

purple-blue sky, while a floating mass of dark fleecy clouds gave a soft and delicate beauty that one often misses in the undimmed splendour of the eastern heavens. Gradually a pale radiance spread over the east, and softly, but rapidly, moon and stars "lost their light," till only the one bright particular star—the star of the morning—shone out like a diamond in a flood of golden colour. Then a few bars of burning red and orange, and, even as we were looking, suddenly the sun was above the horizon and the sweet, fresh air of the night was gone. Early though it was, as we rode up some men were leaving the village for their day's work in the fields, for most of these villagers are tillers of the soil, but a number of them turned back with us, so we had quite a little company about us as we entered the town. Words cannot describe the intensely dead look of some of these Indian villages. Sagrana is surrounded by the remains of an old stone wall, and all the houses to be seen on approaching the place have the same ancient and ruined look. The glare from the rising sun brought out mercilessly the tumble-down buildings with their dull stony colouring. Though the rains had so lately ceased almost the only bit of green about the place was the little clump of pipal trees at the entrance, under which was placed the village idol. The few stunted trees within the walls looked as hopelessly gray as everything about them, and the red dresses of the women were quite a relief to the eye in this deadness of colouring. Mr. Wilson soon got a big crowd of men about him, and opening his medicine case persuaded the sick among them to let him prescribe for them. At first they were almost as cautious about taking remedies as if they had known that the padre didn't write M.D. after his name. After some friendly talk with the people a hymn was sung, a hymn telling of Christ as the Saviour; then the claims of this Saviour to the love and worship of all people were set forth to a greatly attentive audience. I went to see the women who waited near in a sly, curious crowd. At first no one answered me when I spoke, but all shook their heads in a bewildered fashion that told me that they did not understand. One, more bold than the rest, began to examine my habit and hat and gloves, and evidently questioned me about them. I, in turn, didn't understand her tongue. My gloves were a great source of wonder and amusement, and I found that some of the women thought that the skin of my face and the skin of my hands were very different in colour. I took off the gloves and the woman who seemed to be the leader among them nodded her head in a