

he had been in the habit of holding meetings, and had actually held meetings there in his absence, some coming from miles distant, asking to be taught. The people on this side of Tanna have never yielded to any missionaries, but now they wish to put heathenism away more effectually than the tribes who have for thirty years known the missionaries. This is truly God's work. The people suggest and propose good plans and energetic modes, such as none of the other known tribes have attempted, and they are very anxious about the hill tribes, who are hard to reach. Houlton Forlong asks the earnest prayers of all Christians, that this work may be deep and permanent and extend to the tribes.

Wanganui, New Zealand.

GORDON FORLONG.

Young People's Department.

THE COCANADA CASTE GIRLS' SCHOOLS.

We pass through a door-way into the back court, up a steep, narrow stairway with a crook to the right, turn at the top to the left, take off our great sun-hats to enter more easily through the low doorway, and there we are in the midst of a room, crowded, packed full up to the ceiling and down to the floor, and from wall to wall with the happiest, brightest, blackest-eyed, liveliest company of copper-colored little girls that you ever read of in any story-book. They are the sweetest brownies in the world. Up near the desk are the missionary ladies, Misses Simpson and Gibson, and the latter's sister, Mrs. Dobeaux. The last two are Miss Simpson's Eurasian assistants, and splendid women they are.

Miss Baskerville and I manage to get in, and after all are settled, and quiet is restored, the exercises of the afternoon commence. There are two schools before us. One of these is composed of 72 girls. We are assembled in their room up over the noisy street. Down below is the haymarket of the city. There the grass men are shouting, children are bawling, goats that have come to pick up stray blades of grass, are bleating, ox carts are creaking past, crows are cawing, for Cocanada means "Crow town"; festival processions with drums and high-tuned horns are marching by. But those children have been brought up in the midst of such surroundings. A noise that would send a Canadian school out through the windows into the street to see what on earth was the matter, does not make a child turn her head in this school. The second school comes from over a mile away, in Newtown, and includes about 25 little girls. Amongst them all only one is as old as 12, for you must know they all have to leave school to get married at that age, and those of them who are married must leave then, and go to live with their husbands. This girl of 12 had left school the year before, and was back to-day by special permit, to see the prizes distributed. She is one of the prettiest girls I ever saw, with soft gazelle-like eyes, a clear olive complexion, tapering fingers, a shapely Roman nose, regular, finely-chiselled features, a supple and graceful figure, and the carriage of a princess of the blood.

The girls of the Newtown school sang a hymn on the raising of Lazarus. They sang with spirit and energy. Their little bodies shook all over, and their white teeth gleamed as they threw their mouths wide open to let the sharp high notes out. I then led in prayer. After that two of the older girls sang a duet. They wore very shy, and leaned up against the wall; but Miss Baskerville asked them to stand up straight, and when they got

arranged they sang very nicely. Sara, the teacher of the Newtown school, accompanied them on her violin. Just think of that, "Misses Garakamukihii Sundranna and Chiragudi Patnamma will sing a duet, accompanied by Mrs. Pasapuleti Saramma on the violin." That sounds funny, doesn't it? But that is what we had there that afternoon.

Miss Baskerville presided, and made a little speech in Telugu. She asked the girls who had established the schools? They answered, "God," then they fell back on Miss Simpson, but Miss Baskerville commended their first answer. They answered her questions readily, and had the leading facts of the life of Christ, and the Old Testament history off at their tongue tips. They understood the difference between this school and Government schools where the name of Christ is never mentioned. As Miss Baskerville proceeded with the story of Naaman the leper, they recognized it at once, and caught up the different points.

They have such shining black eyes; when one looks into them closely, one finds them to be a deep brown; but they are commonly called black. Around most of them were deep black charcoal circles that seem so beautiful to the eye of the Hindu mother. With the exception of two girls, their hair is straight, jet black and glossy with oil. Those two have beautiful deep waves in their hair, that are as handsome as they are rare in this land. They are sweet and pretty children.

As the prize distribution proceeded they became so excited that many of them had to be called back to make their salaams, which answer for a "Thank you Miss," in this country. And then, instead of making the salaam with one hand placed gracefully on the forehead, they put up two hands, or put one hand on the back of the head, or side, or top, or all around, but in the right place. They were so excited it was just as if a girl at home put her hat on wrong end foremost. They got picture books, bright handkerchiefs, pretty cloths, toys, bags for their money, thimbles, and I don't know what not. But very few got dolls, for we find that these little girls take their dolls home, and instead of playing doll with them, they are taken away, and the big folk set them up in a corner, smear them over with oil and saffron, get down on their knees before them and call them by the name of a god, all of which of course is very wrong.

One little tot had her hair sticking straight out. When she left home it was doubtless combed nicely, but it had been picked over and scratched a good deal, and then the wind blew hard, and the distance to school was long, so that when she got there the hair was all undone. She was certainly not among the neat little girls who took a prize for "Hair combing and face washing," which Miss Simpson gives every year. Another girl had such a fine large coil of hair that she drew an exclamation of admiration from me. "Oh," said Miss Baskerville, "that isn't natural; it's half made up." And so it was; on looking closely, I could see that across the room Miss Baskerville says that many of the women ske out their hair with false stuff, which is their own merely because they have paid for it at the dealers. They are not so far behind the times after all, are they?

One little Mohammedan girl came in dressed in an old vest, her father's, and a pair of bright red pants that reached down to her ankles. I at once dubbed her "Miss Simpson's new woman." She is certainly up to date, isn't she? And yet, the new woman after all, at least as far as that part of her goes, is a very old woman; one needs only to come east to see that. That is not the