

Extract from a Private Letter from Dr. Elizabeth Beatty.

INDORE, November 9, 1887.

Miss Oliver is now something like her old self, and is at work again. But the work to be done is no index to one's fitness for work here. Any one with a heart in the right place, or a foot to stand on, or a chair to sit on, must work when she sees the suffering of some of the poor women who come to us. That they bear it all so patiently is only one more incentive to exert oneself in their behalf. To know the lives many of them have to lead, and the trials other than physical suffering they have to endure when ill for any length of time, is to know enough, not only to keep one in the dispensary early and late, but also to wake the dullest up to the need there is for spreading the light of Gospel truth into the very last of their dark homes.

I have heard it said that Mahomedanism prepares the way for Christianity—perhaps it does. It certainly gives the blackest of backgrounds against which the life of even a very poor Christian shines like pure gold. I saw lately in one of Mr. Robertson's letters that the New Hebrideans are not capable of attaining to a very high state of civilization, but I am glad to think *that* is not true of the people of India. The ground here is good, but it needs cultivation.

You will have heard probably that I have asked the Foreign Mission Committee to have the wherewithal ready to take me home in case I have to go in the spring. I know that I am an unprofitable servant at best, pain and weakness make me humble—and I hope more sympathetic with other sufferers—but I have a great deal to learn in the way of patience yet; perhaps that is why I have to be laid aside for a while. Though I have asked to be taken home, in case I do not get stronger, I have by no means given up hopes of staying here, and if I have to go home I pray that it may be only for a season, and that I may be better prepared, more "thoroughly furnished" for a life-work in India. *Much*—I might perhaps say, *all*—the romance has been roughly rubbed off my ideas of mission life, but I am none the less in love with it, and I pray earnestly that it may not be that "I have been weighed and found wanting" that I have to be removed from the field.

A letter came from Mrs. Harvie to night with a happy bit of news in it. "Money will be ready soon for the hospital;" I might say *is ready*, for what the Woman's Foreign Mission Society puts its hand to is done; the site too is almost ours. . . . Miss Oliver wrote about the hospital to Mrs. Harvie last week.