

Mutch, Best, and others, with whose happy speeches the company were highly entertained. The intervals between the speeches were enlivened by vocal and instrumental music. All went away highly satisfied with both the mental and physical feast they had enjoyed. The sum of twenty-one dollars was realized, which was added to the building fund of the church. "VOX POPULI."

A CHILD'S HYMN.

With reverence let us sing
A song of holy love,
To Him who is our king,
And great High Priest above.

We humbly thank thee, Lord,
Thou tender guide of youth,
We praise Thee for Thy word,
Thy love, Thy care, and truth.

O may we fear Thy name,
And learn Thy holy ways,
Shield us from guilt and shame,
And bless our early days.

Rare gifts the wise men brought,
Of incense, myrrh, and gold,
When once the child they sought,
Of whom the prophets told.

For offering at His throne
What regal gift have we;
The earth is all His own,
Its wealth of land and sea.

We hear His voice divine,
Give me thy heart, He says,
I gave my life for thine,
I ask thy love and praise.

Alas! we have, to give,
But wayward hearts to Thee;
'Tis mercy bids us live,
Thy mercy vast and free.

Might we but kiss His feet
As Mary did of old,
Who mingled perfumes sweet,
With tears of love untold.

Jesus, our Lord divine,
We fain would follow Thee.
O make us wholly Thine,
Unworthy though we be.

Glasgow, Oct. 16th, 1878.

C. C. A. F.

MISSIONARY NEWS—CENTRAL INDIA.

[The following is an extract from a private letter dated Indore, Central India, 11th September, 1878.]

It is now nearly two years since we left our beloved Canada and all its dear Christian people. My life has been doubled by coming here. In India we really began life anew, and take in the knowledge of this strange place and people as children do. When we look back over the time, it seems literally packed full of new experiences, and it is much easier to talk about them than to write about them.

This we have found—it is no child's play to organize a new mission in the centre of these "native States." There have been, and there are still, difficulties that few of my fellow helpmates understand, and of which the Church is not likely to know. Many have arisen from the general attitude of the Imperial Government to all religious work in India, and more especially the attitude of the Local Government in these Native States. Our trials do not come from native authorities, but from our British representatives, who, though polite and often kind personally, are by no means friendly to our work.

Our work among the native people is full of interest. It is largely here among the upper classes, and our influence is daily increasing. Although we may not have many converts from this class, yet their friendship gives us an open door to the masses. I have never yet had an unkind word spoken to me by any of the people. We never assault their faith, but try always to lift them up just where we find them with the blessed truth of Christ's glorious kingdom. We leave the light to dispel the darkness. We have entered the Royal Mander, or Temple, with its four hundred and fifty Brahmin priests, have spoken to them of the Living God and of Him who is the only true way back to His friendship and love, and presented them with copies of our gospel tracts in their own language. A strange audience this! All of them nearly naked, their bodies disfigured with whitewash and yellow paint, and long hair (never cut), besmeared with the ashes of the dead—an apparent Pandemonium! Mentally—superstitious, excitable, strongly devotional, and

capable of appreciating the nicest shades of thought. Were the Hindoos once to embrace Christianity, they would be the most devotional people on the face of the earth. They naturally are polite and clever, most patient in execution, *marvellous* in patience.

We have much work on hand, and are fully occupied. Our two converts are at present at Allahabad, and give their whole time to the study of religious books under the care of the Rev. J. F. Holcomb, a Presbyterian missionary. We hope they may be able to return to us in a few months. We do not think it safe either for themselves or the mission at present. We have some more interesting men who are reading and getting instruction as they have opportunity.

On the 20th of June we opened a "Christian Girls' Industrial School and Orphanage." It seems to flourish. We have six children, and one woman who was lately sent us from Daloda by an English engineer for religious instruction. He pays her board. Our two Bible women live with them and are all under the care of Miss Fairweather, whose house joins theirs, just opposite my office. We could get more children, but funds will not allow. Those we have are learning fast. We have service every Thursday night, and on Sunday Sabbath School and Vernacular, and English service. My catechist is employed daily in the city, the camp, the bazaar, and in the neighboring villages.

During my "office hours" I have opportunity of reading and conversing with many who call to see me. Then we keep the Press going, having the services of two printers. One of these is an experienced man, and the other was taught by us personally. In four months we have circulated in this city about 120,000 copies of Bible tracts in Hindi. We cannot meet the demands, the people are so eager to get them. This week we have received and set up a fine new Press from London, England, large enough for all "book-work," should we require it. It will doubtless prove a great source of strength to the mission if rightly used. We are much encouraged in this work.

Although India is not a country we would live in from choice—for it is a trying climate at best, and this year has been a sickly one—I am persuaded that nowhere in Canada could I exercise such an influence for good as here, and nowhere else will a man find such scope for any gifts he may possess. Cholera has never been out of this city and cantonment since the hot weather set in. It cut off several European soldiers who attended our English services. The detachment was much discouraged, and finally has been removed. We went out and in among them, and escaped with only a sharp attack of dysentery, which weakened me not a little. Mr. Campbell is not at all strong, and is going off for a change. The rest of the mission party are well. My boys are flourishing and looking well. Personally we have little society, but abundance of work makes the time pass quickly.

