

timidly ask the young heathen *to tell you* the word, it is rather trying to have him roar in your ear, m-e-a-d-o-w, widow. When you show a boy two pencils in one hand, and two in the other, and beseech him to remember the fact that two and two make four, it is truly heart-rending to have him maintain that two and two make eleven. But all these torments come to an end next Friday, and they end for two short weeks of vacation.

A series of interruptions, a man for some water, a woman for some medicine for a *foot-finger* (toe). The cat is reported to be making attempts to break into the safe in order to steal a small bit of beef that is intended for breakfast. The dog has taken advantage of my going to arrest the cat to jump into a chair, it upsets, and his dogship yells in terror, the drummer opposite beats his drum in a frantic manner ; at last all is settled, and to end all the lamp not being supplied with oil says suddenly "good-night," and leaves me in the dark. So I will finish at another time.

*Aug. 12.*—We have two weeks' vacation, and very glad we are of the rest. After sixteen years' work in our schools, with all the anxiety attending upon them, and the warm climate, one gets sooner wearied here than at home. Mrs. Morton's boarding school is doing well. If you at home could only *see* and know the sad state of Hindoo women, you would take still greater interest in them.

The education question seems to be still unsettled, and we seem farther away from a compulsory clause than ever. Oh! how good it will be in a world where the selfish striving shall end.

We have a great deal of sickness among the people, as such floods as we have had this season have been very severe. In some places Mrs. Morton's school-houses have been real *arks* for the poor people who have been driven out of house and home, by the floods. *One dear little boy was drowned either going or returning from school.*