

A Sewing Class for the Mang Women and Children.

FROM MISS DOUGAN.

Indore, March 3rd, 1894.

It is very good of you to write to us all so often. We appreciate it, I assure you. Home mail is the event of the week, and the disappointment is keen if we miss our letters. I thought writing to the Board was a task I would leave mostly to the other ladies, for I find it so hard to write to strangers, but you have all been so very, very good that I cannot think of you in that way any more, and so I will try to do my part. But you see we are just a little bit afraid of you, for we never know what is going to appear next in that busy little LEAFLET.

I will try to tell you something of a little work Mrs. Wilkie and Miss White have undertaken (now I'm "telling tales out of school." I believe it's against rules for Miss White to be at work, and so to excuse her I must tell you that Miss Grier is beginning too. I am the only obedient one—or lazy one.) You know most of the Mangs who have become Christians are among the men while the women of their families have hung back—why, we cannot tell. Perhaps it is that they fear they will lose their employment as basket makers entirely among the heathen if they come right out. In order to reach these women, Mrs. Wilkie and Miss White started a sewing class about a month ago. The latter was the victim of a slight attack of grippe last Friday so I had the pleasure of taking her place, and a very great pleasure it was. I fear my satisfaction for her giving me the opportunity outweighed my friendly sympathy for her suffering. We started at 8 a.m., I was in a hurry and could not remember anything Miss White was in the habit of taking, except a *monda* to sit on in class for fear of the unpleasant company that might attach themselves to one's clothes from the