

veranda. After removing her to the indoor department of the hospital I learned the following: For years she had supported her husband by begging, and this day losing her way, had walked into an open well. She was taken out alive, but hopelessly crippled. After having been fined for dirtying the well, and beaten by her husband for what he called her carelessness, but, as she quaintly expressed it, for not dying when crippled so as to be no more use, she was left at my door as a means of freeing himself from a useless burden.

I will take you to but one more home, the house of a high caste Hindu. A mother and child of six days lie unconscious. The mother has survived the nameless barbarities of the native midwife, and both are now dying of hunger and neglect. Every step of her treatment has been laid down in their sacred book. I cannot in this paper describe the cruelties practised during the hours of her suffering. For the first three days she has been deprived of food and drink, and on the third allowed only one grain of rice. Her room has been prepared by placing her in the darkest and dirtiest of the house, with the most filthy of rags, on a mud floor for her bed. A cow's skull painted red, an image of Sasthi, the goddess who presides over the destiny of women and children, made of cowdung, is placed in a conspicuous position. This and the pot of smouldering charcoal, the only furniture, are placed there to expel the evil spirits hovering around. During her three weeks of uncleanness neither father, mother, husband, nor sister can come nigh her, leaving her to the care of the barber's wife. On the fifth day the filthy clothing is removed and the room cleaned, as on the next is to be the worship of Sasthi, and that night Vidhata will write on the child's forehead the main events of his life. The day has arrived, Sasthi has been worshipped. The woman has been given a cold bath, all necessary arrangements

for Vidhata's visit have been made, food consisting of a coarse graham flour and coarser brown sugar, equal parts, wet and kneaded together to be eaten raw, has been prepared for the famished mother, but both mother and child are unconscious, and the foreign doctor is called in to bring them back again to life.

Place the medical work at its lowest standard, only as a humane institution, is there any more noble profession than that which relieves from physical suffering the human family? And when we can enter such homes, rescue the helpless infant from such cruel barbarities, bring the women from their dark and dirty rooms and mud floors to open courts and bedsteads, give water to those perishing from thirst, cool the burning brow, sustain and support the weak with nourishing food, teach them how to care for their little ones and the importance of cleanliness, clear and cleanse their mass of living disease, and bind up the sores of the beggar—are we not following closely in the footsteps of the Divine Master? And when we bring them out from their homes, take them into hospitals and give them the same care and treatment we would give the sick in America, are we not filling one of the highest missions in the annals of history? But this is a position that can be filled by any skilful doctor; the medical missionaries have a higher aim than the mere relief of physical suffering.

They look beyond the body of clay and see in every patient a soul perishing, eternally perishing, one for whom Christ died, and the awful responsibility to God for the souls of those who have been under our care is ever before us, and this brings us to the most important part of our subject, medical work as an evangelistic institution.

The position the medical work holds as a means of promoting the spread of the Gospel and winning souls for Christ can be better illustrated by quoting the words of a high caste Hindu, when asked as to the progress made in India