

I wish you could have seen the bright gathering that morning, for there were some 850 Sabbath school children, who had been all the year studying the life of Jesus in the different Sabbath schools of this one station. Just think of that number met in the name of Jesus on one glad Xmas morn, in this heathen city, where there are "Idols, idols, everywhere," and where these too would have been worshipping idols if you had not sent your missionaries.

There were proud Brahmins, boys and girls, most of them well dressed, in their bright-coloured native clothes. I think likely all other castes were equally well represented, down to the very lowest, some of whom had little enough clothing on. But they all, high and low, had one thing in common that morning, and that was bright, happy-looking faces.

Examinations had been given in all the schools on the year's work in Bible study, and, as a result, 240 children received prizes for their good answers.

Two special prizes were given; one to a heathen boy and the other to a Christian boy for having attended Sabbath school three years without missing. I wonder how many of the readers of the RECORD have been that regular in their attendance?

We sang a great number of hymns, and I can say this, that the singing was hearty if not very musical.

Two short addresses were given; one by Mr. Ledingham, your new missionary to Indore, and one by Mr. Johory, the assistant pastor.

When the hour for parting came, each person received a Xmas card at the door, and some sweet-meat from the hand of a Brahmin outside.

Let me tell you just here how you can help us another year. Gather up all your old Xmas and S. S. cards, make them into a parcel, and your mother or S. S. teacher will tell you whom to address them to in Toronto, so that they may be sent out in one of the mission boxes; or you can, for very little, send them parcel post to any one of us in India.

As long as the children here receive a bright colored card, it matters not to them if some one else has had it before them. I was in a mud hut the other day and saw a number of these very cards pasted on the wall, so that they made quite a bright spot in the dreary surroundings.

To go back to the gathering, it was 12 o'clock before the last one had passed out, and I can assure you that we were all very hungry for breakfast by that time.

In the evening all the children gathered together again, and we had a very happy time. What did we do? Sang hymns, listened to native music, presented our assistant pastor, Mr. Johory and his wife, with a fine address, and to each of them a beautiful Bible, which made them very happy.

After that, we all went into another room and sat down on the floor cross legged, side by side, and ate a good supper of curry and rice, with our fingers, off plates made of leaves, which were fastened together by the small stems of other leaves. Some of the people were wise enough to bring their brass plates, so that what they could not eat then, they could take home with them.

There was but one thing to mar the joy of the whole day, and that was Mr. Wilkie's absence, owing to an attack of fever, but I am glad to be able to tell you that he is free from it now.

Before closing, I want to ask your prayers for a little orphan boy called George, who is now in the "College Home."

He and his mother, a Brahmin by birth but an outcast from her people, came to the hospital a short time ago. The woman was in a dying condition when she came, and passed away last Sunday, leaving her ten year old boy alone. Mr. and Mrs. Ledingham have adopted the little fellow, and I am sure that sometime they will write and let you know how he is getting on. Pray that in the "Home" he may early learn to know the true God and Jesus Christ as his Saviour.

Jesus commands, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."