeral service in the early