

East India Company at this place, so I thought I should adapt my discourse to the auditor. I began by glancing at the beauties and wonders of the company's garden—the variety of trees, plants, and fruits it contains. I then said I was a gardener on a small scale myself, and, pointing towards our school-house, said that was the garden in which I laboured. I tried to follow up the analogy between the *sowing, planting, and gathering* in the company's garden and the intellectual and moral culture of the school. From this I went on to the higher analogy of the soul, and the heavenly Gardener or Husbandman who cultivates it, and concluded by urging upon them all the cultivation of their intellectual, moral, and spiritual parts. At the conclusion, one of the men stepped forward, and said he was also a servant in the company's garden, and knew the name of every flower and plant in it, but said he would like his son to be a plant in my garden, and promised to send his boy to school the next day. He was as good as his word; the boy entered the school the following day, and is now receiving the usual culture of our "Seminary."

While I was engaged here, the young Brahman, to whose house I had first gone, had been informed of my visit, and came to ask me to return with him. I went along, and was soon in a large front room in the second story, which he had fitted up as a study. When I say "fitted up," I should explain that he had emptied it of all rubbish, had the walls all thoroughly scoured over with clay and cow-dung, and kept in it only his few school-books, and charpai (or bed.) There was a servant standing ready with a plate of sweetmeats, of which I had to partake. I was then shown all around the house, except the women's apartments, and last of all, he took me to see the shrine of his household gods. It was a little apartment about five feet long by three broad. I told him it was a shame to put his gods in such a small cell, while he himself occupied so fine a house. But then, said I, "Let us see what the gods are who live in this little cell, bring them out, and let us examine them." He brought them out, with a little persuasion, and there were the usual Hindu "Penates" quite in miniature. I could not be allowed to touch them, but I asked him to allow me to break off the trunk from the head of Ganesh, (Ganesh has an elephant's head on him,) and see if he has the power of re-attaching it. In a variety of ways I pointed out the absurdity and sinfulness of worshipping such useless pieces of brass and stone, and pointed out the only worship which can be acceptable in the sight of a holy God. Here I had a large concourse, chiefly of boys. I had also more auditors than I could see. The place we were in was separated from the women's apartments by a large door and a screen. I could easily perceive that we were seen and

heard by those within. I may mention that this young Brahman has commenced to teach his wife to read. He is a very promising young man, and I trust the Lord will one day so influence his heart that he will throw his idols "to the moles and the bats." Another fact about this young man will be interesting to note. He is the very youth who, on the first of August, 1849, told me that if I would admit a sweeper's boy into the school, they would all leave. That movement for the time broke up our school, and for two years this young man never came near us. He again entered the school in October last, and has scarcely ever been a day absent since. He says now he deeply regrets his former folly. So you see even our strongest enemies are converted into our friends. After giving him a little advice about the furnishing of his study, &c., I took leave. On my way home I thought I should call and see a young Bengali—one of those mentioned in my last. Two young Brahmans and my Munshi accompanied me. We found the young man with his two friends engaged in a game of chess, as he said, "to settle his head after the fatiguing duties of the day." The natives of this country are very fond of chess and other games of this kind. Even the females, I understand, while away the weary hours of their solitude at this favorite amusement. We had not stood many minutes when one of those awful dust storms, that sweep in such terrific grandeur over the plains of India, swept over the city. It was already twilight, but immediately we were in the most impenetrable darkness. It was too late to think of moving. I told my friend I should stay with him till the storm was over. So he invited me inside a large room which he used as a sitting and sleeping apartment. He had not a chair nor a stool of any kind to offer me. He seemed greatly embarrassed to have me standing, but as the place was well carpeted, to relieve him, I at once sat down on the carpet, *native fashion*, and invited all the rest to be seated. Our host then asked if I would allow him to play a few tunes on the guitar. I said I should be very happy to hear his performance. He played three tunes which to a native ear might have music in them, but, to my uninitiated organs, sounded rather rude. I then took the liberty of interrupting the music, and introducing other subjects. Our party altogether consisted of three Bengalis, two Brahmans, my Munshi, and myself. The room was a long, narrow apartment, and was lighted by a single taper at the upper end. The universal light in the Hindustani houses is a little earthen cup filled with oil, and a wick laid over the edge, the top of which burns with a very dim light indeed. There was just one such light in the apartment we occupied. After some conversation on the subject of Christianity, in which the Bengali (our host) clearly and systema-