

heathen women in this way. Another thing, we have found the baby organ we brought out with us a great help in these services.

After the families of our native helpers joined us in the beginning of the hot weather, I taught the little girls, with occasionally one or two outsiders in our own house till about the beginning of the rains, when we opened a school in a more formal way by renting a room and appointing Dhondibai as monitress. Possibly you may remember my mentioning Dhondibai, the daughter of one of our native Christians, who was baptized along with her younger sisters. Although then only about eight years of age, my husband was so well pleased with her answers that he felt he could baptize her on her own profession. At our last communion, she sat down with us at the Lord's table. Well, she, and during most of the time Dhondibai also, have been over this school, which has had its ups and downs, and about which, at times, I have felt discouraged enough, but which, before the New Year, had mounted up to twenty-seven on the roll. Quite a large proportion of the children are Bunyas, or merchants, some of which call themselves, and are called by others, Brahmins; but we have been told that they are only called so because they are the Bhats (hereditary bards) of the Brahmins. Then we have five of our native Christian girls, two Roman Catholics, and the remainder of various classes and castes. Reading, writing, a little arithmetic, sewing, singing hymns, and religious instruction, are the branches taught, with the exception of geography, English, etc., to the older Christian girls. At the close of the year we had these little girls together and gave them all some little gift—those who had attended regularly, and therefore made the best progress, got the best presents. We, as well as the children, I trust, were much encouraged by the presence of Colonel and Mrs. Martin, who were in Rutlam at the time. (Col. Martin is the Political Agent for the Rutlam district.) Some of the gifts were from Mrs. Martin, but most were from that inexhaustible box sent by the ladies of Canada with me when we came out. This box did still further duty at a gathering of our native Christians on the 3rd January, when we had the pleasure of having Mr. and Mrs. Murray with us. The dolls have come to an end, and nearly all the pieces of calico and scrap-books. The doll sent by a little lame girl, who also sent her love to the little girl who should get it, was given to Bapu and Hannah's little daughter Esther, the note being given to the mother, and translated at the time. At that gathering we had about fifty present. This included a Eurasian family belonging to Church of England, but who regularly attended our services, and a Roman Catholic family