

## AN EASTERN CITY.

Madras is very unlike a European city, or indeed a city at all. It extends over nearly ten miles, and you imagine you are in the country in some of its broad roads, crowded with natives, with hedges of prickly pear and bamboo, and perhaps rows of the banian-tree, with its long fibrous arms creeping down into the ground again, and its branches alive with squirrels and crows. Blacktown, where we live, is the only part that looks like town. The Fort, where the soldiery are, and an old church, in which the Missionary—and Bishop Corrie are buried, the Government offices, indeed



all business offices, all the Missionary establishments, including our own, Roman Catholic chapels in plenty, Armenian, Mahomedan, Hindu, places of worship, are all crowded together in Blacktown. A sad long list of the latter can be pointed out from our roof or verandahs, enough to make one's heart sink. The space in between is filled up with native dwellings, which look low and miserable, too like the gene-