

posit his prayers—actually deposit it—for the prayers are written out on bits of paper and handed to the image.

Poverty.—Dominga is our scrub-woman here in Colombia—a tiny creature, under twenty years of age, mother of two wretched babies, the elder of them smaller than my two-year-old son. She thinks he is four years old. These poor women have little idea of age. When I asked her how old the baby was, she replied—"A lady told me in July that he was nine months old. In what month are we now!" Dominga wears a short ragged skirt, a scrap of a blouse, and a tattered shawl. She comes to the College one day each week, to scrub floors. One day she brought both children, each clothed in a single short ragged garment,—and my boy was dressed in several thicknesses of wool. The children were ill, she said, and she could not leave them alone. Then I learned, for the first time, that she shut these two babies in a dark, damp room twelve feet square (her only home, for which she pays nearly half her monthly earnings)—shut them up entirely alone, from seven a.m. until six-thirty p.m.

One day the little woman crawled to the College, very ill. She was afraid that she was going to die, she said, and she had no one with whom to leave her children. Then she told me her story. Her mother had died when Dominga was five, and the child had earned a poor existence ever since. The father of her children deserted her before the second one was born, and she has never seen him since. There is no law to force him to help support the children, were he to come back, for, like more than half the women of Colombia, Dominga was never married. On this day of which I speak, she was in high fever. After giving her advice, and directions to a doctor, it occurred to me to ask when she had eaten last. "Wednesday, here at your house," she replied; and this was Sunday afternoon! Then she broke down and cried, saying that it was not so bad to suffer from hunger, but it was terrible to hear the babies cry all night for food. This occurred in December, when most well-to-do families of the city are out in the country for their summer vacation, and there is very little work for the laboring class. Dominga

said that all the families for which she had scrubbed were out of the city, and the twenty cents a week, that I paid her, comprised her living and that of her children! Another afternoon I found her weeping bitterly, and inquiring the cause. "The little baby coughs all night and takes no food. So to-day I left the upper half of the door open (there are no windows in these houses), to let the sun shine into our room. But see how it is pouring rain and no one to shut the door. Both babies will be soaking wet, and our bed all wet to-night." Dominga is but one among thousands in this poor land. I could paint you many pictures equally heart-rending, and all true.

A GLIMPSE OF SCHOOL AND HOME.

Extracts from a letter written by Miss Corning in Akidu.

"I am trying to fill Miss Robinson's place while she is on furlough, and it is quite a place to fill, as you will know if you are at all acquainted with Miss Robinson. I find myself busy from early till late, for although it is May, and the "hot season" on, school is going on as usual. We will not close till June 15th. The only difference we have made is, we open at 7.00 instead of 7.30, and close at 10.30 instead of 11.00, and from 3 to 5.30, instead of 2 to 4.30. I have a Bible class after hours, so my class work goes on till 6.30 three nights every week.

I sent the letter enclosed by you on to P. Ratnamma by mail. She is one of the girls who had berri-berri last term, and though she lived through it and is getting better, she is still not able to return to school. The strength of her limbs returns very slowly, but they hope she will be able to come back next term. She will be delighted with the letter. Quite a supply of calendars came, so we were able to give each of the forty workers one, when they came in for their Bible exams. They were so delighted with them, and of course they are very helpful in their work.

You refer to the condition of the boys' dormitory. I do wish you could see the buildings used for the work here! You would wonder how anything could be done. The doors and windows were taken out of the old building weeks ago to use in a house Mr. Chute was building for the pastor.

A good deal of the walls fell in after the windows and doors were removed