

## Our Foreign Missions.

Rev. Dr. J. Frazer Campbell, of Rutlam, India, sends us some famine photos. In their ghastliness they are almost too horrible to reproduce. But what must it be to walk in the midst of such scenes day after day, and hear besides the piteous wail for food and drink Dr. Campbell writes. —

"The pull on one's sympathies, and the consequent nervous strain you will imagine; but the opportunity is priceless. Those who only pass through our hands, get a meal or two, and are then sent off to relief works, &c., may understand or remember merely that we people are merciful and kind, and probably that our religion has something to do with this. But those women and children who are received more permanently, even if it be only for a few months, and the few men who are kept for a time, hear more fully of Christ and the need which he meets. And we cannot doubt the result. Among those rescued from the last famine, God's work in answer to our prayers has given us great joy, and some of the women and older children are now immensely helpful in caring for the present ones. And doubtless it will be so again.

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### LETTER FROM DR. MARGARET O'HARA.

#### SORE FAMINE.

Dhar, Central India, 17th April, 1900.

Dear Mr. Scott.—You have not had much recently from India for the Record, but hearts here are too sore and fingers too busy to spend much time in writing. Such distress, suffering and sorrow as we see day after day.

I have just looked into my hospital register, and out of the last fifteen entries only four are now alive. When I tell you that since the first of March, about seven weeks, there have been one hundred and ninety-seven entrances for in-patients in this little hospital, you can have some idea of the condition of the people.

"Famine condition" is the usual disease. Cholera, too, has had its victims; and my hospital is very small in comparison with what the State is doing. They have an old ruin fitted up at the edge of a large tank. I was over there the other evening, and they had over five hundred patients — lepers, cholera, small-pox, and starvation, which is the most fatal of all. When the patients reach us they are so very weak and emaciated, and their mouths and throats so parched from thirst that they are unable to speak until they have had water, and very often they die after getting food.

It will be months yet before there will be

any alleviation of the distress. In two months more we hope the rains will come. The ground will then have to be prepared, seed sown, and a crop reaped before the people are any better off.

The oxen have died in large numbers, the workmen will be very weak, and the condition of Central India very different from what it was.

Canada does not seem to have realized the need of the people of India. Even our own church has been slow to believe the condition of things here. My prayer is that they may never, never have to witness the sights we see, and to hear the piteous wails for bread and water that reach us night and day.

This morning when I went to the Hospital a man was brought whose face was cut and bleeding, his side torn, and his leg scratched and ankle sprained. He had tried to climb a tree to get some of the leaves to eat, and in his weakness fell and was lying helplessly beneath the tree when found by one of our men.

Mortality seems to be higher among men than women, but again girls seem to die in larger numbers than boys. At least that is what I have observed here.

We need the prayers of the Church at home, but they will do little unless they are practically expressed in dollars.

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### LETTER FROM MRS. DR. LESLIE, HONAN.

To the Junior C. E. Society of Stanley Street Church, Montreal.

Ch'u Wang, Jan. 25th, 1900.

Dear Juniors:—How I would like to be with you at one of your meetings again; but instead of seeing the faces of the boys and girls I learned to love so well, I see the faces of strange little girls and boys, dressed up in such a strange way, and talking such a strange language. They do not look as if any one took much care of them or gave them much love. Still the Chinese mothers and fathers do love their little ones, although they do not show it for they do not seem to know how.

One Sunday afternoon just after Dr Leslie and I had got into our own home, such a lot of little girls came to see me. They had been with Dr. Dow, one of our lady missionaries, having the Sunday school lesson taught to them and then they were anxious to see the new foreign woman. They just come in and look all around, and some of them who are a little older try so hard to teach me some word of Chinese, when they know I cannot speak it: they think it very funny if I do not get the right sound.

Now that they have all seen me I do not have so many visitors, but I want you to pray for these little girls that they may