

Sights and Sounds in India, for Boys and Girls in Canada.

DEAR GIRLS AND BOYS.—Our last letter left Leo a prisoner in his mother's house. To his sorrow, he found out that caste was a tougher and uglier thing than he ever had any idea of, even in his worst dreams. He did not know what a deadly grip it had upon him, until he tried to break away from it. He was like the Nova Scotia boy, whom I saw one day, trying to pull a stone up out of the ground. He saw it sticking up above the grass in the pasture. It was about the size of his fist. He thought he could pull it up with one hand; but it would not come. Then he tried it with both hands. Still it would not budge. Although he tugged at it, and tore his fingers, it only mocked his strength and remained as firm in its bed, as if riveted to the foundation of the earth. Yet unconquered, he began to dig around the obstinate thing, thinking if he could only get his fingers under it, he would tear it from its nest in a trice. He delved into the tough sward and scooped up the soil, like a hero and a beaver. But the deeper he dug, the bigger grew the rock! It sloped out on all sides as if it were a mountain of granite, rooted deep in the bowels of the earth. Thus was poor Leo deceived. The mighty power and grace of God had uprooted the mountain of caste from his own heart; and he thought he could uproot it from the hearts of his heathen mother and brothers. But he found each hard heart the black, stony peak of a mountain of granite and brimstone sloping down to the gates of hell, and rooted deep in the caverns of the bottomless pit. Up its craggy steps, were ascending and descending grim devils and demons from the lowest gehenna. Satan himself strode up the burning steps of this giant causeway, to the pinnacle of this mount which he had built. This brimstone stile up the hill of hell is the infernal system of caste. Its topmost stone is in Leo's mother's breast. In her heart of stone, Belial sits on his throne, and makes her very finger tips his own fiery imps to fulfil his fiendish will. The brothers and the mother are thus become the mere tools and puppets of the powers of darkness, to hound Leo back to his chains.

It was three or four weeks, before we saw him or even heard from him again. Then, through a mutual friend, who met him on the street at night, he sent us a message. The welcome tidings was like good news from a far country. It had three parts. He sent word, first, that he was sorry he did not take our advice and keep out of the clutches of his enraged relatives, until the tempest of their wrath was overpast; secondly, that his heart was still fixed on Christ and he wished we would send him a hymn book; thirdly, that the Christian teacher, P. Veeracharyulu, must be sure not to be out alone late at night for he had overheard his big brothers planning to catch this special object of their rage alone some dark night and beat him.

Not long after, he began to go about the town as usual, but he was like a tethered goat that may run the length of its rope and no more; or like a prisoner on the limits; or like a suspected man, who is watched day and night by the police. One day, Miss Newcombe and Mrs. Morse were walking through the town. They were on the street that leads out of Bimli, south-westerly, towards Vizagapatam. As they were passing the toll gate, Leo ran out of the toll shed smiling and salaaming. He came up to them, and told them that he had a position as assistant toll gate keeper. He seemed exceedingly glad to meet them once more. While they were talking with him, I came along on my bicycle, and we had a quiet, but happy reunion. The next day, I came down again to see him. I found him as frightened as a rabbit. He was like somebody who had just awakened from a horrible nightmare. When I preached to the crowd that gathered about us, he dared not open his mouth for Christ. His lips were sealed as tightly as if they had been sewed up by a harness-maker with shoe-thread. A few days later, when Mr. Higgins was going to take a picture of the school, he stole up to the school house and sat, with the rest of the boys, for a photograph. On another occasion, he slipped into the chapel to witness a native Christian marriage. Then again, under the cover of darkness, he came up with Veeracharyulu, to the mission house, and we had a long talk. He said that he wanted very much to come back to school, but they would not let him. He dare not mention such a thing in his mother's house. He declared that his heart was still on the Lord's side; but he was so thoroughly intimidated that he dare not call his soul his own. If he is what we believe him to be—a child of God—he shall yet be delivered from this bitter bondage. Jehovah will save him out of the mouth of the lion, and deliver him out of the hand of the Philistines. None of these things shall be able to separate him from the love of God. The purpose and promise of God, and all the gates of heaven are on his side. "What God has promised, He is able also to perform."

"The voice, that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises."

