

spent all its strength and hoarsely given up the contest. There has been no bloodshed—murders are done more quietly; no blows, except, perhaps, a tap from a shoe. Only some poor women have had a quarrel, and settled it according to the promptings of their untutored instincts.

"There is an interval of ordinary sounds, and then there comes from out the city a band of music, followed by two lines of flaming torches, between which walk stately elephants carrying a bridal party, and followed by a long, torch-lit procession of men and women bearing on their heads trays of wedding presents. 'Behold the bridegroom cometh! go ye out to meet him,' was spoken to those accustomed to a scene like this. And soon, from another street, comes out a small group, repeating in a monotonous chorus, the words, 'Ram, Ram is true.' They walk rapidly, and carry on their shoulders a burden wrapped in white, and bound to a bier. As they hurry their dead to the burning-ghat, the moonlight seems to grow cold, and a chill strikes through the soft air, and the flowers give forth only sickening odours. Heathenism is never so revolting as in death.

"But the night does not come on without one clear note of hope and promise rising above the discordant city sounds. From a small house near by, where lives a girl who has been taught in the orphanage, come the words of a hymn, a translation of—

"'Salvation, O the joyful sound!'

joyful sound, that shall yet echo through all these dark places, and shall be heard in the ear and in the heart of all souls in prison, whether bound by ignorance or sin.

"God, whose ear is open to every cry that goes up from this city to-night, will speed the glad day."

The path for carrying out ideals for the higher education of women was not made easy to her feet. Many of the missionaries even did not think the time ripe for such a step. Converts were few, and most of them poor. There were no buildings, nor funds, and always the problem of caste distinction.

Miss Thoburn began her work. In a little room in a bazaar, within the sight and dust of the street, she opened her school, the first morning with six pupils. Five were

Hindustani, and one Eurasian, *i.e.*, of mixed European and Asiatic parentage. Among these Eurasians henceforth lay part of her work.

It was in the contact and commingling of school life, too, that she saw and seized her opportunity to do much for the breaking down of the caste system. A few months after the opening of the school she had seventeen pupils. But we have not time to trace the school in its broadening growth. Suffice it to say the time came when the missionary Society felt equal to the purchase of a permanent home for the Woman's Mission in Lucknow.

The only place pointed out as suitable was the famous Lal Bagh, or Ruby Garden, the residence of the royal treasurer of the last king of Oudh. It was in this beautiful home that Miss Thoburn loved to exercise her hospitality till the fame of Lal Bagh—the "House Beautiful," some one has called it—reached across the sea. Of Miss Thoburn as a hostess, it is said: "In a country where servants abound, she always rose in the night hours to give a cup of tea to any guest who had to leave by a night train."

In two years the girls' school numbered forty pupils, and a boarding-school had to be erected on the grounds, for the girls from a distance. Shortly after the question began to be agitated of a boarding-school for the girls of English parentage, who had been swept into the Church in the great revival of 1870-1871. It was laid upon the hearts of the missionaries that if India was to be Christianized the Anglo-Saxon portion of the community must be nurtured in the Christian faith. An Englishman with a daughter to educate gave a thousand rupees to the founding of the new school, which was soon opened in Cawnpore.

One unexpected result of opening the