

cooking covers the ground over which the minds of nine-tenths of them travel. The other tenth touch on the "new woman" and kindred subjects. But India's new woman is not one who rides a bicycle and wears bloomers, only one who can read and write and perhaps occasionally ventures out to a public meeting. There are many yet among the upper classes who look out on the world with one eye peeping through the folds of a chuddah and who feel that to allow any man, except those of their own household, to look on their faces is to be guilty of a heinous sin. We have a patient just now whom we wished the civil surgeon to see and I had to spend a good part of a forenoon coaxing her to allow him in the room. We made a compromise at last, I agreeing that she only draw her chuddah far enough aside to allow her tongue to be seen. "How can I go before God if this strange man looks on my face?" was the pleading entreaty of this poor young woman. In most cases, however, the veiling of the face is more a matter of social distinction than of religion.

How true it is that we who are Christ's witnesses cannot tell whose hearts the Spirit is preparing to receive our message and to accept our witness-bearing. Often the thought comes to me as I am sitting in the midst of a group of women telling them of Christ and of what He is to me and longs to be to each of them, is there to-day one among this group whose heart the Lord can open as He opened the heart of Lydia. Dear friends, let this prayer go often up from your hearts that the Holy Spirit may prepare the hearts of these women to understand and accept His message when spoken by us to them.

When in Lucknow last month a Baptist missionary from Agra on learning that I belonged to Indore told me of a Christian woman whom his wife had found in one of the villages near Gwalior when touring with her husband last cold season. On inquiring where she had learned the way of salvation, one of the other women in the house said: "I was sick and she went with me to the mission hospital at Indore and there we heard these things, and ever since then my sister-in-law worships only your God." Ofttimes the longing to see fruit goes up as a petition to God, but He knows and is perhaps keeping some hidden ones from us because that so much self yet remains in our hearts that we would not be able to "walk softly" and wear many jewels.

Lately one of the in-patients ran away during the night and has not been near us since. She had been nearly four months in the hospital, having been brought in with a compound fracture of the leg. I think I never met anyone who so deliberately and determinedly hardened her heart against the truth. So long as she was confined to her bed she showed no signs of fear, but as soon she was able to walk she began asking the women if the Doctor Miss Sahibs meant to make her a Christian by force. "What else could all their kindness mean?" Perhaps when trouble befalls her her heart will cry out to Him whom we sought to lead her to know and give herself to.

Appointed to Ujjain.

FROM MISS JAMIESON.

Ujjain Railway Station, Dec. 2, 1895.

It seems quite natural to be writing you from India, but strange that I should be in Ujjain. We had a delightful voyage in every respect on