

"These Rutlam people know nothing ; they are jungly folk," this woman told me, and she went on to describe to some women who had gathered around us the state of affairs in Ajmere. "There," she said, "all people of any consequence learn to read." She cannot read herself, but evidently feels that it is well to be the mother of a learned daughter.

About two weeks ago I went to see a poor woman who had been dreadfully injured by the treatment of a native mid-wife. One of our Bible women had discovered the case, and for a week or two had gone every morning to help the poor sufferer as she could, and when I went to see her she was able to sit up, though her face bore marks of the pain she had endured. Her husband was so grateful for what had been done that he gave the Bible-woman a *chadar* (pronounced chudder) and two rupees. We said that we never took gifts of money, and that we would rather they would not even give the *chadar*. However, evidently they would have been much offended had the things been declined, so we told them that the money would go into the Mission treasury.

I asked the Bible woman how she had found these people, and she said that when the woman was supposed to be dying, the husband had made enquires as to whether there were any people of Christian *caste* in Rutlam, for he knew the Christians were always ready to give help in times of trouble.

A sister of his wife had at one time been a patient in the Indore Hospital, and the memory of the kindness received there will never be forgotten.

Thakurani, as they call her, is decidedly an interesting woman, though she is just as sure that her religion is the best religion for her, and that Ram Chander is the pick of gods, as that the sun shines in the heavens. Thakurani is a Rajputani, whose husband took to himself a second, and much younger wife about a year ago. For some months the pair seemed to agree wonderfully, and at the time Mrs. Campbell introduced me to