

her heels drawn up close to the body, the bony knees on a level with her jaws. She was filthy beyond expression, and as nearly a skeleton as almost anyone I had yet seen alive. She uttered not a sound, and the only movement she made was ever and anon to scratch herself with her talons, now here, now there, with an abrupt snatching movement, like a surly wild beast. In the intervals of these snatchings and rakings, she rested her arms on her knees and held her head between her hands. At long intervals, too, she would partly uplift her hideous visage and give vent to a low groan. She resembled some ghastly ape, much more than a human being. Her body was shaggy with filth, and every vestige of modesty had long since vanished from her.

Her companion was a little girl, perhaps six years old. She was not so bony as the woman, and her manifestations were all animal-like. Her face was broad across the cheek-bones, and her thick black hair had never been combed; it was gray with dust and harsh with dirt. Her eyes were round, shining, and with the expression of a little wild beast. She would protrude her chin and draw back her lips, showing her white teeth; she bobbed her head up and down and swung it to and fro, like an idiot. At times she bent forward and laid her forehead or cheek in the dust; or would rest her brow against the rim of the tin dipper she held and roll it from side to side. She spread her legs apart and twisted them this way and that, as if they moved on toggle joints. All this while she was unconscious of observation. But by and by a servant passed through the yard, and then this small creature looked up and gave utterance to a long-drawn, whining noise—a mere string of vowel intonations, with no words; it was the professional appeal of the beggar caste, to which the two belonged. The woman said nothing. No notice was taken of them for a long time; but they were apparently settled there for the day; they made no offer to move. At last a woman in European dress, who was, I believe, the landlady of the hotel, happened to cross the yard and saw the unsightly group. She said something sharply in the native tongue, and putting her hand in her pocket, tossed a small copper coin—a pice—towards them and passed on. The little girl immediately jumped upon it, monkey-like, on all fours, and presented it to the woman, who clutched it, and with slow deliberation hid it away in a fold of her loin-cloth. Then she slowly arose, an awful spectacle; and I now perceived that both her eyes were gone; they had decayed out of her head. The little girl had a long rod in her hand; she put one end of it into the hand of the woman, and thus led her away. At a little distance the woman stopped to readjust her garment, and the stick fell to the ground. Instead of stopping to pick it up, she felt in the dust with her feet, and caught it between her toes, just as an ape might have done. Then she hobbled away in her darkness and filth, and I saw her no more. She was a woman; she might have been my mother, my sister, my daughter, my wife. What had her life been? What is it to be, here and hereafter?

In the afternoon I departed towards the north. At the railway station were a man and wife, with their little daughter, who was quite naked except for a bit of rag across her shoulders. The woman wore a similar costume, with the addition of a loin-cloth; the man, tall and fleshless, had a loin-cloth only. Had you seen

them out of India, you would have thought they were starving; but, in fact, they were comparatively well off. As they stood there, the man put forth a hand and laid it on the child's head, at the same time covering his face with his other hand. The little thing looked up at him, and apparently thought he was playing with her; she lifted up her arms for him to take her up. But he was not playing, nor was the demonstration one of affection, as I had supposed; the man was engaged in prayer. He had lifted his knee with an impatient movement, striking the child on the side, and causing her to stagger out of the way of his devotions. When the prayer was done, the family moved away, the little girl in advance, marching solemnly in her unconscious nudity. What a lifeless life! The parents were apathetic, neither observing nor aware of observation. Their only gods were sticks and stones; their only world, this world of famine and desolation. They knew nothing but the dismal struggle for existence; and they cared for nothing, hardly even to exist. The little girl alone still retained some tender instincts; but they would not last much longer.

A starving, elderly man sat leaning against the corner of the railway building; he was too feeble to stand without support. A fat and bustling Parsi official came out, and, seeing him, caught up a stone and flung it at him, muttering some violent obprobrium. The old man painfully erected himself and staggered away, holding himself up on two sticks. His legs were as fleshless as the sticks. He made no rejoinder to the official's cursing, nor did he seem to resent it. He had the dignity of hopeless misery; he would not long be subject to such attacks.

A missionary, the gentleman whom I found on coming downstairs in the morning, needed no apologies. He was clean, wholesome and hearty from the core outwards. His glance was direct and clear, and his talk succinct and vigorous. He was about five feet eight inches in height, broad-shouldered and athletic; the muscles all over his sturdy body were hard as hammered iron. Would there were more Americans like him at home; yet I was glad, for the credit of our country, to find him abroad. I took him at sight; and so, I am glad to say, did he to me. He was in haste, for he had a world on his shoulders, and plunged straight into the business which had brought him.

"You can't see the famine at the works, or even at the poorhouse," said he; "the place to go to is the native village. I'll take you there, and show you the inside of all my work. You'll have to rough it a little, but you'll see things. We've put in all we've got; we're here for life; we're hard at work; but," he added with a cheery smile, "we're happy." It was a magnificent little speech, such as Warren might have made at Bunker Hill. That was all there was to it. We made our appointment, and he got up and held out his hand. "Don't stay here," he said. "I told my wife you would come to us. We've got some things to show you right there. If you'll stay a week, I'll engage you see more famine than you could, travelling round, in a month." We shook hands, and he went away. He was the man for me. "I'll tell you all I know!" he called back from his buggy as he drove off.

"Travellers in India," remarked my friend, with his cheery smile, "report us missionaries as living in luxury, waited on by troops of servants, demoralizing native