

attest, paralleled in catholic and hearty accord only with the week of prayer over the world. The Christian heart hastened to call upon God, and the Christian intelligence has given its hopeful endorsement of this method of studying the Divine word. It seems needful to state some of the advantages of a uniform International

COURSE OF LESSONS.

For each school, the course has put within reach of all classes, available, and in some respects, superior helps for the study of the weekly lesson. It greatly enables Sabbath school teachers to aid each other in their work, and created bonds of sympathy in this work of great value to the Christian character. By this course, with the helps it has created in every church, it has become possible on a scale not before approached to combine family life and Sabbath school work, by keeping a particular line of Bible truth before the mind for the entire week.

It has given new interest and facilities in the work of pastoral supervision and pulpit ministration, by unity of subject and study.

It affords to superintendents, teachers, and parents an opportunity of united, positive, and direct impression on the nature of the scholars, and strengthens all purpose in this direction.

All these advantages experienced in one school are realized in a whole country; and by this enlarged application of benefits, it compels the worldly to think of divine truth.

It has done not a little to promote fraternal feeling between different sections of the Christian Church, and it has also greatly hallowed international goodwill and friendly intercourse, benefits that are not obtrusive or noisy in their life, but as the still small voice at the prophet's cave, silently subduing and graciously elevating.

Enlarge the sphere from a country to the world, and the advantages are not only diffused, but fresh elements of blessing are secured.

It is a distinctive feature of the gospel that it is for the world, adapted to it, and the commission is, "Go teach all nations." The International course of lessons are conceived in the spirit of this commission. They promote a lofty aspiration, that comes of a great multitude simultaneously and earnestly being engaged on the same subject of thought, itself an inspiration, in view of the wide aims of the gospel. Anything that will tend to lift the Church out of small ideas and prospects, out of mere machinery and organization, into the world-wide magnitude of Christ's work and teaching, is of no ordinary importance. The course of lessons and their very general adoption in all lands does this. They give opportunity to exemplify Christ's prayer for the unity of his disciples in a co-operation of mental and moral effort that is eminently instructive—unity of faith, unity of prayer, unity of effort in one accord, in one place.

These lessons have greatly stimulated Bible study. They have ensured a systematic study of the Scriptures, especially of the Old Testament, and they have created facilities for this object outside of English-speaking countries. These benefits have been endorsed by representative gatherings of Bible students of all shades of theological opinion.

As might have been expected, there have been objections, but in a large degree the most serious of these have been contradictory, or such as a little earnest tact could easily surmount. What the next seven years may accomplish in the world-wide study of special lines of God's word we cannot venture to forecast; but it is surely clear that this fifth fact in the Sabbath School system is most fruitful of benefit and blessing. It is in its uniform and International character the offspring of this colossal Sabbath School movement; and it is matter of amazement that anyone acquainted with its spirit and labors should see no signature of the divine hand in it. JOHN MCEWEN.

MISSIONARY NEWS.—INDIA.

The following letter from Miss McGregor, of the Canadian Mission at Indore, to Mrs. Harvie, secretary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, has been handed to us for publication.

My dear Mrs. Harvie,—The Canadian Mission party reached Bombay last Thursday afternoon, all in good health, but somewhat wearied with our journey; therefore we were glad to turn our backs upon the "Olympia," and set foot upon *terra firma* once more. We were met at Bombay by Mr. Douglas, who had come down from Indore a few days before our arrival;

and you may be sure, that we hailed with joy, the sight of a Canadian face.

At the Apollo Bunda, or Landing Stage, what a strange new world met our gaze, and what a different scene from anything that Americans can imagine. There was so much for both eye and ear to take in that the effect was rather bewildering. What ceaseless clatter! What frantic gestures. One might suppose that these natives were a host of lunatics let loose—but it is India.

As arrangements had been made for us, Miss Forrester and myself immediately drove to the house of Mr. Simpson in Bombay. As we rode through the "city of palms," fresh objects of interest met us at every turn, our chief difficulty being the impossibility of looking at more than one thing at a time. The European portion of the city has wide clean streets, shaded by trees so rich in foliage that one might almost think it was our own leafy month of June. The native quarter is squalid and filthy enough.

Mr. and Mrs. Simpson were exceedingly kind to us. It was a pleasant change from the close quarters on the "Olympia," and we enjoyed the cool, shady bungalow all the more from our experience at sea. One thing surprised us, namely, the saucy familiarity of the crows and sparrows, for they came into our rooms, evidently used to be considered as guests. This, we were told arises from the respect for life, carried to such an extent, that no Hindoo will kill an animal of any kind. You can imagine the consequence of this in a country so prolific of insect life as India is.

We spent the day at Mr. McPherson's house, and there met some warm friends of the mission. At five p.m., we took the train for Indore, travelling a part of the way in covered conveyances drawn by mules. The driver has rather a peculiar method of managing his team, as he gives utterance to a sort of nasal sound, accompanied by sundry applications of the ox goad. How hot and dusty the road was; up hill the most of the way, as Malwa is on a plateau some two thousand feet above the level of the sea. We passed Hindoo villages—collections of mud hovels, with thatched roofs—wretched places. Sometimes these villages are walled. We saw one or two such. Very often their houses are nothing but straw huts, and as I looked upon them, I thanked God for our Christian homes. What rich foliage, what fertility of soil; and all this, where no rain falls for so many months.

