

with me when school opened. Since I last wrote, Chandia, with her father, mother and two brothers—the whole family—has been baptized, so that Lita is now my only heathen charge. However, I am glad to say that the difference between her and the other girls is much more in name than anything else; though she is still heathen enough to shed tears when some of the others told me that she belonged to the lowest caste, she has, as far as I can observe, entirely given up the heathen practices she had at first, such as praying to Ram, and she is much more obedient and even more truthful than some of those who have been Christians all their lives. Her progress has been by no means phenomenal for a child of ten years old, as she seems to be, but when it is remembered that she was densely ignorant when she came to me five months ago, it is not to be despised. She can now do easy simple addition sums quite readily, is about half-way through the first Hindi book, can write pretty well, and knows a good many of the New Testament stories. You see, I take for granted that you have a warm interest in her.

On Friday next I hope to have a little entertainment for the girls before sending away those who are to go for the two weeks of Christmas holidays. After tea and cake, for both of which they have a great fondness, each girl will receive a jacket and a skirt, from those the Central Church Mission Band so kindly sent; each of the little ones will get a doll, and each of the bigger ones a blotting book, which I am sure they will appreciate, for if left to themselves they would keep up a brisker correspondence with their friends than would be at all desirable.

Some of the girls sew very nicely, and as they seem to be really fond of both plain and fancy work, my resources are often somewhat taxed to find work to give them. I have as many skirts, jackets, etc., made up as it is well to keep on hand, and I do not let them do fancy work, for which no use could afterwards be found, else caps and crochet work without end would inevitably accumulate.

The Indian cold season, which we are now enjoying, is delightful, the mornings and evenings are chilly, but in the middle of the day we might easily wear summer clothing. The bright sunshine and cloudless sky make it hard for us to realize that our friends at home are in the midst of their winter sports.

Mrs. Wilson and I expect to leave next Monday on a holiday