

probably preached well this afternoon, people generally do when they are happy, if they are inclined to preach at all. I feel glad too now, I think, although I did not at first; but you know we are told to rejoice with them that do rejoice, so I will, and have faith enough to hope that it will be all right with the dear little baby boys, although their father only gets five rupees, or two dollars a month, and has two little boys and a little girl besides these little new comers to provide for, and their mother is not the most thrifty housekeeper in India, so you understand why I did not feel very glad at first. I was caring for the things of the morrow when we are told to let the morrow care for itself. Goveriah is my only Christian bearer now, the other has gone to the seminary in Sumulcotta. He was very faithful in talking to the people outside of the homes while I was inside with the women, and Goveriah is following his example and seldom loses an opportunity. He has been given permission to go to school a while every morning to learn to read. I am going to ask those of you who love Jesus to pray for him and for my three heathen bearers. They are also very nice men, but they need new hearts; and four good, earnest Christian men could do a great deal of good work in the street with the men, women and children whom they would get to listen to them.

We had a good time to-day, we usually have; but one visit we made this afternoon seemed to be specially interesting to me. Shreherama and Punama are the names of the two women we went to see first. They belong to the dancing caste; no Hindoo women dance but those belonging to the one caste, and they, as a rule, are not supposed to associate with respectable people of other castes; but I am sure no one would suppose that these two nice looking women belonged to such a caste if they were not told. They have not only got good, noble looking faces, but are clean and neat and very refined and lady-like in their manners. Shreherama is about thirty years old and has some nice looking children; she reads very well and is learning to sing; and we trust is learning to know something of the true God. When she reads the Bible she seems to understand it so easily and can explain what she reads to others. Punama is younger, perhaps about twenty-three, has a very fair skin and is pretty; she is also bright and learns quickly; and like her friend Shreherama, understands all she reads and hears. She seems to understand why Christ died and told me she believed in Him; but I fear she has not yielded herself wholly to Him. A great many here tell us they believe in Jesus, when they mean that they believe he is the true God, so it is necessary to be very careful to show them the difference between a real, living faith in the Lord Jesus and the intellectual belief that too many are satisfied with. We hope that both of these dear women may soon receive Christ into their hearts and become his children.

Shreherama has a little daughter about eight years old, whose name is Pracashamina which means shining or bright. She is reading the "Peep of Day," a little book no doubt some of you have read. She is a dear little girl and is learning to read and sing very quickly; she, her mother and Punama sang a hymn for me to-day and two when I visited them a week ago. Ma Lukshmi, our Bible woman, teaches them one hour every morning.

To-day when I was there a number of women and children came from other houses in the neighbourhood; among them was an old woman, who had come once before and had heard a little which made her wish to know more, without thinking that there would be anything in what she heard for herself. I told her that Jesus

Christ, who was the only true God, loved her and He was waiting to save her and forgive her sins, and then she would go to Him after death. First she would not listen and thought it too absurd altogether, that this great salvation was intended for such a poor old woman as she considers herself to be. "No, no," she kept on saying, "It is not for me, why I cannot read, I do not know anything, I am only a poor, ignorant old woman, no one cares for me, I am kicked and knocked about that is all the happiness I have. Oh, no, no, it is only for you great people, that is all." Punama and I prevailed on her at last with a good deal of difficulty to listen and give herself time to think of what we were saying; we read several passages from the New Testament to her; one John viii. 16. "God so loved the world," etc., we also read for part of our lesson a part of the xlv. of Isaiah, to which she listened very attentively and told me while I was reading and talking to them about the folly and sin of making idols and worshipping them, that she had often fallen down before them and said, "Oh swamy, swamy, swamy, (swamy means God), but it did no good, I was not any happier afterwards." I told her God was very much displeased when He saw those whom He had created for His glory worshipping idols; and He said that those who did so would be ashamed and they had neither knowledge nor understanding. She listened very attentively so did also the rest of the women, and when I was through with my visit in that house she followed me to the next and told the woman there that I told her that this great salvation was for her. I am anxious to see her again and hope I shall find her ready to take Christ and come out and confess Him. Now my letter is quite long enough for this time.

Yours sincerely,

M. J. FRITH.

### Achhru, The Boy Schoolmaster.

On several previous occasions we have told our young readers what English ladies are doing for the women and girls of India in the Zenana missions. I am sure you will be equally pleased to know what has been done by a Hindu boy who was taught by one of these ladies. Miss Greenfield is one of the missionaries of the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East, and is stationed at Ludhiana, in that part of the Indian Empire known as the Panjab. This lady had persuaded some of the converted Hindu women to bring their children to church with them, instead of letting them play outside.

Among these was a woman named Dharmo, who was anxious to work for Christ, and she brought her little boy Achhru. "Poor little object, it was the beginning of the cold weather, and he came perfectly naked, with the exception of a strip of cloth round his loins, and sometimes a cotton sheet over his shoulders. He looked so weak and delicate as to move the heart of a kind friend then staying with us, who often gave Dharmo pice to buy milk for the lad."

Dharmo, the mother, had still a great amount of heathen superstition in her heart, and she was afraid to let the boy learn to read, because she said if he became learned he would die. But when she found that the other children learned without any fatal result, she yielded. He only had two lessons a week, but he was so quick and intelligent that in a year he could read and write quite nicely, and was soon able to read the Testament in the written language of the Panjab (Gurmukhi). It would seem that he was filled with the true missionary spirit. No sooner had he amassed a little knowledge for himself, than he was moved with the desire to impart it to others.