

During all our life in India we sent a distance of more than two miles, for ours. It was carried suspended by a yoke upon the shoulders of our water man and boiled and cooled and filtered before it was fit to use. And all the water for bathing purposes came from a tank half a mile away and was literally liquid filth, which had to be first stirred up with a sort of nut and then allowed to settle and be strained into the bath tubs. This takes all the time of one man; and then we are not so well served as you are, if you pay your watertax. Another so-called servant comes daily to remove the waste. He corresponds with your sewerage or scavenger system, and our good health depends largely on a thorough oversight of these two-workers, whose sole idea of service consists in going through the motions and drawing their pay.

The baker and the milk-man, of course you would not call servants, neither shall we. But we have a cook—alas, for most of us, we have had several of them. He buys the provisions. In most Anglo-Indian households this function is performed by a butler, a higher priced individual, not often found in missionary homes. But our cook must attend the morning market, in some cases miles away, and always a considerable distance, and food must be brought fresh each day, for we have no refrigerator to keep things cool and sweet, and then consider the heat. But buying is his delight for he manages to make a little out of you on every purchase. He calls it commission and considers it his right. As to the preparing and cooking of the food, he certainly generally does better than you could expect with the few tools at his disposal. He has no stove, just a row of fire holes and little black pots and pans; he blows up the fire through a long bamboo. It looks very simple but a few trials convinces nearly every woman that she had better not attempt her own cooking all alone. The Ayah is not to be found in every home, but if a mother is to have any leisure at all, either for herself or mission work, Ayah is a necessity. There is no grandma or auntie to take the baby off mother's hands for an hour or two, not even a kind neighbor to run in and see that things are all right. And sickness is too often with us. Much more might be said on the servant question, and many kind things said of the servants too; but we consider ourselves well off when we are able to do without them.

Owing to the long absences of her husband on his tours, many things fall to her that are not generally considered a wife's province. In his absence she has to attend to correspondence and accounts, and settle disputes. She sometimes secures legal help for oppressed Christians. If building is going on in his absence she must keep count of stone and brick and tiles and see that the mission is not cheated.

She must keep her far away husband supplied with

food and water, and every day and all the time be ready to wait on and doctor the sick, for not only the Christians, but many of the heathen are constantly coming for such help. It is wonderful what a few simple remedies and a little common sense can do.

Her life is full of interruptions and little cares and worries that cannot be prevented, and constant supervision is required in every department. She can not afford to just let things go even when she is ill and tired, and many a missionary break-down, that seemed a mysterious Providence, is due to bad missionary house-keeping and a lack of personal supervision, for instance the water, the milk, etc.

In most stations, she has to do the most, if not all the sewing for herself and children, she is their school teacher too if they are of school age. All of this means time. We must pass on to her mission work proper.

Zenana work presents an open door, but one which, unfortunately, she is seldom able to enter since she cannot leave her little children and go out and abroad to the homes of the women. But her very position as wife and mother entitles her to a respect, and invests her with an influence such as an unmarried sister cannot command among an eastern people. It is in the boarding schools of our mission that the wife has her golden opportunity for a service that will tell.

Most of our stations have such schools where boys to the number of twenty or thirty, sometimes fifty or sixty are brought in and clothed and fed and taught, and what they shall be in the goodness of the Lord rests largely with the missionary's wife. She first teaches their teachers to teach (no small task), she takes the Bible classes and often the English as well. By precept and example she seeks to enforce the golden rule and many a soul re-born to God, and many a faithful, fruitful life, are the trophies of our boarding schools. All their physical needs too, are her care, their clothes, their daily food, mean daily toil and loving care to her, and here it seems to me she finds her mission, if God has given her health and strength to serve Him thus.

Of course like her sisters in more favored circles, she is still "a creature not too bright nor good for human nature's daily food;" in fact she is very much like other wives, and occasionally leaves undone the work she ought to do, and has done those things she ought not. But she is far away from home advice and home influences.

A curious and suggestive illustration of the working of the Gospel leaven is furnished by Dr. Summerhayes, of Quetta. It appears that native Indian troops (Mohammedans), who have been serving in Uganda, have been so impressed with the character of the Christians of Uganda that, on their return to India, they came to Dr. Summerhayes asking for Bibles. So the Mohammedans of Beluchistan are helped towards Christ by the native Christians of Central Africa.