

If I can find any one of the delegation who can read, I always send them off with some tracts, praying as I do that God will bless the Word to their salvation.

7. When it is an enquiry and class room for Baptismal candidates. On Thursday afternoon when the elders are in prayer meeting, the enquirers' class meets on our verandah. Again Sunday afternoon this class of thirty to forty children gathers voluntarily. We first lead them to the Saviour, then we teach them the "all things." When on Easter Sunday twenty-six of these children were baptized we felt the joys of harvest.

8. When it is a confessional. If any one piece of furniture I own is nearer heaven than the rest it is my low splint stool of the hour-glass model. Could it speak, it would tell the story of many a burdened soul who has come to pour out some deep sin. No, I do not pose as a priestess, but burdened ones sometimes feel they want to tell me, and have me join with them in asking God's forgiveness.

I have by no means told you all the uses of our home. I haven't mentioned how every noon for a few minutes it is a stationery store, and a post office where the needed pencils, pens, post-cards, etc., are sold. I haven't told that it is on occasions a banqueting hall, when a rice and curry dinner is served up on the flat roof. That on moonlight Friday nights, the children, after having their food served at their respective boardings, come over to our compound with their bowls of rice and curry where we all sit on the ground and have a picnic supper. Yes, we are thankful for this your home and ours. Pray with us "God bless our home."

Akidu—Medical—Mrs. J. E. Chute, M.D.

Mrs. Chute returned to India last December and was met by Miss Selman with her boat, and "although it was past midnight we just had to take a peep, by moonlight, at the old surroundings. How good it was to see the lights turned dim in the hospital and to know that Dr. Eaton was

carrying on. Under the old bridge was the ford where so many had been baptized, but just now we thought of it as the place where our laddies, now so far away, had learned to swim.

It was not until our return from Conference, that we really began medical work. There was no time to finish unpacking and settle down. Dr. Eaton and family had left for Chicacole, and patients kept coming, who required attention and soon the work was in full swing.

The Harris Memorial had been opened while we were on furlough. We hardly knew ourselves in the new hospital with so much room, so much fresh air, and so many conveniences.

And there are still the new wards to be built, also helpers' quarters, cook-house and store-room. In the meantime, a shed is used as a cook-house. The women's waiting room is used as a ward for caste women—it is full most of the time. The doctor's office has become the men's ward and a treatment room is a ward for Christian women, while the verandahs are used for special cases.

In less than three months, there were more than 650 new patients, besides many who returned for medicine or further treatment, and also 55 in-patients. One of these was a little Brahmin woman only twenty years old, yet the mother of five children. For some days we thought she was her husband's daughter.

Once when going our rounds, we found that our patient had brought her doll with her and had placed him on the window-sill near her bed. It was the elephant-headed god, with four arms and four legs, to show his power, yet the poor thing had to be propped up to keep it from falling. We asked "Can he see?" "No?" "Can he hear?" "No." "Can he use his hands?" "No." "Can he walk?" "No." Then we told of God Who could hear and Who had sent us to help them. The women began to be ashamed of their god—and one said "Oh, we just brought it for the baby to play with."