

receive and listen to us. Some one says of life in India, "Four months we bake, four months we boil, and the remaining four, we cool off—if we can." At present we are undergoing the . . . first-named process.

I wonder if the *Leaflet* letters are read by Mission Band children. I would like to tell them about the marriage of one of my pupils. "You know, a marriage in this country lasts many days, and many are the ceremonies performed in connection with it. One day my Bible woman and I went on invitation to her house. The little bride's body was coloured yellow, her forehead scarlet, with grains of rice stuck in the paint. She wore an orange "Sari," and around her head was a wonderfully made crown of tinsel and glass, which confined a magenta silk "chadder" that reached to the ground behind. How fast she talked, and how eager she was to entertain us! First, she gave us "pan supari." (This is made by daubing a green leaf with lime juice, sprinkling on it a little lime; a little of something that looks and tastes like charcoal; sometimes a little tobacco, folding it, and pinning with a clove. At first when I was given it in houses, I said a very polite "thank you," but quietly slipped it into my pocket. Now, I really like it, except when the tobacco is put in.)

Then she gave us sweet meats, and cocoanut, and put garlands on our necks. I sang two hymns, in which the little girl joined, and after my Bible woman had read and explained a portion of Scripture, we came away. This child is twelve years old, and really clever. I am very sorry that she will not be allowed to come to school any more.

There is another little girl in school who is a great favourite. When she was born, and it was told her father that she was a girl, he said, "Nuko"—a Marathi word expressive of dissatisfied. So Nuko she was called, until she became such a favourite in the household, that finally any one who called her by this name was punished. But when she came to school, and I asked her name, she promptly replied, "Shahmy." She is farther advanced than an older sister, who was attending the school before I came here, but whose disposition is so peculiar that she has only recently been won to obedience and tractability. Not all of the children are nice and clean and bright. Many are the opposite, but we try to treat all the same.