

more per annum, so that we might be able to receive more girls. The house will hold fifty or sixty—our concern is for the money to provide food for them. Each year sees more children applying for admission. The hand of our God is upon us for good. Oh! that we might arise and follow Him, whithersoever He would lead us."

Vuyuru. — From the Boarding School Mrs. Cross writes that they are able to do better work owing to a more efficient staff of teachers. "Sixteen girls have attended this last term. We are sorry there are not more. It is easier to get boys than girls. The boys, too, pass on to higher studies, but the girls seem all to be needed as wives for our workers. In their homes they show the influence of their school training in the neatness, orderliness, and good manners that prevail. The children carried on their S. S. work with interest, and I hope not in vain. Picture rolls and picture cards are very useful here. One of the old Boarding School boys is a devoted S. S. teacher and is constantly asking me for picture cards for his work."

Here is a chance for Bands to help.

Caste Schools.—Dr. Allyn has had charge of the work here in Dr. Hulet's absence. You will remember that the report of the Vuyuru school last year was rather discouraging, as the presence of two Christian teachers had frightened away many of the girls. "All year the school fought for existence against caste and prejudice, but at the end we had gained our point, and had fourteen regular pupils. We have since lost our Christian headmistress, who left to be married, and again were forced to put in a Hindu master. This young man is of the Sudra caste, and although Hindus, both he and his wife are much interested in Christianity. Pray for them specially. Their names are Venkataswami and Seshamma. Two new girls have recently entered this school; every bit of progress is a distinct victory over the Evil One and a direct answer to prayer, so we may well give thanks.

Valluru School.—"The Valluru School continues to grow and to be popular. It is a marvel. Agnes, the teacher, is a great believer in prayer, and she

prays much for the school and for her work. And the school girls, too, although they are little Hindus, from heathen homes, pray for their school. One day recently when I was over examining the school at noon hour we were having prayer for our work. While we were praying some of the larger girls came back to school, and quietly opening the door, they slipped in and knelt down by a bench. I cannot tell you how glad it made me feel when I rose, to realize that those girls were one with us in the desire that their friends might be converted. Some of them are doubtless believing, but they have been married long since, and as soon as they are old enough they must go off to be shut up in their husbands' homes. May their lights not be hid under a bushel but give light to all in their homes.

The hospital work has been carried on regularly and every morning before we treat the patients we try to make them understand that their worst disease is sin and there is healing for all who wish it, not by bathing in sacred rivers, or making vows or offerings, but that salvation is a gift for all who will accept. We believe we were permitted to save the life of Shre Ramulu, the native contractor who built the Jane Buchan Bungalow. He had blood poisoning and we had to amputate his right hand. That family has been friendly to the missionaries from the first and the women are all being taught regularly, and yet they have not believed. It is certain that God is dealing with them and we are praying and expecting that, as a family, they will break caste and accept Christ. Pray for them."

Work Among Women and Children.—Miss McLaurin: "Almost the entire year has been spent touring, visits being made to 103 villages, 15 of which were new, where the caste women had never heard the Gospel. One of these was on an island in the Kistna river, a collection of squalid looking mud huts, situated on the very edge of the crumbling bank of the river, which had gradually encroached on their lands, threatening to carry off their homes. I was afraid we would not have a good time here, as the village looked so unpromising and I knew no white per-