When you come to Bimli, we will show you the school house where Leo went to school, and learned the way of salvation. Perhaps you can see it now, if you shut your eyes. It faces the east. The rising sun shines in its face.

It looks out upon the sea, and across to the land of Adoniram Judson. It is as white as last year's white-wash can make it. It has a veranda all around it; for the verandas make good class-rooms. Indeed, when Mr. Sanford first built it, he used it for a chapel as well as a school-house. The inside is divided into two rooms. The south end is the big room. The north end is the small room. There are six classes. Those who are in the first and second book, go to school on the back veranda. The third and fourth classes learn to read, write and cipher in the little room, in the north end. The big room is for the big pupils, consisting of the fifth and sixth classes. However, they do not call the classes by these names. The first class is the "Primer Class." The second class is the "First Standard." The third class is the "Second Standard." The fourth class is the "Third Standard." The fifth class is the "Fourth Standard." Then, most curious of all, the sixth class is the "First form." The "Fourth Standard" is the highest class of one grade of school, called the "Primary School." After you graduate from the "Primary School," you may enter the next higher grade of school. Then you will be in the "First Form." Our Mission school, then, is not only a "Primary School," but it has also the First Class of the next higher grade of school. We are thinking and praying about opening a seventh class also. This will be the "Second Form." They all learn reading, writing and arithmetic. Then as they advance, they study also geography, grammar, history, hygiene, etc. The most popular subject of all is English. Every wide-awake Telugu school-boy wants to learn English. One young man tried to express his great thirst for a knowledge of this language, by saying that he wanted to learn English and then die. Some of the boys are very bright and smart to learn. There are no girls in the school, except a few, who are the children of Christians. Girls are not worth sending to school. It only spoils them anyway, and makes them disobedient to their husbands. A girl is entirely above herself if she even has a desire to learn to read, as if a cow should set herself up to be a king! Let the shoe-maker stick to his last, and the woman to her frying pan, while the lion is king of the forest and man is Lord of creation. However, many people who are not saved through the gospel, nevertheless get much enlightenment on various subjects from the missionaries. Thus in many parts of India, girls' schools have been started, and are always encouraged by the government. There is one in Bimliapatam. Although the girls are taught reading, writing, arithmetic and sewing, yet they learn nothing at school, about the only One who can save them from their sins. Pray for these poor girls, that a door may be opened for them to learn the way of salvation in the days of their youth. There faces are as intelligent and their eyes as bright as yours, but their hearts are as dark as the blackest midnight. When Jesus commanded us to preach the gospel to the whole creation, He must have meant these girls too. We are doing what we can to reach them, but you have no idea of the gates of brass and bars of iron, that Satan piles up between them and the missionary. Pray for them and for us, that He who was manifested to destroy the works of the devil; and who made a path through the Red Sea, may pave a shining way for the gospel to reach their hearts.

The effect of Leo's baptism on our school was like a stone thrown into a flock of partridges. It thinned the ranks of the boys from fifty down to twenty. The parents were all afraid their sons would be the next. They would rather have them grow up in densest ignorance than have them become Christians. Therefore they kept them home. We were not surprised that it turned out as it did. We are rather astonished that any came back at all. However, now that six months have rolled by and the excitement is over, the number of names on the register is up again to forty-seven.

The great object of the school is to preach the gospel. We advertise this as the very object of the school's existence. We teach the boys that the very stones of which the house is built belong to Jesus Christ. It was erected with His money and for His glory. We tell the scholars time and time again, that we would not waste the time merely to teach them to read and write and cipher, that they might be able to earn a little rice and curry and then die and go to hell at last. No! We aim to teach them not only the way to get what is called a living, but the way to get eternal life. We declare in as plain Telugu as we can command that their everlasting life through the Saviour of the world is the goal of every copper and every minute we spend in the school. One day a young Hindu friend came and gave me some private advice. He said it would be better not to speak so plainly. It would be better not to let the people know what our real object was. Let them think that we have merely a charitable purpose to give the boys an education. Then many more of the Hindus would send their boys! But now they were afraid! After we got the pupils into the school we could preach all the gospel to them we liked. Only do not let the parents see the trap! Preach the gospel on the sly! This was his advice! But we told him to go please and publish it from the house-tops and the hilltops, that the one, single, sole, only object of our school was to lead the pupils to

the only Saviour under heaven given amongst men; that our one purpose in every map, every book, every verb, every noun, every letter, every figure, that we teach was that they might know the Lamb of God, who alone can take away the curse from their souls, already condemned.

