

Our new little missionary baby is a very dear wee fellow, knows what is becoming to a Padre Sahib and acts accordingly. Love to yourself and the other ladies.

FROM MISS WHITE.

*Indore, C. India, Nov. 22, 1894.*

We are all well and feeling so happy with Mr. and Mrs. Wilkie again. They reached here on the 17th, and will soon be quite settled. Mrs. Wilkie is so gentle and kind, and is wise and impartial in all her intercourse with us. My heart goes out to her more than ever, for she feels the separation from all her dear children, but she is brave in our presence, whatever she feels when alone.

We entered our second year in India on the 21st of this month. I felt so happy when I read my Golden Text for the day. "My presence shall go with thee," one of the most precious of God's beautiful promises, and so comforting on the threshold of the second year in India. I am so glad that we are all so well, after all the months of climatizing, and pray that we may be all spared to serve our six years in India, to brighten some dark homes with the light of Jesus and His love. The harvest truly is plenteous and the laborers few, and our prayer is that we may not be failures.

I was ill in October with malarial fever, and Dr. O'Hara had me a week in hospital. I went to save Miss Greir, for she is such a kind unselfish little woman, she could not be at peace, but was continually doing kind little acts for me, so I went to the hospital and came home as soon as Dr. O'Hara would let me go. I was not very ill, but I was disappointed and nervous at having fever in my first year, but every one assured me that I might not take it again.

Our baby is doing well. She is a pretty wee lassie, but we