

opening up for much work. The greatest difficulty to solve is how to overtake it all. We were invited to a native Rbone (dinner) while away, but I have not time to describe it at present, as mail time is near. The work is moving along as usual here; you will be seeing the reports soon. Miss Annie's school is growing very large. Both of the young ladies have much to cheer them in their labours: but they can tell you all about it better than I can. They do not have much time for writing though; besides their school and visiting work, they are taking music lessons and working away at the language, and this is a good deal for them to undertake.

Now, a little about myself. Miss MacGregor will tell you all about my women. I closed the class for the hot weather. I had fifty rupees sent me a few days ago from a lady in Mhow who knew of my class. This I will put towards a home for some of the poor widows who have come to us for protection. I think that I will be able to put up a few rooms for them (which will answer quite nicely for the present) with local funds. I'm going to try, at all events. The Church at home has so many churches and bungalows to put up, which are much needed for the work here, that I do not like to ask more. I think in time that my scheme will prove a good one. One woman in my class who was taught how to do all kinds of work in the American Mission, is earning ten rupees a month in a native military school. Another who has a home with me can do almost anything that she sees others do, is taking in orders from ladies, and so kept busy; this one Miss MacGregor knows well, and used to almost keep her in clothes. Others are learning to sow and make stockings, and in time will be able to support themselves, I think. At present I'm trying to help them along; and my greatest hindrance is not having a place for them. The little houses on the mission compound are filled up; also on our own. Many in the class have their husbands. The few that I care for are homeless. However, the way will open up; lately it has been doing so more and more every day. I must now close. I hope to write you a long letter soon about the work, country, etc.

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FROM DR. MARION OLIVER.

NEEMUOH, March 1st, 1887.

I cannot pretend to write you much of a letter, for as yet I am little more than an on-looker and learner in the busy little world known as "The Canadian Mission of Central India." During the