

(obviously the Drs. Neve of the C.M.S. known to all) when on holiday go up this mountain and that mountain and then write red lines on the maps, but they are not proper roads, there is much difficulty that way." It is true indeed; the whole way is characteristic of the spiritual life, the precipitous, stony mountain sides, the easy paths through sheltered forests; rivers, some bridged, others to be waded through; the march up the frozen river; the scramble across the moraines with barely a foothold; and yet, beauty all around, the majesty of the great towering snow-capped peaks, the glaciers, "lake water lapping"; and ever along the road the delightful companionship of friends, flowers and birds. I thought too of the many missionaries who have marked the red lines of the difficult path for some poor soul who is struggling out of heathen darkness. We who have had the privilege of being born Christians can never understand that struggle.

The Hindu endures inconceivable physical discomforts and hardships, the sadhu with perhaps only one blanket, or ash-besprinkled, lies by the dying embers of a camp fire all night. Wealthy Hindus, hoping to attain their most longed-for earthly wish, engaged baggage coolies (carriers), journey on foot or ponies, or in dandies (carrying chair), their wives too are carried up by relays of coolies the whole way. Some unable to climb the last steep bit, stop short a mile or two of the Cave, but feel their goal is reached by the mere sight of it. Yet, very few, if any, can tell what spiritual benefit is derived, answers are vague:—"we go to worship," "we obtain merit."

As we stood inside the Cave and sang "All the earth doth worship Thee—the heavens and all the Powers therein" came the thought of the 9,000 odd souls who had blindly sought Something at Amar Nath this year. The Sanscrit lines ever recur to me on the Himalayas:—

"If I tried for a thousand ages of the gods, I could not tell thee the glories of Himachal,

"As the dew is dried up by the sun in the morning, so are the sins of mankind by the sight of thee, O Himachal."

The great Heights and Silences cannot but draw the being nearer his Creator and Saviour, the Hindu seeks It blindly; would that there were an outpouring of the Holy Spirit to grant him a revelation of the True Lord of Life.

DELHI.

A CHILD WELFARE CENTRE.

By MRS. ORR.

One hears much just now of Child Welfare Schemes and Welfare Centres and reports seem to indicate that they are all in an equally flourishing and well-established condition—a fact liable to depress those who know their own Centre has dignity only in name.

Ours is one of the Centres that sometimes is and sometimes isn't and leads one to wonder at intervals, if it justifies all the efforts put into it. The lay of a well-kept *and* well-filled register and of regularly weighed babies is

still far off and yet though its attenders are varied and far from regular it does reach the poorer and more ignorant Hindu and Mohammedan women, who need its teaching so much, though they would be the last to acknowledge the fact. Such primitive Centres can really be of untold value and are well worth the work they involve even though that seem out of all proportion to the return.

Each class day one is reminded forcibly of the wedding-feast. The school "bulane wali" (for the Centre is conducted in the precincts of a good-going girls' school) having found that this one is cooking, that one has fever, the next is too "busy" and another too lazy and still more are visiting mothers-in-law and sisters-consins-aunts, goes out into the roads, and bye ways to see whom she can seize. We always have a nucleus of former school-girls (one or two) and near neighbours who perhaps come as much to see that our advice is sound as to learn for themselves, and they are supplemented by a reluctant mother or two on her way home from the bazaar, the tail-end of a wedding procession or a few curious passers-by. Still it is always worthwhile talking to an audience of 15-25 women no matter how they are come by!

They show wonderful patience and even interest over the short lectures culled from the Welfare Scheme pamphlets such as "The care of the mother and child," "The preparation of the lying-in room," and "the training of the child." But they always look incredulous when told, for instance, that our baby was fed only every four hours no matter how he howled between times and that he slept all night (mostly). Such modern facts filter in very slowly. Their interest and enthusiasm is really roused over the practical demonstrations. We have never yet ventured to wash a baby before them as the class has been held in the late afternoons of the cold weather in an open courtyard and we feared the results of such a lesson but that will come in time when the days are warmer or the class more established! The changing of bed clothes under an unconscious patient caused much amusement as also artificial respiration. The making of "alsi" poultices, preparing of a palatable dose of castor-oil or cooking of "ata" porridge were also much enjoyed though some frankly confessed that it was really too much trouble for them to make separate food for the children after they were wearied. One can't make these practical lessons too simple, many such as are recommended in Dr. Gertrude Campbell's excellent book are much beyond the skill and intelligence of our audience and would scare them as yet. One drawback of our Centre is that it is so far from the Women's Hospital, where distances are great it seems advisable these early beginnings should be near a dispensary or in the hospital itself for the women will always expect treatment for any type of ailment and take long to learn the exclusive nature of the Centre. They don't understand when one explains at first and one is liable to lose possible members. For purdah clubs or more educated audiences this arrangement may be less necessary.

I have just heard of one Centre that never meets at all! The lady in charge finds a common meeting ground impossible—so and so isn't allowed to enter

some one else's house, etc., so the Centre is conducted by house to house visiting, prescribing for sickly mothers and babies, occasional weighing of the baby (where the mother is venturesome) and short talks.

This can well be carried out especially where the purdah system is strong and the ultimate good is great even though an actual organised Centre is never started.

One can get endless entertainment and encouragement from these small indeterminate classes and in our days of decrepit old age and a scanty pension, we may yet hear of them as flourishing Welfare Centres in full swing.

NEW MEMBERS.

No.	NAME.	ADDRESS.	TRAINING SCHOOL.
1.	Miss Belle Shryock ..	61, Abbott Road, Lucknow, U.P.	Battle Creek, Michigan, U. S. A.
2.	Miss Grace Elizabeth Swain.	Lonand, M. S. M. Ry., Satara District.	Brisbane Training School for Nurses.
3.	Miss Ida Maud Richardson.	22, Tombs Road, Lucknow, U.P.	Sassoon Hospital, Poona.
4.	Miss Louise Mae Jonte ..	Crawford Hospital, Vikara- bad, Deccan.	Bethany Methodist Hos- pital, Kansas City, Kansas, U. S. A.
5.	Miss Ileene Maude Minas.	Nursing Sisters' Quarters, 157, Middle Row, Meerut, U.P.	Mayo and Albert, Victor Hospital, Lahore, Punjab.
6.	Mrs. Ezekiel	Carlisle Chambers, Apollo Bander, Bombay.	Poplar Hospital, London.
7.	Miss Angela Rehonikel ..	Ambur, North Arcot District.	St. John's Hospital, Red String Mission, Minneao- polis, U. S. A.
8.	Miss Walters	Civil Hospital, Karachi ..	Re-elected.
9.	Miss Knapp	Chief Lady Superintendent, Army Headquarters, Q. A. M. N. S., Simla.	
10.	Miss Etta Herold ..	Krishnagiri Salem Dis- trict.	Milwaukee Hospital, Mil- waukee, Wisc., U. S. A.
11.	Mrs. Helen Bazalgette ..	15, Wellesley Mansions, Wellesley Street, Calcutta	Stobhill Hospital, Glasgow, Scotland.