

letter is about Ujain, one of the cities of India. If you see this paper my dear, I would like you to read the letter because Ujain may be my home and I would like you to know all about it.

We are living in Indore just now, in the house in which Mr. and Mrs. Murray lived and died. Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Campbell are living in a house close by. Miss Rodger, Miss Oliver and Miss Beatty in another house some distance away, and Miss Scott and Miss Sinclair in a fourth house. These are all our missionaries in Indore. We have only two more in India. Mr. McElvie in Mhow fourteen miles from here. He is not married and only came two months before we did so is only learning the language, and Mr. and Mrs. Wilson in Neemuch 150 miles away. Now my dear you know the names of all our missionaries here and their stations. Don't forget any of us, but try and find out all you can about us all. Won't you?

Your loving friend,

MARY BUCHANAN.

A MORNING IN AN INDIAN BAZAAR.

Come with me this morning into the city, that you may have a glimpse of an Indian bazaar. I will lend you a covered umbrella and a sun-hat, and, if your eyes are sensitive, tinted glasses also, for the glare in this fierce heat is dazzling. We must drive, of course, and, as the carriage is at the door, let us go at once.

The long lines of men and women bearing baskets on their heads are on the way to market. The greater number, you see, are women: they carry heavy loads, but maintain an erect, and even a graceful, carriage, and are very picturesque in their costume. Look at that woman in scarlet attire. The one long piece of cloth which serves the purpose of skirt, jacket and covering for the head is deftly, and even artistically, arranged, leaving only the face exposed, and is kept in place without the aid of needle, pin, hook, string or button. From the right arm, uplifted to

steady the basket of golden melons, the drapery falls away, revealing the brown arm covered halfway to the elbow with bracelets—not, indeed, of precious metal, but of shellac, gay in color and ornamented with beads. Her feet are bare, but upon her ankles there are bands and upon her toes rings that make a tinkling sound as she moves along. Some of the women are dressed in blue, some in yellow and some in soiled white garments: but the drapery of all is arranged in the same fashion.

There is a man carrying a large bundle upon his head, but he walks along apparently unconscious of his load, his hands hanging by his side, and so erect in carriage that his perfectly-poised bundle is in no danger of falling.

Here comes a fine carriage drawn by a pair of spirited horses. There are outriders in gorgeous livery, and, sitting in state, like a king on his throne, is a fair boy seven or eight years of age, richly dressed and covered with ornaments. That is the cherished son of some wealthy Hindu out for his morning airing.

Just behind the handsome carriage comes creaking along a rude cart with ponderous wooden wheels and drawn by bullocks with large humps between their shoulders. Over the framework which crowns the top a faded red cover is thrown. Under that dingy awning, seated on the bottom of the cart, is a company of women and girls on their way to the Ganges to bathe. They are as merry as children out for a holiday, and as the clumsy vehicle creaks past us we hear ripples of laughter low and musical.

Here comes dashing by us a curious conveyance drawn by a very small native pony. Every inch of space in the vehicle seems appropriated, and hanging over the front and dangling down the sides are a marvelous number of human limbs. You are surprised at the whiteness of the raiment and at the glossy blackness of the shoes. These men are writers in government offices, and they must appear in spotless apparel before their superiors.