

this much-needed and responsible service. he is busy daily in the more immediate work and superintendence of the mission.

Indore is the oldest, largest, and in every way the most important of our Central India stations. It has its headquarters in a populous city. It is there that are situated the college, women's hospital, boarding schools for boys and girls, &c., &c. The staff here is necessarily larger than at any of the other centres, consisting of Principal Wilkie and Mrs. Wilkie, Rev. Mr. Russell (recently arrived), Miss Beattie, M.D., Miss Ross, M.D., Miss Oliver, M.D., Miss Rodger, Miss Sinclair, and Miss Harris. Accordingly, I arranged to devote the major portion of my time to making myself acquainted with the special features of this field, the difficulties which there confront the several workers, and the promise of near or more remote fruitfulness, by which the churches at home may reasonably be led to feel encouraged.

It was about 4 a.m. on Tuesday, February 17th, when the train brought me to the railway platform of Indore. Principal Wilkie was on hand, seemingly not the least wearied by his long unexpected wait of fully an hour. The trains in India are never remarkable for speed, but on the line that runs through Indore, it seems that they are proverbially dilatory. The hearty greeting which was extended to me by my host made me feel at once quite at home; and before many minutes we stood within the missionary compound. As we advanced to enter the door of Mr. Wilkie's dwelling, I chanced to look upward at a sky whose field of deepest blue was studded with countless stars, and there, beaming upon us with a quite unusual brightness, the silvery rays of the Southern Cross seemed to fill and surcharge the whole surrounding atmosphere. Again and again I looked at that strange, significant symbol. I thought of another cross—of one which human hands had formed and sacred blood had stained. I remembered, also, the promise, spoken by Him who had died upon that cross:—"I will draw ALL MEN unto Me." The spectacle, I could see, had turned my friend's thoughts in the same direction. I felt, moreover, that he who stood by my side, however brave and loyal to his task, found the source of his unflagging courage in that other Cross which the starry constellation above us merely suggested; and as I crossed the threshold of his cheerful Christian dwelling, I felt sure I had possessed myself of his secret.

While enjoying together a cup of nice hot tea—for the night was cold, and I had only just recovered from an attack of Indian fever,—Mr. Wilkie informed me of the programme he had arranged for the day. I was to retire and rest myself for a few hours, rise about nine o'clock, visit the different mission premises in the city, see the site of the projected college building, view the woman's hospital

building (now nearly completed), &c., &c. The afternoon was to be devoted to visiting the schools, the High School, and the college. In the evening a public welcome was to be tendered me in the church, when several prominent citizens were to speak. Other arrangements would be made for the morrow, but Mr. Wilkie thought that his outline-sketch would need the whole of one day to properly fill it out! As a matter of fact, however, the day passed so quickly and pleasantly, that I was troubled by no thought of fatigue. I had the joy of meeting all the missionaries personally, and of gaining some slight knowledge of the work they are attempting and achieving. I was brought more than ever to appreciate the good fortune of our Church in securing for its staff at Indore a band of competent, devoted and self-denying workers. I am confident a more harmonious little circle does not exist anywhere within the whole Indian empire; and while it may seem invidious to particularize, I cannot refrain from saying that to Principal Wilkie, whose controlling hand, gentle yet firm, is very seldom seen, our Church owes a debt of deep and enduring gratitude.

Not a little was I touched, in several ways, by the warmth of the welcome which was everywhere extended to me as representing the Mother Church in Canada. Thus the mission premises were gayly decorated with flags within and without, in honour of my coming; while from a taller flagstaff than the rest there floated the Dominion ensign. Only once had I seen it before since I left home, viz., on a C. P. R. steamer lying at anchor in Hong Kong harbour, and I cannot exaggerate the thrill of pleasure it gave me to see the old familiar standard unfurled once more, especially when the sight of it was so wholly unexpected. Then, again, at one of the schools where I said a few words, one of the little maids came forward with a garland of sweet-scented flowers, which she placed most coyly around my neck. So, when addressing the High School boys and the students of the college, the attention given to my somewhat brief remarks was as marked as it was gratifying. And then came the more formal meeting in the evening, when two addresses were handed to me, and when Parsee, Hindoo and European vied with each other in expressing the most cordial sentiments concerning the body of Canadian Christians who had conferred such lasting benefits upon the city and district of Indore. I felt then, as I never did before, that if those who speak coldly of the results of Foreign Missions could only have seen with their own eyes the transformation so speedily wrought, and have heard with their own ears the appreciative words in which (by Christian and non-Christian alike) the labours of our missionaries were enthusiastically commended, there would quickly be found at home a more widespread and abiding inter-