

son thinks the view from her bungalow is one of the most beautiful in all the country. When we get out of the train, and move out in the town we see that most of the houses are low and small. A few are built of brick with tiled roofs, but most of them are of mud with straw or thatched roofs. We will go to the shops in the bazaar before we go to the Mission house and buy some food. Yes, the bazaar is a place where there are a large number of native shops and where they sell all kinds of things. The meat and fish have been brought in from the country and the seashore. We shall buy some of each. The natives love to have their shops altogether around a square so that they can chat with each other when they are not serving customers. There are a few stores where you can buy dry goods and all kinds of nice goods, but they are only very small rooms, and the goods are all piled together in great confusion. They spread them on the floor to show them off, when they want to make a sale. Now we shall go home with the missionary and get the cook to prepare our food. A native cook is a necessity in India as our ladies could never stand the work of cooking in such a hot climate. The cooking is done away from the bungalow in a house by itself. Now we have had a good meal and will go to bed for we are very tired, but first we will look all around to see that there are no snakes or other creeping things about. Oh what is that queer looking thing over the bed that is being moved back and forth like a fan?" Oh that is a punkah, it keeps the air cool during the night. We could scarcely sleep at all in the hot season without one. We pay a native a small sum to keep pulling it all night. He sits outside on the veranda and pulls it by cords running through the walls.

Well here it is morning, we must have slept well our first night in an Indian bungalow. After breakfast we put on our sun helmets, for we are told we must never go out without them and are ready to start with the missionary for the nearest village. "Oh, the milk man has come, take the can and go out and get the milk! Sure enough, there he was but instead of a cart he had brought

the cow and the calf along with him. He sits down and calmly milks what we need, and then goes on to the next customer. Well, that is surely a funny way to sell milk. Does he churn the butter on the way too? No, he sells butter both from his cows and his buffaloes, but we usually get it in tins from the town.

As we start out for the village we notice how smooth and even the roads are, all the trunk line roads are macadamized. The British Government certainly knows how to give good roads to India. Soon we strike off on a narrow foot path and in the distance we see our village. These villages are scattered all over the plains. There are no single houses or homesteads as in our country. A cluster of houses or huts will be surrounded by perhaps 2000 acres of land and the men, who work the land live in the group of huts, or the village.

The village which we visited was a good sized one. There were tamarand, banyan and mango trees all about. The mango fruit is very good stewed like our apples. It was a great grief to our missionaries that so many of the fine trees in the compounds were blown down in the tornado of a few years ago.

As we neared the village, buffaloes, pigs, sheep and goats seemed swarming all over the place and with the noise of the children, made a pretty lively hubbub, so that it was pretty hard for our Missionary to get a chance to talk to the people; but we go and sit on the verandah and after a while the people gather and listen. On our way back we take another road and right beside the pathway we see a big snake all coiled and ready to strike. We did not like his looks a bit; and felt much inclined to run, but our missionary knows just what to do, and soon the snake will not harm us.

In crossing a stream, we saw some natives washing clothes by beating them on a rock until they were clean. An American tourist said the funniest thing he saw in all India was a native, trying to break a rock by striking it with a shirt. We might have thought the same, but our missionary told us what they were doing.