

Then there were the seething pits of boiling mud, with their unknown depths, some of them fearful to look into.

We met some very fine people during our tour, and shall not soon forget our visit to New Zealand.

We spent the greater part of three weeks with dear Mrs. Geddies and Miss Geddies, and happy weeks they were. Mrs. Geddies is quite active and does much good among the poor of Melbourne."

NOTES FROM THE BHIL COUNTRY.

By Rev. Dr. Buchanan.

From private letters to Mrs. Buchanan the Record has been kindly permitted to make some extracts.

Amkhut, 5 May, 1898.

The tent has been simply like an oven. The leaves are off the trees, so that there is no shade, and no wind gets to us behind these hills; so that with the sun of the hottest part of the season beating straight down on the tents and not a roof for shelter, only the cloth of the tent, you can imagine something of the heat while the midday hours last. The thermometer from 115 to 130 degrees in the tent.

So far as the building work is concerned I might without injury to it go to some cooler place for a little till the hottest of the season is past, but we are laying foundations here more important and more lasting than brick and stone; the foundation of the Kingdom of God in the Bhil country; and as we are just now having special dealings by God among the people, I feel that when He works, that is a sign for me also to be busy.

To-day, Nahilo, of whom I wrote you, and his wife came for medicine. The poor mother is afflicted with that terrible disease leprosy.

They came where we were working at the building. I was on the roof. He seemed at first ashamed to say he had come for medicine. He said he would work too. He did not know that I knew about his diseased family, that I had been praying for him and expecting to see him come along.

He told me very timidly what he wanted. I took him to the tent, sat down with them in the shade, and asked about the woman's history. Then I told them of the work the blessed Saviour came to do, how He lived and died for me and for them; and how He now stands and says to those in this world of sin and trouble and sickness and death, "Come unto me." Their hearts were evidently touched by the Spirit of God.

When the ointment was being applied they told me about Kalaya, their son, who also had something of the disease.

"Bring him over to me," I said, and every one of the family; to any that have any marks, we will give medicine that the disease may be checked; and to those that have not any sign of the dread disease, we will try, by the blessing of God, to prevent their getting it."

Our Buru, who lives in Qua, a settlement very near here, and who has worked with us a good deal, is deeply interested. He spoke to me a few days ago about his mother, who cannot see.

I thought it might be cataract and told him to bring her along. Well, they came, a whole family of them; the old grandmother, father and mother, and the children. I looked at the old lady's eye and how grieved I was to find complete loss of sight from that incurable glaucoma.

I told them all of the wondrous Saviour, and then, especially to the old Bheel mother, of the land where there is no darkness, "no night there." I said to her, "Mother, the great Father sees you in your loneliness and darkness and cares for you. Put your trust in Him and He will give you eyes to see when you get there."

This poor untaught mother Bheel said, "You are the only great father I know, and I come to you," I said, "I am only His poor servant."

I think I told you about Tungia, one of those living on the land given to the Mission, and who had been with us and about us almost ever since we came, and who has been so deeply interested. He was supposed to be too much inclined toward Christianity and suffered some persecution. Indeed it was repeated to me by a Bheel that he was to be killed during the "Holi" when the Bheels all get drunk.

For a while he seemed to keep a little more away from our meetings. But he has lately again been desirous of being ranked as one of the followers of Jesus Christ. God has been working with Him, and to-day we had the joy of baptizing him in the presence of others, as a professed follower of Christ, the first fruits of the Bheels from their native jungle.

I am not at all surprised, though thankful to God, that we have had one received so soon, for I have believed for it, and I believe there will be others very soon.

Nanko, the man who was bitten by the leopard, was present, and seemed much impressed. Three others profess to believe only in Jesus and you may hear of them and of others being received. Who would not gladly endure whatever there may be in our lot here, to gather in these gems to the Saviour's name.

God is working here. I see it everywhere and in all things. I often wonder what He will do next. As I said to one or two here to-day, "If we only work with God, following his guidance, there will be a great ingathering here."