

and if she sings she must sing incorrectly. They make such ludicrous mistakes that she would laugh were she not so tired and sleepy. There is no one to help her and few to heed her. When at school it did her good, strengthened her and comforted her to hear the strong confident way in which the missionary spoke about the love and faithfulness of Jesus. Who is there here to dry her tears and cheer her desponding heart? Then again, I have said nothing of the dread that seizes her as she sees her little one writhing in the agonies of cholera, the fear that *maybe*—oh yes, only maybe it is true, what her neighbours are telling her, that Amma Varu is angry with her because she has forsaken her ancestral god, and so is killing her child. They tell her that if she would only offer a fowl the goddess would leave the child alone. She feels surely the blessed Lord Jesus would not be very angry if she tried it, only as a peradventure, for the sake of the child. The intensity of her love gives point to this terrible temptation.

How do our young women stand in the face of this formidable list of temptations?

None escape them all, and yet few, if any, fall into all. Some are a great trial to the missionary, but after all a great advance on what they else would be. Some on the other hand, are a constant source of joy and thankfulness. Bright beacon lights they are in the surrounding gloom; clear and steady their light shines.

It is seldom that you cannot pick out the house of the boarding girl in the village. Her clean, smiling, intelligent face is an inspiration. She feels a proprietary interest in the missionary, and readily yields him a daughter's love. There are lines on her face which tell of conflict and conquest. She has conquered with love and kindness the prejudices of her neighbours, and they listen to her words as to those of an apostle. She has won the respect of all, and the man must be angry indeed, or the woman exasperated very much who will not stem the vile torrent and give her a respectful salaam as they pass. She moves a queen in her little realm. Her children are known on the street; they are cleaner, better behaved, more respectful and more intelligent than their fellows; they are brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and by His grace and Christian privileges will grow up useful men and women not many days hence. The people have before them a constant example of the power of Christianity. They have sense enough to admire even if they do not readily follow; but to admire is to follow to some extent, and this living example does tell in the long run. She very often teaches the little boys and girls to read and sing, and sometimes the old men and women come too. It is wonderful the influence a wise woman can exert even in a heathen village; of course her influence in elevating and refining the Christians of the village is very much greater.

This is the kind of work being done by girls' schools among our Christian and heathen villages. These girls are, I believe, never married to heathen husbands; this would be both sinful and impolitic; God's word forbids it. In this way an educated man and woman as husband and wife can do, if living pure and holy lives, an untold amount of good. But you can see that it will not do to push our girl's work beyond our boy's work, else we destroy the necessary balance, and we would have to marry her to an uneducated Christian, or maybe a heathen; this would hinder our work, and do her an injustice as well. There are no unmarried old women among the Hindus; no one dreams of it.

For this reason I am anxious that we should carry on all departments of our work in due proportion to their

importance, and therefore I am thankful that you take so much interest in this Seminary.

It is much more difficult to write as interesting reports or as stirring incidents about a school as about a mission. The work is more monotonous, more humdrum. I must confess that I have been agreeably disappointed with the interest taken by Boards, Bands, Sunday-schools, churches and individuals in our Seminary. I am constantly receiving letters asking for students to support, and indicating the liveliest interest in our work. These letters do us a world of good, they are medicine to both soul and body. Once more I thank you for your generous consideration, and solicit a continued interest in your prayers.

JOHN MCLAURIN.

Samulcotta, 17th March, 1884.

OUR INDIAN STATIONS.

Cocanada.

THE GIRLS' SCHOOL, ETC.

Mr. Timpany writes on the 17th of April:—

"During the recent trip on the boat, I took eleven of the girls with me. I wish that sometimes you could see us in our work. Your circles are getting the value of what you put into the boat. Every time I take out a company of the girls with me, and I often do so, multitudes of women hear the gospel. The girls did well; there was not a word of fault to be found with them. Morning and evening they walked with me, sometimes for a long distance, and in the villages sang and talked. When at the boat they had their cooking and lessons to attend to, so there were few idle moments. Lukshimi was one of the company. The girls have no matron now. The woman who was with them got leave some time since. So far they have got along nicely. They have, during the present year, improved very much and grown in grace. They are good girls. In two years the first class will graduate. We will then have some good teachers from among them. The school is graded, and working up to the Government standards. You are getting good worth for your money. Only think, I am teaching, feeding, clothing, etc., about forty girls for what would scarcely send two of our daughters to the College at Woodstock! Are there still some people who want better returns for their money?"

From Mrs. Timpany we hear: "Our home boxes have come, safe and sound, all the way from loved and loving friends in Canada. I am sure this canned fruit, meat, etc., adds to our health very much. I do not think that the McLaurins and ourselves have ever been better in India than at present. Miss Frith, too, is very well, and we are all so thankful, for there never was more to be done than now. We have Mr. Craig's eight boarding girls, and Mrs. Currie's one to keep till they return. This makes our number thirty-nine, and adds to our care a good deal."

Bobbili.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—Do you think you can appreciate a letter from an old friend in Bobbili who is not your old Bobbili friend? Before this reaches you Mrs. Churchill will be in the dear homeland, and none of you will read this with more interest than she. How strangely the world moves on. Here I am moving about the old familiar rooms of her once happy home, and taking