



A CHRISTIAN SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, LAHORE, INDIA

house on the summit of the hill. Here after having some talk with the mistress of the house with her permission I held a short service for her servants on the verandah; then I went to visit a young man, a Protestant Christian, who was servant in a Roman Catholic house near by. Leaving here we went to the next plantation some miles further on. It was raining heavily and the path was very slippery, and I feared my horse would be down every minute, but a kind welcome from the planter's wife at the end of my journey; and again a nice little gathering of natives got together by her, that I might tell them in their own tongue of the wonderful works of God, quite made up for the discomforts of the road. One little native girl in the audience greeted me with a very bright smile and claimed acquaintance as an old friend. She had learned for a time in one of our schools in Ooty. On the way home I stopped at a Thota village, the first of this tribe I have ever visited. They understood Tamil, though it is not their own language. The men have long uncombed hair parted in the middle and tied in a knot low in the neck. The women are tidier looking and their houses, built in neat rows and thatched, look very comfortable. They have

low verandahs running the length of them, built in two tiers and one of these they swept down, and removing the pots put there to dry, (for pot-making is the industry practised by the women), they spread a mat for me and gathered around to the number of about twenty while I sang and spoke to them. We are hoping to get a night-school started among them, as they cannot spare their boys to go to school in the day.

On Sunday I played the harmonium at the Tamil service held by the catechist in the English church in Gudalur. The congregation was small as the people live at such great distances, but it is growing and there was present a girl whom we hope will be baptized before long, though her parents are still heathen, but she learned in our school here and wishes to be a Christian and her father does not oppose it. After the service I had a Bible-class for women in the vestry, at which she was also present. By the time we had finished the two or three English families in the place began to assemble for their service, to which we stayed. This was read by a planter who has been appointed a lay-reader by the Bishop in the absence of a clergyman. The next morning early we started, driving to another place where a small Mission