

"I sat in the street chapel a few hours addressing the patients, waiting their turn for medical treatment.

Would that your readers could see for themselves these daily scenes. Over twenty patients are often sitting listening very impatiently, and longing for their turn to get the help which my medical brother can give.

Many of them can be cured. Others could have been cured if they had come some months earlier, but the disease has now gone too far. Numbers come for whom nothing can be done. Some will not submit to the necessary treatment, and thus receive no benefit.

There are many sad, helpless, hopeless, sufferers, but there are some who come daily who seem to be opening their hearts to the truth. We trust that they are resolved to forsake idols, and cleave only to the Lord Jesus Christ."

A STRANGE SCHOOL-HOUSE.

IN the old city of Mhow, in Central India, is one of our mission stations. Miss Calder, one of our lady missionaries, has a school there for girls, and her school-house almost reminds one of the little play-houses that children sometimes build, with no window and a little hole for a door. Let us hear what she has to say about it.

"The old school-house in Pensionpura has become so bad that it is not safe to enter, so of late the school has been carried on in a little native hut, with no windows, and a low door at the front and back. A partition across the middle of the hut divides it into two little rooms, each with a low door to let in light and air.

These doors are so low that one has to get down pretty close to the ground to enter, and when one gets inside, it seems to be almost in entire darkness.

As it is now the rainy season, we cannot get any better place built for some months, and so I must do the best I can in my wee hut.

Besides having such a poor place for the school, I have had many difficulties in persuading the little girls to attend.

Their religious teachers and others, a short time ago, told them that I wanted them to attend school for a few months and then put them in jail until they should pay 25 rupees each, about eight dollars.

Of course the poor little things were quite frightened, and many would not attend school, but others who had more faith in me, came, and gradually that "scare" was a thing of the past.

In spite of all the difficulties, the Pensionpura girls are improving very nicely, and are really lovable. I am very fond of them.

The parents of the higher castes in Old Mhow are very frightened that I will make their girls Christians, and do not send them regularly, but I can visit from house to house, no one objecting to the Bible and hymns. All are anxious to listen, and will ask for more hymns than I have strength to sing.

To the natural eye it seems almost a hopeless task to uplift and Christianize them, but to the eye of faith, not so."

HOW AN OLD WOMAN CHANGED.

AN INCIDENT TOLD BY MISS CALDER,
OF MHOW.

"An old woman made quite a confession to me the other day when I went to visit her (she was sick at the time).

She said, 'Miss Sahib, it is a very hard thing to have to confess, but I must tell you that when you first came here I thought you were not going to care for us or love us, and that you would not give us medicine if we were sick, or care, in fact, whether we lived or died. You would just come and talk to us and then go away.

But, Miss Sahib, it is many months now since I have quite changed my opinion, and I know you love us and care for us, and I feel ashamed that I thought so badly of you.'

This and a great deal more she said, but I give this just to show they are like ourselves, uncivilized as they are, and appreciate loving acts as other people. I love them more, the more I see of their misery and degradation. There are so many of them for one to help that sometimes the work seems hopeless, but then comes the thought the work is God's and He can "save by many or by few," so we take courage and do what lies in our power."