

a little school together on his verandah and was doing something for them, I added the sum of two rupees more and now he works away on that, having his wife to help him and his brothers near by to do for him in his need. These people do not forget their own flesh and they do not fail in the family bond, and that is the great redeeming feature amongst them. The undivided family system has helped that on and the caste system has had something to do with the strengthening of the bond.

His children do not number more than eight, of whom three are little girls, and for a Mala suburb of a large village, and a suburb that is not very large itself, that is a good intellectual showing. These Malas are the surf of India, and to educate them is a sin according to the Brahmin idea, and that has got so thoroughly ingrained into them that it is with difficulty that they are persuaded to come to the school at all. Then, too, the struggle for a living is so intense to the vast majority that each member of the family from the time that member can toddle home with a few sticks on its head or engage in the fight for the dung dropped by the cattle of the farmers on their way to and from the field with the other children of the village, is put out and has to engage with the others in the long and ceaseless and often hopeless struggle to keep the wolf from the door. The margin of living is so narrow that the factories act would mean starvation if its principles were applied to India and the children were kept from that hard and strenuous toil that prematurely ages and weakens the man.

Well, Appanna has his little flock about him and any time he has school on you can hear the little ones going through the "Akaram" and the "Kakaram" of the musical Telugu alphabet with a peculiar imitation of his thickened speech, which is the result of the partial paralysis of his mouth, and that keeps me on the verge of a smile every time I examine the school. Two little girls from that school are now in the Boarding school here, and one of the boys is now in the seminary at Samalkota. These schools exist primarily for the children of native Christians, but the Hindu and Mohamedan children are encouraged to come, and do come. But our idea in opening them is to enable every child of God to learn to read the Word of God in his own tongue and to know enough to raise him above the scandalous impositions only possible upon an utterly illiterate people.

The gilt edge school of this field has been down at the village of Coringa, the old home of the Gibson family, of whom two or three have been engaged in the work here in Cocanada with us for years. That was the great port before the river filled up and the trade all stopped at the growing rival, Cocanada. You will find that place on all the old maps where Cocanada does not appear at all. It is of special interest to all Canadian Baptists as the place at which Timpany drank the fated glass of milk that is believed to have given him cholera, from which he died the day after.

There are no English people there now, and from the last of the palatial houses that sheltered them when that was a thriving port, we purchased the teak timber that helped build the Rest House, the Zenana House and the Matron's House in this compound and the Tuni Mission House. On the edge of the new village there, for there is a still older across the river, and quite near the washermen's part, is our little school of fourteen children presided over by one of the nicest little women on the field. She is the wife of our preacher, Uba Appalawami, and her name is Atchamma. She has the nicest little school there is, and has done a good work amongst them. They have always done best in the annual examinations in proportion to their advantages and are the best behaved and most lovable lot of all our little ones. Only one of them is a Christian. The others are all from the low caste Hindus. There are one or two Mohamedan children.

One of the three schools in the town is in a Mala suburb, another in a Madiga suburb and the third is in the compound. The Malas and Madigas are both outcaste classes and are great rivals, each considering the other lower than themselves, and each striving in a way to better themselves, since the advent of a new power enables a change in their hitherto hopeless degradation possible. The Reshupetta school amongst the Malas has a powerful rival under municipal control, and yet it attracts some forty children from the lowest class of people I have seen in India. Some of the Malas are a very respectable lot, such for instance, that community from which the Karri family came, the very first convert to this mission. But these Reshupetta people are from the East and are a very rude and rough lot. Still since the advent of our school there a great change has taken place, and they