

Our Mission Bands

A Mission Band in Every Church in the Convention in Three Years.

MISSION BAND LESSON

A Day in School at Bobbili

Dear Girls and Boys,—

Come with me before old Sol sheds his beams across the land and let us go to the Boarding School. We unlock the big sheet iron gate and find the girls hurrying about—each one doing her task. Many and varied are the sounds we hear. The creaking sound means that the big girls are drawing water; the thumping sound that some are pounding rice; the scratching sound that some are sweeping and the scraping sound that some are making flour for porridge. Above all you hear the happy song and merry laughter. The bell rings and all scurry to the line in front of the cook house where prayer is offered and the girls march into the cookhouse and get their bowls which have been previously placed there for their morning meal. They sit in groups and eat this rice water which was drained from the previous night's rice and allowed to ferment. Mixed with fresh boiled rice and salt it is very good, they say.

The bowls are washed and put away and everything is in order when the bell rings at 8 o'clock for school.

They form in line and march to school. We follow them. Here they meet the teachers and Hindu and Christian girls from the town. All go to the assembly hall where prayers are conducted. Then each class goes to its respective room and the school day begins. All the different branches that are taught in the schools at home are taken up in Telugu. Action songs and dramas are favorites with the smaller children. Some girls are particularly fond of arithmetic. Others dislike it. (I know some girls and boys at home who are like them. Do you?)

If you visit the classes you will sometimes during the morning hear English being used and you will feel quite at home.

Let us go to the first standard and hear a little Hindu girl, named Brightness-of-the Sun, decked in jewels and wearing a silk cloth, recite the Ten Commandments

and tell of the birth of Jesus. In all the classes you will hear some portion of the Bible being taught; for before the girls finish school they get a knowledge of the whole Bible.

At 11 o'clock we all go back to the Boarding School. Dinner is served of rice and dhal (a paste of peas) and porridge which must be sour to be palatable. Sewing, study, crocheting and play occupy the girls until the bell rings at 2 o'clock and back we go again to school. After school we gather at the back of the school house and have physical drill.

Then home again and a romp before supper of rice and curry. Then come prayers and the little ones go to their mats on the floor. The larger ones have study hour and at 9 o'clock lights are out and each one goes to her mat. Silence reigns in the Boarding School. The moon shines down brightly on a peaceful little gathering of sleeping heads.

In the middle of the night the tired manager is rudely awakened by a howl which is echoed by more howls and soon a hundred howls are heard. We rush to the Boarding and find a girl has been bitten by a scorpion and is in awful agony. All the others are crowded round sympathizing. Medicine is applied and after a long time relief comes and quiet again reigns until 4 o'clock, when the girls who cook begin their day's work again.

So the days at school pass by. We who have care of them try to help them to think with their brains, work with their hands, play with their might, and love God with their hearts.

Cora B. Elliott.

—Tidings.

SITARA, THE LITTLE STAR OF GUNTUR HOSPITAL

Nearly eight years ago a dear little brown baby opened her eyes upon a strange world. She wondered where she was, for she saw the queerest sort of a house. Moreover it was all hot and stuffy. She looked around at her mother lying