

are the little tots learning to write their letters in the sand which is spread over the cement floor.

Every day all of the pupils are taught Bible lessons, and each morning and afternoon all assemble in the main room, and a hymn is sung and a prayer is offered before they are dismissed. They go out from this environment—clean, airy, where their minds are being brightened, and their thoughts directed to the true God into heathen dwellings which, with few exceptions, are filthy, stuffy and poisonous with vile conversation and idolatry. Yes, and into these dark abodes they carry more light than we dream of. In our house to house visiting we are constantly finding those, whose bright faces and pleasing manners tell us even more quickly than do their lips, that they once attended Mrs. Churchill's school. Our hearts fill with thankfulness to God because He led our sister into this very service, as we hear these girls read the Scripture and talk of its truths. Their associates bear witness that they will not worship idols, but that they pray to Jesus only.

Maha Lakshmi, one of a class of almost a dozen who were marked for their ability in the class-room, after leaving school went with her husband to his home in a large town to the north of us. With her she took her Testament and Hymn book, and since, when visiting in Bobbili, she has told us how interested the women there were in hearing about Christ and how they loved the hymns. She often refers in her conversation to the little prayer meetings which her class used to have in the class rooms while attending school. Not long ago she became the mother of a little girl. The little thing was never well and cried most of the time. Her Brahmin relatives told her that the cry was that of a devil which had caught the child as soon as it was born. It did not live long—"The demon took it," said the Brahmins; but Maha Lakshmi said, "The Lord gave and the Lord has taken it away." She did not weep and wait, as the heathen all do at a funeral, and her friends wondered at her calmness, and asked what book it was that she was reading. When we called she told us what comfort her Bible had been to her, and that peace had filled her heart.

Another of our girls, G. Chinwamm, who had taken a complete course in our school, was like many a child in this land, unhappily married. Every day in her new home her tears flowed. One day she ran away and poured out her troubled heart to her old teacher. Sayamma prayed with her and told her to leave it with the Lord. Not many days ago a letter came from her saying, "Jehovah heard my cry and has taken away all my family troubles. I am constantly reading the Bible." Thus has joy come into another home. "The entrance of thy words giveth light." There is a Telugu idiom which means "why a thousand." So space does not permit me to multiply incidents.

It is said that this school opens the homes. Yes, indeed! Some days I hardly know which way to turn, because so many little ones cluster around me, each entreating that I go to her home.

The school—I love it. Sisters pray for it.

Lovingly yours,

MAUDE M. E. HARRISON.

Mission House,
Bobbili, Feb. 9, '99.

DAYS IN LUCKNOW.

BY REV. F. B. MEYER.

Last evening we stood, with hushed voices, by the well at Cawnpore, into which Nana Sahib flung more than two hundred still palpitating bodies of the women and children who had been massacred at his command. The well is now filled up, and the mound is surrounded by a chaste balustrade, in the centre of which is the figure of an angel in white marble, her arms crossed on her breast, each hand holding a palm branch. It was very beautiful and very touching.

It was quite impossible to read without emotion the inscription over the entrance gateway: "These are they which came out of great tribulation"; or that around the wall: "Sacred to the perpetual memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly women and children, who near this spot were cruelly murdered, and cast, the dying with the dead, into the well below, on the 15th day of July, 1857."

But to-day a yet deeper surge of emotion swept over us. Between our meetings we drove up to the old Residency of Lucknow, which must for ever be sacred ground to all who revere the memory of Outram, Colin Campbell and Havelock—three Christian soldiers, who sustained the noblest traditions of British chivalry, and added great renown during the terrible Indian Mutiny.

This is the gateway where most of the fighting took place. See how the plaster is dated with bullet marks and the upper portions shattered by cannon! By this road Havelock and Outram made their way with their relief column, fighting every inch through the dense mass of rebels. In that room, on the left, the gallant Henry Lawrence died, from the splinter of an exploding shell. There is the banqueting-hall, used as a hospital, because secluded from the incessant cannonade, which for eighty-four days and nights was poured upon these buildings. In this large underground chamber the women and children were hidden, though stray shots would find their way even here. Near that pillar a mother was standing when a bullet killed her babe; and yonder a cannon-ball plunged into the brickwork, killing a woman with the fright. Everywhere births and deaths and prayers and agony to blood mingled.

There is the well to which they crept for water under a perpetual shower of hail. In one of these rooms must the meeting for daily prayer have been held, called by the Christian general, who knew that real safety was to be found only beneath the shadow of the Almighty.

On the mound there, beneath which are entombed the debris of the wrecked and shattered buildings, a chaste monument records the fact that here Sir Henry Lawrence and 2,000 British soldiers and others

LAI'D DOWN THEIR LIVES.

From this point the long procession of women and children started, under cover of darkness and between the long lines of soldiers, on the night when the Residency was finally evacuated, and the fugitives conveyed to a place of safety.

The buildings are covered now with the foliage and festoons of climbing plants. All around the grounds are rich with a tropical luxuriance. The palm, the rose, the forest tree give shadow and fragrance. The well-kept