

you, if possible, a like pleasure ; but in my work among the children only little things happen that seem not worth the telling.

Since Miss Rodger left us, her school work, too, has been in my hands. By having the Camp school in the early morning and the city school later I manage fairly well. But with the additional school work the amount of Zenana work done formerly is impossible. However, the rainy season is not the time when I can work most satisfactorily. It is the most trying season of the year to me.

In the city school many high caste children have entered since the beginning of work after the holidays, and I am sure that anyone who loves little ones would enjoy working among them. The majority come and go and never learn to read. They, however, get an idea of order and discipline and cleanliness, and learn a few hymns and texts ; so, perhaps, even in the case of the least promising, it is not altogether wasted effort. The progress made by the girls in the highest class is very encouraging. I call to mind just now one little girl who was very backward and so bad tempered that none of the teachers could do anything with her. On the slightest provocation she would fly into a rage. Now she is ready for the third reader and is one of my best little girls. A few days ago I saw her temper rising and called her to my side, spoke a few words to her (the while patting her head) and asked her to repeat a certain text : " He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." She repeated it, and went back to her work smiling and happy. Her name is Mirchi and we call this text " Mirchie's verse." To-day the very smallest child in school asked me if she might go home, as she had been called somewhere for dinner. Before giving her permission to go I asked her to repeat last Sunday's text—" Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself"—and with lisping words, but it in a sturdy tone, she repeated it correctly, and answered several questions of a most practical nature bearing on it. Only when the morning breaks and the shadows flee away shall we know the result of our seed sowing. And, perhaps, in many homes the Word may be fulfilled : " And a little child shall lead them."

Another of my girls went away to her mother-in-law's about eight months ago. Her mother lives in Indore and I visit her