

believe Him, accept His words, and give Him their sincere, loving worship and service! But for people to leave the false and seek the true is a work of time, and you and I and many, many more, must work and work, wait and wait, before all people shall know Him. But we have the sure promise that that day shall come and if we can hasten its coming, ever so little it is well worth all we can do.

#### LETTER FROM DR. BUCHANNAN.

You will soon be familiar with the name of Dr. Buchanan one of our medical missionaries who went a few months ago to India. In a letter published in the *Presbyterian Review* he says:

"In my last letter to you from the Mediterranean, we were moving east and at Malta we bade good bye to the West. Our next stopping-place was Suez; and although we had only three hours there, I am sure I shall never forget the impression made by the great change of the appearance of the people. The loose-flowing robes and dark faces told us we had come into another world—a world differing very much in manners and customs, but differing most in that, as individuals, they have not had Jesus as a known friend.

Having entered Suez Canal, we seemed to be carried back three months, and once more set down in a beautiful Canadian summer. The thermometer rose to about 85° at eight a.m. The sky, night and day, with one exception, when only a faint white cloud was seen, has been pure and clear, during the whole time, through the Red Sea, over the Indian Ocean, till we landed, on the 10th of December, at Bombay. And since that time the weather has been so uniformly grand, and each day so much like every other day, that the expression so common in Canada, "It is a nice day," becomes meaningless here.

We were met at Bombay by Mr. Wilson. After three days in that city, seeing some of the mission work there, we

came up to Indore. We were met at Mhow by Mrs. Campbell, who came on with us here. All the missionaries were at the station to meet us, also the teachers of the Indian school.

It was a great joy after 10,000 miles of travel, to step out into my new home Central India, and be welcomed by the brothers and sisters who have been labouring for the Master in this benighted land, and now my prayer is, that God may bless this our home. And he will. So shall this spiritual wilderness fertile in myriad cities, towns and villages, rejoice in the fragrance of the Rose of Sharon. "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them." After receiving a hearty welcome from all we have got settled down. Miss Dr. Mackay is up with the ladies, while Mr. McKelvie and I occupy one of the mission houses.

So here I am in the

#### MIDST OF HEATHENISM.

To see the people in their degradation, to behold the impure shrines at which they worship, and the lying vile priesthood—holy in proportion to its filthiness—is to understand something of what the "Light of Asia," the father of lies, can do for a most devoted people.

Between the two mission compounds is one of these Hindu dens of iniquity. Hence we are not likely to forget we are in heathendom. The other morning, as Mr. McKelvie and I were going down the street, we met one of those Hindus, who, by penance, hopes to find God. He was marching along with one arm.

#### HIGH ABOVE HIS HEAD.

The hand was partly withered, and the arm was rigidly set from being so long in one position. We both stopped and turned as he passed. How we would have liked to have been able to speak to him—to tell him he has been believing a lie, and that there is a more excellent way by Jesus Christ whereby he might be saved.

The day after arriving at Indore, in company with Mr. Wilson and Mr. McKelvie, I went to Ujjain—one of the