

Really, these pretty things that you send for the children out here are about the only pretty things they ever did possess, or ever will for a long, long time. For you know, our schools are mostly for the very poor people, and some of my little Sunday School scholars are so poor that they have only a small torn piece of old cloth to wear for clothes! Oh, what a good time they had last Christmas. They were all ready for me at seven o'clock in the morning down in the church, sitting there with their heads so sleekly combed. I never did see such shiny smoothness before, and they were all smiles and expectation. The ones who weren't the poorest had their best skirts and jackets on, and the other very poor little ones tried to make up for clothes by being very clean. After they had recited and sung, we gave prizes—a doll to those who had attended every Sunday—a doll from Smith's Falls; scrap-books to those who recited Bible stories and the Ten Commandments without a mistake, and cards to those who weren't so good. Then every child got candy. They were so happy, and waved their treasures aloft all the rest of the service, because they had nowhere to put them, except on the floor, where they might get sat on, and they were much too excited to hold them in their laps. I am as sure as anything that these children had never had such a good time all together before, and I am just as sure they had never owned anything so lovely as those dolls and scrap-books before; and I know nobody had taken such pains to make them happy as you and I did that Christmas. The bags are going to be given this Christmas as prizes to the day school scholars from different villages.

Now, shall I tell you what to send? Get all your prettiest Christmas cards and picture post cards, paste them together back to back, with a little loop of colored baby ribbon or even cord, to hang them up by, and send them. Now, all pictures do not interest the children alike—I don't believe they do you, either. For instance, they don't care one bit for pictures of buildings or scenery. What they like to look at best is colored pictures of people—something they can hear, or make a story about—see? Then next comes brightly colored flowers and animals. So remember this next time you are gathering cards for India. Bible

pictures are the very nicest, but I know they don't come often on post cards or Christmas cards. I think the girls and boys in India like best what you in Canada do. They are a lot like us, you know!

Another nice way to fix cards is to paste 5 or 6 along both sides of a strip of colored cotton, so that when finished it will fold up. They like these. Scrap-books are lovely presents, made on colored cambric. About the size of a copy-book, or 9 inches square, are best. If you want to make bags, those made of colored and figured cretonne or print are nice. Remember, the brighter the colors the better.

Dolls are better for caste girls' schools than for our schools for the poor children, and yet why shouldn't our poorest little girls have the pleasure of owning a doll? Don't send too many, though, and smallish ones are best, dressed.

We like the single pictures, too, pasted on a large bit of colored paper to hang up on the wall like a banner. But there, I am sure I have given you work enough to do for a long, long time.

We have 25 Sunday Schools on the Avanigadda field, with about 600 children coming to them. Some of these seem almost too tiny to learn, but they come with their big brothers and sisters. I wish we had enough teachers, so that we could have a beginners' class in every Sunday School, but do you know that usually the superintendent of the school and his wife are the only ones who can read or teach, and often one person has to manage somehow to teach the big and little ones different lessons at the same time! Of course, in such cases they can't learn quickly, but we encourage everybody to keep on trying to learn and teach, because we look forward to the time when more people will be able to read, and we will have more teachers. The prizes brighten the way and help them to persevere.

Good-bye, girls and boys. Only three more Sundays and then Christmas! May yours be happy because you try to make other girls and boys—and some in Avanigadda!—happy, too. How happy Jesus made us by coming to be with us so many years ago! Let us try to pass His happiness on!

Your loving friend,

K. S. McLAURIN.