

When she came to the hospital, and for some time afterwards, she was not a pretty baby. She was very thin, and the big eyes gazed at one from a wee, peaked face. Gradually, however, with good care and good food, the little body became plump, and the little face grew round and dimpled.

As soon as she was old enough, the nurses began to teach her little tricks, and long before she could speak, she could put up her hand to her head and make the sign of *salaam*, that is, the sign of greeting which one person in India gives to another when the two meet. This is usually the first thing a little Hindu baby learns. Very soon she began to speak, just one word at a time, like the little babies at home. Now, at three years of age, she follows the nurses about as they do their work, and makes friends with all the little sick children who come to the hospital.

Miss McHarrie, the Canadian nurse in the hospital, began to teach her English, and she could repeat after her little sentences like "How do you do?" "I hope you are well." Very often she comes over to the bungalow where the missionaries live, to ask for a biscuit. When we ask what she wants, she says: "A bischeel;" that is her own word for biscuit. We answer: "What do you say first?" She puts her hands over her eyes, and prays: "Mwafi mangti, amin," that is, "Forgive me, amen." Then she *salaams*, and gets her biscuit.

In this case *salaam* means, "Thank you."

Not long ago, she was told the story of Jesus blessing the little children. She began to tell the story to some one else, but turned it about, and said: "The children said, 'Let the people come to Jesus.'"

Another day she was repeating the words properly—"Jesus said: 'Let the little children come unto me.'" Dr. MacKellar happened to be standing near, and said to her: "Does that mean *Ummedi*?" And she said, "Yes, that means *Ummedi*."

Ummedi is now three years old. In another year or two she will be sent to school, and will learn to read and write her language and to do arithmetic and study other lessons, just as you little boys and girls are doing now in your schools. Then when she is big, we pray she may tell her people about Jesus. Her

name means "Hope," and we pray that in days to come she may be the means of bringing hope into the lives of some of her Hindu sisters who are "without hope" in this world, because they do not know and love Jesus.

Neemuch, Central India



Preparing Children for Emergencies

One of the first contingencies to which the adventurous city child is liable is that of getting lost. We have all read the poem of the lost baby who, when asked for her name, could only give those pet names which are the common property of all little ones.

Almost the first lesson taught to her little one by one wise mother was his name and address. Every day she would call him to her.

"What is your name?" she would ask.

"John Wobinson."

"Where do you live?"

"Fo'ty-five Bynk 'Teet."

Daily repetition insured a retention of the important information, and in time his father's name and occupation were added to his little store of knowledge.

Another mother early impressed upon her children what to do if one of them should catch fire. She, too, knew the value of repeated catechisms. Over and over again she would ask her children, "What would you do if some one's clothing caught on fire?"

"Smother it out with a blanket."

"Wrap the rug around her."

"Roll her on the floor until the flames were put out."

"What would you do if your own clothing caught on fire? Run?"

"No, ma'am! Roll up in a rug or a blanket or roll on the floor. 'F I'd run the wind would make the fire worse n' ever."

These children were also taught to put moistened soda or flour on a burn in order to exclude the air; to clap mud on to a wasp's sting; to bathe a bruise in water as hot as could be borne. Indeed, they were taught to look upon hot water as an almost universal remedy. A sprained ankle or wrist was to be kept submerged in hot water until the soreness was removed; in case of cramping pains, a hot water bag was instantly applied.