

who, often bringing their babies, come for the purpose of learning to read and write a little, and the rest are girls ranging from thirteen years of age down to four.

I need scarcely tell you that special attention is paid to their religious instruction. I try to make everything as plain and clear to them as possible, and both my teachers and myself feel rewarded when we hear even the tiniest of them repeating, from memory, the beatitudes, for instance, or answering the questions put to them from the life of Christ, or the Catechism, or singing together, in Hindi of course, but to the dear old tunes, such hymns as "Come to Jesus" or "Oh, that will be joyful!" I earnestly hope and pray that many, yes all, may be so deeply impressed by the words of our dear Master, that they may be led to trust in Him alone as their God and Saviour, instead of in the miserable images of wood and stone that many of them still worship devoutly.

On Christmas morning, when we had the grand distribution of prizes for all the Indore Sunday schools, my girls, even the little tots, turned out nicely, some being rewarded for their diligence with prizes, and all going away perfectly happy with a card and some native sweetmeats. They were also much pleased with the present of a doll or piece of cloth from the Mission box, that each one received who had attended regularly.

I visited the homes of all the children some time ago, and found all the parents much pleased to see me. In the houses of the rich, a grand seat was prepared for me, with a bright shawl or blanket thrown over it and a brighter rug beneath. Here I sat while the women loaded me with wreaths of flowers and rubbed native perfumes upon my clothes, and, if it was not a house where the women were purdah, there were generally as many neighbours looking on as could possibly crowd around. Native fruits and sweets or spices were then offered to me, of which I partook sparingly, as you might expect; and then after speaking a little.