

brownish hue, and they all have dark eyes and black hair. They are wearing simple cotton dresses, and each one has over her shoulders a white muslin chadar. As we walk along we find there are three small class-rooms as well as the big school-room.

And now let me tell you a little more about the girls. There are generally sixty or more; their ages vary from six to eighteen; some of them have English and some Indian names, such as Florence, Amy, Angie, Rosie, Grace, Rajubala, Aziza, Ryari, and Amrati. They come from different homes, but the parents of all are Christians, who want their daughters to know and love the Lord Jesus Christ. Their fathers are chiefly pastors, doctors, clerks, judges, catechists, railway officials, and others.

You will ask, "What sort of lessons do these girls have?" Of course they begin with reading, writing, and arithmetic. The Hindustani reading is very different to ours—it begins at what we consider the wrong end of the book, and the lines must be read from right to left. This of course is the same with writing, and the children write with reeds and ink on pieces of wood. They find it just as hard as we do not to make blots when first they begin; but it is wonderful how quickly they get on if they really try hard. They also learn history and geography, beginning with Indian history and the geography of India. Then, instead of learning French and German, they have to study English and Persian. They learn to speak English very nicely; you would be able to understand any one of the elder girls perfectly if you could have a conversation with her. Then we do not forget needlework. We teach both plain and (Indian) fancy work, as well as knitting. I was showing some specimens of this work to the girls of a High School near London a few days ago, and they thought the stitches very neat.

But chief of all the lessons is the Bible lesson. In the middle of the day the bell is rung, and in every class, from the eldest to the youngest, the Bible is taught and explained. We want this to be the happiest lesson in all the day, for we long for each one of our dear girls to know and love the Word which our Father has given to us.

Most of our girls are very fond of singing; they sing songs and hymns, chiefly the latter. Many of our English hymns have been translated into Hindustani, and so even the youngest children can join in the singing. On Sunday evenings, when the little ones have gone to bed, the elder girls sing English hymns with us.

Our Prize-Giving at Christmas-time is always a great event. We ask all our friends to come, specially any relations of the girls who are able. One prize generally excites a good deal of interest and amusement—it is given to the tidiest girl by the untidy ones: that is to say, when things are left about in the school, they are confiscated, and the owner has to pay a forfeit of a farthing for each article before it is restored to her. At the end of a year these forfeits, I am sorry to say, amount to a considerable sum, and with them a special prize is bought.

But we have had enough of actual lessons, and you will want to see our girls out of school. Our nice big play-ground is very often the scene of laughter and merriment. We like to have Hide and Seek, Prisoners' Base, Twos and Threes, Touch-last, Tom Tiddler's Ground, and other games. We have our long holidays in the summer. Our grand Breaking-up Day is generally the first Thursday in August, and then all the girls go to their homes. Some live so long a distance from Amritsar (far off on the frontier, or away down at Karachi), that they can only go home once in the year. But we have a week's holiday at Christmas, too, and generally a fortnight in the spring when the hot weather is beginning. Besides these we have a monthly half-holiday, which is dependent on the girls' industry and behaviour, and so called a "merit" holiday. But somehow from the first we have so enjoyed it that it has always been known as the "merry" instead of the "merit" holiday.

Our girls are very affectionate and very responsive. They delight in showing their affection by helping us whenever they can: running messages, sewing up parcels, mending our stockings, and making our beds, are kind actions which they are always offering to do. Sometimes our happy school-life is clouded by instances of disobedience, untruthfulness, carelessness, and laziness: these make us very sad. I do ask very earnestly that you will pray for our girls—pray for them just the same as you pray for yourselves. Most of them long to be true followers of Jesus Christ; they want to be truthful, loving, industrious, and faithful, just as you do. And yet one more thing, and I have done. Oh, do pray that God may give to them, and to yourselves, a real missionary spirit; so that they, among their own people, and you, either at home or abroad, may have grace to tell by word and life of the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Believe me, your affectionate friend,

ANNIE F. WRIGHT.