

wish all of you who love Jesus to hold up your hands." No sooner were the words out of my lips than over a dozen little hands went up as high as their owners could raise them. I then asked one dear little fellow who had both his hands up, why he loved Jesus? and at once he replied, "Nalaken i nignumat" (Because He died for me.)

Thursday and Friday are very much a repetition of Monday and Tuesday, with the addition of Geography.

This year our natives

GAVE A CONTRIBUTION

to the Foreign Mission, and, I think, without exception all these children gave something. Those who had nothing to give went out on the reef searching for shells, or if too young to go themselves, got their mothers to go for them. The shells they brought to sell, and it was worth the 3d. or 6d. they received for them, to see how delighted the poor little things were, as they ran home to show it.

I would like to tell you before closing about Mrs. Mackenzie's class, children of some of the nearest settlers. When they first came we could scarcely understand their broken English, and so it was very tiresome work teaching them. Then they knew almost nothing. They could not tell who made them. Now, however, they can read and write nicely, and can answer Scripture questions very satisfactorily.— But my letter is getting too long, so I must close with very kind regards to you all. Yours sincerely,

J. W. MACKENZIE.

India.

LETTER FROM MRS. DR. BUCHANAN.

TO THE HEART AND HAND MISSION BAND,  
RIVERTON, N. S.

INDORE, CENTRAL INDIA,

December 6, 1889.

Dear Sisters.— When I bade you farewell I hoped very shortly to write you, as a band, but the time has flown and no letter has been written.

I hoped to write on the water but was unable, however, Dr. Buchanan kindly wrote then for me. I have written to and heard from individual members of the Band frequently, and so am fairly posted as to your doings. I have heard again and again and always with thankfulness to God that we are never forgotten in your prayers. Were it not that we know many, many at home are praying for us I fear we would sometimes almost despair—but that remembrance upholds us and not only the remembrance for we feel often that we are being blessed in direct answer to the prayers ascending at home and gladness and renewed hope come.

I often think of little Freddie Mackay's question when I was telling him of the people in India.

"AIN'T YOU AFRAID THEY WILL MAKE YOU FORGET GOD?"

I did not fear it then but had I known as much as I now do I would not have answered him as I did "No Freddie." We need to fear, and well for us if our fear drives us from ourselves closer to God, for only there are we safe.

Oh! Girls you little know what it is to live in the midst of heathenism, surrounded by those who know not God. How we often long for christian friends and home.

Yet there is

ANOTHER SIDE TO THE PICTURE

and I can say from my very heart that the joy and gladness that I have felt, experienced when it has been our privilege to tell "The Story of the Cross," has far more than made up for all the sadness. That the thought of what my Saviour has done for me and the glad message we have to make known to these poor people fills us with joy unspeakable.

THIS MORNING

my Bible lesson was the first chapter of Romans, and I was much impressed by the 14th verse. "I am debtor both to the Greeks and the Barbarians, both to the wise and the unwise." Truly we are debtors to all and under obligations be-