

## FROM MISS LOCKHART

Vuyyuru, Nov. 27, 1921.

Dear "Link," Boys and Girls,—  
 "There was once a young woman  
 Who lived in a bungalow,  
 She had so many children  
 She didn't know where to go.  
 She gave them some candy, some books  
 and some bags,

They all salaamed nicely, and went home  
 in their rags."

Did you ever hear of such a large family?

Can you guess how many children have to have some kind of treat in Sunday School and school? Well, after you have tried to guess, and after you have read this letter through, "something about me, and something about you," I shall tell you.

One hundred and twenty children live on our compound and go to school every day. Fifty nine come in from outside to learn all sorts of things, long division, fractions, decimals, geography,—oh! such hard, hard, lessons our teachers give! Did you ever hear anything like that in Canada?

Then we have seventy little girls in our caste girls' school. This morning, fifteen came to the bungalow with me when I came in from my weekly visit to their school. Two of them had brought in twenty five Sunday School cards and proudly carried home a big picture roll picture.

But oh! you boys and girls should see the Sunday School boys and girls out in the villages at our rallies. It is a bigger thing to them than your Sunday School picnic is to you. Some of them walk six miles to tell their stories, recite their verses and carry home their little prizes. This year I am giving a New Testament to the best boy and girl in each church. It takes twenty-two New Testaments, but they have nearly all gone to Christian homes where there is no Bible. Think of that! But when nobody can read them, why have one?

And candy! Do you boys and girls

happen to like candy? If you do, you may guess a little how eagerly those children watch to see "if the Missammagaru brought that candy basket." But does candy grow on trees? Oh, no! And wait until you find out how many children this young woman—who will soon be a very old one if you do not help her—well, how many she has to give candy to.

And then, in March, we have a grand rally of the Sunday School children in villages near Vuyyuru who have been taught every Sunday by our boarding school children—eleven groups of them. These are all Hindu children. Perhaps Hindu children do not like candy as well as Christians, but I have never noticed any difference.

Do you know what "link-boys" are? Well, I have just now thought of it. They carry lights for people in great cities, such as London, when the fogs are so thick that nobody can see where to go. Now, did I not start my letter "Dear Link-boys and girls?" Oh, thank you all very much for carrying and sending lights to all these boys and girls stumbling and falling and dying in the great, great dark of India.

Here are some "lights." Money for Telugu Bibles and Testaments; quilts, (oh, Link, you are keeping many people warm by your kindness in answering my request); bags, bags, bags, (not silk); scrap-books; blotters; S. S. cards and gay post cards (not cards with just buildings unless you really have no bright colored ones); dolls; rubber balls (do you like them?); and please, please, send me hundreds of 1922 calendars, just the big-advertisement kind, so that everyone may know what date Sunday comes on, and what date school begins.

Oh, Link-boys and Link-girls, carriers of light, this much distracted missionary of the bungalow has to give candy and prizes and cards to fifteen hundred and fifty-five boys and girls.

Sincerely,  
 E. Bessie Lockhart.