

smoky coffee with a piece of unbuttered bread and a very hard round cake, like a cracker, very smoky tasting also. I felt very serious as I contemplated eating this, but Mr. Davis assured me I should not hurt their feelings if I even left it untouched, so I was much relieved. Then followed bananas and guavas. The guavas we did not care for, their odor seeming very unpleasant to us.

The Telugus have certainly a sense of humor. At the close of the meeting each new missionary was presented with a copy in Telugu of the book of Job, by one of the native preachers. It was given as a reminder of Job's patience, or as one of the older missionaries remarked, to bring to mind his afflictions, as I believe boils are one of the usual comforts of the first year.

How I wish those at home could have seen this picture! The bright faces and speaking eyes of the children and those more grown up, amply impressed me. Jesus died for those poor perishing souls. How shall we account for the time we have lost in withholding His precious Gospel so long?

Yours in His work,

MARY L. EVERETT SMITH.

COCANADA, INDIA, Nov. 15th. 1893.

Miss Simpson asked me to visit the Caste Girls' School. About 9 a.m. we stepped into the Zenana carriage, and were whirled down Brahmin street, through the Bazaar and round a corner, and stopped in front of a two story building bearing a sign—"Girls' School," in large white letters.

The verandahs of the ground floor are occupied by a cigar merchant and a salt dealer, while inside is a *ghee* depot (*ghee* is melted butter.)

We went upstairs and were greeted at the top by "salaams" from thirty-seven lusty little throats. Perhaps I ought not to use that adjective "little," because there are girls of ten and twelve, as well as tots of six and seven.

Soon Miss Simpson is busy with her Bible lessons, and I wish you could have heard the eager voices tell the story of Jesus' birth, and could have seen their eyes snap as they told of wicked King Herod's command to slay all the children of two years old and under.

While Miss Simpson has this class, Lakshmamah who was long ago one of the Cocanada boarding school girls has a sewing class, and Gopala Ras, the head master has the very little ones in elementary arithmetic and the alphabet. Perhaps I ought to say a word about this head master. He is a Brahmin, who for years has taught Telugu to the missionaries as they come. He has read much of the Bible, and Miss Simpson thinks that down in his heart he believes it every word; but has not the courage to come out from his people and follow Jesus.

But the classes have changed, and this time Miss Simpson has a larger and more advanced class studying

"Peter's denial of Christ," and Lakshmamah had a catechism class. While they are thus engaged I will try and tell you of the room. Long and narrow, on either side three doors and a window, opening into verandahs. On the walls are large alphabet cards, kindergarten cards, a large colored picture of Paul and Silas, and the Philippian jailor on his knees before them asking, "What must I do to be saved?" another of Jesus saying, "Wilt thou be made whole?" to the poor man at the pool of Bethesda, and another of Moses lifting up the serpent in the wilderness. Out on the front verandah are bright hued foliage plants, such as one sees only in India. Down in the street are the covered coaches drawn by great white trotting bullocks, an occasional push-push, (a carriage very much like a large perambulator pushed along by men). Coolies with their heavy burdens. Milkmen with their pots of buttermilk, piled one on top of the other, and all poised on the head. Women with their bright kwakas and glistening brass water pots, and proud Brahmins in their flowing white robes.

But I have wandered away from the girls. I would like to tell you their names and introduce you to each one of them, but that would take too long, and, moreover, I am not very well acquainted with them myself. I am only a visitor, you know. Miss Simpson could tell you about them, and about many of their mothers and sisters, for you see, when a girl studies in the school, Miss Simpson has a splendid chance to enter the homes, for what mother would refuse to see the lady who teaches her daughter to sew, to sing, to read and to write?

I don't think the mothers care much about the Bible lessons their girls learn, unless they have learned to love the Bible truths themselves. Indeed, I have a suspicion that they would just a little rather those Bible lessons were not taught. Who can say where this teaching will end? By and bye these girls, if they are not already married, will marry and go off to their husband's village, where perhaps not another woman can read, and she will tell of what she learned in school, and if ever a missionary happens that way she will welcome her to her home. Why! three years ago, passing down the street of a little village on the Akidu field, I heard a voice calling "Amind, come in and pray and tell me about Jesus, I have not heard a word of Him, or heard anyone pray, since I got married and came here to live." I soon learned that she had studied in Miss Brandon's Caste Girls' School in Masulipatam. She is such a help in that village, every time we go there she gathers twenty or thirty women into her verandahs, or into her large front room, and we spend hours with them.

F. M. STOVEL