

wind ceases at nightfall. Last Sabbath, or rather two Sabbaths ago, was our Communion here. The native pastor, Rev. Davis Perstad conducted the service, assisted by Rev. Mr. Lucas, from Berhpoor. You will be pleased to know that three of the village girls joined for the first time—two were from my school, the third was a blind girl, the daughter of a Bible-woman. Also a woman who was formerly a Mussulman, became by public profession a follower of Jesus. She was a poor deformed creature, and a short time since a very ignorant one. May we not hope that at last she has found that true knowledge which alone can make her wise, with the true knowledge of life, its aims, and its great end. In my last letter I think I did not mention Rev. Mr. Somerville's winter labours here. His services in Agra and Allahabad were largely attended, but I have heard of no special outpourings resulting from his preaching. That he did much good, especially in Agra, there can be no doubt, and time may show what seed fell on good ground, when it has had time to spring. The Orphanage is prospering, and I think the Girl's School is getting on fairly. I think one of my pleasantest hours is that just before retiring, when I go out into the Orphanage among my children and enter into their little plans, and get as it were into their inner life. They are not afraid to speak what they think, and it gives one opportunities of influencing so much more powerful than that of any other time. They have only two *great* meals per day, one about 11 o'clock, and the other just after dark. This is the native custom all over India. Do not think we starve them. While they eat I sit by, and we have all the day generally discussed, and lessons and work all in turn. Then I read a portion of Scripture, by the light of a chirag, or tiny oil lamp; they then sing a chadgam, or native hymn, and then Sarah, the matron, an old and tried Christian, prays. Of course all is in Hindostanee. And then, generally, they all come to the stairway with me, and then after saying salam, soon all is hushed in peaceful slumber. Such is our life in our Home or Orphanage. The early morning is devoted to study, from 6 a.m. till 10 o'clock. After this they breakfast, which is rather a tedious operation. After breakfast the things are cleared away, and all are ready to talk, or listen, as the case may be. Sewing and knitting follow in the afternoon, with *mending* and the preparation of the next day's lessons. The children among themselves are thoroughly good natured. I never have heard a loud or angry word among them since I came to Rakkha. I have before told you how our evenings are spent. Of course sometimes this order of things varies, but this is the custom. For example, the other week we got ready the ox-waggon and went for a ride to the Ganges, which is about a mile and-a-half from here. We went by way of the Raja Duleep Sing's palace, now the property of Major Derra. Major and Miss Derra received myself and the children very kindly, and after running about on the lawns for some time, we got a large boat and went for a little sail down the river and back. They enjoyed themselves wonderfully, and the great punishment for careless people is being left at home in charge of old Kala, an old woman at present residing in the Orphanage. Kind regards.

Believe me, yours very sincerely, M. FAIRWEATHER.

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RAKKHA MISSION, 30th April, 1875.

MY DEAR MR. REID:—I got your note following your "bill of exchange" by last mail. We made arrangements when we left Myn-