

sions of schoolboys, dressed in their best and accompanied by their teachers, passing through the streets, singing and playing a kind of game before the shops and well-to-do homes. The children receive presents of sweets, etc., and the teachers have their otherwise small salaries supplemented by gifts of money from the parents of the children at this time. I was told there were eight such primary schools in the town, besides a higher grade school for boys and a large Government Girls' School, with an attendance of 150 girls. While the primary boys' schools are held in very rude places often, yet the British Government provides comfortable school buildings for the girls in the larger towns.

We visited the Girls' School twice and were much interested in all the accomplishments of these little Hindu girls, which, according to Government instructions, are becoming more and more varied. Nature study is being much emphasized and every Government Girls' School has quite a little garden attached where the grains and vegetables in ordinary use are raised in tiny plots. The children write in little books the history of the seeds sown, making entries, with dates, and drawings, of the first appearance of roots, leaves, etc. It must be an interesting and profitable study. In addition to all the ordinary subjects these little girls have beadwork, needlework, wool-work, clay-modelling and even have their little museums. They do very nice maps on canvas in wool and on cotton in different colored threads. The walls of these schools are always decorated with pictures of the King and Queen and with words of welcome to their Government Inspectresses.

I counted it a great privilege to be permitted to speak to these little girls, of my schooldays. They listened so quietly while I told them how I used to fear death, and admitted that they, too, were afraid to die. Then I told them of the death of a little schoolmate of mine, who, when dying, said to her weeping mother, "Don't cry, Mother, Jesus is with me now," and that Jesus has since taken away my fear of death and has promised me and all those who believe in Him, a home in heaven.

The dear children! How we sometimes wish we could devote our whole time to them.

(To be Continued).

## TSUNDRU SURAMMA.

We were in the village of Kaleru. Two of our Bible women and two others from Kaleru were with us. We had visited some of our former friends and found earnest calls awaiting us from new houses. They had become specially interested through Shantamma, our voluntary worker, and one woman especially had given rice for one meal for the hundred or so in our Leper Home in the hot season, and I had not seen her. I must, of course, see her, and she, me! Shantamma spoke there with much power, exposing much of the folly of their own idol worship. They all seemed to acknowledge its foolishness. Then we were called to another and another place. But as we were going, we met Subhamma, the Kamma Christian convert from Wadamuru, the other side of the canal. She said Suramma and some others were waiting in the boat to see us.

Miss Findlay, who was touring with us during the Michaelmas holidays, had remained in the boat that afternoon, so they would probably stay there till I came. But still I must hurry. Suramma was an interesting, bright young widow in whom we had been interested for some two years, and it was very seldom that I had the opportunity of seeing her alone. A young widow has many temptations, and it is not considered proper for her to leave her house at all, though of course the Kamma widows are not at all under the same restrictions as the Brahman widows, who must shave their heads, wear no single article of jewelry and dress in a coarse cloth, which is kept closely folded around their close-shaven heads. Suramma has still her beautiful, shining black hair, wears a pretty, fine white muslin with a tiny border, keeps her one gold necklace and one pair of gold bracelets on her arms. She has no glass bangles on her arms, being without which is the invariable sign of a widow in any caste.

So some of the workers stayed behind and I hurried back to the boat with Subhamma, the elderly widow. As I neared the boat, I heard joyful singing. Suramma and Miss Findlay were entertaining each other in Christian Telugu song. Suramma had learnt many hymns from different ones, some from the Bible women, some from the pastor of Kaleru, who visits that village and