

you or any other woman? Do not the priests tell us that we are beneath their notice, that our ears are too polluted to listen even to the reading of the most holy Shasters?"

Lachmi says no more, but every day she grows weaker and weaker. What has she to live for, what to hope for now?

But one winter morning an unexpected joy comes into her life. The news flies through the village that a "Miss Sahib," a missionary from a neighboring city, has come to visit the women. She goes to a house not far from Lachmi's home, and there the women flock to hear her talk and sing. How Lachmi longs to hear her too! She never saw a white face but once in her life, and this was years ago at a *mela*, when she was a little child. Why should she not go with the others to the neighbor's house? She has not yet shown any signs of the leprosy, and could not harm the teacher. L. her eagerness Lachmi gathers courage to ask permission of her husband.

"Of what use is it for Miss Sahib to waste her time in teaching women, who are no better than cows?" he exclaimed, insolently. "But if the teaching will do them no good, it will do them no harm. Yes, Lachmi may go if she likes."

Calling her little girls to her, she went quickly across the flat roofs of the intervening houses, and sat down with the others at the feet of the missionary. The children scream with fright at the sight of a foreigner, but the mother soon quiets them, and then listens with eager intentness to what the missionary is saying. She is talking about a God, one that Lachmi never heard of before, who was killed by some wicked people. He must have been a kind God, for He was not angry at His enemies, only sorry for them. But Lachmi cannot understand about it, and she is too timid to ask questions, so she just sits still and looks hungrily into the sweet face of the foreign lady. The teacher is young—not much older than Lachmi herself. She has just told one of the women that she is not married, which is very strange. Were her parents not able to get her a husband? But then, thinks the Hindu girl, why should she want one? And her thoughts fly back to her childhood days in her own home, the only really happy days she can remember; and as she compares that time with the present, her heart throbs, and