wherever he happens to be. He rolls the rice and curry in to little balls and throws them into his month.

Candy stores are there? Why yes. There is the candy man seated on the floor in front of the candy spread out on a board. See, he now scratches his bare back adown which the perspiration flows; then he pats the candy balls: now he blows his nose with his fingers and again he rolls the candy. Do you want some of this sweetmeat? "No No!" I hear you say it is too dirty and greasy."

A ring you wish to buy? Do not think that you will go to a glass windowed store and peer at jewelled gold arranged in plush. Ah, no! You will approach a fat man leaning against that mud wall. He will lazily open his bag and weigh with sticks and shells the required amount of gold leaf. The man across the street who is blowing the wals through a hollow stick, will melt and mould the gold into the required shape.

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Yes, India is indeed a queer country. Here the man who with his head enclosed in an iron frame lies on sharp thorns, is regarded as the most holy of persons. Here the life of an ant is regarded as sacred as that of a man; yet animals are cruelly treated and permitted to live out lives of intense suffering.

Here in India the river or tank is the bathroom the sun the towel and a stick the tooth brush. Here a hole in the sand forms a wash tub and the article to be washed is heavily beaten on a hugh flat stone.

My dear friends, what more can I tell you about this strange country with its 300 million inhabitants, its 140 nationalities, its 40 languages and more than 20 millions of wretched little widows. India! wonderful India! Its splendid mosques, fine temples, wealthy princes, beautiful and varied scenery render it one of the most interesting of countries. Good roads, railways, post regulations and many of your modern conveniences are to be found—yet here we behold the heathen in his darkness bowing down to wood and stone, we see poverty, misery, famine, plague and death on every hand. Night, night, how dark the