

## LETTER FROM MISS SINCLAIR.

INDORE, Central India, Aug. 31, 1892.

**M**Y DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS—Long before I ever thought of being a missionary I used to read the CHILDREN'S RECORD. Perhaps some of you who are reading this will one day leave your happy Canadian home to teach the children who are now surrounded by the evils of heathenism, that Jesus, the Light of the Word, is still saying, as when He was on earth, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

Not long ago the Secretary of the Indian Sunday School Union visited us. He spoke to the children—a hundred or more, bright, wide-awake little girls—telling them how glad he was to see them, and asking them if Jesus cared to have little girls love Him. Immediately a child arose and for answer repeated the text I have written.

Their knowledge of the New Testament especially, and their eagerness to answer, often astonishes me. We teach the Bible every day to these children who are heathen in name, but many of whom we believe are truly Christ's jewels. We do not need to offer prizes and rewards to get them to Sunday School.

Just now, not only in our own little corner of this great field, but throughout all India, the doors are very wide open, and opportunities are abundant for reaching, especially the little ones. Will you not do all you can to send them the truth? You can pray that the seed sown, which is the Word of God, may be a lamp to the children's feet and a light to their path, to guide them to the Kingdom of God.

One dear little girl was taken out of school this year because she openly said that she loved Jesus and would not worship idols or take part in heathen ceremonies. She asked me for a Testament, which I gave her; then she used to come early to school and sit quietly reading the Old Testament. I seldom see her now, but often send her books and papers.

You will like to know something of the Christian Girls' Boarding School too. This work is very different from the work for heathen girls, for we have these Christian girls with us, not for a few hours daily, but all the time—in fact we must be mother to them all. This work is growing, and now there are twenty to be taught and trained to serve the Master. Some of them are orphans of Christian parents, the most of them have Christian parents living, and a few of them were born heathen and surrounded by all sorts of evil until coming to us.

Last March we were asked to take in three Hindu orphan sisters from a city some distance from here. The English official assured us they had no friends who might at a future time appear to claim them. On a hot day in April they reached Indore in charge of a guard. It turned out that he had been very unkind to them, and had nearly starved them on the way here. Their ages were about four, seven and nine years respectively. The seven-year-old one was almost immediately taken ill, and it was soon seen that she had cholera. She suffered terribly, but in less than fifteen hours after reaching Indore her little body was laid in the grave. The eldest one is learning nicely, and last Saturday was able to repeat the Ten Commandments without a mistake.

The Boarding School adjoins our bungalow, and this morning I went through the school-room early. It was empty save for the wee four-year-old bairn. She was sitting with slate and pencil, and seemed too busy to notice my coming. What do you think she had on her slate? A great big sum in long division!—a very small divisor and a very big quotient, and all made up, not of figures, but of queer little strokes and dots, for she can not make figures, but had seen that the larger girls did work of this sort, and she intended to make some marks that looked like a sum. When I asked her if she understood it all she smiled and innocently said: "Yes, Miss Sahib."

I hope THE CHILDREN'S RECORD will not change its name.

Yours sincerely,

J. V. SINCLAIR.