

by the great floods lately experienced in India, makes us regret the smallness of the income we are able to allow them.

Respectfully submitted,

NANNIE E. GREEN,
Cor. Sec.

Thurso, Que., Oct. 6, 1894.

NOTE.—The irrepair of school building in Akidu, mentioned in this report, relates to a temporary building in use by the boys.—N. E. G.

REPORT FROM AKIDU GIRLS' SCHOOL.

Dear Miss Green,—Our school has just closed, and the last of our children went home to-day for their holidays. Would you like to know how they spend their holidays? Nearly all of them, even the little ones are in the fields from morning until night, transplanting the young rice shoots. Now they are gone, it is very quiet without them, and we miss them, but they will be back in September.

The first time I saw our boys and girls was one bright sunny day last January. Mr. Craig had come to Cocanada in his boat, to take Mr. Chute and myself to our new home. When we were within a mile or two of Akidu some of the boys came running along the canal bank to meet us; they were very hearty in their salaams, and seemed much pleased to see us. They caught hold of the tow line and helped the boatman pull, and soon we were at Akidu; there, on the canal bank, Mrs. Craig, Miss Stovel, Mrs. Smith, our matron, and the boys and girls, with the preachers and teachers to welcome us.

As Mr. Chute and I stepped ashore, the children formed an arch of cocoanut palms over our heads, and escorted us to the bungalow, singing the Telugu wedding hymn as we walked along. When we reached the veranda, and were seated there, an address of welcome was read, and we were presented with a Telugu New Testament and hymn-book; and, although I couldn't understand one word, I felt that we had received a very hearty welcome. As Mr. and Mrs. Craig were at Ongole for Christmas, the children didn't have their Christmas treat until January 30th. This was little Laura Craig's birthday, and her papa and mamma invited all the boys and girls, and many others to her birthday party. I never was at such a party before, there were one hundred and fifty here altogether. In the afternoon the children played games on the grass. At five o'clock the feast was ready; they all sat down on the ground, the girls in a big circle and the boys in another, and the rest of the people in one long line. They had big leaves for plates; then the curry and rice was passed. They just helped themselves with their hands, and ate with their fingers. After the rice and curry they had fruit and candy. Then

came the Christmas tree; some got jackets, some books, some beads and playthings, and all got cards. Then the children had a surprise for Mr. and Mrs. Craig, and presented them with nice silver napkin-rings. At last it came time for them to go home, and Mr. Craig closed the happy gathering with a few words and prayer.

On February 1st Mrs. Craig gave the school into my care; I feel it is a great responsibility, and, like Solomon, I desire wisdom. It was a great privilege to have Mrs. Craig's counsel and advice for two or three months. On March 5th Mr. and Mrs. Craig, with their children, left Akidu, and many were the sorrowing ones in the compound that night. I heard the girls crying until twelve o'clock.

Already I had learned to love some of the children, but I felt reminded of "the little old woman who lived in a shoe, and had so many children she didn't know what to do." I couldn't understand them, and they couldn't understand me. I could scarcely remember their names, they seemed so long and strange. But now I know nearly all their names, and am learning Telugu slowly—we have such fun trying to talk to one another. One day I wanted to tell a girl that her medicine was all done, and said it *was dead*.

This year we had forty girls and thirty boys boarding in the school, and several day pupils. They are a good deal like girls and boys at home, some of them are very bright and quick, and some are lazy. Sometimes they are good, and sometimes they are bad. From September to April we had four teachers in the school, then Lydia, one of our girls from Cocanada came to take charge of the Infant Standard during the hot season. To-morrow she goes to the Lutheran Normal School at Gantur, to finish her training as a teacher. We have no Normal School.

One morning in January we had a nice little wedding in the chapel. Moses and Milca, two of our teachers were married. You will remember Gutla Milca, she has been in the school ever since she was a little girl; she and her husband are still teaching.

A week or two ago we had another wedding, Yellamandala and Jevaratnam, two of our pupils, were married. Jevaratnam intends going to the Industrial School at Samulcotta after Christmas.

Some of our children have been sick—coughs, colds, fever and chicken-pox, but none of them very seriously. A great many of them had itch, and such a time as we have trying to get rid of it.

I would like to be able to tell you how many are Christians and how many have been baptized, but the church records are all in Telugu, and as many of them belong to village churches, Mr. Chute would have to search the books of the whole field to find their names. Nearly all of our older scholars are members of the church.