

The roads by the tanks are beautiful, and would be more so were the beauty not marred by the idol temples near by, which are carved and ornamented with hideous figures. The natives must surely see the difference between their temples and the plain little whitewashed mission chapel, where the simple gospel story of a Saviour's redeeming love for a lost world is told.

Between fifteen and twenty children from a village near the Mission Compound attend Sunday School at this Mission Chapel, and it is a real pleasure to see their bright faces, and especially to hear them answer the questions so readily. Occasionally some of the people from this village come to the service attracted by the presence of the children. Whenever we pass the village the children speak to us, and Mr. Cōrey sometimes asks them questions such as "Who made you?" and the answer is given at once "Davordo" (God). Surely the good seed is being sown in their young hearts.

The Mission House itself proves a great attraction to the people, and they often come to call on us from villages miles away. Recently a company of about twenty Brahmins came to the house from a village thirty miles distant. Before they left they asked to be allowed to go to the roof of the house, and esteemed it a great privilege being allowed.

Sometimes our hearts are gladdened by some coming from a real desire to learn more of the truth as it is in Jesus. Only yesterday a middle-aged man came to the Mission House and asked for a native preacher to be stationed in his village, but his request could not be granted as there was no preacher who could be spared for that purpose. The man remained some time and read passages of Scripture which he was asked to read. He said that he had a Bible, but wanted a book with prayers so as to learn to pray. Fortunately there was a little book in the house containing the Lord's prayer