

been in sound of church bells and yet knew not of the One who loved her so much that He gave His life for her.

I told the story to Marion, and her heart too was saddened especially when she learned that the child did not live in a heathen land, and was not a little Telugu. All day long the story of that little waif lived in mind and I thought if I were in a city at home how I would hunt out such neglected children.

Then it came to me that perhaps God had some special work like this for us to do among the Telugu children here in Bimlipatam. I did not know how we should be able to reach them, but knew there were hundreds of these little street arabs running about the town from morn till night, and often until midnight.

Miss Newcombe and I talked the matter over. We believed the thought was from the Lord and decided to see what could be done. The next Wednesday afternoon Miss Newcombe went over to the Golla (shepherd) quarter of the town, which is not far from the Mission House. There she saw a few little girls, and asked them if they would like to come and hear some stories.

They were not afraid and gladly came with her. A way had been opened into some of the homes in that part a few weeks before and Miss Newcombe had become quite friendly with some of the women whom she had helped to cure of scorpion sting.

She brought five or six that day. One of them looked respectable with her hair well combed and a red cloth wound about her. The others were so untidy one could almost believe they had never seen soap, water comb

or brush. We divided them into two classes on the front verandah, and brought out one or two of Marion's Bible picture-books to tell them stories. I showed them a picture of Christ taking little children up in His arms. Pointing to it I asked them what they saw. They could not tell me, and when I asked, "Is this a tree?" they, evidently not knowing what to say, replied that it was.

This will give you an idea of their ignorance. They could not with their blind untrained eyes, see anything in particular in the picture.

It seemed rather discouraging, but, when we realized that this was entirely new to them it was not so discouraging. We wanted to teach them to sing, but this seemed a hopeless task. However, when they really opened their mouths and made an effort we were pleased.

When the time came to let them go we gave each one a plantain (a small kind of banana) and with many salaams and many smiles they departed but not before they had been invited to come every Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

The next Saturday Miss Newcombe again went to their homes and this time instead of five or six there were sixteen to come with her. Some of them showed signs of having attempted to make themselves tidy but were not very successful. The following week there were over thirty, and this number soon increased to more than sixty. Then we could not manage them all and called in some of the Telugu christians to help.

They are very rude, and have had no training whatever, so we have had many trials with them but they are much improved.

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