

their classes and are now in the Fourth Standard, Hindi and First English. It seemed fitting that they should together receive baptism and become members of Christ's Church on earth. It was the more gratifying that each one independently made the all important decision, and I knew nothing of it till they told me they wanted to be baptized.

Along with these three, another of my girls, born of Christian parents, will take the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper for the first time, two weeks hence.

In this way from time to time the Master gives us tokens of His presence, and encourages us to sow the seed in the hearts of the young, in full assurance that "God's seed will one day spring up into God's harvest."

A Visit to Dhar.

FROM MISS DOUGAN.

Dhar, Jan. 16, 1895.

As you will see by the address we have come for a brief visit to Dhar, that city of heathen darkness to which our hearts have been turning as a coveted field for our Master. Mr. Russell has been spending a month here in his annual district visiting and through him the Maharajah invited us to be his guests for a few days. Two fine tents were pitched for us in the most beautiful garden I have seen in India. Bananas, pappias, pomelos, peaches, oranges, lemons are growing in rich abundance and the dark green of cypress and palm is brightened by roses and tropical plants.

Dhar is thirty-three miles from Indore and Mhow, a good road from both places forming a triangle meeting at a good rest house eighteen miles out, where we stopped to have lunch and rest the horses. There is no railway but a daily mail and a telegraph line. Dhar is prettier than any of our mission stations. The country is hilly and very fertile. Its beauty is a natural beauty all its own; grand old trees and lakes and temples make the prettiest scenery I have seen in India.

On Monday last we were called to the palace, a special invitation for Baby Russell arriving half an hour before starting. A royal carriage came for us early in the afternoon and for an hour and a half we had the privilege of singing the glad new tidings