

settlers. The first resident missionary at Calgarry, which is the farthest west town, is the Presbyterian!—B.

Juvenile Mission.

MISS MCGREGOR of Indore, Central India, writes as follows: My dear Boys and Girls,—In my last letter I told you about the Girls' School in New Indore, and perhaps some boy or girl who has a good memory will say,—“But Miss McGregor must have forgotten to tell us about the boys and girls in the Foundling Home who used to come to the Girls' School. We want to hear what they are doing.” Well, the boys and girls are in the Home still, or rather, I should say, on the street, the most of the time, and this is how it happens. They are almost all children of low caste, and you know that makes a great difference to a boy or girl in India. If one is born in a low caste, his neighbours, who are perhaps Brahmins, will not touch him, and so on. Well, the parents of these girls said: These low caste children cannot sit in the same room with our daughters, or we will take our children away from school. And now, unless I can form another school for the orphan boys they cannot be taught, and that is why they wander about the bazaar. Perhaps by and by, we can do something for them again. Now, I think you will like to hear about my Camp School; that is the little boys and girls who come every morning to my verandah to be taught. For a long time only eight or ten children came, and sometimes I thought by and by no one will come, but, instead of that, what do you think? eighteen and sometimes twenty came every day, and I feel quite glad I am sure you will be so too. One little girl, who is only nine years old, can read and write English, that is, she reads in the Second Reader. This morning her lesson was “Twinkle, Twinkle Little Star.” I am going to get her to write a little letter to you in English, so that you can see for yourselves what she is able to do. One girl's name means “Gladness,” and another “Beautiful.” Another name means “Peace.” Hindoo names always mean something. They do not come just at a certain time, as school children in Canada do, but a woman must go for them, and bring them to school, and then take them home again. Sometimes their parents send a servant with them, but they never go through the bazaar alone. Yesterday morning, one poor little girl had sore eyes all inflamed, and she was so pained that she would throw herself on her face and cry; she could not open her eyes for one minute. I put some medicine on, and at first she was frightened and screamed, but in the evening they

were almost well, and she wanted some warm water put on again. These little girls can say the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments in Marathi. Some of them repeat them in Hindi. They come to morning school from seven to eleven, and they sing and sew for an hour. Last Sunday afternoon we went down to a Sunday school in the city of Indore and if you could have seen what happened you would have laughed heartily. You know, perhaps, that I give the boys and girls pictures if they come regularly, and we put texts on the pictures so that, perhaps, some one will read and learn about Jesus in that way. Well, the lessons were over, and each boy was getting a nice large picture. Then he must make his salaam and go out; but there were not pictures enough, and one boy was ready to cry, so I gave him the cover of the book which was only brown paper, but he was so glad to get something that he took it, and as he ran away he danced with joy, and made us all laugh. The boy is very dull about learning to read, but he knows a great many Scripture things, and can tell why Jesus Christ came into the world, and that God loves those that obey Him. They pin the pictures up on the walls of their houses, so you see they have parts of the Bible before them all the time. When they see us coming they run from all directions, but two years ago the parents would beat their children if they came to Sunday-school. Now they let them come gladly. I have taken a little girl to live with me, and if any Sunday-school will support her I shall be glad. She is not an orphan, both her parents are living, but they are sick, and the father will never be able to work again. They were all starving, and so I took little Angelina, and I wish to train her to teach others, by and by. What Sunday-school will undertake her support? Her father used to be a servant of ours, but he lost his place through bad health, and now the poor little children have almost nothing to eat a great deal of the time. With love to my little Canadian friends and ever so many kind wishes from India. Yours very truly, M. MCGREGOR.

Mission to Demerara Coolies.

THE subjoined letter has not yet reached the Foreign Mission Committee, East, where it is addressed, I assumed the responsibility of sending it to you for publication, because it places the facts on which action will doubtless soon be taken before the whole Church. There can be little doubt that so soon as the Committee has this paper before them, a missionary will be advertised for, and it is most desirable that the younger ministers and preachers should have their attention drawn