


We are greatly in need of funds just now, and would earnestly appeal to our readers for sympathy and help. Annual subscriptions, donations or gifts of clothing, boots or material for clothing and other purposes, will be very gratefully received. We trust, too, some other friends may be led to promise us \$50 annually toward the support of some particular child.

At the last Provincial Synod of Rupert's Land, the western part of the vast Diocese of Mackenzie River was set apart as a new diocese, to be called Selkirk. When his original Diocese of Athabasca was divided in 1884, Bishop Bompas chose the most northern portion as his own. He has again shown his devotion and self-forgetfulness in having selected the distant valley of the Yukon as his own field of labour. The labour and trials of this work will be very great, and we trust the good bishop may have every needful blessing and strength for his work. No appointment has yet been made to the vacant See of Mackenzie River.

Letters from Fort Chipewyan, dated January 3rd, have just reached us, only twenty eight days *en route*. This is quicker than we ever received them, and shows how distant parts are rapidly being made more accessible. Bishop Young, who was present at the Winnipeg conference, reached Chipewyan, September 20th. He reports all going on well in the mission, with very mild weather up to date of writing. Bishop Bompas was at Chipewyan in August, but instead of coming on to Winnipeg, as he had arranged, he felt it right to turn his face northward once more. We are glad to learn he was looking well and strong.

The Editor of this Department hopes to visit the Eastern portion of Canada in the interests of his missionary work among the Indians this winter.

#### A LETTER FROM INDIA.

 THE following interesting letter from Miss Ling was received by Mrs Baldwin of London:—I have now been back at my post nine months, and am very happy to be once more amongst my dear people. My work is varied and full of interest. There are, to begin with, our native Christians, numbering about 500, of whom I do not see nearly as much as I should like, from lack of time, but I always attend the Tamil Church at least once a day on a Sunday, and then realize something of the reality of the communion of Saints, which knows no barrier between language, or colour, or race. I also have a Bible class on Sunday afternoon with the younger women and elder girls of the congregation, have a singing class for the small

boys on Saturday afternoon and try and see them in their own homes sometimes, but my work properly being among the heathen, I cannot do very much of this.

Then there are the Hindus, heathen by religion and Tamil mostly in language. We have schools for both boys and girls amongst these, taught by native Christian masters and mistresses.

We have the usual ups and downs that all such schools are subject to, that of the girls leaving to be married just when they are getting of an age really to understand. I am just grieving over one, a girl by the name of Selembhair, who was such a bright, nice girl, and took such a real interest in her studies, and especially in her Bible lessons. She is not yet twelve, but is now going down on a sort of inspection visit to her father-in-law and mother-in-law, and then will be married in three months. Her husband is also a boy, in one of our boy's schools. We are so thankful, in our Zenana visiting, to be able to follow these girls up in their homes afterwards. We shall hope to see Selembhair again after all these visits backwards and forwards, and the various marriage ceremonies are gone through with, and in the meantime, we must pray that God will keep in the imagination of the thoughts of her heart, what she has already learnt about Him.

Of our Hindu Zenana pupils or married girls and women, who learn in their own homes of the Bible women. There are two in Coonoor, a town about eleven miles from here, that I want you to pray for. One is a member of that large class of unfortunates in India, *i.e.* forsaken wives. Her husband left her after two years of married life, saying she was no longer pretty, and left her to bring up their little son, a poor little afflicted baby, who will never be anything but a burden to his mother. They are in very poor circumstances, for the husband allows her nothing and her father, though a wealthy man once, and occupying a good position, ran through all his property before his death and his widow now has to support herself by making appums (native cakes) and selling them, and thus provide for herself and her worse than widowed daughter and little grandson, for Southerum is precluded by Hindu customs, from in any way going out and earning her livelihood, it not being considered respectable for young women of the higher castes to leave their homes, so she has plenty of time for reading, and her Bible lessons, and the visits of the teacher are her great joy and delight. She no longer believes in, or worships any of the heathen gods, and after a very severe illness she had lately, spoke of God's goodness to her, in raising her up again, but public opinion, and possibly the thought that it would cut off all hope of re-union with her husband, keeps her from publicly professing herself a Christian.