

INDIA.

To a missionary just arrived in India, the condition of things is so different from anything in the homeland, the surroundings are so entirely foreign, that he is most likely to be confounded and confused. The sun has increased in power since reaching the Red Sea, till the glare now becomes so trying that unless very careful to keep his head covered, flushed cheeks and headache will soon add to his confusion. Everything seems to be parched and dried up. His throat, from the tobacco and pepper among the dust in most cities, has a peculiar feeling, which often causes him a distressing cough. It will be fortunate if some old missionary or friendly military man has persuaded him to buy a good sun helmet before leaving Britain. In 1893 I saw a Y.M.C.A. Secretary land in Bombay at midday wearing a soft felt black hat, and wondering why his head felt so strangely heavy and confused. A large "Topay" and white umbrella gave him more confidence next day.

What an immense crowd—people everywhere, and in such swarms that the new-comer is overwhelmed. He notices first of all, perhaps, the slow, moderate movements and deliberate bearing of the people. In general there is no rush and hurry as is met with in our homeland. A Hindu would be surprised to find himself going at a run. Perhaps the climate has something to do with it; but a missionary, fresh from home, is apt to call them lazy, and conclude that the inhabitants of India would rather walk than run, stand than walk, sit down than stand, lie and sleep than all else; and this feeling will be slow to leave him when he wants something done quickly.

He will be inclined to think that Babel tongues have been let loose, for they are a people of many words and much noise. Even to those who can understand one or two of the lan-