

after a time they become able to read and write fairly well. Then we try to get the christians to take up collections for the support of the poor and also of their teachers and preachers. We urge them to build school-houses too, that is, one school house, which serves as chapel too, in each village. These school houses are only little houses and yet they are just what the people need, so it is all right. When we urge them to put something in the collection box every Sunday, we tell them to put some coin in, however small, and further, if they have no coins, we ask them to give rice. Well, we have coins here as small as a quarter of a cent, or between a third and a quarter. If they give such a small coin as this, it will amount to very little you may think. Yes, but if a great many give a very little each, it soon counts up. Even a few little grains of rice from each will soon grow into a heap worth selling.

Then look at our girls' boarding schools. There are a good many girls in the Cocanada school now, but once it was only a little school, and even now many of the girls in it are little girls. At Akidu I started a boarding school some months ago. At the end of June the school was closed for vacation. While it was in session there were only five girls in it. Oh! what a little school! Yes, so it was, but I hope it will soon grow larger. These girls studied with the other pupils in the day school. Every one in the school had to learn by heart one verse in Matthew every day. Little verses, but by learning one every day, a chapter was soon committed to memory. Any one who cannot appreciate, and try to make the most of, little things, ought not to come to this work in India.

But it is true of work everywhere. In regard to your share of the work it is the same. If you all give something every Sunday, how soon the money will count up! There are not many people in the world, who can give a great deal to every good work, but if we all give a little, we can do great things. You have often seen ants working away. They accomplish a great deal of work because every ant works steadily. In this country there are white ants; they make great nests in the ground, and carry the earth up to the surface. They work away till the hills made by them are four or five feet high. I have seen them that high. Sometimes they become much higher. And yet how little one tiny ant could accomplish alone! So keep on giving in the Sunday school and the Mission Band. You are helping on a great work. If you do not give your cents, there will be no dollars; if there are no dollars, there will be no tens of dollars; if there are no tens of dollars, there will be no hundreds, and hence no thousands; and yet what a great difference there is between one cent and one thousand dollars!

One word more. I hope that every one of you will give himself or herself to Jesus, if you have not done so already. He wants your hearts, that is, your love, first; that is the best gift of all. He does not despise little things or little ones. He loves the little ones, and calls them to Himself. May He bless and keep and guide you all now and forever. Your loving friend,

JOHN CRAIG.

Cocanada, July 31st, 1883.

### Bimlipatam.

MY DEAR LINK,—This is a beautiful day; recent rains have washed the appearance of hot heat from the sky, and white, soft clouds are floating airily over the deep blue, upon which, whenever my eyes fall, my heart says, "How lovely it is."

Upon a tree in front of one of my windows are fresh, young leaves, and under it is a bit of grass so exquisitely beautiful and green, that I feel like going out to pat it, and think that blue eyed violets ought to grow there.

But wild flowers are very rare in this part of India, and the few there are are not very pretty, though they look as if they were as pretty as they could be under the circumstances. As soon as they get their heads above the hard, parched ground, the sun bends upon them his withering heat, and they seem afraid to grow any more.

The clouds have grown heavier; a shadow is falling upon the glimmering sea; rain drops are pattering about, making wondrously sweet music to Anglo-Indian ears.

Though much cooler than before the rains began, the punkah still swings above my head.

Would not some of the readers of the LINK like to know what room that punkah is in? Well, take the paper which contains the picture of the Bimli Mission House, come up the front steps along the veranda to the last door on the left, walk in, and here I am in the middle of the room, at my writing table, with that identical punkah swinging overhead.

If any of you care to drop in here, any time from 7 to 9 a.m., you will find boys and girls sitting around me on the floor with their Telugu Testaments before them, and you will not need to ask what we are doing. From 9 to 11 there are girls only, and they have needles and thread. They are preparing for the second and third grades of examination, and are top-sewing, felling, stitching, hemming, darning on cloth and making button-holes.

If in the house at all, you will usually find me here or in the dining-room attending to some household duty; one is calling now, so I must go; then prepare for our meeting, as this is Thursday, the time for our weekly gathering for prayer.

In front of and beyond the school house, which you see in the picture, live the shepherd people among whom I visit. Their houses, with low mud walls and leaf roofs, somewhat resemble a tent in form, but they are neither white nor clean, and sometimes when I go among them, I feel tempted to get away as soon as possible; but the gospel is what they need to make a change among them. As yet they are painfully indifferent to its claims upon them, though some of them listen most attentively, and we believe they think and talk about what they hear.

For some time past we have been trying to induce them to come to the school-house on Sunday afternoons, instead of the girls and me going to them, and the new departure has succeeded quite as well as could be expected.

Recently we had a most pleasant visit from Mr. Clough, of Ongole; the shepherd women were gathering when he came, so he went out with me and gave them a kindly Christian address. Next Sunday Mr. Sanford has promised to speak to them. I want them to feel that we are all interested in them and anxious to do them good. We usually arrange them in classes, and spend about an hour in singing, prayer and talking. Pictures interest them very much.

One day last week four of my girls and I went out to a village some fourteen miles distant, to look after a little girl we are anxious to get into our boarding school. She is the betrothed wife of one of our Christian boys, and a betrothal in this country is nearly as binding as the marriage. This engagement was of course made by the parents, when the children were perhaps five or six years old. Time passes, the boy comes within Christian influence and teaching, is led by the Holy Spirit to the Saviour, and the little girl's relatives refuse to fulfil their part