

Agent is regulated by the average amount paid to a heathen school master in that particular district. The Christian Agent is allowed what would amount to little over a Rupee more per month than the average salary paid by the heathen around to their teachers. In this way each small company of believers becomes in time a self-nourishing and self-propagating Church.

HOW INDIAN MISSIONARIES LIVE.

Julian Hawthorne, when visiting India to see and describe the famine and plague, for the magazine that sent him, was much impressed by the missionary households he visited. One of these he thus describes :

"The husband worked with all his might from dawn to dark, and after dark in his study, helping distress, averting evil, cheering sorrow, enlightening ignorance, and praying with heart and soul to the God and Christ, who was more real to him than any earthly thing. His lovely, artless, human, holy wife, with faith like a little child's, and innocent as a child, yet wise and steadfast in all that touched her work, labored as untiringly and unselfishly as her husband; and so did the other angel in the house—a young lady who was assisting them in the mission work.

"There were, perhaps, a hundred native children, either orphaned or deserted, who had begun to get flesh on their bones, and were busy and happy in learning to read and write their native language, and in singing hymns of praise to the new, living God, who loves children, meeting morning and evening in the chapel for that purpose, and to listen to stories about this God's loving dealings with his creatures, told by native Christian teachers and the missionary himself. They also learned, for the first time in their lives, what it was to live in clean and orderly rooms, to be fed abundantly and regularly, and to be treated with steady, intelligent and unselfish affection. These children would have died in the famine had not the mission found and saved them. Many of them, in spite of their present good appearance, were liable to succumb at the first touch of any illness, for famine fatally saps children's constitutions; but they would be happy while they did live, and have an opportunity of discovering that there is a divine Spirit outside of cobblestones and brass monkeys.

"But though the surroundings and influences were of the loveliest Christian kind, there was no trace of that fanatic hunger for nominal converts—that blind eagerness to fasten the badge of the cross on the sleeve, whether or not it were in the heart—which has often been ascribed to missionary work. I confess that I had prepared myself to find something of the kind. One must live with the missionaries of India in order to understand what they are doing and how they

do it. From first to last during my sojourn in India I saw many native Christians. Those that I saw are a remarkable and impressive body of men and women. I was always saying to myself, 'They are like the people of the Bible.' Some wore European dress; others did not. Their aspect was gentle, sincere and modest."—Sel.

WEDDING AND WIDOWHOOD IN INDIA.

(From a forthcoming work entitled "Across India at the close of the 19th Century," by Miss Lucy E. Guinness.)

"Shall we be in time for the wedding?"

"Well, as it lasts for several days, we shall certainly be in time for something, but I should like to see the procession."

The doctor put his turbaned head out of the ghari window to urge our driver faster along the darkening street.

"Ah, it is all right," he added, suddenly facing round on me, "they have not started, see!"

I looked out and down the dusky road. The way was blocked ahead of us by a dense crowd of people—shouting, music, noise. Stopping the vehicle, my friend alighted, and left me wondering and expectant. Somehow a special interest attaches to a wedding, be it where it may. I sat in the twilight waiting. Indian stars came out overhead in the deep blue. Was the bride's heart beating high on this her marriage night?

"It is all right, Miss Guinness; they have delayed for us. Let me introduce you to the bridegroom's father."

The doctor's cheery voice broke in upon my reverie. A Hindu gentleman outside the carriage door bowed courteously, helped me to alight, and swiftly piloted us down into the heart of the tamasha.

What an Eastern scene it is—flaming lamps, candles, and scintillating lights in colored bowls, hung high upon the bearers' heads, lining both sides of the procession; a central phalanx of brilliantly dressed ladies, relatives of the family, on foot and packed into a solid square—their faces turned towards us as we passed, dozens of large dark eyes and shining polished coiffures of black hair, dozens of sleek brown arms and necks loaded with jewellery, and draped in delicate silk saris.

What words will describe the rattling noise, the antics, the contortions, frenzy, grimaces, the agony of music that succeeds? Under the eye of the father-in-law, and of the white-faced stranger, the players' enthusiasm reaches a climax. Higher and higher waxes the excitement, amid the admiring wonder of the crowd, until at last, with a final deafening burst, it suddenly subsides, and another musician steps forward to take the principal part.

Scent is showered on the crowd from costly ornamental vases. Someone behind brings