

smallest understand that they must look, and count, and measure, and seek to produce good work. They are developing wonderfully, and even if the industrial work did not profit us financially, I would still insist upon it and look after it for the children's sake. It is an untold help to them every way. There are great possibilities locked up in these little ones; what they need is to be awakened, guided and directed.

School was closed for six weeks, during the hottest of the weather, but our Industrial classes were continued every morning. In the afternoons, whenever possible, I would take different ones for a drive in the car; then one day we went to Nellamarla for a Sunday School picnic. It would be hard to find a happier crowd of children. Another day we had a special feast and invited the pastor and his family to dine with us; during the mango season, mangoes were freely given as a reward for good work; so the vacation was a happy one for the children, and a busy one for their adopted mother.

This week they have charge of the Junior Christian Endeavor meeting. Even the youngest are learning verses and taking part in the singing; they are quite excited about it; a daily Bible class is greatly enjoyed by all and it is wonderful what the little ones remember. Will you all join with me in prayer that these children whom God has entrusted to us, may be kept from the sin that surrounds them and led to Jesus while young.

And now, what do we want for this coming Christmas? Clothes are always needed and always welcome. There are nine little boys; pants, coats, sweaters, shirts, anything suitable for boys between four and eight years of age, will be most welcome; bloomers, of different sizes, frocks, skirts, middy jackets and garments suitable for girls are gladly received. They are growing rapidly so kindly make frocks, etc., longer than you do for your own children. English story books are not much use, but dolls, bags, toys, etc., are much appreciated for school prizes. If picture cards are sent please do them up in a parcel by themselves, do not seal it, but mark it second class mail matter and leave one end open and there will not be any duty

and the postage will not amount to much.

My time is up. Goodbye,

Yours lovingly,

Flora Clark.

### THE SADHU AND THE SNAKE FESTIVAL

It is now 3.30 a.m. I could not sleep so thought I would click out a message to you.

"No," said the Bible women, "this is the day for the snake worship. All the women will be preparing for that so it will be hard to get an audience. "Well, we will see." So off we started in the car to Old Chicacole, two miles distant. To the lowest castes we went. A road goes through the centre of the village and on either side are a long row of mud walled, grass roofed houses all looking like mother earth. On one side live the madigas and on the other the malas, who regard themselves as superior to the madigas. This road is lined on either side with huge stones. On one side the four Bible women and I arranged ourselves. The men perch themselves on the stones opposite and the women stand at either side and the children sit in rows in front on the dusty road. Now do you see us all gathered together for a meeting? In the midst of the singing and talking several times the children had to scurry away to let the cattle or buffaloes go by. The attention is splendid. The Bible women never sang better and the children can sing about fifteen hymns. Some big women also sing. They learned in our Evangelistic school 20 years ago. As we try to unfold the facts of sin and salvation in story, verse and song our hearts are moved and we feel the Word is being received. We know there is some good soil for the Word of God as in this Old Chicacole some Christian work has been done for years. It is true the school building was blown down by the cyclone and that it was closed for some time, but now there is a flourishing school under the leadership of Mr. Simon, a young man with a gift of speech and a pleasing personality. The school is held in a room of the house belonging to a Christian young man now in Bagdad. His wife and son live here. We own a nice piece of land and hope the school may be rebuilt soon. It seems on our