

confidence. Imagine our joy to hear these words! She gradually sank and was never so bright again, though as long as we remained, she continued to express faith in Jesus and a readiness to go to Him. Sometimes when we spoke of Him she would clasp her hands in an act of worship. Once, fearing she was worshipping me or the lantern, I asked her why she had clasped her hands. "To Jesus Christ! To Jesus Christ!" she explained.

The other day we went to her burial. The humanity of it all seemed to impress the neighbors and we hope the good influence may remain. We could but marvel at the simplicity and compassion of the Saviour in thus revealing Himself to and comforting this poor old creature. Oh, for more of His spirit!

How different are the tender mercies of Hinduism, which would have left the old woman to die a comfortless and hopeless death. We were amazed at the indifference of the old woman's neighbors and relatives. It was only the prospect of reward that secured her what poor attention she did receive. Once we went and found her lying out on the ground in the blazing sun; again and again she was left out all night in the chilly night air, and after her death we saw where her poor back had been blistered from too close contact with the fire which had been put under her bed to keep her warm. We have found her with her tongue parched with thirst, and no one to moisten it, though the neighbors were sitting idly by. And yet with all my enlightenment, I, too, must plead guilty to having often neglected opportunities of ministering to the suffering about me.

It was during our tour in those parts that a young mother was gagged and strangled by her mother-in-law. We saw her corpse being carried to the burning-ground after the post-mortem examination.

In another village, which we visit, a woman in confinement exhibited symptoms (probably delirium), which the relatives attributed to devils' possession, to cure which she was beaten with brooms and shoes. She died as a result.

I might go on to tell what we saw of the suffering of children, as the result of the ignorance and superstition of their Hindu parents. One that had been a bonny baby was suffering from a terribly inflamed eye. The juice of a plant, which had been applied to its little stomach in dozens of places with blistering effect, had been accidentally dropped into its eye! Imagine it! Its little head was covered with the dirtiest, most matted locks of hair (vowed to some god), except in two or three quite bald spots, where evidently great sores had been. It wore upon its little body different kinds of charms, but we could not persuade its relatives to take it to a good hospital only three miles away! What a pitiable looking little object was this little victim of popular Hinduism.

In another home, where we had visited before, we found a formerly bright, healthy-looking little girl just recovering from a long illness, during all of which she had never been bathed and the dirt was thick upon her poor, skinny body. How we did coax the mother and aunt to give her a bath, which they promised to do, but never did, as we found when we called again. They feared the bath might not agree with the treatment of the native doctor, to whom they had paid a considerable sum of money. They could have prevented her taking cold from the removal of such a thick coat by oiling her body. We thought of the daily baths which had helped to make us so comfortable during long illnesses, and tried to imagine how this child would feel after a good bath, having been denied one for so long.

On this tour I enjoyed the companion-