

Lately Saturday was given wholly to knitting and fancy work, instead of doing a little each day, and the plan worked well. The women as well as the girls are anxious to learn to knit, and one man, whose house I visit, was delighted when he found his wife could knit a stocking. He declared she was not at all dull, and was loud in her praise.

Our text for this morning, is: "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good." With kindest remembrance,

Yours sincerely,

MARGARET RODGER.

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FROM MISS MCGREGOR.

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INDORE, May 13th, 1885.

MY DEAR MRS. HARVIE,—

As for the staff here, we are not doing much, only keeping in-doors out of the heat. We live like owls, creeping out in the twilight to get a little fresh air.

We have thus far been spared the scourge of cholera in Indore, but in Mhow it has been very bad. It was caused in the first place by the great méla or fair at Oojien, and soon spread to the adjoining stations. There have been only a few cases at Indore.

Our new houses are going up rapidly; in fact, they are nearly finished now. We hope to move into them before the monsoon sets in.

Miss Ross and Mr. Builder and family are away at the hills.

Our schools are all closed during this month. We are looking for a report of your meeting; hope mine reached you in time.

I am alone here all day, as Miss Rodger and Dr. Beatty go down to a room they occupy in the bazaar. The other end of this house is not comfortable for the hot weather.

My principal work at present is the translation of a Marathi book, or rather an English book into Marathi. It is called "The Outlines of Christian Doctrine."