

ly cried. "Never mind! Don't move!" Then came a brush down my back with a heavy hand. "What was it?" Bring the lantern closer!" Coats are taken off and shaken. There it is in the corner a big, big scorpion.

"How excellent is thy lovingkindness, O God! therefore the children of men put their trust under the shadow of Thy wings."

After two years and a half in India what do we say,—

"INDIA IS A QUEER COUNTRY."

See the Hindu as he rapidly shakes his hands from left to right to express "no." See him clapping his hands as he wishes to gain your attention. One time there was a stubborn child at a hotel in Calcutta. Whenever the mother would slap the child a dozen servants would run in answer to the supposed call.

See the Hindu as he picks up sticks with his toes and bears straw, water, and all kinds of bundles either on his head or shoulder. See him, with his bead encircled wrists and neck, his ash-marked arms, chest and forehead—clad in a loose cotton cloth below and nature's robes above. See him with shaven head before and ragged lock of hair flapping behind as he runs from side to side to avoid a widow or a donkey or a pig—the very sight of which would be defilement.

A mala woman is at the door. A basket of fruit is on her head. What does my lordly Bramin munshi say to her? "Now it will be great merit for you if you give me one of those mangoes. If you don't I'll curse you!"

The climate of India?—There are three seasons of four months each—the season when the days are cloudy, steamy, rainy, murky; the season when the days are scorching, glaring, cloudless, panting; and lastly the season when the cooling zephyrs blow and one exclaims, "How lovely is India!"

Stoves are there? No not one. The Hindu places an earthen pot upon the two stones between which a fire has been lighted—thus he does his cooking by the roadside or