

“ the day of small things ; ” but, better than large numbers to report, let us thank God that so many have heard about Jesus, the great Physician.

The dispensary is opened at 7 a.m., and shortly after that the Bible-woman is ready to receive all who come in the waiting-room, where we have a Gospel service. The singing of the hymns most of them like, but some tell us they don't want to hear about Jesus. They say they have their own gods ; and, in their blindness and superstition, say they are satisfied with them. In the treatment of their diseases I meet with all the difficulties of pioneer medical work. Very few will take drinking medicine. They have an idea if they take anything with water in from my hand that they at once will become Christians. They know that water is the symbol used in the ordinance of baptism, and that it is applied to those who accept the Christian religion ; hence this erroneous idea. For others, I must put drugs, ticket and all, on the floor before they will deign to touch them. It seems that some time ago, in the Government hospital here, the doctor used an instrument (quite harmless) on a cholera patient, who died a few hours afterwards from the disease, and not from the use of the instrument, as the people all say. The consequence is that I have not had a patient yet upon whom I would be allowed to use any kind of an instrument, although some of them are much in need of such treatment. One woman, upon my telling her a certain line of treatment was necessary, said she must go home and ask all the men in her house if it might be allowed. She did not appear again for fifteen days, and then her husband came with her to give the desired permission. These are a few of the little things one has to put up with when opening work in a new place. But by and by I hope by love to break down the barrier. All the water that I have used at the dispensary has been taken in bottles from my bungalow. At the city the carrier must be a Brahmin. Only one woman offered to do the work, and she

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