

soon ascertained that they had heard of our coming and she, after preparing rice, etc., had gone out to look for milk. Soon a dish of food was placed in my hands amid every expression of good-will. Then we talked and read together. At my request the man of the house prayed, then the Catechist and I concluded. All in all I felt that I enjoyed a feast of fat things. How gracious is our God. Some persons are surely praying for us. Bless the Lord O my soul.

3. We moved onward and after clambering up a hill through underbrush we came to the house of one who held a prominent place as a sadhu or holy man amongst his countrymen. There we found the old folk, three sons and their wives, and several grandchildren—a household of almost patriarchal dimensions. All were friendly but not one avowedly a Christian. The old man in his utter helplessness, was an object of extreme pity. His furrowed countenance and long whitened locks told of many years gone by, and of the very very few that remained. His limbs were contracted and every joint stiffened, and he was wholly dependent in nearly every movement on the attentions of his family. There was no fretting or murmuring with his lot, he appeared to endure patiently. We told of salvation through Jesus alone and pressed immediate acceptance of the offer of our ever-living Friend. After spending a half-hour with him he said it is useless for me to become a Christian now, I can do nothing. I have no strength to work, no money to give, etc. *Doing* is the beginning and the end of every religion we have met, apart from Christianity. We prayed together and promised, if possible, soon to return. Just as we turned our face homeward an unseasonable tropical pour drenched us thoroughly, but we felt it was worth while getting a drenching for such a day's experience.

Life here is not monotonous—checkered, no doubt, but so it is everywhere. Time with us passes like the swift eagle on the wing, ever conscious that we have too little of it to overtake what we would do.

That God may continue to smile on the women's work for the heathen world is my prayer.

Improvement in the Health of our Missionary.

NEEMUCH, CENTRAL INDIA, *February 19, 1890.*

MISS SCOTT :—It is now ten weeks since Miss Jamieson and I came to Neemuch. The first two or three weeks were spent in