

located at the extreme Hindu end of the town. A huge juggernaut car stands at one end of the street, ready for use each year at the festival, and a Hindu temple shuts in the opposite end. At this reading room we were introduced to several Hindu gentlemen. One smiling self-satisfied, smooth-looking Brahman, the Sub-registrar of the district, garlanded us, and took us inside where we sat in state around the table, while men seemed to pour in from all sides. Our Mohammedan friends arrived, and it was amusing to see them taking one side of the room and the Hindus the other (Hindu-Moslem unity!) The head men of the town were supplied with chairs, while the more humble grouped themselves on the floor. When all had gathered, our Brahman friend made a speech in which he said how thankful they were to have us come and how great the need was and that they had asked the government to establish a hospital there but the "Local Fund" had not been able to raise sufficient money. He said he had tried to persuade a number of Indian doctors to settle there, but had not succeeded. Everyone was then treated to plantains and beetle-nut, including all the small boys in the neighborhood. Thus the dispensary was declared open!

Next we had to go to the Traveller's Bungalow where our Mohammedan friend brought us our noon meal. We returned to our dispensary and treated 36 patients and we expect that next week when our coming is known—the number will be nearer 100. It is to be announced by tom-tom through the villages this week.

Of course there is still a great deal of prejudice against us among the ignorant people—they say we give medicine to make people Christians, that we operate and cut fat out of people to make plasters, and so on.

The Sub-registrar took us to his house to see his wife, a sweet girl who had had rheumatic fever, and now has a very bad heart. We are going to bring her into Vellore in the ambulance next week.

The middle room of his house was absolutely dark, no windows and only the doors from the surrounding rooms opening into it. A baby's bed hung by chains from the ceiling. Although this was the drawing-room(?), on the walls he had a picture of his graduating class—he is a B.A.—and also a group of students in costume, who had acted "Hamlet" in college. Another wall of this room was ornamented with a china doll goddess.

Who could help but be attracted to a land where there are such great opportunities for service—especially when it is such a beautiful land as India! The lure of the country grows on one day by day. I think it is partly because we live so "out-of-doors." Right now I sit out on an upstairs balcony with the full moon rising before me, over the hills, while the gorgeous sunset colors can still be seen through a screen of tall graceful cocoanut palms behind, and hundreds of black crows circle backwards and forwards, high up in the sky—their evening exercise before retiring!—Western Baptist.

Baptists are coming into prominence in China as well as in many other lands. Here are several Chinese people of eminence who are Baptists: The mayor of Canton, the secretary of foreign affairs, the chief surgeon of the military hospital, the wife of Sun Yat Sen, and the wife of the ambassador to Great Britain. At a recent reception, with his wife and four children in the receiving line, the President of China shook hands in American fashion with a thousand native and foreign guests. The affair closed with the rendition by the band of "God be with you till we meet again."

"Missions is a man's job", says J. Campbell White, but some one else has said "When God sees that a job is too hard for a man, He puts a woman there."