


Monday evening we had a good meeting of over 60 women, and *very* few Christians. Most had never heard of Christ. They were much interested, and I expect we shall hardly have room for them all next time. This afternoon we had thirteen children and five adults; of the former only four were Christians, and of the latter none. We are so longing and praying that God will draw many into the kingdom; they all appear so willing to hear.

In this house we have our one room upstairs (Mrs. Kome has also one), and we have to do everything for ourselves, the servant of the house just sweeps the room and washes up the dishes. Every night we make our own bed on the floor, in the morning rolling it up in a corner with a shawl over it. Miss Hamilton cooks and I am the housemaid. We can get beef, fish, eggs, milk and rice, but no bread. We brought enough to last one week and then we must make some. We are both exceedingly well and happy. God has been so good to us and we are delighting in real Mission work for Him amongst those who have *never* heard. We expect to stay here two or three weeks then go to Fuchin thirteen miles from here, for the same time.

INDIA.

FROM MISS A. SHARP, AMRITSAR, ST. CATHERINE'S HOSPITAL,
JULY, 1883.

 HE exigencies of a missionary's life do not leave one much time for correspondence, but a short absence at the hills is good for making up arrears in this respect, where one is free from the torments of prickly heat and flying dust.

One thing I think we did not mention in our reports was the coming Confirmation, so may I ask your earnest prayers for those young in the faith that they may grasp with a firmer hand the grace so freely offered them and obtain the full outpouring of the spirit. All but two or three converts were present at Mr. Karney's Mission services, and heard his powerfully simple declaration and explanation of what the Holy Spirit can and will do for the receptive heart. That week was like a Pentecostal week in our woefully weak Church. We long for such another. Of the Christians under our immediate care, I suppose we shall have as candidates seven women and two young men and one elderly one. Among the former there will be three blind: a young widow and two girls. Will you specially pray for mercy upon one of the latter—such a bright girl as far as temper goes but she is not overburdened with brains, and sometimes we think she may be deficient, but perhaps it is her blindness combined with her rough country life which has not allowed her faculties to develop. I long for her to have the full outpouring of the Spirit, even if she may not be able to realize what a treasure she is receiving into her earthen vessel. Who knows what may

follow? She developed wonderfully after her baptism last year, having seemed more like an animal previous to that time. As I was passing through the Hospital Garden the other evening she called, "Miss Sahiba," (for she knows my footsteps quite well). "Well?" said I, as she ran, or rather shuffled after me. "Do you know there is a patient who says that if she gets well she will become a Christian?" I did not want to repress her excitement, but said, patting her on the back, "Do you know they say this just to please us, but they cannot make themselves Christians, can they?" She looked thoughtful for her, and answered "No." Then I continued, "It is only God's grace that can change the heart, you must pray for that." By this time the other blind girl, Jeivan, had joined us with another convert, so I took the opportunity of reminding them that their daily walk and conversation might help to win a soul or might alienate it. They looked conscious, not having been very good girls for a day or two, and glad as I was to see the missionary Spirit in these poor sightless sheep of the flock, I was still more anxious that they should feel that a still more serious responsibility is attached to the faith they profess. All our Christians get daily teaching, but for some little time past we have begun to prepare them for Confirmation, that is, have given them additional instruction, and now we have received formal notice of Confirmation.

Of our little House of Mercy we have great hopes though it is but in its infancy. There are at present five, two sad to relate being Christians. One of these came in of her own accord, and has evidently never received any teaching. The other was sent from Scinde, and seems to have led a very bad life. Coming across such cases as these makes one return with double vigor to the building up of one's converts. Surely we are answerable to the Great Judge Eternal if our converts do not find their Bread of Life in Him, their shelter beneath the Great Rock, and their Clothing in the Garment of His Righteousness. In the House of Mercy there is quite a young girl who was much incensed at being placed with us. She was "going to the devil" as fast as she could. Her relations are Mohammedans, with the exception of an aunt who is our Christian Ayah, and who, I suppose, caused her to be brought, as they wished to save her from being disreputable. She looked so dirty and so disagreeable when she came. One day she had given a great deal of trouble, and our Ayah—very vexed at the Bari Miss Sahiba being so much troubled—took upon herself to give her niece a sound thrashing, which caused such howling that in my bedroom I thought one of these promising individuals must be trying to kill another. However, hearing Miss Hewlett's voice there I was reassured. The aunt seemed to have digested the truth "spare the rod, spoil the child," for from that day the girl improved, and now instead of meeting a scowling dirty face when you go in, a bright smile greets you accompanied by a "salaam." Such a