I must pass on to Indore our future home. We arrived here after dark, and received a most hearty welcome—such a one as only weary travellers could appreciate.

Of course everything yet wears the charm of novelty, but I think that Indore, or rather the station, is very pretty. We are not in the city, but in the cantonment or suburbs, which is British territory. The City is Holkar's own dominion, as this is a native State. Indore is the capital of Malwa, and the political agent or Resident, is Sir Henry Daly. One of our neighbors, at present, is the Rajah of Rutlam, and a little further off is the bungalow of Prince Wyduadan. These are petty Mahomedan princes.

The different compounds, or gardens, are separated by hedges, and the bungalows are all built with sloping roofs, and verandahs to keep off the heat of the sun. Mr. Douglas has not been able as yet, to secure another house, therefore we are still with him, but Miss Fairweather, and myself will go into our own bungalow as early as possible. Indian houses—that is, bungalows—are very open, so as to admit as much air as possible. The weather at present is very cool, and punkahs are not used here except in the hot season. There is a Chow-kie-dhar, or watchman, who goes about the premises at night. The servants live at the back of the compound. There are no female servants in our house; they are not often employed. There is a pretty little reception room off the verandah, where the baboos, or native gentlemen, are received, when they wish to come for reading or conversation. Each Wednesday evening is set apart for this purpose. We have seen quite a number of them, and been introduced, for of course the "Mem sahib," and the "Miss Babas," are objects of curiosity. The baboos dress in white coats, or suits, and many of them are very intelligent looking. They take off their sandals before entering the house, and then give "salaams," or, shake hands, English fashion, on receiving an introduction. Sometimes they sit on the floor—they are not exceedingly particular in this respect. Shortly after our arrival, two native gentlemen called—one a very stout Marathi—both high caste baboos, employed in gov-

ernment offices. One of them seemed afraid to read the Bible, and if I could report the conversation I am sure you would be interested by it. That I cannot do as it was carried on in Hindostani, but by and by I may be able to tell you what they say—what their opinions are, etc. One thing is certain; they are exceedingly shrewd and clever.

One of those to whom I have referred as being afraid to read the Scriptures, on being laughingly charged with cowardice, showed no anger, but came back the next day, and read in order to let us see that he was not afraid. They read with great care, and ask explanations as they go along. Mr. D's children, being boys, come in for a large share of attention from the visitors, one of them remarking that "children are the joy of one's life."

There are two Bible women employed in the work, and they live in the mission house. They are both well educated, and speak English, and Marathi. They are very nice girls, both about seventeen years of age. The name of the one is Vano—a sweet, shy child; and the other, Yimsunna. The latter was educated at Bombay, and is an orphan. Vano's parents are living, and she was trained in the orphanage at Poonah. On ordinary occasions they dress as we do; but the other evening Yimsunna at meeting had on a white muslin shawl coming over her back hair. She looked very well. I wish I could send you their photographs. They sing very nicely, and are of great service in that way. As the house is rather crowded at present, some of us have tents outside for sleeping in, and Vano seldom comes in unless at worship. Our ladies have been wonderfully successful in gaining admittance to native houses. They have between fifty and sixty homes to teach in at present, and many of these high caste families—people of influence.

Yesterday afternoon we went to call at the house of a native doctor. We had to pass through the bazar to reach this house, and we were constantly saluted with "sa'aams" from the little half-naked children, who know Miss F very well. After going through some narrow streets, or rather lanes, we entered a low doorway; and on the mud floor, with a few rags beneath her, lay an old crone, who was said to be over a hundred years of age, the grandam of the doctor himself. She was quite blind, but her tongue had all its normal energy as was evident by the way she jabbered. The Doctor by the way is an important personage, but filth and discomfort prevailed everywhere. We were led into a small open court, and three women and the Doctor came to listen to the reading. Two were young—the wives of two brothers—and the other an elderly female, who it seems has had a sad history. Her husband was a "pundit," and a Christian nominal, I suppose, for he forsook her when she refused to give up the religion of her fathers. Before we came away, she begged with tears in her eyes, that the Christians would write to him on her behalf, and ask him to take her back. The lesson was listened to very attentively, but these women are too polite to dissent openly. The wife of the Prime Minister it is said, will call next week, and then I may be able to tell you about a Hindoo lady. Till that time adieu, I have so much to write about that it is difficult to cull what would be interesting to you. Excuse me if I have not selected such items, as would please you.

I have commenced Hindostani, and hope to be made useful in this far off field, but as yet I can only learn by observation.

Indore, December 5th, 1877.

OUR COLLEGES.—II.

MR. EDITOR, — As I cannot conceive that the intelligent middle class of our Church will continue to endorse the policy of spending \$3,000 dollars per annum, plus \$27,000 interest on capital invested, on our college work, whilst Home and Foreign Missions, and French Evangelization cry loudly for still more energetic and extended work, with a treasury empty; and as I do not see how we can appeal to the consciences of our people until we have endeavoured to order our household aright, I propose in general detail a measure for concentrating our college energies, giving thereby greater power to the work at less annual expenditure. Let it, however, be premised, if our wealthy and influential men desire the perpetuation and genuine success of our present system, there can be no objection thereto provided they endow.

It may be assumed that one college could overtake the collegiate training of our students, especially if