

benches. I don't know that there's much advantage, however, when the boys come sometimes to meet the ladies where they leave the gari, take their parcels, turn the monda upside down on some shaggy pate and escort them royally to their destination. Leaving the gari with the sais, we walked through a narrow lane to the shallow river, crossed a rough little bridge of two logs and soon reached the little schoolhouse, the same in which we received such a grand welcome our first Sunday in India. The class gathered in immediately. We began with nineteen present. Four of them were boys, about half a dozen little girls, and the rest larger girls and women. From a locked box Mrs. Wilkie brought out a number of bags, each one named and containing their work, thimble, needle, etc. Of course you know that the women of this country do not sew, so some of the work was very funny and yet they seemed to be making such good progress. Most of them had little squares of patchwork basted ready to sew up, and occasionally we would find them sewed round and round like a little bag with no opening. The thimbles had a most unfortunate habit of getting on any finger or thumb but the right one, and they were always pretty sure to steer clear of the needle. The boys did decidedly better work than the girls—an inherited tendency, I suppose. When the sewing was all done the roll was called and the register taken. Then we sang a hymn, and Hannahbai the Bible women, who was with us, read part of a chapter, and each repeated to her part of a verse they had learned the week before, "Ask and it shall be given you, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you." Then she taught them the rest of the verse. All repeated after her the Lord's Prayer and we were done.

An invitation was waiting us to make a visit to a man near by who, because of his partiality for the Christian religion is