

Benares are famous, and it has a large trade with neighboring countries. It is the centre of Hindu religion and learning, and a holy place for pilgrims. Sometimes as many as 100,000 attend a festival. There are many temples approached by stairs from the river, 300 Mohammedan mosques, and 1,000 pagodas. Allahabad is also a city of sacred pilgrimages.

5. Delhi is on the right bank of the Jumna River. The Jumna Cuspid, the principal mosque, is one of the most noteworthy buildings of its kind in India, on account both of its size and its beauty of architecture. This city is noted of late as the place of the Durbar, and as the newly chosen capital of India.

Section IV.—The census of 1901 showed that in England and Wales more than one-half of the population lived in towns with upwards of 20,000 inhabitants. In British India, less than one-fifteenth of the people live in towns. India, therefore, is largely a rural country, and many so-called towns are simply groups of villages, in the midst of which the cattle are driven asfled, and ploughing and reaping go on. Miss Robinson has written for us a picture of a heathen village, and draws the conclusion that the greatest responsibility and grandest opportunity is the education and Christianizing of Telugu children. "The non-caste people are not allowed to live amongst the caste people, but must live in suburbs by themselves. The outcast suburb may be near the caste part, even as near as just across a wagon road of ordinary width, or the outcasts might live two miles away from their caste masters. In some cases the non-caste people are fairly well-to-do, and then live in houses of larger size, but frequently they live in small houses of one or two rooms. The walls are of mud and the roofs are covered with palm leaves or thatched with grass. There is but one door, and often no window. In this small place lives the family, consisting of father, mother and several children. Frequently a goat or a calf lives with them, though generally the cow and calf, if the inmates are fortunate enough to possess them, are tied near the door, on a raised platform of mud, called a verandah. The houses are very close together. In rainy weather the narrow roads are muddy, and the whole scene one most depressing. There is mud to the very door, interior often wet with rain coming through the roof,

nothing comfortable, much less attractive or uplifting—such is the hut of the degraded heathen. In the centre of the community is generally found a tree, which is worshipped in honor of the village deity. This tree is frequently smeared with saffron and rouge, the general colors of puja, or worship. Throughout the community are seen swarms of children, generally small, the older ones being away at work in the fields, or herding cattle. These children are naked, or at best possessing but one dirty rag. And the filth, noise, ignorance—it cannot be described! Disease, too, is rampant, leprosy and syphilis being common. The senses of sight, smell and hearing are offended always, continuously. The children born into this, and bred in it, must be like unto it and part of it. And this is why our Mission Societies have always endeavored to get the children of the Christian outcaste body away from their surroundings for some months of the year, at least, in boarding schools, where they may see another side of life, and where their surroundings will all tend to elevate them. I have said nothing about the vile language and the filthy talk which the children constantly hear. From their earliest years, these children see and hear such things as would make us shudder even to think of in connection with our own Canadian children. "Who maketh us to differ?" And are we not responsible in some measure, if we do not help some child to a purer life? Oh, if our Canadian Christian parenthood could but get a glimpse of conditions existing in heathen lands, it is a certainty that their hearts would be touched, and that they would respond to our Saviour's words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto me."

Sarah Stuart Barber.

A QUEER JOURNEY.

It was the rainy season in India, not welcome April showers such as we enjoyed last month, but a regular down-pour, day after day. A missionary wished to visit her sick friend thirty-eight miles from the railroad, called for a "bundy" or ox-cart with two oxen and a man to drive them, who pulled and twisted their tails to make them go. On their way they reached a river; in the dry season it is only a bed of sand, but the rains had made it such