

whose pattern and colours could only be guessed at, so worn and threadbare was it. There was little in the furniture line. A couple of beds, one entirely surrounded by faded green curtains, the other used as a sofa seat, one chair, and in niches in the wall a couple of native candles and some bottles, nearly complete the inventory of household effects. The little girl who was doing the honours (a daughter-in-law of the house) found somewhere a second chair, and then went to call her mother. After waiting perhaps fifteen minutes (for the lady was at her toilet at the time), she appeared, gorgeous in silk and jewels. Many of you are familiar with the form of the Hindoo lady's dress, so you can picture to yourselves what she looked like in a skirt of richest red and yellow striped silk, the bottom of the dress being finished with a purple silk border. The jacket was of purple to match the border, and the sari, also of very fine silk, was of the same shade of red that appeared in the skirt, and was also bordered with purple. The jewellery consisted of a very heavy necklace, ear-rings, bracelets and ankle-rings of gold. You think she must have looked rather odd in such splendour of colour and of jewels. The dress was striking certainly, but the material was so soft and rich, and the colours so beautifully shaded, and the different parts harmonized so well, that the whole was not only a very gorgeous but a very pleasing picture. Miss Rodger asked her if she had donned her finest to receive us ; but she had dressed to attend a dinner that afternoon, and we had been fortunate enough to call in time to see her in full party costume. With her came into the room her only child, a little girl about thirteen years of age, and of whom she is very fond. The three—mother, daughter and daughter-in-law—sat on the bed, and after finding out all about me from Miss Rodger (Indian women are just as curious about strangers as Canadian women, and take a very straightforward way of learning one's history, sometimes asking questions that are rather embarrassing), they asked her to read something to them. The piece selected was from Christ's Sermon on the Mount, exhorting His hearers to return good for evil, blessing for cursing. All listened earnestly, and when the reading was finished, the mother said that these words were very good, but did any one act on them. When Miss Rodger explained to her that Christians at least tried to do so, she shook her head rather doubtfully, and said, "Perhaps one in a thousand may do it." This woman had been