

show the elegance of their taste in the wonderful rugs, shawls and curtains, as well as in the management of them. It is just bewildering in Bombay, the embarking place, the last opportunity to purchase on Indian soil: the bazaars look like fairy land, the colors are so gorgeous, yet harmonious, the texture of goods so fine, the patterns so intricate; one thinks of the friends at home who would so enjoy one of these treasures, but the missionary has not one hundred and fifty dollars to spare, besides there is a lingering suspicion that some at least, may have come from Manchester. The Brahmins are heathen, but surely not savage; they have cultivated minds and tastes and would feel much at home in any good society; indeed the missionary says they are delightful companions; they often drop in to chat with him, treat him like an equal in everything but eating; here they draw the line as with other castes; he must not defile their food and basins by his touch or shadow. They carry their carefulness in travel, even across the sea: it subjects them to a great deal of inconvenience on ship-board and in other countries, for they must prepare their food themselves or have the caste servants. They call the Europeans the highest caste, still they would not accept even a cup of water from them, not from Queen Victoria herself. Consistency seems to be as rare a jewel in eastern lands as in western. This wall of partition, which seas, English life and college society can not break down, is battered here and there by a humble-born person of a distant land: Perry Davis has done what kings and queens have failed to do: his Pain-killer brings all men to a level; no one of whatever caste refuses this, even if it is made by profane hands and passed in the missionary's own tumbler. One comes with a pain in his stomach and receives the curative dose, then every fellow in the crowd has a violent pain, rubs the offending member and sees for some time; well for the mission that Pain killer is obtained at half-price. Is it not strange that in hot countries, hot remedies should be so enjoyed; perhaps the natives like to keep the heat within above that without, surely Pain-killer can do it.

In spite of the high social position of the Brahmins the missionary is not awed by them: he talks with them plainly, even shows the absurdities of their religion; points to their gods, their idols, which are exceedingly hideous, not a decent looking one among them, and asks if such a thing can make a banyan tree, so beautiful, so wonderful, they shake their heads, but that is no reason why they should give up their religion which offers every advantage in the Indian world and a prospect of preference in the future world; why a Brahmin is not going to renounce the idol temple which gives him his income sufficient for luxurious living. One temple often supports two thousand Brahmins in the finest style. He is in like position to the priests of the Roman Catholic religion—too much to lose in renouncing the old, however bad, for the new, however good. Just look at him as he walks on the street, what a handsome man, not a finer face in the world! what a lordly carriage! has not consciousness of superiority given him the superiority? Generations of uncontaminated blood have contributed to it; he looks every inch a king: blood will tell. The novice man is coming down the street, but he steps aside, bows his head, folds his hands, to give due respect to the Brahmin; he looks a menial. Call a man a dog and he becomes one. But the cars break down this caste-wall? No, the Brahmin just draws his clothes tightly about him, drops into meditation and travels as solitary as if this were a special train and he the honored passenger. Christianity does then? Yes, it would if it touched caste

people, but as in the days of Jesus, the poor in body and in spirit must have the Gospel preached to them, and be lifted up till they can stand on a level with the proud and haughty and be recognized as equals, then and not till then will Christianity reach the higher castes. So the fields must be manned by Western men who carry weight with their words and command respect and attention from the highest classes. The missionary tells the Christian to be respectful, but not subservient, so the Pariah no longer humbles himself to the Brahmin, who rushes to the missionary with complaints about it; like all self-righteous people he is looking out for flaws; the Pharisees were given to like occupation and their descendants are still numerous.

Boycotting is common in India and Christians are the victims. No more work for them from the heathen, no orders for shoes, no day's work in the field.

The missionary is not confined to rice and curry if he live in cities and villages with the English. How can an Englishman get along without his roast beef? So it follows him across the continent, in company with various other things he likes so well. Nearly everything is in the bazaar. But the missionary is away in the country where there are no cars whirling along, dropping the supply of good things in their quick passage. Besides, these necessities are luxuries in India, only for the well-paid English officers, the lowest salary for them being three thousand dollars a year, with servants and travelling expenses found. The coal oil stove has revolutionized the missionary's diet: with this and the self-raising flour, the good wife, in her own apartment, conjures up the snowy loaf of bread quite a foreigner in that land or the dainty dish, all unknown to the cook in his quarters across the compound. No one can estimate how much this little stove contributes to the happiness and usefulness of a missionary.

Oh! yes, there are lovely summer resorts up among the hills, to which the English migrate yearly, taking households and business, living in luxurious houses, with every invention for keeping cool, as comfortable as one would wish. And why does the missionary not go, and save the expensive journey home once in ten years or less? He would hardly be expected in this land to take a house at Newport Beach, or a suite of rooms at Saratoga, neither can he go to the hills where society, fashion and money go. His little income would hardly suffice for one season. Latterly, the home friends have helped him to an occasional outing in the hills by building a summer rest home. Now our summer rest home helps him to an occasional outing in the hills.

But the missionary's wife has an easy time! Three or four servants must give her plenty of leisure: we have one or two, perhaps none. Let us see: the cook has three dollars a month, and finds himself; the very cheapness commends him to a place in the household. Children must not be left alone an instant; there may be a scorpion under the mat where the baby is playing. A man killed fifteen one day, and said it was a bad day for scorpions, too. Snakes are always without—often within so the children must be guarded every instant. General servants are unknown, all are specialists, hence more are required. Moreover, the societies cannot afford to send out washerwomen and cooks; these can be hired, and cheaply, too. Our forces would need to be doubled if the wife were not a missionary, too. Her time and strength are too precious to spend on what others can do as well; they must be used to win and train souls for Heaven.

How the boys revel in the snake stories! and we women