

buffaloes round and round in the deep mud. I hardly think our Canadian boys would care to work on the farms in India, where there are no implements except these strange wooden ploughs and dead tree trunks which are sometimes dragged about to prepare the ground for seed.

Now you will want to know why there were no farm houses I suppose. Well, India farmers are a bit afraid of the dark, and the possible visitation of cheetas from the hills, and so they build their mud-walled thatch-roofed houses close together making a little village in the centre of their lands. There may be a shed built up against the house, as a shelter for the oxen, and buffaloes.

But I really want most of all to tell you about the school, I visited in a buffalo shed. There were no walls, but stout bamboo poles supported a roof made by using more bamboo poles for rafters, and bundles of rice straw in place of shingles. The ground served as a nice, hard floor, and it had been sprinkled with sand so that the little boys and girls could trace, over and over with their fingers, the letter the teacher had made for them. Everyone sings the lesson in a sleepy sing songey fashion. I'm sure I should find it hard to keep awake, but they are used to it. No stools, desks, nor blackboards, no bright pictures on the walls, nor interesting maps and charts, nothing but a mud floor with a bit of sand sprinkled on it.

These little folks work all day in the ricefields and though their fathers and mothers often scold them for wanting to learn to read, nothing can keep them away from the night school. Here they are, twenty nine of them squatted in a circle around the lantern, everybody as busy and interested as can be. Four of the boys and a little girl have done so well that they have been rewarded with a reader, and a seat. They feel very

important indeed, as they write simple little words from dictation. Now its time to put books and slates away but the children do not go. What are they waiting for? Why a story! That little girl with the bright red beads and nose-ring is the cleverest in the school. Listen to her answering questions about the Creation, Adam, Noah, and Joseph! The school was only begun four months ago, and yet these little folks know almost as much as some little Canadian boys and girls know, about these great heroes. Now they are all wide awake, for the teacher is asking them about the Child Jesus, the wonderful Star, the shepherds, the Wisemen, and they love this story best of all. If you could but hear them I am sure you would be quite as surprised as I was, for you know their fathers and mothers know very little about these wonderful heroes, and the Child Jesus. The heroes they have heard about are vile, cruel men who have lived very wicked lives, using their strength to injure weaker people and so their minds, too, are full of evil, wicked thoughts like their heroes.

It is past eight o'clock and across the darkness comes the shrill call "Oyah, oy-as Ramana-a-a-h," which means that Ramana's mother has decided it is quite time he were home. Ramana knows that he must go at once if he is to get any rice and curry, and so he makes a respectful salaam and scurries off, followed by the rest.

The school room is quickly converted into a sleeping porch and a clumsy looking cot is produced with wide tapes interlaced to serve as a spring and mattress. It really feels fine, at first, and I fail to notice that I must either draw my feet well up or hang them over the edge. I find that out later when I awake from a good sound sleep. My friend is stretched on a mat on one side, and the buff-