

But you would be astonished could you see the homes from which faultlessly attired native gentlemen come; many of them are mere mud hovels destitute of furniture, and your fine gentleman sits on the ground to partake of his food, which he conveys to his mouth with the fingers of his right hand. Yet there is some state connected with even so simple a repast, for the wife serves her husband, sitting or standing reverentially behind him, ready to obey his slightest command, and glad, poor soul! to appease her own hunger when her lord and master has satisfied his wants and retired from the scene.

Under that large umbrrell made of bamboo splints, with the handle stuck in the ground, sits a shoemaker busily plying his trade, and here comes a customer—a traveller who is glad to have his worn sandals repaired while he rests by the roadside and refreshes himself with his hookah. There is a well opposite, and the traveller has his own brass vessel and a long strong cord with which to let down his cup into the cold depths below and bring up pure, sweet water with which to quench his thirst.

But look at that woman stepping away from the well, a large brass vessel filled with water poised upon her head. Rebekah at the well, so long ago, must have presented to Abraham's trusted servant just such a picture as this woman furnishes us with to day. On that broad platform of masonry around the well, where so many women are now waiting to fill their water-jars, travelers often sit to rest, as the Saviour, weary with his journey, sat by Sychar's well and conversed with the woman of Samaria.

Close beside the well is a temple. Look at those women pressing into it. One of the number leads by the hand a pretty little girl. The brass cup which the mother carries is filled with water from the Ganges, which she will pour over the idol, and the garland of fragrant white blossoms in the hand of the little maiden will be presented to the temple-divinity.

There is a poor leper by the wayside

begging. He holds up to view his maimed hands and utters piteous cries, but it will not be a kindness to bestow alms on him. For such afflicted ones there is an asylum outside the city where all their needs are supplied, where they are nursed in sickness, and where, also, they are instructed by those who have a care for their souls as well as for their bodies. Yet this man prefers to beg; he likes the freedom of such a life, and perhaps finds his calling profitable.

A blind man led by a small boy is following our carriage, and now a wretched looking woman with a puny baby in her arms rushes toward us. For the blind man as well as for the leper there is a refuge where his physical wants will be supplied, but this life is his choice; and the woman with that miserable infant is a professional beggar, and I question if she would esteem it a blessing could her afflicted child be made perfectly whole, since she gains a livelihood by the public exhibition of its deformities.

But here we are in the city. And what a tumult! All the roads leading to the market-place are thronged with people. Those women with large wicker baskets filled with water-jars upon their heads have come from villages where potters ply their trade. Those men bearing boxes upon their heads are starting out for a day's peddling; they will go from bungalow to bungalow, offering for sale a strange assortment of articles—writing-paper and hair-brushes, castor oil and ribbons, corn-flour and shoe-blackening. The postmen collecting mail-matter from the letter-boxes are all mounted on bicycles—a great saving of time and strength. There is no lack of policemen, but activity is not one of their distinguishing virtues. There gay livery, however, furnishes a cheerful bit of color—scarlet turban, blue blouse and orange-trousers.

Here is a wedding-procession. The bridegroom is but a child, yet he looks very grave sitting under his gilded canopy, as if he fully appreciated the dignity of his position. The wail that is borne to