

It was with joy I planted my foot on the soil of India. Two days in Bombay were full of interest. General Booth preaches Sunday morning to a good house. Rev. Mr. Botrell, of Spurgeon's College, is greatly encouraged. Across India through the plains where the crops are a failure, which means intense suffering, and in forty hours from Bombay, Madras is reached. Daniel, a Telugu preacher, meets me and I was soon in the home of the Hoaleys, where I met Rev. J. A. K. Walker and wife.

All is true that I heard about the sinfulness and degradation of these people, and the half has never been told. Unless one's heart be made of stone it must be deeply moved at the sights of Madras. Sinfulness and degradation are constantly before one when out. Horrid and repulsive they are also, I could not help a feeling of repugnance. The men and women in many cases are merely beasts of burden, carrying heavy loads upon their heads or pulling carts to which horses should be attached; the tired, weary look keeps before me continually, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

While out yesterday and to-day, my heart grew sad as I saw the multitude as sheep having no shepherd. How much they need cleansing. Now I see, at least I think I do to some extent, why Mr. McLaurin and Miss Frith were so anxious to return to India. How different from our beloved Canada. I believe I prayed to-day as never before for the regeneration of the people of this sunny country. The light is shining on them and may it shine brighter and brighter.

January 26th.—The McLaurins, Miss Skinner, the Boggs and Mr. Beebe arrived here yesterday, all well. To-day we separate for our stations. The McLaurins for Bangalore, Miss Skinner for Cumbum, Mr. Beebe and myself for Ramapatam, Mr. and Mrs. Boggs for Assam. We need no urging to hasten us to our fields. Rev. W. E. Boggs came down to help us, so we will be all right going up country.

Although a good many are coming, we regret that several are compelled to return home. Miss Dr. Cummings from Ramapatam, Rev. Dr. Downie, the Bullards, and the Newcombs. I am glad to state that since my arrival I have been feeling better every day.

Yours for India,

Geo. H. BROCK.

BOMBAY, Nov. 26th, 1891.

My dear Miss Johnston:

The weeks and months go by and the year seems to be near its close, now that we are so near December. But still time enough for the Lord to show us wonders if this is His set time.

When I was away to the hills, one of my best pupils was married. She is only 10 years old, and after her marriage they sent her away to Vizianagram to the Maka Rajah's Girls' School, as her brother was attending the M. R.'s College in the same town. She took very ill and her father went and brought her home. After she got better she came to see me one day, and asked me to give her a book to read about Jesus Christ; that she was going back to Vizianagram and had come to bid me goodbye. I gave her one, in which were many pictures illustrating scenes in the life of Christ, and told her to show it, and read it to the little

Hindoo girls in the M. R.'s school; that probably many of them had never heard of Jesus. I also gave her a hymn book, and she promised to sing some hymns to them and read the book to them too.

Coming home from Sunday school a few weeks ago, I saw many Brahmans gathering and sitting around at the door of another Brahman's house. I asked my coolies what they were doing there. They said a little girl had been born in the house, and these had come to secure her for a wife. They said there was great joy when a girl was born, for then rich men would come and give a great price for the child for a wife; and no matter if the child died, the parents would have all this money. It seems so cruel for the little new born babes to be thus bartered away. Whoever gave the most money, had the promise of this child. He might be old, or ugly, or sick, or cruel, or what not, the highest price commanded the wife, and the poor men have to do without, unless they can borrow the money.

That Sunday also, as I was coming home, a man of the goldsmith caste came running after me, and asked me to come and see one of their women. I called Siame and went. The woman had a fever. A child had been born five days previous. I told her mother and other women standing around, what I believed was the cause of the fever. Oh no, they said, I was wrong, and deliberately told me a lie about the case. I went to look at the woman further, and the mother said: "What are you going to do?" I said: "To see the woman, and then decide what we should do for her." "You need not see her or do anything for her. Who told you to come here? I know just what to do for her, have the medicine here ready to give her now. I did not send for you, and do not know why you came, and do not want you to do anything." "Do you wish me then to go home, and do nothing to help the woman?" I asked: "she is in great danger." "Oh this is nothing, I will make her well, and you may go, I do not want any of your help or advice, I know just what to do," said she. So we stood by the bed and told the woman the Gospel, took leave and came away, hoping I was mistaken in my diagnosis. On Wednesday, as we went to our Zennah woman's house we met a funeral, and on enquiry, what was my sorrow to learn that it was this woman's dead body that was being borne along for burial. She heard the Gospel once, and only once I expect, as we had not been in that street before.

Our June rains failed almost entirely and now our October rains have failed entirely, and thousands of acres of the rice crop in this district are burned up with the hot sun, and so famine of both food and water is just ahead of us. The Lord have mercy on the people. If by this means He brings them to His feet we will praise Him, even for famine.

M. F. CHURCHILL.