

women who had been coming daily for treatment, saw me for the first time treating a low-caste woman before them. When their turn came and I asked for their tickets, they put them, bottles and all, on the floor, and gathered their clothes close to them for fear that I should touch them. There was no use reasoning with them, so I gave in to them, and when the bottles were filled, placed them again on the floor for them to pick them up, but alas, days have passed and they have not darkened the door since. Nothing but the Gospel of Jesus in their hearts can make them see as we do.

The camp dispensary has been opened since June. Now that we have the cold weather I have this one open from 9 to 1 and the city one from 3 to 6 or until all are treated, so that the days are busy ones but very happy ones.

For the last two or three weeks, I have only had a handful of patients at the city dispensary, as all the women who are in a fit condition at all are out in the opium fields. At first the opium is sowed broadcast like wheat, but when the young shoots come up, they have to be thinned out at regular intervals. As many as eighty women may be seen at this work in one small field. They all sit at work and each one only does about three or four square yards in a day, consequently they only get about a penny a day with all the opium plants that have been picked out of the square in the thinning process. These they boil and spice up and use as a vegetable. At present the Opium Commission is taking evidence for and against the consumption of opium in India, but I guess it will be many months before we hear the results.

The Mission box has come and its contents divided. I was quite disappointed that there were no ready-made bandages, for they are so necessary. For the last two months I have had to buy cotton and make bandages, and it takes such a time to roll