

need and remember Formosa. "The isles shall wait for his law." This isle is waiting—is sitting in darkness—is fast asleep. Come then, ye followers of Immanuel, and plead for her, lest we be summoned away without having accomplished our duty to the poor perishing heathen.

Kindest regards to Mrs. McLaren and family, and all who love Jesus.
I am, ever yours sincerely, G. L. MCKAY.

LETTER FROM MISS FAIRWEATHER.

REV. PROF. McLAREN.

DEAR SIR,—I received a note from Mr. Lowry a few days ago, stating his intention of taking a trip to Europe, and requesting all correspondence to be sent to your address during his absence. Since the letter written to you on the question of filling up the vacancy at Indore and Mhow, the question has been somewhat largely discussed by the Presbyterian missionaries throughout the north-west Provinces especially. The feeling is strong here that the place must be occupied soon, and by Presbyterians of one branch or another. The ultimate end in view is an independent Indian Presbyterian Church, formed from the union of all the Indian branches. Can it be that Canada shall not have even one representative in the general Indian union? If only one minister with his family would be settled here shortly, a little Christian Church could be formed; and thus, by perseverance, the circle would be widened and the gospel carried beyond the immediate influence of the missionary. By a circular which you will receive you will see the kind of place it is, and will better understand the very natural desire of this mission to fill the gap. The mission is anxious to hear of your decision before they take any final step in the matter. I do hope you will find some one willing to come to India. You will be glad to know that three weeks ago Dr. Warren organized the first native Christian church in Rajah Sindia's dominions. On the Saturday he ordained one of the two native catechists an elder, and on the Sabbath we had the communion. Our Moonshee was baptized, and the other catechist's wife partook with us—ten in all, including Dr. and Mrs. Warren, and us two ladies. The Moonshee was a Mussulman, but, through Dr. Warren's bazaar preaching, heard the gospel, and believed. May this be the first sheaf of a great harvest in Gwalior.

We go out nearly every day to the zenanas. We are mostly with the poor and middle classes. They receive us kindly and listen attentively. Last evening Mrs. Warren and I, with Casery (one of the catechists), went to the bazaar, and got into a lane. No one was to be seen but an old woman sitting on a doorstep, but presently a young native came along and got us a charpoy to sit on; then I began to sing aloud a Hindostani hymn, and the crowd gathered rapidly. When a crowd of over 30 women and about as many children had come together, Casery addressed them for a long time. They were all attention. After he finished, Mrs. Warren read to them. After a while, a native gentleman brought an immense fan and actually stood behind and fanned us himself. This is a wonderful state of affairs, for a Hindoo gentleman usually thinks himself so infinitely above all the female race, and white ones especially. I then sang another Hindostani hymn, and Casery sang a native metre hymn, and we came away, a good many following us to the carriages or *gare*, asking us to come again. I tell you this to let you know how ready these poor people are to receive the gospel. Surely the fields are white. Are Canadians not to be given on:—o ie sheaf of all this abundance?