

paint and then puts it up in the row with other images to be sold, and the poor ignorant people of India go to his house and buy one of these hideous idols, take it to their homes, hang garlands of flowers around its neck and call it their god. Isn't it sad to think they do not know our and thir true God?

Somayya's father and mother cannot read and write, but they wanted their little boy to "learn wisdom," so they let him come to our school. From the very first day he took such interest in the songs, the drills, the queer new letters and the pretty pictures in the school-room. Somayya has no pictures in his house, only the ugly idols, and he loves the pictures of Jesus holding the little children on his lap.

It is now six years since my little banyan tree boy began coming to school, and he is now in the sixth grade and the brightest boy in his class. When he had finished the fourth grade his father said:

"That's enough learning now for Somayya. I can get him a job at the Court House as gate-keeper at ten-rupees (\$3.33) a month, and he has four younger brothers and a sister, so he must go to work!"

I went to the "house near the two banyan trees" several different evenings to beg Somayya's father to let Somayya go on in the fifth grade, promising to pay for his books. Finally the father agreed, perhaps to get rid of me, as the Judge did in the Bible, you remember. Now Somayya is studying in the sixth grade, and is a fine, manly little fellow.

I want to tell you how Somayya has learned to love Jesus Christ. As soon as he started to school he began coming to our Sunday school, too, and loved to listen to the songs and lessons. Now you may find him **every** Sunday at Sunday school, with his little sister, Chelli, in his arms. In India you never see a brother ashamed to take care of his little sister. After Somayya had been coming to our school and Sunday school for a couple of years he said to me one day: "Anama, my father makes idols. God is not in them. Come to my house and tell my father God is not

in them!" I went gladly. Somayya's father smiled as I talked and said to me:

"Who knows better than I do that God is not in them? Didn't I make them, and could I make God?"

Somayya is always telling his father and mother about Jesus Christ, and I am so glad he has found Him, and understands that God is not made of wood, but is a living God, a loving Friend.

Because Somayya is only a little boy, yet, and must not disobey his parents, he has not been able to be baptized, but he is a true little Christian, prays every day, thanks God for his food at meal-time, reads his Bible, helps his mother with the children every way he can and says often: "I am not an idol worshiper. I'm a Christian!"

Not long ago Somayya's mother said to me:

"Yesterday was Krishna's birthday and all of us went to Krishna's temple to worship the idol there. Somayya and Mayayya, his next younger brother, went with us, but when it was time for us to prostrate ourselves before the idol those boys said to me: 'We won't.' Now what do you think of that? And I didn't want to have a scene before all the temple people, so I let them go. When I got home Somayya explained to me all about the things he has been learning at school; that his teacher says it is wrong to worship idols, and that he and Mayayya know a better God than Krishna, and His name is Christ."

My heart sang for joy over the faith and courage of this dear little boy.

Dear boys and girls, the banyan tree in India has long trailing vines hanging from its branches, and these vines take root in the ground and send up other branches, so that one banyan tree may have hundreds of trunks and branches. Now, to keep these hanging vines steady and train them down to the ground so they will take root, the people often put them into hollow bamboo and stick the bamboos in the ground. Our school boys and girls are our banyan vines. We are trying to train them to take root in the religion of Jesus