

spreading until whole families shall acknowledge Christ as their Saviour, and shall in turn become centres of light in this land of heathen darkness.

We visited two other houses that afternoon, but my letter is already too lengthy, so I shall not write about them just now. The families in which I was most interested are those I have told you of. I hope before very long to spend another day with Miss Rodger in visiting some of the zenanas in the City Bazaar, and shall be glad to tell you something about them in another letter.

I am, yours very sincerely,

M. C. WILSON.

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EXTRACTS FROM MISS MCGREGOR'S LETTER.

INDORE, Sept. 19th, 1885.

MY DEAR MRS. HARVIE,—

I was thinking this evening that it will soon be eight years since I left Canada, and it scarcely seems possible that such is the case, so quickly has the time fled, passed like a dream. I hope I have accomplished a little, but I feel sorrowful when I think how much there is to be done, and, alas! how feeble the instrumentality. There is no need for discouragement, however; quite the contrary as to educational matters.

Medical work amongst women is the topic which receives most attention in public, and Lady Dufferin is doing her best to promote the good cause. She has even taken up the study of the language, which is rarely done by ladies in her position. Miss Beatty has had a letter from her, inquiring as to her scheme of work, etc.

Remarriage of widows and their social condition is also exciting attention, and as I have some personal experience in dealing with these unfortunates, I may tell you something about them. Five widows in all have been taught and trained sufficiently to take the places of assistant teachers. One thing I have observed in every case; that is, the hunted, down-trodden look which every one of these poor creatures wears when she first comes to school, and which gradually gives place to a brighter expression when she finds that she is of some use. I remarked the same look of woe in the face of one who came a