

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Bullock Cart in South India.

Dr. Fells, of the South Travancore Medical Mission, tells, in a recent 'Missionary Chronicle,' of the use of the bullock cart in medical work.

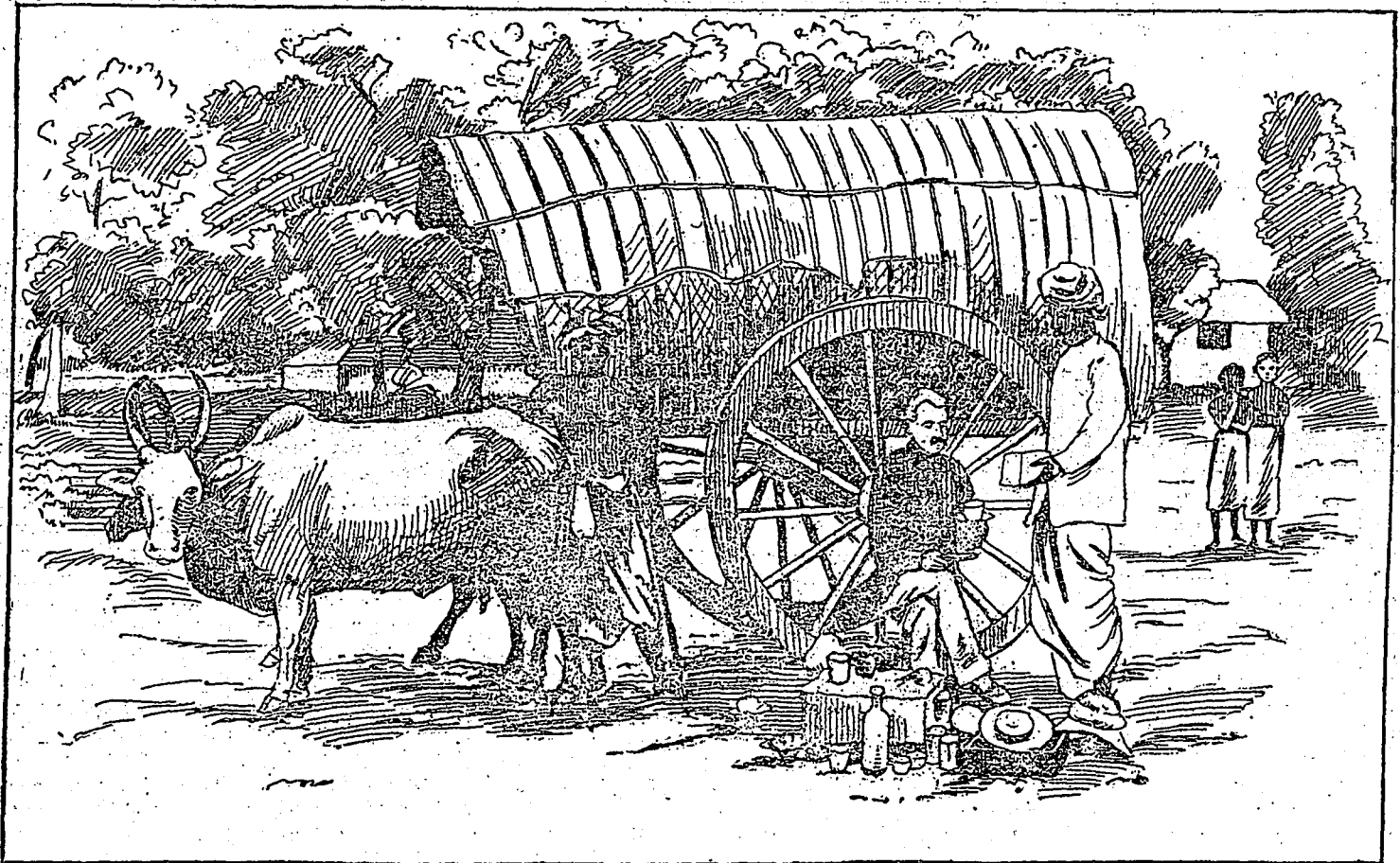
'We get our bullock carts packed for a fortnight's run round the out-stations, and a mattress stretched in the bottom of our springless cart, we start off at sunset, and, journeying to the north, we reach Colasagaram at dawn. The dispensary here was formerly a salt store, which the government generously handed over to Mr. Thompson in 1881. It is at the foot of one of the squares of Western Ghauts in a district where malarial fever and dysentery are constant and terrible scourges. A crowd of patients is gathered, for the usual attendance is doubled or trebled when the English doctor is known to be coming. First we have the brief, bright service with all, and then one by one the sick are examined, and in many cases a glance is

900. Our next halt is at Martandam, an important centre on the main road to the capital. Here we find a well-built hospital, raised largely through the help of neighboring friends. The two wards are full, and the medical evangelist tells me he needs more room, though the hospital was only completed last year.

