

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—in to 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 Lakshini, 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 Lakshini said, "The Lord gave and the Lord has taken it away." She did not weep and wail, 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. Chinwami, 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.

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From The Treasurer Of The  
W. B. M. U.

May the Societies pardon me for my long silence, as I believe this is my first financial report since our Annual Meeting at Truro. This ought not so to be, especially when our finances are not in a healthier condition than they have been the last few months. If anyone has imagined that silence on my part meant advance and prosperity in our loved work, and therefore a little easier time for them, because others have taken a larger share of burden and responsibility, I trust my statements will arouse them mightily from their repose and tardiness. Some of our Societies and Bands have done nobly—have taken on new strength, and this year has been by far the most prosperous

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