

Miss Jamieson Writes from Ncemuch, Central India, "We have been in Mhow, several days at the Christian *mela*, a conference of the missionaries and native helpers of our own mission. It was a success in every respect. The Christians seem much stirred up and we trust will do their work with more earnestness than ever before, and there is much room for improvement. We hope to have just such meetings yearly. Most other missions have 'hem and great good results from them.

These natives are fluent speakers. You will see by the programme that one man introduced every subject. He was given only twenty minutes to do so, and during that time any one who wanted to speak on the subject sent his name in on a slip of paper. There were usually so many names that each speaker could only get three to five minutes. As soon as one man sat down the next was ready to take his place. They just rattled away as fast as words could be spoken, and nearly every one of them spoke to the point too. If they would just practice what they preach they would be perfect.

We are again without a house in which to teach, but we must try and get our own up before the rains come again. My brother is just about letting the contract for one of my new school buildings.

I am making these Chamar people a special subject for prayer, that God would open their hearts to the truth. Our men are going among them twice a week for special service, and the young man who teaches for me is going to sit and talk with them as often as he can. Then I and a couple of my women are going among the women in the same way as often as we can. I want you to join us in prayer for these poor people. Some of them have expressed themselves as ready to become Christians. But we want to see real heart changes. I believe we shall see it ere long.

OUT IN THE JUNGLE.

LETTER FROM REV. DR. BUCHANAN.

BAIRCHA, Ujjain District, 23 Jan., '94.

DEAR BRO.—We are out here in the jungle telling the good old story of the cross. And how the people listen to it. It would do your heart good to see them. Wherever we go we have crowds of people after us to hear this New Story, about "that way." We preach to these Hindoos, (who believe in 3,000,000 ways) telling them that there is but one way to this one God even by Christ Jesus. They would like to add our way to their many ways, and try to go a little in it, too. But this cannot be, and it is here the struggle begins. When one thinks of it, it does mean giving up a great *many* if not a great deal.

We have had very interesting meetings all the

way along. At Naksee on market day the sellers of merchandise were simply deserted for the preaching of Christ. These open air meetings call for all the lung power one possesses.

While the great crowd was hanging on our lips a poor fellow grabbed the money bag of one of the banayas (themselves extortioners of the worst kind) and was making off with it. At once there was a lively scene. Men from all quarters, belonging to the banaya and like castes simply sprang upon this unfortunate man like wolves.

According to the Christian code of ethics they were all thieves. I don't think I have had dealings with a jungle Hindoo who does not steal in his own way. However, that did not keep them from punishing in the most brutal way this man who did not steal according to their methods. Over a dozen of them were at him at once, kicking, pounding with shoe and stick, as if he were a mad dog who should be killed immediately. This would probably soon have been done but for the coming of a policeman.

The man deserved punishment, but one feels like having more sympathy with a poor hungry wretch trying to take the false gains from an extortionate banaya, than with the respected banaya who pants after the very dust on the head of this poor man and by extortion robs his child of the last crust of bread. The cry of the poor is rising into the ear of the Lord God, and he is answering them by giving these depressed, despised, robbed and wronged ones of India the true riches.

It was interesting to note those who ran to satisfy their nature at the brutal treatment marked out to the man who had been "caught in the act" of stealing. The self righteous high castes rushed away from the gospel to heap their indignation on the poor criminal, while the low caste sinners stayed behind to listen to the words of salvation. This sifting of the crowd was a great benefit to us in our work, and many of these poor people remained until dark listening to the truth.

The second night after this a band of 22 hard working men, after their day's toil, left their much needed rest and came a mile and a half to our tents. They came about 8.30 p.m. and remained late into the night, and we have reason to think that if it were possible to have a laborer among them there would be abundant fruit.

May God lead them and give them an under-shepherd. They are of the shoemaker caste, and are now working on the Ujjain Bhopal Railway line just being constructed. Pray for them.

Our meetings at Jonkar were also very promising, but I have not time to tell of them now.

A man who said that he felt sorry for the heathen was asked by an old Quaker: "Friend didst thou feel in the right place? Didst thou feel in thy pockets?"