

the Bhils were still very much excited and were going to run off to the jungle. The Superintendent had gone to Alirajpur, promising to return on Monday morning. Would he come or would we after all lose the land? Notwithstanding that we believed that God was in this matter and that he would complete His work, still those who have had much to do in securing land for mission work in any of the Native States will appreciate our feelings that day as we were driven back in utter helplessness upon God.

Between five and six in the evening we were having worship in the tent, and in prayer we laid our burden with regard to this land question before the God in whom was our trust and only hope.

When the sermon was finished a little excitement was manifest, a number of the Bhils having come to the tent.

It appears, that in the intensity of their feeling, being unwilling to work, they had gone on a hunting expedition that day, probably intending to get drunk in the evening. One of those who was concerned in the matter of the land and had decided to run away had been mauled by a panther. Kayla his son, who had previously been successfully treated for a nasty gash by a wild boar, was among the Bhils who had gathered in a little knot outside the tent. He asked me to go and see his father. Here was a link within a link. Surely God's hand was clearly seen. The Bhils were in such a state of excitement, that it is probable very few of them would have been willing to trust themselves in the hands of the missionaries. But Kalya, in this very similar case to his own, could.

Asking the brethren to continue in prayer, I gathered a few things together, pocket case, caustic, washes, bandages, etc., and went to the hut with Kalya. Many were standing about, some evidently wishing I had not been called. Others, especially near relatives, were doubtless thankful that notwithstanding all that they had said and thought, I was among them, with those mysterious instruments, trying evidently to save the life of a much respected father, brother, friend.

I did my work quietly, saying very little to the people. It was a time for action not for words. God was dealing with the people. He was speaking to them, I could hold my tongue. Only giving the necessary directions along with the medicine I commended Nanko in prayer to God and took my departure promising to return at 9 in the evening, which I did. At that time the stage of reaction from the violence of the shock was setting in. Before leaving I told Kayla to be sure and call me if any change came during the night.

On the Monday morning while at worship, singing our Hindi song of praise, Kayla was seen coming and my heart stood still. What will be the word! Yes, Nanko was

doing all right but he wanted me to go again, which I did and a number of times during the day. The Superintendent did not come that day; some providential letter had called him in another direction, and before he did return Nanko was seen to be improving. When he came he found me at Nanko's hut dressing the ugly wounds.

The Bhils had had time to calm down and so the land was handed over without any disturbance whatever. In fact some of them seemed to feel that the Superintendent spoke truly when he told them that it was a good thing that I had been at hand otherwise Nanko would have died. Had the land been handed over on Sunday while the Bhils were in that excited condition no one can tell what the result might have been. In God's dealings with his people there is no chance. Thus the mission got peaceable possession of a splendid plot of about 16 acres.

HAVE ME EXCUSED.

The parable of the Great Supper and its excuses, finds parallel in India. Dr. Margaret O'Hara, of Dhar, writes in F. M. Tidings the difficulty of getting girls to school.

The girls' school re-opened, after four weeks' holidays, with a small attendance. This forenoon the teacher and I went about to several of the homes to look up our pupils.

In the first house we were told the girl was ill. On expressing our willingness to see her she was brought. She did not look well, so I examined her and prescribed, but her grandmother told me the child could not take any liquid medicine from me. I then prepared some powders, and these had to be laid on the ground floor. The grandmother then lifted them, and we came away not knowing whether the medicine would be given or thrown away.

A second woman said, "My children have cough." She was told as the school was upstairs in the dispensary building that medicine could be had for the asking. She then said: "Feel their pulses and tell me if the cough is caused by heat or by cold. If you tell me which I may see about sending them."

In the third place we were told: "The girls are now married, so cannot go to school."

At a fourth place the women and girls refused to see us, but a boy of about ten or twelve years of age said: "They cannot come," in English. We asked "why," but were again assured "They cannot come." A priest then came out, and told us it was not necessary for girls to be educated."

