

the Divine blessing. In the course of one month he had entered upwards of 300 cases. In a letter in the last number of the *United Presbyterian Missionary Record* he gives some account of his plans:—

*Teaching the way to get Spiritual Healing.*—My plan has been lately this. After seeing patients in the Dispensary, I go to some of the back parts of the city; or, as I might more properly say, go to one of the many villages in the city, for each caste lives very much by itself. I call for the Puteil, get seated as we best can, collect the sick persons of the caste, who sometimes amount to from 20 to 30. Then in my own humble way I speak to the people of the disease of sin, and the remedy provided for it by Jesus Christ. Sometimes I have a large number of listeners. I have for some time taken the Pundit with me, that he may gather up anything which I may have omitted in the scheme of redemption. I know that the poor people have very kindly feelings towards me. The weavers wonder why I should know so much about their craft; I tell the dyers and other craftsmen something about their callings which they do not know; and this seems strange to them, as the one caste is thoroughly ignorant of the work of the other, and indeed, to a certain extent, look with contempt upon the work of each other.

*Instructing the Villagers.*—I also go out occasionally to the villages in the evening as well as in the mornings, and see patients. I am thankful, and for the time being lifted above the world, with a dozen of villagers before me, telling them about the love of Jesus, and the place where he now is; of heaven, in comparison to which yon magnificent sun, sinking behind the mountains into clouds of gold and sending its rays round those mountain peaks, until they in their turn are lighted up in a flood of glory, is as midnight darkness. And then I sometimes say, Ah! you know how much pain and suffering there is in this world; how, oftentimes, your little child sickens in its mother's arms, and dies, and you have to carry it out and burn it until nothing remains of that which you so much loved but a few whitened ashes! How full your heart is with grief, and empty and lonely the world looks to you! While the tears oftentimes are running over my own face, the poor fellows, often with tears running over theirs, answer 'Wah! wah, sahib, sach bat yih hai.. Ah! ah! yes, sahib, that is a true word. Then, again, I point them to Jesus, and tell them about heaven—the place where there is no sin or suffering, no sickness or death, where all is happy—so happy, that all the day long they are singing,—and where there is no night to come between. There are no death-beds, no burning places in heaven, but happiness and eternal life.

The expressions upon the listeners' faces, as they listen, often for the first time, to these things, are past description. Folding their hands, they look in each others' faces, and exclaim, 'Wah! wah! kisa mita batom yih bai!' What sweet words these are! Then, oftentimes before I can prevent them, they kneel before me until their foreheads touch the ground. God bless them, poor fellows! You must not think from this little sketch that I am able to speak either fluently or even very freely to the people. Many things I would like to tell them about that I have no words to express; and even what I do say is oftentimes in a roundabout way, and in a foreign tongue. Yet I am thankful that in what I do say they understand me.

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*SOUTH AFRICANS STUDYING THE TRACT PRIMER.*—Rev. Mr. Grout, missionary to the Zulus, in his annual report of his station writes, "Our Sabbath-school, numbering usually about 135, has been regularly and profitably taught, as in years past. The members have studied the Tract Primer faithfully, and have just finished it. The school has occasion to thank the Tract Society for printing for us that valuable little book, and also to thank the children of the Aintab Sabbath-school for presenting each pupil with a copy of it."