

## FROM UJJAIN, AN ANCIENT CITY.



ONE of our Missionaries, Rev. Dr. Buchanan, writes a very interesting letter to his sister, and she has kindly allowed the use of it for your Record.

Three things you may notice about it. (1) How much our missionaries have to do, (2) how the Hindoos in their pride are like the Pharisees of Christ's time, and (3) how the poor, low caste people are like the publicans and sinners, seeking to hear of Christ.

UJJAIN, 1893.

*My Dear Sister:*

I cannot write you a long letter for I have already had, to-day, fifty patients, preached once, talked to many, given directions to the people about the bungalow, and am now going to see some of the low caste people who are asking to come to the prayer meeting.

We are having some very interesting times just now with the "lowest caste" "mothers." Some of them have been coming to the dispensary and on Sunday at my invitation. A lot of them came to the service on Sunday last. I found one or two of them in the dispensary that seemed to be glad that I took a little notice of them.

Then I asked one to come to the Sunday service. He said, "O I am a *Bangi*" the term "*bangi*" describes their caste as to their dirty work and is a debasing term. I told him of the Love of Jesus for him and for all "*Bangias*" as well as I could, and that he and all his people would be very welcome at our meetings, that Christ said "come unto me" that the Lord who made the heavens and the earth said come, and who would dare to say them "no don't come!" that Jesus loved them and gave His life for them. The man then, said "the Hindoos will leave the school if we come into the building." I said "you will always be very welcome."

I was much moved on Sunday to see a number of them present, at first standing afar off as if they were some unclean beasts.

I called to them to come in, they then came to the next room, and the head master wanted that I should let them stop there; but paying no attention to his words I called to them to come right in and there they got before me listening, in a church service, to the word of God.

Some Hindoos of high caste came in. One of them put his feet up carefully upon the bench that even his feet might not touch the mat upon which these despised ones were sitting. Another came and put his head in the door, then fled as if a most deadly plague were in the room.

Some of the christians became very much alarmed lest it would break up our school, for the room had been defiled. Thus far, though there has been some talk, nothing else has occurred, and so we thank God and take courage.

Some of them have been hanging about every day and I have been trying, by giving medicine, to bring them to some idea of what Christ is. May God help us all to be faithful.

Your loving brother,

JOHN.

## A FABLE FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

A little lass with golden hair,  
A little lass with brown,  
A little lass with raven locks,  
Went tripping off to town.  
"I like the golden hair the best,"  
"And I prefer the brown."  
"And I the black."  
Three sparrows said,  
Three sparrows of the town.  
"Tu-whit! Tu-who!" an old owl cried  
From the belfry in the town,  
Glad hearted lassies need not mind  
If locks be gold, black, brown.  
Tu-whit! Tu-who! so fast, so fast,  
The sands of life run down,  
And soon, so soon, three white-haired dames  
Will totter through the town.  
Gone then for aye the raven locks,  
The golden hair, the brown,  
And she will fairest be whose face  
Has never worn a frown.

—Sel.