

sons daily visit us asking for medicines or something, many times inquiring about our object here and our religion, all of which almost forces speech. We are at present encouraged by having a Christian in our employ. Two weeks ago, after considerable correspondence, I invited a young man named Lakshman Prasad to come to us. He is 22 years of age, and turned from Brahmanism four years ago, under the instruction of the Friends at Hoshangabad. He afterwards united with the Canadian Presbyterian Mission at Indore and has since been employed as catechist and Bible reader. He is the youngest of eleven sons of a wealthy Brahman living in Hoshangabad. He has one brother who is a Christian and Bible reader at Sohagpur. He tells some very interesting incidents in his turning away from the religion of his father, who is now 85 years of age, which I may some time relate. At present we have engaged him on trial, as our teacher in Hindi, while I am teaching him the way of the Lord as fast as my strength will allow me, and I pray that he may prove a faithful disciple. He needs to learn many things. His ability to speak, with many commendable qualities of head and heart, make him a very promising young man.

After he has heard us recite our lessons for the day, he goes every evening about six o'clock to the city and reads the Scriptures, and speaks to the people. And singular as it may seem to you, he then sells copies of the gospel to any one desiring to buy them, at three pice (a little more than two cents) per copy. I pay nearly four pice a copy for them, and I would gladly give them away, but all missions in India have found it best to sell all books and even tracts for a small sum. In this way evil disposed persons do not gobble up all our books; besides, by paying something for a book, they are more likely to appreciate it than if it were given them. I have bought already one hundred and twenty-four copies of the gospel by Matthew, besides several of the other gospels, and many copies of the Acts of the Apostles, some of which we sell every day.

Last Saturday evening I went to the city with Lakshman, and we took our stand on the stone steps of the old clock tower, which is situated in the center of the open azar. He commenced reading the scriptures in a clear though not

loud voice, and soon a crowd gathered around us listening attentively to the reading and afterwards to the speaking. During the hour the number who heard must have been several hundred, as there were present all the time from one hundred to three hundred, some of whom stayed only a few minutes, others remaining longer, and others still who listened all the time. I observed many fine looking men in the audience, which was composed of Hindus and Musselmen of all ages and conditions, who were variously dressed, shorn and shaven, according to their different castes, trades and wealth. I was much interested in the boys, of whom I counted at one time more than fifty, who pressed close up to us, paying sharp attention and preserving good order. Several questions were asked by shrewd looking Musselmen, evidently with the purpose of catching the speaker in his words. Lakshman told them if they would read the Bible they would find their questions answered, or that if they would come to my bungalow he would talk with them. He sold a few copies of the Gospels, we made our salaam and walked away.

This is the first distribution and reading of the Holy Scriptures ever made to these people in their own tongue, and though this is a small and weak beginning, we believe this sowing of the Word will, under God's favor, prepare the fields for the future harvest. It is a great joy to our hearts to be able in some measure to bring the true light to those who sit in darkness. "The entrance of Thy word giveth light."
G. L. WHARTON.

Hurda, C. P., India, June 25, 1883.

P. S.—I would most gladly write often to the many dear friends who cheer us with their letters did my time and strength permit. To act as special correspondent might be very pleasant, but it is not the work a missionary to the heathen is sent to do. Our interest in all home affairs of Church and State is not diminished, but rather increased, and I can not sufficiently thank those who write often and receive so little attention in return. The letters and papers from home are among the sweetest pleasures that dwellers in India experience, and we hope our friends will not grow weary.

On Sunday heaven's gates stand open.—George Herbert.

Report from Bro. Conger.

CASTLE ROCK, W. T.,
Aug. 13, 1883.

Bro. Floyd:

By request I send you the following report of a meeting just closed at this place.

Bro. Bailes arrived here, on his way home from his recent trip to California, August 4th; commenced a meeting at that time which continued until yesterday, Aug. 13th. The immediate result was four added to the church, all by primitive obedience. A good attendance and general interest was manifested during the entire meeting.

Yours in brotherly love,

J. K. CONGER.

My Trip to the Willowa.

SUMMERVILLE, OR.,
Aug. 9, 1883.

Bro. Floyd:

On Friday before the fourth Lord's day in July, I started from home in company with my family for the two days basket meeting in Indian valley, which we enjoyed on Saturday and Sunday following. We feasted pretty high upon the nice dinners prepared by the good sisters. I preached four discourses at this meeting, but no visible results.

After services closed Sunday evening I started for the Willowa, in company with Bro. and sister Reasoner, while my family returned home. Wearied with my labors in the open air (for the meeting was in a grove) I passed the night in sweet repose under the hospitable roof of Bro. Reasoner.

On Monday, about 9 A. M., Bro. and sister R., Miss Beath (a teacher of the Willowa) and myself started from Bro. R.'s for the great lake in the Upper Willowa, a distance of about fifty miles. In about nine miles we reached the Willowa river, after descending a mountain which my pen cannot portray, thence the road leads directly up the river through a rugged canyon for a distance of nine miles, while the craggy mountains rise directly from the river to a frightful height on either side. The road is just a grade in the hill-side, and in places full of rock, hence I was bumped, thumped and unmercifully shaken up. Next day I was as sore, stiff and stupid as a foundered horse. It is enough to wilt the spirit of a pioneer. Our faith and an application of the rod to the brother's team brought us safely through this

frightful scene.

On Tuesday, about noon, we reached our destination, arriving at Mr. Beath's, in Upper Willowa valley, warm, tired, dusty, thirsty hungry. We quenched our thirst with the crystal water of Prairie creek that rushed down from the lofty mountains on the south, which yet wear some fragments of their white winter robe.

After refreshments, which embraced a large dish of red fish, I went to the pleasant residence of Bro. J. C. Tucker (elder of the Christian church), and on inquiry I found my appointment had not reached them; but a school-house was near by and a large school in active operation, under the successful guidance of Mr. Rouse, who stands high as a teacher and moral gentleman. While I threw myself upon the bed to rest my weary frame, Bro. Tucker rushed off to the school and announced that I would preach there the next evening at 4 o'clock, at which time I began talking to a small audience, and continued for seven days, with a result of four accessions; one by relation and three by confession and baptism.

When I went there I found eleven Disciples who had been organized into a congregation over three years ago by Bro. Boly, who returned home, and was soon called hence to rest from his labors, while his works do follow him. I understand he never visited them again after their organization; hence they have been without preaching all this time; yet they seem to be very zealous and anxious to do their duty. While I was there they broke the loaf and agreed to meet regularly, preacher or no preacher. So now they have fifteen in number; all in harmony. I expect to visit them again this fall, at which time we expect a glorious harvest of ingathering.

The Willowa is not as good a country as I expected to see. It has been greatly overrated to me, though the soil, grass and water is good. The lake is also beautiful, full one mile broad and four miles long; depth unknown. It abounds with red fish, of which Bro. Reasoner procured two kits and presented me with one, for which I was very thankful.

On the first day of August I started for Grande Ronde, and reached my home about noon on the third. Found Mrs. Jones and the children all well except our oldest boy; he was not well but has recovered since. They seemed to be glad to see the wanderer.

J. M. JONES,