

Young People's Department.

FOR OUR MISSION BANDS.

The ever-varying phases of life in India never fail to charm us. There are so many things to learn, so many places to see. Let us enjoy together some of the early experiences of a young woman who is spending her first year in this wonderful land, and is seeing much as day by day, she studies this difficult language. The sentences are culled from letters to the dear home folk, who watch so eagerly for the messages which travel so far to them, over thousands of miles of land and sea.

"Lucknow is a very interesting city, but the station where I am to work later is a smaller place, and I am glad. I went out there on a visit, and loved the place, with its great wooded hills and its shade trees. At worship hour I chose to sing 'I to the hills will life mine eyes.' I was so happy with the people. They called me their own 'Miss Sahib.' I was afraid I might find the dark faces repulsive, but they are not so, and I loved them as soon as I saw them. They are very much nicer than the poor people of the cities, for they are an independent, freedom-loving people, but terribly poor. Their clothing is very meagre, and many of the children wear nothing at all but a string about the waist, or a bracelet. One little boy came to church with a string tied round his waist with a bell tied to it in front. But even the naked babies are nice; I didn't mind picking them up, though there was not much to hold by, and I was afraid they would slip out of my arms.

"I wish you could see one of our Indian bathrooms. They are a luxury. All bedrooms have bathrooms attached, and one corner has a cement wall six inches high separating it from the rest of the room, a zinc or tin tub stands therein, and when you have finished your bath, you just leave the water for the 'mater' to come and tip out. It is just tipped on to the floor, and runs through a hole in the wall. It is through these holes that frogs come in during the rains, and then cobras follow them in. Nowadays, people usually put a wire netting over them, for it is so much safer. The 'maters' who tend to the bathroom and do sweeping, too, belong to the lowest caste. This morn-

ing our pundit was explaining the caste system to us, and telling how the Brahmans, who belong to the highest caste, bathe every time before they eat. He ended by saying proudly: 'I am a Brahman, and my name means "Lord of the Earth."' This pundit is more concerned about the English he can learn from us than about the Hindu he can teach us.

"While in Lucknow, we reviewed our history of the Indian Mutiny, so thought we must go to see Cawnpore. We had just two and a half hours there. We drove first to the Memorial Well and gardens. In the parks and gardens there is a very gorgeous shrub quite common here. It is so covered with purple blossoms that the leaves can scarcely be seen. They look just like great purple mounds, about fifteen feet in diameter, and almost that high. And the Memorial Well—it gives one a strange feeling just to think of it; it is so quiet and still there, so sad and yet so peaceful. The monument itself represents a well, and it is on the very spot where the well was where the women and children were cast. A circular stone wall surrounds it, and inside are steps leading down to the centre, where the marble figure of an angel stands. I have never seen anything in the line of sculpture that seemed to be so full of expression. One can laugh and talk at Brock's Monument at Queenston, and almost all other similar public memorials are equally cold-looking, but this puts a person at once to silence, and one feels that that dreadful slaughter had just taken place. We then went to the Massacre Ghat, and the Memorial Church. The church stands where General Wheeler's entrenchments were when the mutiny began, and the Massacre Ghat is about half a mile from it. This is where the massacre took place when Nana Sahib had enticed them out under promise of safe conduct to Allahabad. Only two men escaped, and the women and children were reserved for torture and the massacre that took place a short time later at the well.

"The week before we left Lucknow we were invited to spend the week-end at Benares with missionaries who came over on the same steamer with us.