

Santo lads living with us were doing well. I trust that strength may be given them to remain faithful to the Saviour during our absence.

LETTER FROM MR. JAMIESON.

CANADIAN MISSION, NEEMUCH, C.I.

Dec. 15th, 1892.

DEAR BROTHER,—I am writing from a city called Mondsau, about thirty miles from Neemuch on the line of railway. I came down Tuesday afternoon, brought three tents, a servant, etc., and two Christian workers, and one more worker came down last night. I brought also an organ. We expect to stop this and part of next week. We are tenting out some distance from the city near a well where we can get water.

This is counted one of the most difficult cities to work in Central India. The military officers say they meet with more rudeness here than at any other place in all their marches. The people are very bigoted. Last night in the bazaar we were pelted with pieces of mud. The crowd listened for a short time and then shouted and hooted like fiends. I had the "baja," small organ, and played and sang some hymns.

Boys yelled and men shouted. Some wanted to hear us and gave the rest "galu" bad or abusive language. Some were beating drums, making the "shadu," marriage of a boy and girl about twelve years of age, while dogs joined freely in the general chorus, so that with all the noise we had rather a stirring time.

But we got some words said and answered a good many questions, which silenced one fellow who evidently wanted to show how clever he was. One victory we gained was that we got the crowd to laugh at his absurd questions and he was forced to let us talk which he was most unwilling to do.

These people seem to know little of fair play. If they can get an advantage over you and put you down it makes no matter what means are used. But one redeeming feature is that you can appeal to a crowd and leave it to their honor. Sometimes this is effectual, and you will have the greater part of the crowd on your side, and the opposing fraternity will soon leave. Sometimes, however, this does not work and the rude part are too loud and our voices are completely drowned. In this we can do little, perhaps wait until they have had their say and then we open up again. It is very interesting work, however, with all its unpleasantness. Last night we got fairly well heard and, in all, I think we were victorious.

A week ago I was in a city ten miles N.E. of Neemuch where we have a school. I rode on a camel, taking my bedding, such as a quilt, two blankets and a pillow, a loaf of bread and some other articles of prepared food. Two Christian

workers rode on another camel. We lived in a native house and with the tossing got on the road, I slept fairly well.

A camel moves one side at a time, viz., left front foot and left hind foot together, then the other side. Besides this there is a sort of up and down motion which often causes "sea sickness." The whole thing is like a chair on stilts, with the broom stick for neck and a large two eared pitcher for a head.

Our mode of work was as follows: We rode out to villages in the early morning, sung and preached, getting back about half past ten. I then rested while one of the men prepared breakfast. I had brought provision enough for one day and we had to live on native food after that. We had "Dal," a sort of mixture with five kinds of grain in it, that tastes all right when one is hungry; we had "Chapaties," native bread made from unbolted flour, which was dark but very good; and we had another kind of bread made of flour, sugar and "gee," or clarified butter, one part of the two former to three of the latter.

In the afternoon we visited our school. We have eighty-seven regular pupils and a dozen or so irregular.

In the evening we went into the bazaar with hymn books and bibles where we preached and sang for two hours. Several fellows offered fight, that is, offered their objections, and tried to raise a row. The objections we answered and by degrees got them to hear us.

The streets are very dusty, and their feet stirred it up, to our great discomfort, as it was mixed with tobacco dust and other elements that made us cough and sneeze. I came home by moonlight to avoid the terrible heat of the sun, which, even in our cool weather, is very trying. At times nothing could be heard except the shuffling noise of the camel's feet. Then, when the beast got too slow, the driver, who sat in front of me, would rouse himself and abuse all the camel's ancestors, calling him all manner of hard names which the camel seemed to know was meant for him to go faster.

I reached home at midnight, and alarmed the house by the growling and grumbling of the camel in reply to the driver's attempts to make him kneel to let us off. A camel is a very patient creature in bearing burdens and enduring fatigue, but the most disagreeable, cross, grumbling creature alive. His face is a study for physiognomists.

After I leave Mondsau, I expect to employ this buggy on stilts again, meanwhile I am glad that I can do some of my travelling on foot.

With all its unpleasantness the work is very interesting, and there is the satisfaction and joy of carrying the gospel to those who know it not.