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American Medical Missionary Work in Madura, India.

In the land of India, where many fatal diseases flourish, and which is the nursery of epidemics and the home of cholera, it is not unnatural that missionaries should have been led to establish hospitals and dispensaries for the relief of the sick and suffering living about them. The American Board planted a mission in Madura, South India, in 1835, and from the beginning this mission has devoted much attention to the work of medical relief. Among the doctors who have gone out to Madura as medical missionaries stand the honored names of Steele, Lord, and Palmer—the last a brother of Senator Palmer, of Illinois.

At Dindigul, also, a station of the Madura mission, the veteran medical missionary Dr. Chester, has for more than thirty-five years successfully devoted his time to this department of missionary work. The medical work carried on by this mission has done

There was no money of the missionary society used in the construction of the building. It is a mark of the esteem in which missions are held in India, and reveals the appreciation and confidence of the native people in missionary work that the building should be built almost entirely by those of the Hindu faith, the same to be the property of the mission board. Several zemindars and one rajah (native prince), are among the donors. The new hospital was opened Oct. 29, 1897, by His Excellency Sir Arthur Havelock, Governor of Madras, in the presence of a large concourse of people. The cost has been 42,000 rupees, or about \$14,000. —Harper's Weekly.

The Next Struggle.

The writer was slowly making his way through an overwhelming holiday crowd. A little in advance a woman was pushing toward him. Her arms were full of bundles,

sands of dollars wouldn't repay me for the suffering I have undergone.

That was his fight in life, and nervously and impatiently he was encountering it.

'I am now in the midst of a great fight,' writes a correspondent. 'For years I have prepared myself for this struggle. The almshouse must be reformed from foundation to attic. Outrageous wrongs are being perpetrated in almshouses every day. If I don't expose them and compel a hearing no one else will. I expect to be execrated by politicians, but I shall urge reform until I succeed, if it takes the rest of my lifetime.'

'This is one last great struggle for our existence,' said a well known Cuban, 'and we shall fight till the last Cuban or the last Spanish soldier is left upon our island. We will win or fall together.'

All great strivings come one at a time, and it is common to say and natural to feel that the one in hand is the greatest of a lifetime. 'Eternity is the present moment,' the German proverb says; and it is now that compels all our thoughts and summons all our powers to arms. To-day's conflict is our latest, indeed; but we cannot know that it is our last. In all probability there is another—and another — and we are not yet strong enough for the supreme one, but are developing strength for it.

The history of every virtuous life is the history of a campaign—not of a single battle. A sterling man or a healthy Christian is one who prepares for the next struggle, and leaves God and history to tell which was his 'greatest.' This drill for the combat of tomorrow, makes the moral and intellectual athletes that the world needs. — 'Youth's Companion.'

'What Prayer Can Do.'

The whole village seemed to have turned out to attend Margaret Mason's funeral. Everyone mourned as for a friend. Margaret, though a poor woman, was an important person in the village. Whenever there was a sick neighbor to nurse, or a mourner to be comforted, there this hard-working woman might be found. No wonder, therefore, that the tears which fell on the day of her burial were tears of true and abundant sorrow.

When the funeral had dispersed a stranger still lingered near the grave, and when it was filled up and the hillock smoothed, she took a young rose tree from beneath her cloak and planted it on the grave. 'With a quickened step she then passed down the village, stopped for an instant at the gate of Margaret's little garden, plucked a little branch of sweet brier and a bit of the flower which our villagers call 'everlasting,' and was about to walk away.

