

only follow them with prayer that the Holy Spirit will continue to water the seed in their hearts. Since then there have been several in-patients, who have heard with gladness and acknowledged their belief in Christ the Son of God. With some it may be only the quick springing up of seed, which has fallen on stony ground, only to wither and die; but may we not believe that God is answering our prayer and bringing to us those whose hearts He is preparing to receive His Word.

Yesterday, when going through the city, I turned aside to see an old patient whom I had not visited for months. She is a cripple, deserted by her husband, but kindly cared for by two brothers. The brothers were both in at the time of my visit, and asked that their sister, who reads Urdu, be visited regularly to have the Bible explained to her. They are Borahs, the most bigoted sect of the Mahomedans, and this is the first time I have been asked to teach the Bible in a Borah house, though they seldom object to our speaking of Christ. Usually the men in Borah households have the women instructed to ask, in derision, questions concerning the birth of Christ, but these two brothers' questions yesterday were all about His death and resurrection, and asked in the most respectful manner. Another Borah woman, who has been for some time attending the city dispensary, is also interested in Christ. "The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth, so is everyone that is born of the Spirit."

August 6th.

We had a wedding here yesterday, Nurie, one of the girls in the boarding school, being the bride, and one of Mr. Wilkie's teachers the groom, a fine young fellow. Both were dressed in pure white, and they did look so nice. According to custom among the native Christians, the happy pair are out to-day making calls on all their friends. Miss McKellar has just told me that she met them and that the bride was not walking a step behind—as is still too often to be seen even among the Christians—but quite alongside, and the groom seemed to have such a happy protecting air about him. It is quite a love match and all just as it should be. The way in which Mr. Johory looks up to his wife has a great influence upon all our Christian people.

We heard yesterday that Mr. Russell had baptized a young policeman last Sabbath in Dhar, and that the young man made a wonderfully brave confession, amid the taunts and jeers of all his comrades. It is cheering to them to see so soon some fruit of their labors.

I rather dread looking into next year after Miss McKellar goes and no doctor coming to take her place, but "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," so I must not begin to carry burdens unnecessarily.

The Story of Khusali.

FROM MRS. WILKIE.

Indore, August 3, 1896.

About a year ago a little street waif called Khushali, was taken up by some of our Mang Christians, and after being with them for some weeks she was put into Mrs. Johory's Home. At first she was hard to manage,