

RAMAPATAM, INDIA, Nov. 11, 1889.

My Dear Young Friends.—In the "Young peoples' department" of the CANADIAN MISSIONARY LINK for October, 1889, is a short story about four little boys who sat on the ground, tailor fashion, and wrote letters in the sand, pretending they were Telugu boys. You doubtless remember the story, and how little Ernie cried because he could not come and teach the Telugu children to write GOD. Perhaps little Ernie may be glad to know that we have been talking about him here to-day, and learning from his earnestness to feel more interest in our work of teaching the Telugu children about God, and are more than ever determined to do it well.

I took the little story this morning and putting on my sun hat, went out to my three little children who were playing and swinging under a shady, old Banyan tree close by, and read it to them. They were much interested, and yet would have to criticize one little thing. Those four little white boys used "pointed sticks" to write their letters with, while real Telugu boys use only the forefinger of the right hand when they learn to write their letters and figures in the sand, and they are doing here now in our school, while I am writing this.

As soon as I had finished reading, Theodore, said: "Mamma, can't we go and tell Ernie that some of the Telugu boys do know about God and can write His name—that all in our school know about Him, and some of them have been baptized." When convinced that we could not go to tell him, he asked me to write and say it.

"Then I said to him, "But Theo, there are a great many children in Ramapatam who do not know about God, and cannot learn from their teachers because they are heathen. What shall I write about them?" "Say," he replied, "that we go out nearly every evening to preach to the people about Jesus, and we hope that many may be saved soon."

Theodore is not yet 8 years old, but he and his younger brother have been praying every evening for the last two years that the heathen and Mohammedans may be saved. He also wants me to tell you that there are many Christian children in Angole Nellore and other places in the Telugu mission. He has never seen Cocanada, Bimlipatam, or any other Canadian mission station, and for that reason he mentions only Angole and Nellore which, as you probably know, are near us here in the American Mission, south of the places where your missionaries are living and teaching the Telugu children of Jesus.

Dear little Ernie, well may those eyes fill with tears, and the heart with sorrow, over the lost condition of millions of heathen Telugu children! When we who are here among them, see how little we can do for them compared with what we long to do, and with what they need, and especially when we see their carelessness and unwillingness to hear when they have a chance, we too are very very sad. There is so much more work than we can possibly do. Oh, what a number of good earnest missionaries we need! I wish that Ernie and hundreds of others were all ready to begin teaching the heathen Telugus to-day. Above all other needs is that of the enlightening and quickening power of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of the people. For this my dear young friends pray, pray, pray. Yours very truly,

F. E. BOGGS.

A Doll's Story.

BY MISS NELLIE R. GREEN.

My new owner had a little sister. She came once or twice to the school to see her—a poor, thin-looking child. She wanted to stay in the school with her sister, but could not leave home, as they wanted her to help in the household; but she attended a Christian day school near, for it was held at a time when she had least to do at home. Her name was Grace; my owner's name was May. I loved little Grace, she seemed such a sweet, patient child,

and looked so longingly at the happy little girls playing about in the school courtyard. One day May took me up and talked to me something like this: "My beautiful dolly, I love you very, very much. You are all the dolly I have, but my little sister has not half as many good things as I; and yesterday they told us at school how much more blessed it was to give and help others than to keep one's things to one's self. Now I want to give you to my little sister. I shall see you sometimes; for she will bring you when she comes, and at vacation I shall play with you all day long." Then she kissed and hugged me a great deal, and her wet face took all the remaining paint off entirely.

So I left the school, and came to my new home. What a place it was! Such a tiny room, earth floor, rough brick walls, scarcely any furniture, a few cooking utensils, a broken chair, and a box for a table! I heard that Grace's father was a bad man, and seldom at home. I saw him only once or twice. Grace was her mother's only comfort. She often held her in her arms and cried over her, wondering what would become of her; for she, poor woman, could do nothing if her husband wanted to sell her. Although my ears were only wax I could hear a good deal, and I felt very sorry for my dear little girl. Every day she would come home from school and tell her mother what she had learned, and sing to her, "Jesus loves me." She sang in Chinese, but the meaning was just the same, I know. Then she would tell her mother about Jesus, and the poor woman's weary eyes would brighten up, and she would repeat softly to herself: "Jesus loves me; Jesus loves me. I never knew that anyone loved me before. It is good; it is good."

One morning Grace's head ached; but she went about her work, as usual, only more slowly. When schooltime came she said, "Mother, I think I cannot go to school to-day, I am so tired." So she lay down, and was very quiet; and though she held me in her arms, she said nothing to me. Toward night she became worse. Her mother prepared her some food, but she could not eat it. She was hot and restless now; and whenever in her tossings I slipped from her arms, she always missed me, and searched around till she found me again. I felt her little breast heave as she hugged me each time more closely. In the morning she said: "Mother, where is my book? I must go to school." Her poor, sobbing mother replied: "My little girl, you cannot go to school; you are very sick. You do not know what you are saying." Nor did she. She could not lift her head. I saw her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes very bright, and she would look at things as though she did not see them. As evening came on she seemed better. "Mother," she said, "where is my book that tells about Jesus opening the gate of heaven to let little children in?" Her mother brought the book. She held it and me together in her arms, and lay with closed eyes for a long time. Then she smiled and said: "Mother, I have seen Jesus; and the gate is open wide, and it's so beautiful—so beautiful!" She spoke softly; and afterward, almost in a whisper, she would say, "Jesus—so beautiful—I am coming!" She looked lovingly at her mother, her book and me, but it seemed as though she saw something else, and I believe Jesus was there, and angels were there, waiting till he should give the word; then they would take this poor, weary little lamb to the beautiful fold above. That night she was delirious again; and just as the lovely summer dawn was breaking in the east, and the golden light streaming through the torn-paper window sent a ray of glory where she lay, the word was given, and I knew she was where Jesus is.