

tablishment and examined its workings, the clergyman in charge of Rakha, and the people, merely supposing his interest to be of the most friendly kind. Very soon, however, with larger means at disposal, he started tent making in the jail near by, and by under-selling our people nearly annihilated their trade. On this account there is much more poverty than one would like to see among them; of course their expenses are more as Christians, for now they attend to the common decencies of life, which to the heathen are mere superfluities. In my orphanage and school I have about forty-five girls, and in daily expectation of the arrival of the orphans from Allahabad, (the home there is to be broken up), while several are to come in from outside. The girls cook their own food, tend their own beds, sew, knit, and do all the work by turns. Many of the older girls would do credit to any ordinary family in America. I can say little more of them than that they are genuine girls, fond of fun and frolic, great lovers of candy (when they can get it), and in general well behaved and gentle. As to study they have at least good ordinary abilities, but for mending they have neither taste or talent. I should say, judging from Saturday's account, when the clothing is looked over. I do not know of any place where money can be spent to better advantage than in this, or indeed, any orphanage. The blind here are taught to read and knit, and consequently are happy and contented, because useful and busy. Diseases of the eye are very common here on account of the glare and terrible power of the sun's rays, also from the effects of small-pox. The hot weather is beginning to be felt here now, and sickness to creep into our midst. Three are complaining of fever, and though as yet there is nothing serious, it warns us to prepare, and that the time of danger is approaching. Our house leads into the Orphanage, and there an excellent matron, a kind motherly woman, whom they call "Ma," and who is to them really as a mother. To-day they have had a treat. I took them for a walk to the village grave-yard. On entering Sarah went forward, and falling on the grave of her dead husband gave vent to the most pathetic wail of sorrow; it was perfectly heart-breaking; many of the girls wept also. Poor Sarah has not only lost her husband, but all her children also, and she was the mother of a large family. We soon left for an adjoining grove of Bhear trees, (a kind of plum), and soon all sadness was forgotten in "Ring Around Rosey." "Tag," etc. After a time we all sat down on the ground to eat our Bhears and talk. Then Lydia (one of the blind girls) began to sing a native "Bhadyan" or hymn, and the others gradually joined in, until a full chorus roused the wondering villagers near at hand. Two women came out to see us and satisfy their curiosity—that faculty is beautifully developed in the Hindoo woman. Sarah spoke to them of Jesus, who He was, and what He did for them; we then sang another hymn and prepared to return home by another route, through the fields of nearly ripe grain and blossoming Dal. The women invited us to their house in the village; you may be sure we accepted the invitation. And thus the days go on, each with its labour, its joys and its sorrows, its laughter and tears, all mingled together, but last of all comes *rest*, that rest that remains for His people. I often think when I see these people, especially the women and children, craving so for human love and sympathy, that if they could only feel *certain* of that other stronger and purer love, what Christians they would be! Dear friends, remember very earnestly the Rakha village in your prayers. Yours very sincerely,

M. FAIRWEATHER.