

could give it undivided attention since Miss Frith's health failed her. The workers are now visiting 150 houses, a great many of them being the same houses that were visited by Miss Frith when here so long ago. Miss Hatch was given charge of the work almost immediately on coming to the country, but of course was unable to do any real work amongst the people until she had acquired the language, and then after about two or at most three months' visiting amongst the people, she was asked to go to Samulootta to teach in the Seminary, and hence has been superintending the work from there. At our last semi-annual Conference in July, I was asked to undertake the work, and it is of the work that has been done since then that I would write you.

My plan is to visit once with each worker all of the houses on her list, before commencing any plan of systematic visiting. I have already visited about 80 houses and have been trying to draw from the people something of what they have been hearing, and although there are three or four very hopeful cases, the majority of the women have remembered nothing at all of what they have heard. When asked of what the workers have been teaching them, they reply, "What do we know?—They come, and talk, and read, and sing, and then go away. We listen at the time, but then we can't remember anything. We are equal with the beasts. We know when it is time for our food, because we get hungry. You know and can remember all these things, because you have been taught to read. When asked if they have ever heard of Christ, they recognize the name, but cannot tell who He is. Then we tell them who He is and how He came to save us, and gave Himself so freely for us, and of how He loves us, and how He hates sin, and we tell them of the way of salvation the very best we can, and then ask them who it is who has done all this for us, and they cannot tell us. One young woman when asked what the soul was, said, it is the body; and so it is. The most of them are so very ignorant that they don't know how to think about anything or remember anything.

In the homes visited I have found a few women who can read, some having been taught by the worker in that district. Of course where the people can read the prospect seems brighter, as their memories have been to a certain extent educated and they answer more intelligently. Three young girls are reciting portions of Scripture, one having memorized all of Matthew and half of John, and another nearly all of Matthew. Of these the first is a bright earnest Christian and is very anxious to publicly acknowledge Christ as her Lord and Master. Another old lady who has been quite ill and whom we have been enabled to help, says she has Jesus in her heart, and she really seems to have Him there. It is certainly a joy to visit her after coming in contact with so many who are so indifferent and so far from Him. One young woman just a little way from the Compound gate called us in one afternoon when her mother-in-law had gone out for the day. She is a very bright and pretty girl and covered with jewels of the choicest kinds, but she told us that she was not happy there, because she could not publicly acknowledge Christ and that He was her Saviour and her God, and that she never prayed to any other, although the family all ridiculed her; and that she should throw all of her jewels away and flee to us for safety very shortly. The mother-in-law listens to the truth herself and says she believes it all, but does not care to have any others of the family hear. So you see, the seed is being sown and, some, has fallen on good ground, for which we are very thankful. We feel that the chief hope for these people is the children, and just

now we are considering the question of a caste girls' school. Of course we have our Sunday School for caste girls, but then Sunday is no different from any other day to these people and they cannot understand why we should have school just for an hour on that day and no other, and so think it not worth while to come. We must teach the children just as early as we can get them, and trust that through them many will learn of Him who is the only way of salvation.

I thank you all for your interest in me. The thought that you are all praying for us cheers us and makes us much more courageous in the work. With kind regards to you all, I am your sister in the work.

SARAH SIMPSON.

Zenana Mission House,  
Aug. 23rd, 1890.

## W. R. M. U.

Edited by Miss A. E. Johnstone.

*"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least, of these, ye have done it unto me."*

PRAYER SUBJECT FOR DECEMBER.—For our Home and Foreign Mission Boards, that such wisdom may be given them as will advance the work in every department, and thus bring glory to His Name.

### ONE OF OUR "LOST DAYS."

The early sun was stretching golden fingers o'er the hill,  
When I roused me in a hurry midst the household yet so still;  
This to be a day of business, and so much I meant to do,  
Meant to reap the hours full laden, so should sunset find me through.

And I hastened to my dressing with a glad and thankful heart,  
I do love to be a-stirring, and the household in my part.  
Now the breakfast, then the dishes, now my sewing; here at last,  
And my fingers worked most quickly, and the joining seams were fast.

There's a knock! Oh, dear me! Children! Wonder what they want to do.

"How do, Mrs. Tracy; thought we'd come and play awhile with you;  
Know you ain't got any children that you call your very own.  
And I know you must get tired out, trying to play here all alone.

"Where's those blocks you said you'd give us? Said you kept 'em in a shed;  
And I believe we'd like to see if we can make a dolly's bed.  
Yes, we brought our dollies with us, for you see our brother's sick.  
And our mamma's tired out 'bout him, says we worry little Dick.

"Thought we'd stay a week, or may be a year or two, if you don't care;  
Mamma's 'raid we'd be a bover; told her I'd curl sister's hair."

Hats were off, and cloaks were tossing right and left, with rubbers, too;  
And my guests were gravely seated by my side, as Nell got through.