

Canada, and one who has taught the missionaries in our Mission for over twenty years. He is now forty-seven years old and often speaks with pride of those whom he has helped through the ordeal of the first two years of language study in India. Ramemoorty Garu is an orthodox Brahmin and adheres strictly to the customs of his forefathers. He wears the caste mark of those who worship the god Siva; he is very faithful and patient, very polite and courteous, and does not laugh at my numerous blunders. He comes at 8 o'clock in the morning; we usually study from 8 to 11, then from 2 to 4 in the afternoon. He sits near my table and watches carefully while I read or translate, correcting meanwhile the mistakes in reading, writing and spelling.

During the hot weeks it is very hard to study, and sometimes Munshi Garu gets sleepy. Then I ask him to sing some of the "ragams" or tunes which the Hindus love and which are very beautiful; sometimes I ask him to go to the far side of the room or verandah from me and read loudly and slowly, so that I may catch the sounds. This is good practice for me because we learn the sounds and letters only by hearing them over and over and repeating them again and again. By and by we learn to use them correctly and to converse with the natives in their own vernacular.

No one is more pleased than Munshi Garu when the student passes successfully the required examinations, and no one is more anxious than he is to hear the result, because if his pupil does well it reflects great glory on him.

Our school days are not ended, however, when the final examination is over. We are constantly learning many things besides the language. This life is truly a school and sometimes the lessons are hard to learn, but "One who is perfect in knowledge is with us." He will open unto us His good treasure.

Cocanada, India.

CARRIE M. ZIMMERMAN.

#### THE BEST BEGINNING.

She was only one wee maiden,  
But with willing heart and hand,  
She pursed her rosy lips and said,  
"I'm going to be a Band!"

Of course she asked her mother,  
As any maiden would,  
And got some help in drawing rules  
And "seeing if she could."  
Then off she started down the lane,  
This dainty missionary,  
She had to talk and talk and talk,  
For folks "are real contrary."  
"D'you know about those heathen girls,  
How every single one  
Is shut up in the horrid house,  
And can't have any fun?  
And nothing nice to eat at all—  
Just sour milk, or tea  
Without a scrap of sugar!  
I'm glad 'taint me.  
And then they're so 'fraid to die,  
They don't know 'bout our Lord  
Who came to take us all to heaven  
By trusting in His word.  
Don't you think we ought to help them,  
Before we're grown up quite?  
To save these little heathen girls  
By sending them the light!"  
She didn't have to go so far  
This little maiden wee,  
Before she found another one  
Who did with her agree.  
So they 'lected Molly secretary  
And Ethel took the chair,  
And though their minds were very hazy  
As to what their duties were,  
That day they made an iron rule  
That each who joined must seek  
One other member, then the Band  
"Adjourned to meet next week."  
And Molly brought Clarinda  
And Ethel found out Dan,  
And him they made the president  
Because he was a man.  
Now it wasn't very long, be sure,  
With such a stringent rule,  
Before there really was a throng;  
In fact, 'twas all the school,  
For four, you see, make eight;  
Twice eight are sixteen more,  
And twice sixteen, are thirty-two,  
And twice that sixty-four.  
And they studied about the heathen,  
Prayed for their souls so sad,  
And they worked to gather pennies  
To send the tidings glad.  
They had exhibitions, concerts,  
And all such things you know,  
For the bigger people all waked up  
By the stir going on below.  
So just one little maiden  
Who works with heart and hand  
Is the very best beginning  
For a Missionary Band.

Children's Work for Children.