

day last year instead of coming to Sunday School, and fell and broke his arm.

Last hot season our native pastor, Peter, had a serious talk with these two boys about their souls, and they were so much impressed that they allowed Peter to cut off their heathen topknots. They now wear their hair as the Christians do, not as the heathen.

They are both children of heathen parents. Do pray that they both may be saved, and that God will show us some way to help little "Withered Legs" to earn a living without begging. I think he makes a pretty good living that way and don't suppose his parents have to work very hard, but it's too low a way to live for one so bright and with a splendid little face. I don't believe that was God's intention for him.

The funniest little school of all is one of four little boys whose parents and relatives sit all day in front of their houses weaving mats, baskets, etc. It was the heathen mother of two of them who asked me to teach them, which I do every Sunday morning when in Yellamanchili.

The funny thing about this school is that the boys usually take to their heels when I appear, and it takes such a time to coax them out of their hiding places in among the low mud huts.

One boy learns quickly. We call him "The Star." Another learns well. We shall call him "Middleman." The third we shall call "the Dunce," and the fourth "the Baby," he is so tiny. When I went to "gather them up" on that Sunday, "the Star" took it into his head to run off. His father ran after him, and soon he appeared crying lustily, only to run off again when I went near. I had to content myself with "Middleman," "the Dunce," and "the Baby" whom I finally got seated in the chapel.

Alas, alas! when the critical moment arrived "Middleman" too was missing, so my reputation as a teacher depended on "the Dunce" and "the Baby." However, a present "Dunce" is better than an absent "Star," so the examination proceeded. It had hardly ended when in came "the Star" and "Middleman" escorted to the door by a grown up relative. I didn't see who, but I think it was "Star's" father.

You should have seen the disgust and anger of the "Dunce." He was just ready to pound these two who had left him to bear the brunt of the examination and then came sneaking in. He scolded them lively "right out loud in meeting." We had to hush him up. "The Dunce" and I are better friends than ever before. He ran to meet me the other day, and asked if I was not coming again. (It had rained on Sunday morning.)

Wasn't it nice of "the Star's" father to run after his boy to make him come to Sunday School? He did another nice thing. He called "the Baby" and gave him a little copper for the collection.

How lovely it would be if the mat weavers, large and small, would become Christians. Please pray for the Yellamanchili mat weavers and their four boys, "the Star," "Middleman," "the Dunce," and "the Baby."

Last of all, I must tell you of the queerest class—the beggars. Mostly old, gray-headed, withered, bent, blind, toothless men and women, nineteen of them. Their teacher is the pastor, Peter, who teaches them each Saturday when they come to the Compound to receive rice, provided by Dr. and Mrs. Smith. Peter loves them, and has succeeded in teaching them something. They sang ~~very~~ well considering all, and some of them, two old men especially, had voices very sweet and true. We hope some of these have really believed in Jesus. Do not forget the beggars.

There were other things that gave us joy on Sunday School Day, but I must not weary you. We were only sorry that we had not been more faithful with the children, and that they did not know much more, and that there were not more of them present.

I must not omit to tell you that only the week before, some of these very children had taken us to their little mud temple, with its leaf-roof to see their goddess. What did we see, you ask? We saw a little mud man sitting on a little mud calf, holding a little mud woman at his left side. The three images were whitewashed and decorated with black and red coloring, and had cost the villagers just six teen cents. Only the night before they had been conducted to the temple with a great beating of drums. There was a little light burning and a brass vessel of water containing a stick for the goddess, the little woman, to wash her face and clean her teeth. Presently her food would be brought. Sitting there before the idol we sang and talked with the children of the foolishness of trusting such a help less thing.

Did the children really believe in it? you ask. I think the majority of them, at least, did. One little boy, just a tiny fellow, was quite annoyed at us for going in. "She's washing her face!" he said.

Now let me tell you the fate of this goddess, who they say was born in the water. She will be worshipped until a certain full moon, and then will be carried with a great fuss and beating of drums and cast into a tank. Every year this is repeated by the great middle classes of the people throughout the country.

Now in closing let me ask you to pray for the Sunday Schools and Sunday School teachers throughout India, and especially on the Yellamanchili and Narsapatnam fields.

Wishing you all a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I am your friend,

ANNIE C. MURRAY.