

and their own relatives and friends are all so eagerly trying to make them go back to their old ways. We realize, also, how pure and holy our own lives should be when we in such great measure represent Christ to these people. We are able in ourselves to do nothing, but if the Holy Spirit takes possession of us and works in and through us, there is no limit to what we can do, and we will never be discouraged. I am sure I shall like India very much indeed, and hope to spend many happy years here.

A Hearty Welcome to India.

FROM MISS CHASE.

Indore, Nov. 22, 1895.

How very kind of you to send letters to greet us on our arrival. It was so cheering and just like a little bit of home to get them. We have finished our long journey at last and are comfortably settled in our new home. Dr Thompson left us at Mhow, to stay for a day or so with Mr. and Mrs. Russell, but we expect to see him once more before he gets finally settled. Quite a number of the missionaries met us at Mhow station to shake hands and give us a welcome, and others met us at Indore for the same purpose. So it felt quite bright and home-like, especially as we had not seen one Canadian person since leaving home.

As the council-meeting and college opening were going on, no one could meet us at Bombay, but Dr. Oliver and Miss White met us at another station along the line, the name of which I cannot remember just now. It was the place at which we were to change cars, and it was a very good thing they did meet us there, or we would have gone on to Calcutta without knowing it, as the guard does not come to tell you where to change, nor does anyone come to the car to tell you what station you are at when the train stops.

You don't know how very, very kind every one is to us. We feel quite at home already. At present there are five in our bungalow—Miss White, Miss Dougan, Miss Grier, Miss Ptolemy, and myself, but Miss Dougan is leaving us very soon and then our family will consist of four members.

We are to have our first lesson in Hindi to-day. Mr. Wilkie told us we were very plucky to begin so soon, but he doesn't know how tired we are of doing nothing ; it seems so refreshing to have something to do again. Last night we attended a Hindi prayer-meeting led by Mr. Johory, and the small knowledge we had acquired on our voyage helped us to sing the hymns and understand a word or two here and there in the discourse. After that, there was an English prayer-meeting in Mr. Wilkie's private room. It made rather a queer feeling come over me, because the last