

It is hard for me to say which I find most interesting—the study of the people or the study of the language. I enjoy both, but think I make more progress in the former. Some of the larger girls in the boarding-school speak English very well, and as they come into the bungalow every day to help a little with the work I am getting very fond of them.

While Miss Grier is away I am to have a sort of supervision over the city schools, Marathi and Hindi. Going in two or three times a week, and listening to the conversation between teachers and pupils, and trying to talk to them myself, will be a great help to me in getting up the language, more especially as I never hear Marathi except in the school. It is all Hindi that is used in church, prayer-meeting, boarding-school and around the house. In fact, though it is Marathi that I am *studying*, it is Hindi that I am *learning*.

There are some dear little girls in the Marathi school. Whenever I go in and see them I long more than ever to learn the language quickly so that I can spend more time with them. There are about seventy children and four teachers, two Christian and two heathen. It surprised me at first to know that heathen teachers were employed, but I was told that the poor superstitious parents would not send their children if *all* the teachers were Christians, yet they are quite willing to have the children taught from the Bible each day, and we hope that the good seed sown may bring forth much fruit in these young lives.

In the Christian community there is so much spiritual life and progress to be seen, that one feels very thankful and hopeful, but when this community is compared with the great city surrounding it which is almost wholly given up to idolatry, it seems so sad. One feels that if one had the strength of ten men, the wisdom of a hundred, and the patience, love and tenderness of a thousand, there would be need to use it all here. I thank God for allowing me to come and work for Him here, and yet every day I feel more and more how weak, and of myself unfit, I am to face the responsibility. Yet I am not alone. "The Lord is my helper"; and with such help how can I fail?

The Work Opposed.

FROM DR. O'HARA.

Dak Bungalow, Dhar, C.I., Jan. 14, 1896.

We have had bitter, persistent opposition in the work lately, but until last week we did not think it was so deep-seated as it is. Almost from the first the owner of the house in which we carry on our work began placing restrictions on us, but he was told that the house was ours for six months. He objected to our services, said the singing of the hymns disturbed him, that he objected to Christians living in his house, and that he also objected to low caste people coming for medicine. At other times he would be quite friendly and always showed it by sending or borrow something, usually my newspaper. The past six weeks I saw or heard little about him and sent in the rent and receipt at the end of the month. The receipt he signed, and the rent he received without comment. On the 10th of this month he sent over word that the term for which the writings had been drawn was now up and that I would oblige him by moving out. I sent back word that I was ready to renew the