

six months, and who has taken much interest in our little congregation during these months. We are all invited, and all expected to sit down on the floor and do ample justice to the feast. Just as at home when the annual picnic comes round one is sometimes surprised at the sudden increase in the numbers of Sunday school scholars, so it is here, when a dinner is on hand we are sure to have all the Christians out.

The last eight days have been a sort of holiday time in our work, the women being all too busy housecleaning to think of their own or their children's ailments. Saturday closed the week's preparations for Duvalli—the Jain New Year—when the goddess of wealth is worshipped.

I am hoping that from now till Christmas we may have no more breaks in our schools. It seems to me that the past two months have been nearly half lost from heathen holidays.

We are still keeping on our hospital in the little house where we opened it, but are looking out to obtain a larger building. We have lately extended our work by opening a dispensary in Oojein, a most needy field for medical work. A nice, large room, with a small room adjoining, was secured for us by Mrs. Fitch, who is in charge of the Mission School in Oojein, so two weeks ago I went up, taking with me a stock of medicines and a Christian woman who has had two years' training in the Agra Women's Medical School. Her husband has been for some time in charge of the Mission Dispensary for men in Oojein, so that the husband and wife are now both at work side by side in Oojein, and ought to be able to help each other. We have put her in charge of the dispensary, and will endeavour to visit it at least twice monthly, staying a few days each time. Oojein is a city of some 50,000 inhabitants, and so closely are the houses built together that only very few of the streets are wide enough for a cart. I had to ride on horseback, and created no little curiosity, though they soon seemed to find out who I was, as I could hear them saying to one another as I passed along, "Doctor Madam Sahib." Our first morning we had more than a dozen patients, and the second day above twenty, which we felt to be a very encouraging beginning.

Four weeks ago Miss Beatty and I took a holiday. We had neither of us had a rest during all the year, and were both feeling the need of slipping out of harness for a week, so off we went to Poona, to attend a Woman's Missionary Conference. It is a thirty hours' railway journey from here, but no one seems to mind long journeys in India; besides Anglo-Indians know how to make railway travelling comfortable.