

LETTER TO CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS
FROM MRS. MARY BUCHANAN, M.D., INDIA.

MY DEAR young friends in far away Nova Scotia, I want to thank you for your kind words of sympathy and for your prayers. You do not know how much it cheers and helps us to know that so many children at home are praying for us.

OUR C. E. SOCIETY.

Let me tell you of our C. E. Society in this old Indian, heathen city. We have only six active members and one associate. We meet every Tuesday evening here in the Mission House and have such precious little prayer meetings. Generally there are quite a number of our school boys (heathen) present, looking on, and we wish so much to have them active members of our Society.

May I ask you at your weekly prayer meeting to remember especially these heathen boys, who week after week, for more than a year, have been regularly attending a C. E. meeting. They know the Old, Old Story so well, but have not yielded themselves up to Jesus.

Dear young people, God answers prayer. Will you not bear these poor heathen boys on your hearts and not give them up until your prayers have been answered and they are happy in the knowledge of sins forgiven.

THE WOMEN OF INDIA.

I used to think, before I came here, that they are all kept shut up where they can never see anything or anybody.

It is true that some of them are, but these are only the high caste women. The low caste women may be seen in great numbers going freely about at all times.

Your hearts would ache for them. They have to work so hard, are often so ill-treated by their husbands, have such unlovely lives and know nothing of the peace and rest that Jesus gives, nor of the happy home beyond the grave. I feel so sorry for them.

My work in India being chiefly in a general dispensary with my husband, I have seen more of these poor, poor slaves than of the Zenana women.

THE WOMEN OUT DRIVING.

When these Zenana women, that is the high caste ones, want to go out anywhere, they are put in a box-cart drawn by oxen, covered over by a kind of rush matting closely woven, and closed at the back and front by cotton sheets stretched tightly around, only a small opening being left at the top in front for the air. A man sits on the pole behind the oxen driving, but the woman in the cart can see nothing nor can she be seen.

When they get to their journey's end a sheet is held up between the house they are to enter and the road, lest any man passing along should happen to see them.

AN ORPHAN BOY.

A few weeks ago we were out in the country, going from village to village, preaching the Gospel and healing the sick, when we came across this poor boy, an orphan, with none to care for him, and we brought him home. He is now our third little boy, besides our own little Willie, and going daily to the Mission School. He is daily hearing of Jesus, and we hope and pray that he may grow up to do a grand work for his Lord and our Lord among his own people.

I wonder how many young people from your band will one day go forth to the dark places of the earth to preach Jesus.

Our hope and prayer for our little Willie is that he may be a missionary of the cross, and I can wish for you no grander employment, no greater mission.

In the meantime pray for us and for the India which you will love more and more as you prayerfully study it.—*Message.*

"OUR BABY."

A STORY FROM INDORE, CENTRAL INDIA.

By Our Missionary, Miss White.

I LONG to tell you of a new addition to our mission—a little chocolate-colored lassie, six months old, who was found under the seat of a railway carriage at Indore some weeks ago, and cared for by a British officer, one of the A.G.G.'s assistants.

On inquiry it was found that the child had been abandoned by its grandmother, who has