

SUNDAY SCHOOL IN MADRAS.

Dear Little Helpers :

You can go with me to my Sunday school this afternoon. It is not very far, and we might walk in America, but as it is hot here in Madras, we must ride to school.

Here is a covered bandy and driver, and now you must put on these pith hats instead of your thin ones. Now how many are we—Nellie, Willie, and Jamie, besides me, so we can sit nicely. The door is shut, and on we go.

All along the street we see people buying and selling, as if it were not the Lord's day. The houses are very close on each side, as this is where the poorer people live, and keep their little bazaars on the front doorsteps. Here is a man with a large bundle of clothes to be washed, and as so many of these men live here, it is called Washerman-petta. Further on is another with a plate of sweetmeats to sell. Here to the left we see a temple, and two fat priests sitting outside. As we pass, we can hear the bells of the temple tinkling in the wind, and see the hundreds of images carved upon the temple. We will pray that some day a mission chapel may stand right here and that some of you Sunday-school boys and girls may teach the heathen children in it about Christ.

But here is the gate of the schoolhouse where the girls' day-school is held; here, too, they come on Sunday. But listen, they have already come and are singing, "I gave my life for thee," in Telugu, but to the tune you all know. Now, as we enter, the girls stand and greet us with a pleasant salaam. I tell them who you are, and they say they are very happy to see you. After singing several hymns and explaining one of them, the teacher or the missionary lady prays a short earnest prayer. See, some of the girls are kneeling, though we do not require them to do so. Now they go to their classes. To-day, all the teachers are Christian, Ramiah and his wife Soondarana, Ellen, and Lizzie. The classes recite in John, Luke, Mark, the Catechism, and Bible stories for half an hour, after which they come

together, and we question them a little while on what they have learned.

Ah! yes, that is nice; I see you have brought some beautiful picture cards for the girls, and you may give them yourselves. Do you see those two bright-eyed girls? they are Brahmins; but they also come and take the card, and thank you, touching it to their foreheads.

Is it not a nice Sunday school? When you go home to America you must tell our friends about it, and remember to send out more of those pretty picture cards. Who will give us last year's Christmas cards? Those primary lesson cards, too, would be so nice, as they all like the pictures. Will you pray, too, for these girls that they may believe in Christ, and learn to work for Him.

Now it is time to go, and after singing a hymn in one of their own tunes, we let them go. There are fifty-six present to-day; sometimes fewer girls come, and several times we have had more. Hoping you will come again, I am your loving friend,

MARY M. DAY.

BE SINCERE.

I often say my prayers;
But do I ever pray?
And do the wishes of my heart
Go with the words I say?

I may as well kneel down
And worship gods of stone,
As offer to the living God
A prayer of words alone.

For words without the heart
The Lord will never hear;
Nor will he to those lips attend
Whose prayers are not sincere.

Little givers, do you part
With a glad and willing heart;
For the angel voices say,
"Little givers, give to-day."

"It was only a glad 'good morning,'
As she passed along the way;
But it spread the morning's glory
Over the livelong day."