

visiting these villages simply once a year, and, one wonders if the villagers grasp even a little of the truth, and yet, He who said "My word shall not return unto me void," can water and cause to grow even the smallest and weakest seed, and so we leave it in His hands.

New Duties.

FROM MISS WHITE.

Indore, January 7, 1897.

Christmas has come and gone, and here we are on the threshold of another year. I need not say much about our annual Sabbath School prize distribution, for doubtless you will have heard ere this. All the Sabbath Schools of Indore met in the College on Christmas morning; 859 received cards and sweetmeats as they passed out, but it is calculated about a thousand persons in all came together to hear the old, old Christmas story. It was cheering, and we felt glad and grateful to the loving Father who had made it possible to bring so many together.

Yesterday a little company of us were listening to another story: Jesus' love for little children, for He had taken to Himself the little one-year-old daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Smith, and we came together to see her laid to rest in Mhow cemetery. Dr. and Mrs. Smith have had a sad beginning of life in India, for they only arrived about three weeks ago. Baby was ill with pneumonia a week before they landed and lingered on till early yesterday morning. Our hearts go out in loving sympathy to the bereaved ones. This is their third little grave. "Their graves are scattered far and wide." One lies in China, another in Japan, and the new-made grave is in India.

The weather has been very cold lately, but the last few days have been warmer; the changes are so sudden and the difference between the heat of day and cold at night is great. We had heavy rain lately, which, we trust, came in time to save some of the crops. The famine is not severely felt here, but in Rajputana and other parts of the country it is causing a deal of misery. Of course living is much more expensive all over the land, and so we know there is a famine.

I hear more about these matters now through visiting the zenanas. I handed over the boarding school to Miss Sinclair soon after her return to Indore, and am now visiting the zenanas in the camp. They are mostly Mohammedan houses, opened first by Miss Roger (where her memory is yet kindly cherished), and afterwards worked by a Bible-woman, supported for a time by the Purab Ki Tara. I have been kindly received so far, and