Six or seven miles further on we leave the main road, and turning northwards, in an hour or two's time we come in sight of an imposing stone building standing on the top of a hill. This is the new Ravennacheri Hospital, now almost ready to be opened. Hitherto the medical work has been carried on in the vestry of the neighboring chapel at Palugal, but the needs of the district are great, and so the new hospital has been built to meet them. Surrounding friends have given most of the timber necessary, and thus saved the mission much expense. The view from the hospital verandah commands a wide area of undulating, thickly-wooded land, backed by the mountains, and

only upon God. Our medical work is carried on in a very poor building here, mere mud walls and grass thatch, but a good work is being done, and it is thoroughly appreciated by the fever-stricken population.

Turning southward, and leaving our mountains, we come within sound of the sea; for on the western coast the sea can often be heard long before it can be seen. Reaching Nellikakuri, we find a large crowd of patients gathered in a building, very kindly lent us for a dispensary by one of our native friends. Not far down the road, half hidden in the ground, there lies a foundation, pathetically waiting for its superstructure. The first stone was laid two and a half years ago, but lack of funds has compelled us to halt. Repeated droughts have hindered the people from helping us, but now plentiful rains have fallen, and we hope the local friends will soon be able to render their promised aid. Meanwhile good work is being done in the borrowed dispensary. It will take a long day to see all the patients, but



TRAVELLING IN A BULLOCK CART.

sufficient to show that the unhealthiness of the place and a wretchedly poor diet have worked together to bring about disease and ruin. Some need surgical attendance, and are told to wait on till the rest are seen; some need daily care and watching, and are admitted as in-patients, for we have two rooms in the old store that serve as wards; whilst one or two are so seriously ill that we advise them to go to Neyoor, and promise them every attention in the larger hospital there. So the day wears on, till at last, all are seen, and after a careful look round the buildings and equipments, and a note of any special needs, we say good-bye to the medical evangelist, and hurry on to pay our next visit. A pleasant ride of five or six miles between paddy-fields fringed with coconut and areca palms and through the river brings us to Attoor, one of the first out-stations established by Dr. Lowe. The work here is supported by the Invalids' Auxiliary, and thanks to the help of these friends, a capital work is being done, the monthly attendance of old and new patients varying from 700 to

for the whole of this track of country, steeped as it is with malaria, Ravennacheri Hospital is the nearest help. Now comes a wild and beautiful but dangerous, part of our tour. There may be wild beasts about, but it is not these we dread, but the attacks of the more insidious enemy, malaria. By jungle and forest roads, and across rivers we travel in a north-westerly direction, along the foot of the Ghauts, till we come to Parutipalli. Here we seem to be in the heart of the jungle, and the mountains stand on two sides of us, yet the neighborhood is by no means destitute of population. In all the marshy hollows there are stretches of paddy-lands, and, where there are paddy-lands, owners and laborers will not be far away. If the visit be on a Sunday you will see the large chapel fairly filled with a congregation of Christians—many of them converts from the most ignorant and neglected castes—men and women who have been mere serfs to their richer neighbors, but who, now, under the guidance of the mission, are slowly learning that they are free men dependent

we must press on. Hurrying through Trivandram, the capital, we change our bullock cart for a boat, which the boatmen propel with bamboo poles, and soon are gliding over the smooth surface of canal and lake.

The work is great, difficulties constantly beset it, temptations to wander to this side or that. Brethren—sisters—pray for us—pray that to all strength and wisdom may be given to follow worthily in the glorious ideal of him who went about doing good.

The smoking-cars are to be withdrawn from the street railways in Philadelphia. Women complained that the reservation of cars for men was a discrimination against them which often caused vexatious delays. Men joined in the crusade, and the final blow was struck by the board of health's determination to enforce the regulations against expectorating in the street cars. It is time now to inquire about the men who occupy two seats on railway trains, one in a smoker and one in a coach.—'Union Signal.'