

adds to the sufferings, and hastens the death of those already perishing from want of food. Thousands of these poor people have dragged themselves towards Madras, the great city, thinking that here they would get help. Many have never reached Madras, but have died by the road side; those who have got here have not been disappointed in their hope of succour. The police have orders to take into the Relief Camp all the poor starving people they find about the streets, and if these are not too far gone before arrival in the Camp, the food and attention they receive keep them alive; and we hope that in many cases health will be fully restored, and many will live to tell in happier times of the kindness of the English Government, and, we hope also, will learn to love and serve God who has put it into the hearts of Christians to pity the suffering and try to relieve their distress. My husband and I went a few weeks ago to the Camp, a few of whose inmates are represented in the picture. I do not know if we saw any of these people, but we saw many hundreds looking quite as wretched. We were told that there were three thousand in the Camp. O! your hearts would have ached if you had gone through the shed called the Nursery, where the little children under two years of age were. Not one of these children in the picture looks as bad as some we saw there. The apothecary told us that they were losing the children at the rate of seven a day. These in the nursery had their own mothers to look after them. All the children picked up in the streets and roads whose parents are either dead or have forsaken them are sent to a place called the Monyar Chultry. At this place we were told that hundreds of these little ones had died, though everything is done that can be done to save them. I have told you a sad tale, not only to make you sad, but that you may do something to help us. God has in mercy been sending us rain, but in many cases it is too late for this year's crop, and instead of an immediate prospect of better times, we know that the worst is yet to come. There will be multitudes of children left destitute; and we should like to gather many of these into

orphanages where they will not only be clothed and fed, but will learn to know and love Jesus: and when they grow up will tell their fellow-countrymen and countrywomen the glad Gospel news that Jesus Christ came into the world to save them all. Pray for us, and ask God to tell you how you can help, for every one however small can do something.

Before closing my letter I want to tell you of one pretty sight I saw at the Relief Camp. In one shed there were gathered the people that had been brought in that morning. There were about a hundred and fifty of them, and they had just had a meal of rice. Lying on the floor in the midst of the crowd were two little girls, about seven and eight years of age. Each had an arm thrown lovingly round the other's neck, and they were fast asleep. Their little thin faces looked so peaceful. I daresay they had not felt so comfortable for many a long day. I think they will live; and though most likely without father and mother, they will be cared for, and I trust grow up to be a blessing. I have not said anything in this letter about what we are doing. We have taken ten destitute children into the Boarding School. These bring our number of boarders up to thirty-eight; and besides these we have twelve day scholars, all of whom have a good dinner every day, and some very poor ones a good breakfast too.

We cannot take any more boarders here, as we are quite full; but we should like to open another school for famine orphans as soon as we have means to begin.

MARY STEPHENSON.

*Royapettah, Madras.*

The following letter on the same sad subject is sent to you by one of the Wesleyan ministers:—

DEAR FRIENDS,—We know you love us; we need not go far for tokens. That beautiful Bagster's Bible—my daily study—that strong solid English watch, my teacher of time and punctuality, are the gifts of the English Sunday School children of Great Britain. Need I say, that we are thankful to you? We are thankful, and highly prize your tokens of love. Very