

This is a great marriage year, and when the schools open again we shall miss the faces of most of our eldest and best pupils. After marriage they never can come very regularly. Last evening we were all at the marriage of an old pupil of Miss Sinclair's. The ceremony was one and a half hours long, so you can imagine how very tired the fourteen-year-old bride was.

Our wee Pujari is growing so interesting, and although she still needs to be corrected very often, she is very much improved and very obedient.

At The Hills.

FROM MISS WHITE.

Queen's Hill, Darjeeling, India, May 12, 1896.

We thought of you all at the time of the annual meeting at Peterborough and were with you in spirit, feeling we were well represented in the flesh by Miss Sinclair. I feel we have a very good champion for the cause in Miss Sinclair, for she can speak so well from experiences of many kinds during her stay in India.

I cannot tell you much about the Boarding School these days, for, with the exception of thirteen orphans, the girls are at their homes for the holidays. Messrs. Greir and Ptolemy are kindly overseeing everything for me during my holiday here. Though the hot season is unusually severe on the plains, I am glad to say all seem to be enjoying very good health.

Dr. Margaret McKellar and I are enjoying our holiday together and feel so glad to be in such a lovely place. Darjeeling is considered the most beautiful and interesting of all the hill stations in India. We are on the borders of Thibet, so there are many Thibetans here as well as Nepaulese. Two of the China Inland Mission are here studying the Thibetan language, and they preach to the Thibetans in the open air every Sabbath, so who knows but some may take back with them the seeds of eternal life. The people are very interesting, strong and sturdy, so unlike those of the plains. Their features are like the Chinese or Japanese. They dress very comfortably in bright, warm colors; they seem to like Rob Roy tartan, which amuses me so much. I wonder how it would strike the folks in Aberfoyle if they could see these mountaineers dressed in their tartan. Near their dwelling houses, fluttering from tree branches or long poles, are bits of cloth on which are stamped prayers. Every time the wind shakes the bits of cloth, it is equivalent to a prayer being said by the persons who hung them out. They look like little flags and are of many colors. They also use prayer wheels and beads sometimes. Miss Sinclair will tell you all about these matters, so I will not go into more detail. We have been favored with some fine clear views of the snowy ranges—Mt. Kinchinjunga, 28,000