

the brighter by their black, black coconut-oiled hair. It was quite a large-sized ornament of lead plated with gold. Two of the girls had, in addition to this, a heavy fringe-like ornament of small pearls extending around the back of their head, the ends, if I remember aright, being attached to the ornament on the top of their heads. Some of the girls had yellow flowers wonderfully arranged in their hair. Next the earrings; the ears of these little girls were heavy with ornaments, one girl having a fringe of small pearls arranged in a bell fashion, which hung from the top down in front of the ear. All had two or three neck ornaments in the form of beads, pearls or chains. One little girl wore a metal ring about her neck, extending nearly to her waist, to which were attached English sovereigns, real sovereigns, less than an inch apart. Another girl wore a similar ornament of gold coins, five franc pieces. As nearly all of these girls are married the last named ornament is presented by the mother-in-law, whereby she makes sure of her. Some of them wear meta girdles, and of course all had rings on their fingers, ankles and toes, and bracelets on their wrists. Nearly all go bare-foot in this country; sometimes the men wear a kind of wooden shoe. Most of these girls were dressed in skirts and jackets, some wore quakas, one or two had only a skirt on. At last the programme began, much to their joy, for on the table were heaped prizes to be distributed at its close. These were pictures, pretty picture-books, which contained Bible stories in Telugu, hymn-books, cloth for jackets, and last, but not by any means least, some very prettily dressed dolls sent out by some of the Mission Bands in Toronto. Led by one of their teachers, they sang two hymns in Telugu. After prayer Miss Baskerville spoke to them on the meaning of Christmas. They listened well and answered eagerly the questions she asked, for they remember the Bible stories remarkably well.

Miss Priest, Miss Baskerville and I then sang for them

"I will sing the wondrous story,"

in English, after which Miss Simpson distributed the prizes and presents. They had had an examination a few days before by a Christian teacher in Miss Baskerville's school, and the prizes were for this and for regular attendance. An additional treat of fruit and sweets made them very happy, and after prayer all were dismissed, not to go home alone though, for it would not be safe for little misses wearing so many jewels to go through the streets alone.

God is blessing the work in this school, for two of the largest girls are anxious to leave idol-worship; indeed, they say they are trusting the only true God. Besides this, Miss Simpson has been able to enter many of their homes with the glad tidings which she would have been unable to do otherwise.

Will you not pray that the Holy Spirit will open the eyes of all these little girls, that He will show them that idol-worship is very displeasing to God, and that He will help them to trust Jesus Christ as their Saviour?

It is very hard for people in heathen homes to come out for Christ, their friends persecute them so and disown them. You should all be very thankful for being born in a Christian

land, but if you do not accept Christ as your Saviour you are even worse off than these children because you have had so many privileges. I hope you will trust Jesus yourselves and then do all you can to send the Gospel to the children in this land.

If any of you think of sending out a box to these schools at any time, pretty dolls are very much prized, bright business cards or other nice bright pictures. Turkey red cotton is very much used for girls, as it stands the severe washing here better than other colored prints. Scrap-books are especially prized. One of the missionaries told me that a heathen woman whom she visits told her that she hurried through her work so as to get time to look at a scrap-book which had been given her. And now, hoping that you will enjoy this little peep into the work among the children, and that you will sometimes write to me.

I am yours very sincerely,

ANNA MURRAY.

COCANADA, India, April 9, 1894.

Dear Abbie,—

I was so glad to get a message from you, and to hear you were growing such a big boy that you had to wear suspenders. The boys out here, and also most of the men even, do not wear such things. You would think their pants very funny. They do not all wear them, but those who do, wear gay print ones. Sometimes the gay stripes go round the pant leg and sometimes straight up and down. They just tie a string around their waist and tuck the pants under it. Lots and lots of the little boys I see look as though nobody cared for them, they are so dirty, and have not any clothes on. Are you not very glad that you have such a nice home and a kind mamma and papa who take such good care of their little boy and teach him about Jesus, who loves all the children?

Would you like to hear about a funny little friend I have? You can't guess what it is!—a lizard. There are so many insects in this country, and when we light the lamp they come flying into the room. As I sit writing, they jump and fly in my face. Well, this little friend, who generally hides away all day, runs down from the ceiling at night and gets behind a picture. From there his two black-shiny eyes, that look like two black beads, watch carefully. When these insects settle on the wall, Mr. Lizard creeps gently down, like a cat creeps after a mouse, and when he gets near enough, gives a spring, opens his mouth and pobbles them down. Sometimes he get hold of a big one and has quite a time to get all the legs in. We see many things here that make us very sorry. Lots of little boys and girls too, not as big as you are, smoke. We meet them when we go out for a walk, with cigars in their mouths. Their mothers teach them when they are tiny babes. Won't it be good when the mothers learn to love Jesus and teach their children good things. Some day I will write and tell you more about them. I hope you will often think about them and pray for them, and, who knows, perhaps some day Jesus will want you to come and tell them about Him. So learn all you can and love Jesus very much, won't you, dear Abbie. I hope you will often pray for me. These little