

cloth should be marked at wholesale rates. Mission accounts just scream and squirm and sometimes die out entirely when they have to pay duty unnecessarily.

Well, Link, your brown girls and boys have come back to the boarding school. They just love to pay me their fees, for they nearly all earn them themselves. But a few were very sorrowful, for they had failed and so had to pay twice as much as the others. I wish you could know some of these Marthas, Marys, Samuels, Shadracks and Davids. Perhaps some of you will some day. I suppose the proudest of all were those boys and girls who had got the Bible prize—free fees for one term. Then there is a sixth class boy who came in on free fees as the Sunday School prize scholar from the village Sunday Schools. We have, besides these scholarships, only three children who do not pay fees. Our dormitories are much, much too small, but you are soon going to build us better ones, and we shall try to be patient this year, and hope that influenza and chicken pox will not visit us again as they did last year. The boys are going to build a small shed in the corner of the girls' compound to shelter and isolate the sick girls.

I write more about the boarding school than the other part of the work, because, you see, it is right at the door. But I should love for the Link boys and girls to visit our two caste girls' schools. In one school we have forty girls. Several of them have learned to play some hymns on the little harmonium. They enjoy it very much. The Vuyyuru girls make all kinds of excuses to come to the bungalow. Yesterday, one little girl brought her grandmother and her cousin from another village. They wanted to see the bungalow. "Look, grandmother, here is where they eat. See the big table. Come and see where these missionaries

take their baths. How clean it is. Look at the big looking glass." How they crowd around that! You Link folks would think it a poor thing. It has some "freckles" on it, but people here think it very fine. Best of all is the "Big Harmonium," Dr. Hulet's piano. Yesterday the little caste girls stood around it and we sang some of the Telugu hymns together. "How wonderful it is." They remember my "little younger sister," and my "big younger sister" and just where the pictures of my family are, and always are delighted to point them out. As a special treat, sometimes we go up on the flat roof and look around. Then, with a flower in their hair from the blooming Rangoon creeper, they depart home. I suppose to some it is as wonderful as are the beautiful Indian palaces to us, although many of the caste people, the rich farmers near here, have large, well-built houses of a very fine style. "Oh, you are maharajahs" they say. But Link, remember that we are not, and neither is the before mentioned mission account.

With best wishes, and many, many thanks to all the kind Bands and Sunday Schools and Mission Circles who write to me.

E. Bessie Lockhart.

Last month Miss Folsom wrote from Tuni: Conditions are quieter. Some feared that the arrest of Ghandi would precipitate matters, and perhaps lead to a great slaughter of English and Indian Christians. Instead, it gave people time to stop and consider the dire effect of non-co-operation, and though there is still a large party who are labouring to hasten the time when India shall be ruled by her own sons, yet they see that saner methods should be followed. They feel a bit anxious too that the British should continue to defend the country, for they now realize that they at present are not capable of defending it. The