

furniture of these shops is one or two large rough barrels and a rough table to hold the drinking vessels. It is all open to the street, having neither window nor door.

At first, I am told, only the lowest caste drank. Now all classes are taking to it, Mussulmans as well as Hindus.

It is now long past mid-day, so we will hurry home. This Indian summer sun is very exhausting; and the hot winds seem to dry up the flesh on ones bones. I would earnestly warn all "globe trotters" against visiting India during the summer months.

The following morning we might learn a little more about Indian life by visiting the schools. But let us first go with the preachers to the bazaar in the evening and help to proclaim the way of salvation. The *modus operandi* is pretty much like the open-air preachers at home. A suitable place being fixed upon, we gather an audience by singing hymns or bhajans. The people much prefer the bhajans. Though why, Europeans can hardly tell. There is no harmony in the bhajan. It is all melody, and the chief point is the repetition singing the same lines over again. Musical natives do not at all like our music, and natives are all musical. They delight greatly in the quavers: sometimes one note is drawn out and filled with trills and quavers. It seems very comical to an European at first. And if asked his private opinion he would probably reply that the native can no more sing than a corn-crake. This also is pretty much the natives' opinion of an European. However, we mostly sing bhajans in the open air as it gathers a crowd quickest. After the bhajan and a short prayer one after another reads a short passage and speaks on it with more or less fluency. You will generally find about the outskirts of the crowd two or three Mohammedans annoying and saying nasty things to raise a laugh. Of course, this audience is a very transitory one. People are continually coming and going. In our church the audience is more satisfactory; for the most of the people remain during the whole of the address. It is not customary now for preachers to ridicule the Hindu gods as they used to do. This has been found unprofitable, as the people are quite willing to laugh at them and still believe in them. We find that if a Hindu sees the truth as it is in Christ, and is born again by the Spirit of God into a new life, that these old superstitions fall away like the decayed caterpillar's skin from the butterfly. The Indian's opposition to Christ is not so much of the