

*Executive Committee*.—Messdames G. B. Muir, Witham, Utting, Macdonnell, Wm. Scott, R. Turnbull, Porteous, McLaren, Sims, Ayer, Fulton and Miss Payne, of Montreal; Mrs. George Black, Thurao; Mrs. J. Campbell, Dalesville; Mrs. Falkott, Ottawa; Mrs. Higgins, Lachute, and Mrs. Weeks, Brockville.

#### *Appropriations for Year 1890-1891.*

Girls' School, Akidu.....	8 350 00
" " Tuni.....	190 00
Zeinana Workers.....	250 00
Sannulcotta Seminary.....	150 00
Miss Simpson, half salary.....	250 00
<b>Total.....</b>	<b>\$1190 00</b>

Miss Bentley took charge of the singing, and ably presided at the organ. A committee of ladies, from the First, Olivet, and Grace churches, provided a most bountiful luncheon and tea, of which quite a number partook.

The public meeting in the evening was held in the same church—the First—the Rev. Donald Grant, pastor, presiding. I will only mention that the speakers were Rev. Donald Grant, who took, as his theme, the name of the Society; Mr. D. Bentley, who gave a short history of the Telugu Mission to the present time; Mrs. Archibald, who spoke upon the spiritual need of the Telugus; a most earnest address, and one, we hope, which will not soon be forgotten by those who were privileged to hear it, but that it will yet be heard from in the future in the hearts and work of her hearers; and Rev. A. L. Therion, who spoke upon missionary work in Canada.

Members of the Olivet and First church choirs provided the music for the evening.

Yours truly,

NANNIE E. GREEN.

#### **Tuni, India**

*My Dear Miss Greene*.—The Tuni Girls' Boarding School closed for its holidays the end of last May. You will like to hear something of those ten months of work, and, as next week will see them all back again, we hope, now is the time to write, for soon there will be the "many salaams" to be said, the new skirts and jackets to be put on the small girls, the longest quinkas to be given to the tallest girls, classes to be formed anew, and rice, curry stuffs and fruit to be brought from the bazaar.

At the examinations, held the last week in May, the children did well, some very well. Little girls who, ten months before, had never seen a book, slate, or pencil, were now busy little scholars, deep in the mysteries of reading, writing and arithmetic; children, who, a short time before, had never worn a dress, were now nicely clad, and sitting at their sewing, some threading needles, some hemming, and others back stitching. Of course, the little, brown, hot hands made the needles sticky and rusty, and their love for saffron (which they pick out of their curry stuffs, and rub over face and hands), made the thread and sewing yellow, but, using all their energy, they got the rusty needles through the yellow cloth so often and so successfully, that some among them became good sewers. The last little girl to come to school from the farthest away corner of this Tuni field, right from the jungle, where a little village nestles among the hills, took the second prize in her class for needle-work. This was C. Atchamma, eight years of age.

The children's studies extend from the letters in the infant class to reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, vernacular poetry, grammar, Indian history, hygiene, needle-work and

Bible lessons. Singing class is Saturday morning, when the preacher (a good singer), teaches the children to sing in concert and new hymn tunes. Some of our English hymns are in Telugu, and are sung to our English tunes. The girls sing, "Jesus loves me," "Come to Jesus," and "Wonderful words," very well, but to hear these little Telugus really sing, it must be a hymn set to their own wild, weird music, where, in some places, the voices leap, at one bound, to sing in an octave higher. In others, many words are hurried along and crowded together into one small note, and there they die away to be caught up again by a strong voice, when once more, all join, and the chorus is repeated. This is the music they can sing to, though their taking all high notes through the nose is not so musical to the European ear.

The school prayer-meeting once a week is always good. Six of the girls are professing Christians, and a Telugu Christian can always pray. The way they pour forth prayer is something to hear and remember; no hesitancy, no want of words; one might imagine the loss, for a moment, of a whole sentence, or even paragraph, but never the possible loss of a word.

Sometime in February, the father of G. Sanyasia came to say that the husband (a heathen) of his child did not want her to come to school, as a girl did not need to know anything. After a little, he came again, and said that Sanyasia must now go to live at her husband's mother's; they were asking for her. To the question, "For what?" he replied, "O, just to beat her; she is going to school. I have become a Christian, and now they are angry." After further inquiry it was found that the affectionate husband would be quite as well pleased to get back the jewels he gave on his wedding morn some five years before instead of the little wife, but the jewels were hard to get, for they had been given to some other man for ten rupees. "When we became Christians we did not care for these kind of things," said the child's mother. "Well, but what did you do with those ten rupees?" "O, we ate them up; we bought rice, but the man will give us back the jewels if we give him back the rupees." So, after some months of saving, the father has bought back the jewels, and now we hope to be able to free the little child from this heathen husband, and keep her in the school.

Let us write of some of the other children in particular. D. Parramma is a splendid scholar; she has a charm of manner that is very attractive; she holds her head like a queen, and when the children are called to any particular work when out of school, her voice may invariably be heard first with the ready and pleasant reply, "Yes, mother, we will do it."

A. Chellamma, the lame girl, has shown great perseverance; she took first prize in her class for sewing. (There are but two sewing classes).

D. Lydia is so far advanced (fifth class) that; although quite young, we hope to have her for a village teacher in a year or two.

Mallamma (not a boarder), is the daughter of Annua, a Bible woman, who lives in a suburb of Tuni. Her mother is a remarkably sweet and good woman. The daughter, who are hoping to see some day a Bible woman, going out with her mother. They have exceptional opportunities, having been caste people, and living in the caste part of the town still. Many hear from them who would not listen to others.

B. Condamma's mother called last week, and, when asked after her daughter, this is what she said, "Condamma is a beautiful child; I am so happy with her; she has prayers every day in the house, reads her Bible, and speaks about it to those near. She is looking thin, for we have not had much rice; but I do not care much about rice as long as Condamma is such a beautiful child," and the mother's face shone as she spoke of her daughter. School opens next week, so there will be more rice soon.

There are so many funny things always happening. Perhaps you would like to hear just one! One day, quite a number of women came to see me—or rather, to look at me—and brought the usual number of little black babies along.