

## LETTER FROM INDIA.

Rutlam, 19th Jan., 1893.

DEAR MR. SCOTT,—

**I** HAVE come in from the city a little earlier this afternoon that I might get a letter off to the CHILDREN'S RECORD.

The marriage season, now upon us, with all its display and noise, you have had often described; you have heard too how their early marriages interfere with our school work.

Another thing that has been interfering with our girls' school here lately is an epidemic of measles. But we are likely to rally from the latter long before we shall from the former.

I am anxious to have as many of the little girls as possible learn to read and to have some knowledge of the gospel. Generally we have them for so short a time that there is little use attempting much more. When I find a Hindoo or Mohammedan woman or girl able to read I give her a copy of the New Testament, which I have been enabled to do through the gift of the Brookfield (N.S.) Mission band.

How the people here seem to delight in noise. This dreadful tom-tomming is enough to deafen one.

The other day I was in a house in which there was a parrot screeching, a puppy yelping, and two or three women indulging in very loud talking. After a while I succeeded in getting the yelping stopped, the parrot removed to another part of the room and the women quieted down. I then asked them why they spoke in such loud, almost screaming tones, that it was not pleasant to the ear, etc. (The people here, both men and women, generally speak this way.) They tried to defend it, saying among other things, "when you people are born you have not a big finger put down your throats by the nurse, hence you do not speak as we do!"

I am glad to say our native Christians generally are very different and speak in a quieter way.

A few weeks ago Mr. Campbell and I went out to a larger village or town of about 10,000,

some 16 or 18 miles from here, and had a very interesting time.

At our former visit about five years ago we had given in the Thakoor'e (Chief's) courtyard, a magic lantern exhibition to the women. Such a crowd of them we had and what a grand opportunity, in explaining the pictures, of going over to them some of the Bible stories and singing Bhajans (native hymns.)

During this last visit you can imagine how pleased we both were to find our former visit well remembered and to have the hymn singing, etc., again asked for. Our time was rather limited, but by their getting a number of women together in their own quarters, while Mr. Campbell had the men elsewhere, they greatly facilitated the work and enabled us to make known something of the gospel message to a goodly number of them, many of whom listened well.

The last days I was with them I had three such gatherings and found it hard to get away from them. They were anxious to know when we would come again, and seemed much pleased when I told them we hoped to before many weeks.

We have been much saddened and shocked at the death of the Rajah here, which occurred last Saturday morning. But of this you will hear more fully again. With our very kind regards and best wishes for the success of "THE CHILDREN'S RECORD,"

Yours sincerely, M. CAMPBELL.

**Wasting Eggs.** Mr. Annand writes.—Not long since the principal wife of one of our leading chiefs died. She was long ill. We used to send her eggs, of which she was fond. One day I saw her husband and asked him why they had not sent over for some more eggs. He replied, "What is the use Misi," she is going to die, it is only wasting your eggs. His idea was that her case was hopeless and it was wasting food to give it her as she would die anyway.

"The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of horrid cruelty." How much they need the Gospel to soften them.