

ferent times lightened the work of a large family in the home land has made his way with girls seem best, for it is the home idea.

How often has Bathy or Mary told of their happy home in England, where in the village some miles from London so many such pretty cottages stand, each with its own flower garden outside, and its own "mother" with her twelve girls (just a nice number for a good sized family you know), from the baby up, inside. "Who minded the baby, Bathy?" "O, we all minded her, of course my girl who loved babies most tried oftenest to have her." "And how did the girls dress?" "O, our cottage was not a bit like the other cottages you know, we never all wore dresses alike, our cottage had one kind and another cottage had another kind." "And did you have your hair cut short?" "No indeed, nobody was ever allowed to cut our hair off, and then if we were to have a new ribbon, the girl that liked blue best got blue, and the girl that liked pink got pink, and we did all love "mother" so."

This is what I have listened to again and again from these happy orphans to whom God gave such a home.

A home is what girls must have, and the boarding schools for our girls in India must be homes. A great institution may do for boys, for boys are different; but give your worst girl a home and she will not be "the worst" girl long.

Don't let the schools grow too large or have only big girls in them, for a girl must love something, and if that something is a dear little girl whose face she washes and hair she combs every morning, it will be all the better.

How often have I gone down after the school girls were asleep to find them all a disobedient family. For though I had said, "Now all the big girls are to sleep in the middle room and all the little girls with Ereka in the little room," not once have I been altogether obeyed; and Ereka, rubbing her sleepy eyes, has stood beside me by the little cots and said "Yes, mother, they are all disobedient children, I told them too, but there is Parama and she will not sleep without her little friend Nursama, so there they are, both of them." And as I looked around them they all were such a disobedient family, each with the little girl she loved best asleep by her side. Susie with the little dwarf from the same village, as of course they were particular friends; Sanyasia with her own little sister, and so on a room full of disobedient children. But wiser far than their foolish "mother" that had made such a foolish rule.

"It is in the boarding school that girls become Christians."

Christian parents at home, be their family ever so large, pray for, work for, and expect their children's conversion. And even though there is the wayward son or vain daughter that will not heed till the one has wandered away into the far country and the other's time and thoughts are wholly given to the fashion of the hour, there are the father's entreaties and the mother's prayers ascending night and morning to the very throne of God, and "He that formed the ear will He not hear?"

Boarding schools here can never quite be compared to our young ladies' colleges at home, for in these latter are gathered the daughters of our best homes and when the holidays come they have these homes; to return to. But when the little brown girls return to their homes for the holidays, they go one here and another

there to little villages hid among the hills or to little hot homes by the sea sands, to homes in which many of the parents though Christians, are very ignorant, and these little girls while there lead lives totally different from any one else in that village. And many a parent has, when bringing the child back after the holidays, told how all the two months they had morning and evening worship because "Atchama can read and sing and pray, you know." "And what will you do now?" "O, she taught her little brothers some hymns and we will sing those."

During the holidays last year one mother came to see me, and when I asked how Venkama was? she said "O, Venkama used to be the worst child, but now when she is outside and the other children of the village call her names and try to quarrel with her she says 'Don't you say these things to me, I do not say these bad words now.'"

And the Good Shepherd is gathering them one by one into the fold, for lately three more were baptized out of the little school here and the testimony of one in particular—C. Atchama, would have rejoiced the heart of the most aged and devout saint our home land possesses.

Before the great white throne there shall stand a great number that no man can number, singing praises unto Him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb; and who shall say that the sweetest voices there will not be those of our little Telugu school girls who washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb?

MAGGIE GARSIDE.

## APPI THE COOLIE GIRL.

Tuni, March 11th, 1893.

Her name was really Appallama but she was called Appi by her friends. The child and grandchild of coolies, Appi was not brought up on the lap of luxury. A small leaf-roofed house in the Tuni Malapalem, a few earthen vessels for cooking, a brass plate or two to eat from, a charpoy or native bed-constituted the furniture of the hut.

For playmates Appi had the other children of the Malapalem; she would not play with children of a lower caste, she could not play with those of a higher. What a dirty set of youngsters these Mala children were, yet they were well formed bright-eyed children, and so straight and graceful were they, for their first work was to carry some light burden on their heads.

Appi was soon set to work. When but five years old she had the care of an infant. Soon afterwards she would carry a small bundle of wood for fuel or steal grass, and after a few more years she would help to plant rice in the fields.

She did not go to school because her parents wished her to work. Once in a while she would drop into the village mission school and while there would hear Christian hymns and some words about Christ.

Still Appi learnt very little of the Gospel, partly owing to the fierce opposition of the people of the Malapalem, but principally because her parents were not interested in anything that did not bring them money or rice.

A child that is carefully trained shows by her grace and manners that she is the object of attention, while on the other hand, one that is beaten and driven soon loses her freshness.