

LETTER FROM INDIA.

By our Missionary, Dr. Margaret O'Hara.

DAK BUNGALO, DHAR, July 15th, '95.

TO THE CHILDREN'S RECORD.

THIS evening, after tea, I was walking on the verandah and thinking of all the children I had seen in the city to-day, and suddenly I thought of a group of children far away over the sea, and imagined I heard the voice of my little nephew, Johnnie, saying, "Once upon a time," "Please auntie Maggie tell us a story." and the desire at once came to tell, not only my own nephews and nieces, but all the children who read the *RECORD* a little about the children here in Dhar. They are all strangers to you, as this is our new station, and I went on to take an interest in these rollicking, frolicking, little ones.

The first morning that I found my way into the city, a boy whose name is "Ragmandeen" was the first to make my acquaintance. He salaamed to me in a most friendly manner, and was very much surprised that I did not know his name. Since then he is the first to welcome me when I go to the city; opens the gate door for me, and insists on carrying my medicine case into the dispensary. His mother had been ill a year ago and was treated by me at Indore, and this he thinks gives him first claim on me.

There is a little girl living near the bungalow where I am staying at present; her mother is dead, and she is not looked after very much; all the clothes she has is a little cloth around her loins, and a vest without any buttons. Her hair looks as if it were never combed. She does not possess such an article as a comb at present, and I assure you she has large possessions of another kind in her head, and it is not book learning either.

Well, this little thing became very fond of Miss Calder who was out here with me a few days, and Miss C. began teaching her John 3:16, and a hymn. Since Miss Calder went home she haunts me, stands looking at me as I write, asks questions about the children in my country, sings a line of her hymn and I

join in and we sing the whole of it. When I walk she walks by my side. She tries to repeat any verses I tell her, but wash her face and comb her hair she does not believe in; and yet I love this little waif and would like to wash her; but in this country one is not allowed such privileges. Her name is Kari-mabai.

Yesterday (Sunday) I had my first Sabbath School in Dhar, and this little girl, with two boys just as naked and just as dirty, were all who were present. The high caste children are cleaner than these and many of them I see in the city; but somehow these wild, loving ones draw out my sympathies. There are scores of them who flock around me in the city, how I love to take their little brown faces into my hands, look into their pretty brown eyes, and tell them of Jesus who loved the little ones, and said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." Will you not pray for these dear little ones? and pray also for me that I may live so near to Him that I may win them for His kingdom.

"I would like them to know there is room for them all,

And that Jesus has bid them to come.

I long for that blessed and glorious time,
The fairest and brightest and best;
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall crowd to His arms and be blest."

FAITH.

Once, in an hour of great peril, an officer had showed such courage that his wife afterward said to him, "How could you help being afraid?" He drew his sword and rested the point at her heart. "How can you smile?" she said. "Because," she answered, "he who holds the sword loves me better than his life." "It is the same with me," he said, as he returned the sword to its sheath. "He who holds the wind in the hollow of his hand loves me infinitely."

The great deed is a thing of earth, but the good deed lives forever.—*Sel.*