

From there we went on Saturday afternoon to Sarnath, an old Buddhist city, three miles from Benares, that is just being excavated. The carvings were quite wonderful, and some of the monuments or images that have been removed to the museum are very fine. The faces of the Buddhist images are very attractive, and seem almost pretty when compared with the ugly Hindoo images. On the Monday morning of our visit to Benares we went out on a boat on the river to see the people bathing. That does not sound exactly modest, does it, but they bathe with quite as many clothes on as they wear on the street, so there is nothing amiss in going to watch them. Hundreds, no, thousands of Hindoos come every morning to wash in the Ganges, and it makes one almost sick to see them. The water is so filthy, and they stand in it, they say their prayers in it, they wash their clothes and themselves, clean their teeth, and then drink some of the water! All who die of smallpox, if the Government is not watching, and those who cannot afford to have their bodies burned, are thrown into the river. Don't you wonder that there is a Hindoo left to continue these customs? Their systems must be hardened to it, but it is dreadful to see. We passed the burning ghat where the body of a woman was being burned. We went into some of their temples, too, through the narrowest of narrow streets, not more than four or five feet wide. These streets were lined with beggars and lepers. It was all more horrible than it sounds, and we were thankful to get away from it. Benares is said to be a very discouraging place in which to do Christian work, for so few become Christians. There is a large boys' school, and college, a hospital and a church, yet they rarely have more than one become a Christian in a year.

"After this we travelled into Central India. At the beginning of April, as there was nothing to keep us on the plains in the heat, we came off up to the hills. We are at a place called Landour. It is lovely and cool up here, though the journey up was so exceedingly hot that during the two days in the train we hardly knew we were alive. I do feel sorry for those who have to stay on the plains till the first of May, and most of our missionaries do, and after this year we shall have to stay, too. We are nearly 7,000 feet above the

sea level, and yet we can see down on the plains, where they are just broiling in the heat. Some days the heat haze is so thick that we cannot see the plains. By climbing two hundred feet above Edgehill we can see the 'eternal snows' over towards the northeast. They do not look far away, but they are at least sixty miles straight, and several hundreds of miles away with the ups and downs. We study all forenoon from seven to two, except for breakfast, then again in the evening. In the afternoon we take a rest and a walk, which is rather a climb.

"You asked what I got to eat. Well, we often have peanuts, but the grass is all dried up just now! Curry and rice makes a fair substitute if it is not too hot, and we have had strawberries twice this week. We get plenty to eat, and it is supposed to be like our home food, but you cannot imagine what it would be for us to be able just to slip in home some day and have something really good and satisfying. But I cannot waste time in being homesick. I just study and study, longing to get such an acquaintance with this language as to be able to go to work on the field to which I am appointed."

"Dear Boys and Girls,—When this message reaches you, you will be beginning your long summer vacation. We wish you all a happy time. Remember 'to be good is to be happy.' A clear conscience will bring you a measureful of real wholesome joy and peace. You will be living much in God's beautiful out-of-doors. Study the birds and their habits; be on the lookout for new beauties in flower and shrub and tree. Everywhere God's handiwork will be declaring to you the grandeur and greatness of His character. Then praise Him, and with whole-heartedness serve Him. Do not let the Mission Band, with its work for missions at home and abroad, languish, but be saving your money, and be planning for a good autumn's work.

"How can little children show
Their thanks and their grateful love
For all the joys the summer brings
From their Father in Heaven above.
Ah, if the angels could whisper
To the little ones apart,
They would tell them that more than all
God loves the gift of the heart."

Sarah Stuart Barber.