Besides the regular Bible Lessons, all the pupils meet the first thing every morning in the big room. There the gospel is preached to them in simple language, either by the missionary or a Telugu preacher or a Christian teacher or sometimes by one of the Christian school boys. We have had some very joyful times in these morning hours with the school. Mrs. Morse and Marion go over every morning with the little organ and teach them to sing. Veeracharyulu, who used to be their head teacher, has written a Telugu lyric on the Life and Death of Christ and the Way of Salvation through Him. It is a pretty long piece of a hundred couplets. It is published by the "Telugu Baptist Publication Society." Just now, Veeracharyulu is teaching them to sing this long hymn and is explaining the meaning to them. He believes that God has called him to preach the gospel and we believe it too. We have still a Christian teacher at the head of the school. Veeracharyulu still visits the school and takes a great interest in it. Indeed I have appointed him Superintendent and expect the teachers to carry out his suggestions.

The boys seem to love him very much. When Leo was baptized, his family blamed Veeracharyulu, especially for his conversion. They threatened to beat him. One of the Hindu school boys would hardly leave Veeracharyulu's house, day or night, except to go to his meals, for fear that some harm might come to his teacher. The good seed is doing its work. About this there is no doubt. This school is going to mean eternal life to many. We can point out many boys now, who have received impressions which will not leave them we trust, until they are brought to the Saviour's feet. Yours truly,

Bimliapatam, India, Nov. 2nd. L. D. MORSE.

A Year in North Carolina.

THE PEOPLE.

In the schools, it may be truly said that if the climate is the great attraction, and if the population is the great problem of the State, education is one of its greatest needs. Before me lies a tract, by the editor of our denominational organ, with the title "The distressing condition of the public schools in North Carolina." If a man is bringing up a family and is anxious to educate them on small means this State has a repelling as well as an attractive aspect. President Taylor, of Wake Forest, as well as Editor Bailey, claims that the State stands fourth from the very bottom in illiteracy. The editor of "The Standard," Chicago, claimed that according to the census of 1890 it was sixth from the bottom. Either is bad enough. There can be no doubt whatever that the illiteracy is much greater among the colored people than among the white, but anyone that thinks that all of the illiteracy is confined to the blacks makes a sad mistake. Perhaps it is greatest in the mountains and along the shores, but it is great enough everywhere. In this town more than half of the children of school age are not in school, and it was but little better last year at the time we had free school. "Thirty-five out of every hundred persons more than ten years of age are unable to read and write." In some sections there is not only indifference but hostility to conquer before matters can improve. It appears that party politics have had too much to do with the condition of the public schools for their good. The race question meets us here again. The bulk of the taxable property is in the hands of the whites and according to the constitution the school money must be divided so that the negro gets more than his share; in one sense, for education, and the white man gets less than his share. Here is a recent item from our town paper: "Most white people are weary of paying taxes to educate negroes. The legislature ought to submit to the people in some form, an amendment to the constitution, providing that the white people's taxes shall go to educate white children and the colored people's taxes go to educate colored children." What ever may be thought of that it is clear that it is contrary to the principle of free education which generally prevails throughout this country and Canada, whereby the rich who have no children of their own are taxed to educate the children of those who have no riches. It is also clear that if an educational and property qualification for the franchise should be enacted the educational development, material prosperity and political advancement of the negro race will be retarded. From the standpoint of the average Southern white man this is desirable. "Education may be a good thing but it spoils a plough hand." Since the negro is an inferior being, good only as a servant, "a hewer of wood and a drawer of water," education is not only wasted on him, but spoils him, makes him independent, indolent and insolent. I have seen it stated that at Wilmington, the scene

of the recent race property, belonging cent to the negro. According to the Public Instruct throughout the negroes get on I understand here for that men that the give their child the same cond slave as white n school with si when the whit a day and go to and go to schu tunity to find o is disputed and but I am inclin on "the same

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