

PUNJAB.

FROM MISS CARBY, KARACHI, DEC., 1887.

Since our return from the hills I have been very busy. All our people in the town were delighted to welcome us back, and it was really hard work to walk through the streets without paying everyone a visit. From windows and doors came cries: "Madame Sahib, where have you been for so many days? Come to my house." Happily Purdah prevented their running out to pull me in or I don't know what my fate would have been. They are very affectionate, warm hearted people, are they not? Some of the school children wrote me such funny little letters while I was away, but I only managed one long one for them to read all round. Their letters read so much like the Bible Epistles, beginning with: "May you be always happy! May God keep you in health and peace," etc.: A few days after my return the school examinations took place. The little girls in the first and second standard did very well, but we have lost nearly all those in the higher standards in the past year. The Inspector thought their knitting and needle-work very good indeed. Mrs. Ghose is very kindly helping me with that. She comes down once a week to give a lesson, and the girls are very fond of her. I have not yet heard what the grant will be this year. Just before my holiday my munshi's family sent a message to say they wished to come and say good-bye. They had not been in an English house before, and were much pleased and interested. Then after I came back some other ladies wanted to come. The head of the house is a Booker, an enlightened man, who wished his family to see how English people lived and kept their houses, etc. I asked five or six English ladies to come to meet them, and we were all ready and waiting when the lightly closed garis arrived, and in came our visitors—all sisters-in-law. They were not at all shy or confused, but walked round the room, shaking hands with everyone, as if they were quite used to that sort of thing. Some of the English ladies were quite surprised at their nice manners and dignity. They stayed quite a long time, but the conversation could not be very general, as no one could speak Sindhi except myself; but, with a little Hindustani, and a good many signs, they managed to get on very well and the Sindhi women were very much delighted to compare wedding rings, theirs being on their noses instead of on their fingers. They would not eat anything in the house, so I managed to find a little present for each one to take away, and they were packed into their carriages again very happily to drive home. One of them so gracefully waved her hand round the room with the words: "Our desire is that you should all come and pay us a visit," that she won all hearts, and every one is anxious to comply with her request. A few days after, some others sent to say they were coming, but gave me such short notice that I could not get anyone to meet them.

The first party I spoke of are women whom I think I mentioned before as being very difficult to make any way with, so much so that I almost thought it a waste of time to go to the house, when they would not listen or seem at all interested in reading or talking, except about myself; but as the elder brother had asked me to come, though not from any desire that they should hear the Gospel, I thought I ought to go, and now, I am thankful to say, they are really beginning to listen, and like me to read. They live in a big house, with plenty of good furniture, but do not know in the least how to arrange it, and we have great fun sometimes putting things straight, and showing them how to have "a place for everything, and everything in its place," quite a new idea to them. They are so much more like children than married women. Of course they are all very young, 16 or 17 most of them. I am visiting such a nice little widow; she is alone a great deal, so we get quiet talks, and she takes so much interest in learning the Gospel it is quite a pleasure to go to her. Poor little thing! she was very, very sad at first, for she has no children, and is very forlorn. She said to me: "If God loves me, why does He let such sorrow come to us?" I said: "Often it was that we might look away from this earth, which only lasts a few days, and prepare for the world which lasts for ever." It certainly seems to have been so in her case for when I first knew her she was too much taken up with her jewels and clothing to care much for what I said, now she begs me to stay longer and read more. You cannot think how trying the want of time and strength to go to all the houses where we might go is to us. The other day some women begged so earnestly: "Come in and give us advice about Jesus Christ," and it does seem hard to put them off and have to say: "No, not to-day, they are waiting for me in another house." Then there are our country people about two miles off; they are always sending for me, and so glad to listen when I go; but if we make a regular day for them work in the town has to be given up, and it seems better to do a little thoroughly than a great deal badly, for they take in so little in the first, second or third visits, and, I am sure, weekly, or, at least, fortnightly visits, are necessary if they are to learn anything properly. We are hoping so much that Mr. Karney will come to Karachi before going home. It would be a great delight if Miss Bromley will pay us a visit too. It makes England seem so close when so many friends come out to visit us.

The Society of the Treasury of God.

MADRAS.

At Vellore there is a Tamil Mission, which is under the supervision of the Chaplain, the Rev. W. M. Babington; the Rev. G. Yesuadiyan, a native pastor trained in the S. P. G. Seminary in