

takable signs of the first stage or perhaps the advanced stage, sitting at the corners begging, showing hands and feet from which fingers and toes have dropped; scurvy cases, that dread disease supposed to develop in persons deprived of vegetable diet and dependent on salt meat, developed to the most intense form in those who have never seen salt meat or tasted meat of any kind, victims to a hot climate and a purely vegetable diet; the miserable beggar, or perhaps those who are not beggars, but who, like Lazarus, are full of sores from head to foot, undressed, uncared-for, and alive with worms. Take a glance down the two sides of the street and mark the naked infants on their hard stools, lying in the burning sun, left to fret their little lives away while the mothers are earning the daily pittance. Enter the doors of some of the homes and take a clearer view. Do you find the well-regulated homes of Christian lands? The honored father, teaching both by word and example the love and respect due to that mother who has borne all, sacrificed all, suffered all for them; the children clustering around the mother's knee pouring their tales of joy and sorrow into their ears, or watching with longing eyes for the return of father? No; there is nothing in their religion to sweeten life or elevate the human family. It degrades women with an infinite degradation, dwarfs their intellects, so that women of twenty or thirty are but as children of eight or ten. Deprived of every comfort, regarded as mere cattle, the property of their husband, bought and sold as other merchandise, till all the worst passions of the human nature are stimulated and developed, here envy, jealousy, hate, and revenge run to such an extent, that I have often been begged and offered money if I would take away the life of some objects of their loathing. Contrast the condition of their sick with those of our Christian homes. The tender hand of love and sympathy never cools their fevered brow, the

foot-fall is never hushed to lessen their suffering, no anxious mother or sister ever places a dish before them to tempt their appetite, no skilful doctor or nurse is called to administer to their wants. Supposed to be possessed of some evil spirit, they are objects to be dreaded, and every possible cruelty must be resorted to that it may be expelled. Placed in the darkest, dirtiest room of the house, without light or ventilation, their bed the most filthy of rags, deprived of food and water, often for days they are forced to inhale the fumes of charcoal, given off from a smouldering pot, which is always placed by their bed, and are subject to burning from hot irons and many other cruelties to expel this spirit. A few examples in my experience will illustrate their condition.

You will first visit with me the home of a Muhammadan Molvi, a teacher of the Muhammadan religion, and one of the best homes, one where both wife and children are loved by the husband and father.

On a bed lies a little child of three, unconscious, a true case of infantile ecampsia (convulsions due to disease of the cerebro-spinal system). The father and two brothers are seated, native-fashion, on the bed at her head, the mother, sister, and two or three female friends on the bed at her feet, all so close as to prevent the possibility of air of any kind reaching her. As we enter, a barber has just finished shaving the hair from the head just over the frontal sinus (the place where the brain can be seen pulsate in an infant's head, and is called by the natives of India "the door to the brain"), and a Muhammadan doctor lifts a red-hot piece of iron from the fire and presses it to the exposed part, destroying the tissues to the skull, and to my cry of horror and dismay the father, in an agony of sorrow, answers: "Oh, Miss Sahib, for many days that door was open, and an evil spirit entered there and must be destroyed, or our child will die."

An old blind woman was left on my