

hard and fast by superstition, and prejudice and fear. Is it any wonder they lack courage, manhood and individuality?

Several have asked me to tell them about my everyday life. Really, sisters, there is not much to tell. My hour of rising varies. Any time from half past five to half past six. It would be looked on almost as a crime if one stayed in bed much later than that. The greater part of the day is spent with my books and Munshi. I always put them away at five and go out for exercise. This consists of a long walk or a ride on my wheel. There is no temptation to go shopping here, for there are no stores to go to. As a town, Tekkali is slightly behind the age. There are no white people here (except the missionaries). Once a week some of the people come from the surrounding country with fruits, clothes, jewelry, stone pots, etc., to sell. These are placed on the ground and people gather by hundreds to purchase and inspect. Such a motly crowd! Such noise and confusion! Such vile odors! These people do not believe much in Godliness, nor in the next best thing, viz., cleanliness. You will see them driving their buffaloes along the road, on coming to a pond they will drive the buffaloes into the water, wash them, pull off their own dirty rags, splash them up and down in the water a few times, wash their bodies and then stoop down and drink the water, after which they will twist the wet rags around themselves and go on their way, quite content. Do not get disgusted, sisters, there is lots worse than that. I'll try and break it to you gradually. Perhaps that will do for this time. As I look at these people so often I ask myself the question, "Who has made us to differ?" With all my heart I pity them. Their lives seem to be so destitute of all that makes life worth the living. Again and again, do the words of the Psalmist, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me," ring in my ears. I desire to render to Him a life of service—a life in which He and His work will have the first place.

By the time this reaches you the Associations will be in session again. May God's spirit be manifested in all the meetings, and His blessing rest upon all that will be said and done.

And now, my sisters, I must not write any more this time. I want to thank you from the depth of my heart, for the prayers that I feel assured have been and are being offered up for me in so many Aid Societies in the dear homeland. You will

never know, sisters, how the thought has comforted and helped me in my hours of loneliness in these first months in this new, strange land. God hears and answers prayer. His loving kindness, Oh, how great!

I am always glad to hear from any of you. Letters from the homeland are a great treat here.

With best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

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### VEERAMMA.

"Ammah! We are hungry! Amm-a-h!"

On hearing this sad and familiar call, the Bimil Lady missionary says, "Ah, there are the beggars! I must go and feed them!" So putting on her large pith hat and taking a basket of rice, she goes out to the gate of the Mission Compound where she met with "Salaam Ammah!" from a crowd of the most miserable looking people you can imagine. Many of the faces are quite familiar to her. There is the little boy and his blind father; the dwarf; the lame man crawling along on his hands and knees, with his withered legs dangling behind him; the leper, with his fingers and toes all gone, and many repulsive looking sores on different parts of his body. Yes, all these are old acquaintances. But who are those two little girls standing together over there? They look as though they had seen rather hard times. Their little faces are so pinched, and they have scarcely a rag to cover their emaciated bodies.

The lady missionary determines if possible to find out more about these children. Upon enquiry she learns that their parents are very poor, and as a result of a visit to their homes, she becomes the children's foster mother. The parents give her a writing stating that they give up all claim to the little ones, and with a beaming face she takes her children to the Mission Compound, where they find a home with several other girls who have been rescued from a similar condition.

They are given a good bath, and then their new mother presents them each with a skirt and jacket. That night, clean and decently clothed, they sit down before a plate of rice and curry, and eat till their hunger is satisfied, probably for the first time in their lives.

The next week's letters to the homeland tell about these little ones. In due time news of them