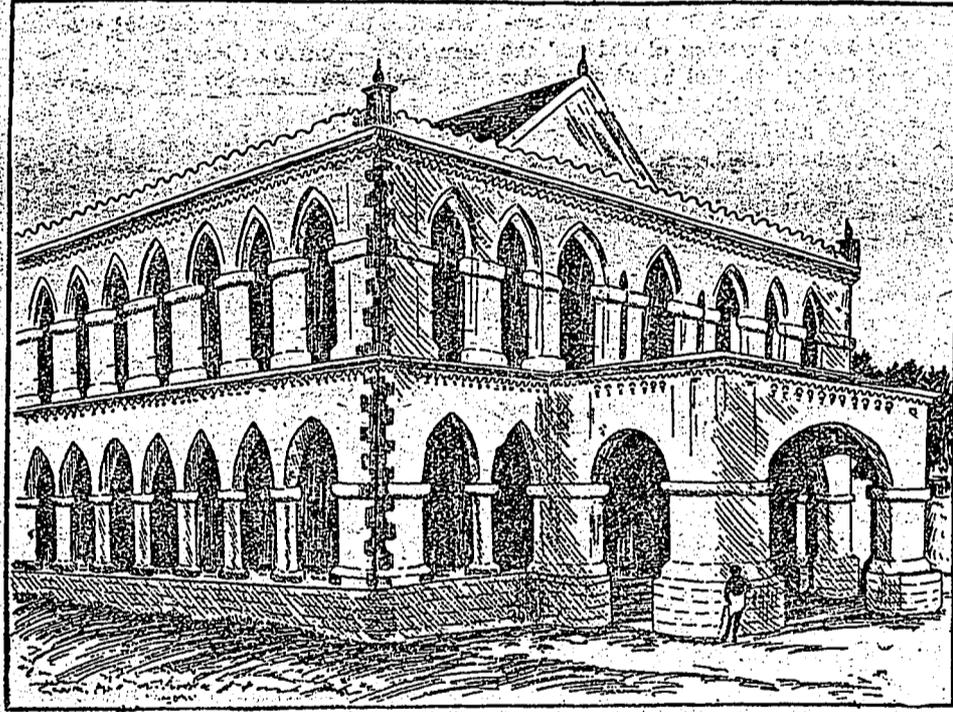
'Dear me,' said one of the old people, 'if that isn't Mrs. Stainton, the pawnbroker's wife, who used to live at the end of the village. Why, it must be nigh, five-and-twenty years since she and her husband gave up the business and left the place.'

'Nay, nay,' said an elderly person, 'it isn't her. Sally Stainton was a hard, grinding woman, and never had a tear to spare for the living or the dead.'

I heard no more, for I hastened to overtake the stranger.

'Are you a relative of Mrs. Mason?'

'No, ma'am, at least not the sort of kin



AMERICAN MISSIONARY WORK IN INDIA—ALBERT VICTOR HOSPITAL, MADURA.

much to win the way of the mission into the favor of the native people, who inhabit the Madura district.

Dr. Van Allan was sent to India by the American Board of Missions, in 1883, and in charge of this work in Madura. He found that larger accommodation was necessary to house the patients who resorted to the mission hospital for treatment. The construction of a larger and more suitable building was determined upon, and in 1895 the foundations were begun. The building has recently been completed, and a photographic view of it is shown. The foundations are made entirely of stone; the superstructure is of brick. Verandahs around the building on all sides, downstairs and upstairs, to protect from the tropical sun. The staff for carrying on the work of medical aid consists of Dr. Van Allen, a dresser (medically qualified native man), four compounders, one male nurse and two ward coolies.

and she was dragging a child behind her. Big, red, determined, in her struggles to release herself from the surrounding mass of people, she burst out, loud enough to be heard by those around her:

'If I can only get out of here, I shan't ask for anything more in this world!'

The good-natured people smiled, and opened a lane to let the wearied woman out of the crush.

Entering a court-house not long ago the writor took his seat within the bar. Lawyers were eagerly bending over documents and books. The jury looked worried and perplexed. The judge was evidently bored and irritated. But one man was white with anxiety.

'What's the matter?' was asked.

'Matter? matter? Matter enough!' came the quick, almost hurt, reply. 'This is the greatest struggle of my life. I was thrown from a car and severely injured, and I am demanding damages. Yes, damages! Thou-