

DR. MARION OLIVER

to the woman's village to make enquiries as to her character, means of livelihood and so forth. When he had satisfied himself that the child's story was true, the magistrate, gave permission to Dr. Oliver to become her guardian and to assume responsibility for her. And so the child, rescued from a life of shame, grew in wisdom and stature, was educated in the Girl's School at Indore, and now as helpmeet, and wife and mother, she is letting her light shine in a Christian home in the midst of India's village darkness.

Occasional holidays were spent on the hills, but rarely were they free of work for her services were constantly requisitioned by fellow missionaries also there for rest and change. But she greatly enjoyed meeting new people and frequently added to her list of new friends.

Communion seasons, whether on the plains among the Indian Christians, or at the hills among fellow-worshippers from other foreign lands, were times of great and solemn heart-searching. On one occasion, after a Communion Service at the hills she was deeply moved and expressed herself as follows:—

Behold the Christ upon the tree,
He hangeth there for me, for me;
The nails that in His hands we see,
Were driven there for me, for me!

From pierced side the blood flows free;
That wound was made for me, for me;
I lift my eyes to Calvary—
The Lord smiles down on me, on me!

I stretch my hand to touch His cross,
The Lord lays hold on me, on me;
The precious blood flows o'er my dross,
It cleanseth me, yes, even me!

By faith, I see Him throned on high;
"My Saviour lives"! I cry, I cry;
He beckons me, and I draw nigh—
In Him I live—and cannot die!