

again have very scant clothing, but all have their feet bare. The appearance of the room is neat. I notice on the table a large bouquet of roses, which some of the boys have brought; the walls are also brightened by some illuminated Scripture texts.

But there is something lacking. What can it be? Oh, yes, there is not a little girl to be seen.

No not one, *they* are not allowed to come yet.

The boys are now called to order, and the school is opened by singing and prayer in Hindi. We then read the fourteenth chapter of St. John, after which the boys were divided into three classes, two native teachers taking the classes in Marathi, and Mr. Murray teaching a class of over forty in Hindi. The lesson was taken from the chapter read, dwelling particularly on the fourteenth verse, "If ye love me keep my commandments." The question was asked, "How many commandments are there?" The answers were numerous but not very scriptural. However, some answered correctly, one boy saying eleven, the eleventh being, "Love one another." "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, etc.," was another answer given to the eleventh commandment. Just when the lesson seems most interesting the time to close has arrived, and the boys from the other classes come in. We then sing, "There's a land that is fairer than day," and after repeating the Lord's Prayer in Hindi and English, the school is dismissed.

We find our baby organ a great help in the work, and a special attraction for the little folks. Before leaving we are presented with garlands and wreaths of flowers, and amidst another chorus of salaams we start for home, having spent a happy season in the Sabbath-school.

On our way back we see groups of little girls, some swinging, some playing with dirty little dogs and cats, spending their lives in idleness and sin. We cannot help feeling and praying for the thousands of women and girls in this city alone, who spend just such lives. Their lot is a very

very hard one, they have never heard of a Saviour's love, and know nothing of Him who came to bless and save them.

Now we have come to our lodging place, and for the present must part, yet trusting that you will not forget our little trip to Ujjain, and until we meet again let our daily prayer be for more of the spirit of Him who has given us the *true missionary* example.

Yours lovingly,
CHARLOTTE MURRAY.

BE COURTEOUS BOYS!

"I treat him as well as he treats me," said Hal.

His mother had just reproached him because he did not attempt to amuse or entertain a boy friend who had gone home.

"I often go there and he doesn't notice me," said Hal, again.

"Do you enjoy that?"

"O! I don't mind; I don't stay long."

"I should call myself a very selfish person if friends come to see me and I should pay no attention to them."

"Well, that's different; you're grown up."

"Then, you really think that politeness and courtesy are not needed among boys!"

Hal, thus pressed, said he didn't exactly mean that; but his father, who had listened, now spoke:—"A boy or a man who measures his treatment of others by their treatment of him has no character of his own. He will never be kind or generous, or Christian. If he is ever to be a gentleman, he will be so in spite of the boorishness of others. If he is to be noble, no other boy's meanness will change his nature." And very earnestly the father added:—"Remember this, my boy. You lower your own self every time you are guilty of an unworthy action because some one else is. Be true to your best self, and no boy can drag you down."—*Well-Spring*.

The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous and his ears are open unto their cry. Psa. 34:15.