JAMES DOUGLAS.

[The Secretary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society (Western Section) has handed us the following letter for publication.]

MY DEAR MRS. HARVIE,—I am glad to hear such good accounts of the increasing interest in Missions and Missionaries as you give me, and hope that the work in our great field here may be worthy every kindness you bestow upon it. For two weeks past I have been feeling better, and hope now at least all danger is past, though I am still far from strong. When a human being is looking in your face, and listening to the old, old story as a little child, one forgets one's self, but the sun is not so thoughtless, and our lives testify most pointedly against it.

You ask, "Are the European residents helpful or otherwise to you in your mission work?" Except two families, all the European residents could see us and our mission back in Canada with the best of good will. We have been too successful with the native to be agreeable to the Europeans. Educationally they fear our setting up schools, and so getting an influence for strict integrity among the natives. Most of these men are here to make money, and are not the best in qualification to be procured in the world. They would like to see us away, dreading rivalry. Political fear baptisms, and their being brought to interfere as our protectors. They fear trouble, and naturally do not care to encourage our work, or see it succeed. The military as a class are not famous for piety, and shun us as the "Goody, goody people." There are noble exceptions in all these classes, but as a rule we must depend on

our internal resources for all pleasures and enjoyments. The natives receive us freely, truly and kindly at present, but the word Hindu virtually means traitor—not to be depended upon. They have been staunch friends to us so far, however, but political and government agents have a wonderful power, as they represent the British flag, and that completely overawes the Hindu.

To-day I have had a busy time: home letters to write, teaching to do, and native visitors. In the morning two native ladies came up from the city to see me, and before they left another came. She was laden with jewelry. Her nose jewel consisted of a pearl star of twenty-five pearls, all as large as a large pea, with a large emerald in the centre. Her jewelry would have bought out the Canadian mission easily. For the afternoon I had three native gentlemen from the Maharajah's palace. I will tell you of them. Last Sunday afternoon as I sat in my little sitting-room, two gentlemen walked in in a very business-like way, and then seemed very much puzzled to find me. They apologized and were retiring, when I invited them to sit down, and soon succeeded in knowing what they were looking for. You know I am living in a native house. They, it seems, were acquainted with the Parsi proprietor, and had come to visit him, not knowing of his removal. They now for the first time heard Jesus' name. They listened attentively, and after again apologizing and thanking me for my trouble, politely took their leave. I asked them to call again when inclined to hear more of the Christ-Saviour, which they promised to do. I gave each of them a booklet from that glorious little printing press. They carried it home, read it, and returned to-night to hear more, and asked for more books, saying that our Christian Shaster was made of pure words which their hearts loved." They had another man with them who had borrowed and read the booklet. They have gone home to-night rich in Christ's sermon on the mount and the story of Lazarus—may God bless it to them! On Sunday last my two large girls and myself gave away 1470 copies of Matthew xiii. in the city streets, many hundreds of them at the door of a great temple where the people carried them up with them and did pooja with the silent protests in their hands. It looked strange to see the light of God's Word entering that abode of darkness like a light from a torch streaming into a tomb. The work goes on. To-morrow we visit the wife of the Commander-in-chief of the Maharaja's forces, Sir Bahohi. He is the second man in the State. I have met him, but not his wife. The wife of one of the Court judges goes with us. We had a very pleasant visit last week from Sir Charles and Lady Staveley. They came three times to us and appeared much interested and pleased with our work. Lady Staveley sent me word of their approaching visit. She is a charming woman and a Christian lady. Sir Charles is Commander-in-Chief of the British forces here. They were in ecstasies over the "Toy Press," as they called it, and Sir Charles highly approved of Mr. Douglas's mode of work and the system in general.

Since I began this letter, news has reached us that Sir Henry Daley, has put the only available house in the Station for us beyond our reach. Well, perhaps the Lord took that method of securing better things for us. We will wait and see what he is going to do about it.

I have written very lengthily this time, and must now close. With kindest regards to your Society and yourself, I remain yours very sincerely,

Indore, Aug. 28th, 1878.

M. FAIRWEATHER.

It is wonderful what strength and boldness of purpose and energy of will come from the feeling that we are in the way of duty.—J. Foster.

EVERY promise of God rests on four pillars. His holiness and justice, which will not suffer Him to deceive; His grace and goodness, which will not suffer Him to forget; His truth, which will not suffer Him to change; and His power, which makes Him able to accomplish.—Salter.

THERE is scarcely a single individual of importance—king, statesman, or general of the empires—mentioned in the Bible, whose name has not been exhumed on the sculptures of the Valley of the Nile, or on the slabs and cylinders of the Tigris and the Euphrates, occurring exactly in the place where, and at the time when, in accordance with the Scripture narrative, we should expect to find him.