

to hold children's meetings once a week in eighteen different places. Do you say, "Why not unite the schools?" Impossible—Caste draws the line.

Saturday proves to be one of our busiest days. At 6 a m off to the

KOMATI SCHOOL.

a mile and a half away. What a damp, steamy morning. On we go past temples with their tinkling bells and trees, marked red and yellow surrounded with white walls (thus showing they are objects of worship); on we go past low mud platforms where tousel-looking people are vigorously rubbing their teeth and tongues with sticks of pencil size; on over the slippery ridges of the verdant rice fields—Here is the village. The wide street with well in centre, the houses with their red painted *pials* adorned with white chalk designs, the heavily jewelled women coming to greet us—all evince the prosperity of these merchants. The bell is ringing. See the forty or fifty uncouth, wild-looking children. And oh, their ignorance. Let the following conversation illustrate:—

T.—"What did the wise men bring Jesus?"

C.—"Bethlehem."

T.—"If I gave you a *pàvala* (8 cents) would you say I gave you Chicacole?" C.—"No!"

T.—"What would you say I gave you?" C.—"A *parvala*."

T.—"Now what did the wise men give Jesus?" C.—"A *parvala*."

AT 3 P M OFF TO THE MUNICIPAL PARISH SCHOOL.

in which Misses C. and P. began to teach some months ago. The teacher summons the children each Saturday for our teaching and even punishes those who fail to attend. Yes, they see us! "Salaam, Missama, Salaam!" we hear on every side. The children come running in, almost pushing each other over in the exuberance of their spirits. How many present? 42. Now for a song! "Jesus Loves Me"—sing a verse; talk about it; sing again; ask questions continually: all rhyme a new verse; sing it; talk again. While Balaram teachers one class and pigganiklu the other, I talk to the two teachers,—

"So, you say there is a Mohammedan school?"

"Yes, its near; come, we'll show you."

So off we go. A walk through several lanes brings us to a building with three windowless walls and an open front, with massive pillars. What a hum-um! buzz-uzz! The teacher with the long white beard is so busy writing Hindustana (from right to left of page) that he does not notice our arrival. The young Hindu teacher is very polite. Calls the children to the front and puts all in order. How odd they look with