

ruptions! I have when I sit down to write a letter, you would wonder that I ever get one written.

It is now four hours since I commenced this, and you see how far I have progressed. This afternoon I must go to the school and hold our school prayer meeting at its close. Tomorrow our mother's meeting, and every Saturday too. I have the large girls who are preparing for examinations come up here to learn to sew. 15 in all come, but I must excuse them to-morrow, I think.

One of my interruptions this morning was that of a teacher bringing his pariah school of 30 boys and girls to visit me and get presents. This is a custom of this country. At the Dasera festival which is now commencing all the pretty school teachers in town get their pupils arrayed in clothes of various colors and hues, a bow and arrow in their hands, and then lead them around the town, singing pardyams at the houses where they stop and ask the people to give them something. They sang a pardyam to me, but I could not endure it all so asked them when part through not to favor me with any more. I asked them if they were singing or reciting. "Singing" they said.

Two will recite a line in a high tone of voice, then all will sing (?) or recite it after them, each in the highest key he could manage to shout it. You have never heard any music quite equal to this, and I doubt if you would greatly long for the pleasure the second time.

I always give to these pariah school children because they are the outcasts. Their own people are too poor to give them much, and I suspect the caste people of the town pay little attention to their requests.

I have had in mind for some time to visit this school and see if we could arrange with the teacher, by adding something to his salary, to call in the children on Sundays and allow us to teach them the Bible and Christian hymns; so I was glad to see them to-day.

I wrote the proposal to the teacher and he promised to give me a reply soon.

Then here comes our Mohanmedan baker, makes his request for help and sits down on the verandah, presumably to sit there till I grant it. The rains have not come and therefore the famine is coming and he and his family had no food last night. The government has raised the price of trees, that give the toddy used in baking, so high that no one has bid any in yet, and so he cannot make bread for us, and this source of income is cut off for a time; and we must make bread as best we can or do without. I sent a servant to town this morning to purchase paddy, but no one would sell, sent again to people who have lots of it stored up, but no one would open his store house or sell any. The appearance of the weather is that this monsoon now due will fail us as the last partially did and thus the prices of all grains will go up so high that by and bye they will double or treble their profits. The price of rice is more than a third higher than a week ago, and if this cloudless sky continues much longer, everything will go up to famine prices, for the failure of rain is very general over a great part of India.

I tell the people when they complain to me that no rain is coming and that there will be famine, that the Lord has tried love and pity on them all these years, with no effect, and