

who lately passed from earth, has gone to be with Jesus, which is far better. She was sitting warming herself one morning when her *sari* caught fire, and before help came she was so badly burnt that she died the following day. For months she had been very attentive to the Bible lessons, and we noticed that her behaviour was much improved, but we feared that she had not accepted Jesus as her own Saviour. I went to see her parents after the funeral, and they told me that for months Sursu had always asked a blessing on her food, prayed, and loved to sing hymns about Jesus. They were sorely grieved to see her act thus, and told her that if she took the name of Jesus at school, to say nothing about Him at home, as that would injure their caste. She replied that she would take the name of Jesus both at home and at school, that their idols were of no avail. Her poor parents were indeed troubled, but as she was an idolized daughter, she pursued her course, and her sorrowing mother told me frankly how they had spoken to her but in vain. This news gave me great joy, and I said that Jesus is the living and true Saviour, and not to mourn because Sursu trusted in Him. We had a long, earnest talk together; the father seemed somewhat impressed, but the grief-stricken mother spoke constantly of Sursu's approaching marriage. Alas ! as is too often the case in Christian lands, the never-dying soul was forgotten, and the concern was all for this world.

It is a constant cry with the children in our schools, "Miss Sahib, I want leave," "there is fasting in our house to-day," "there is a dinner," "a son has been born," "there is going to be a wedding" (a ceremony which requires weeks for one couple), "there is to be a *pujah*," etc., etc. The days for fasting, worshipping and feasting follow each other in such quick succession that with our eyes open and our minds alert, we often feel that the day for successful work is still in the distance.

One day they must fast, as they are sending the gods to sleep ;