

them. Of course, if there were no time for that, they could even send the pieces and then they should just be here to see the school girls and the Bible women sitting on the floor making these quilts! How happy they would be, and how they would look up and say, "Your people never forget us, do they ammah, though they are so rich and we are so poor?" And then we should have a great time choosing the pink or the red or the bright colored pieces, for of course they would like these the best. The silk pieces would all fray soon so they could not use them at all. The light quilts would show the dirt, too, rather quickly, but as long as it would be something to cover them at nights how happy they would be.

Then, too, the boys, who already have a good head for business, would say, "Now we each paid fifteen cents when we brought one piece of cloth, perhaps to have our names put on, or to help pay the postage and duty. But we must remember that, though that has amounted to twelve dollars, we should not say that the quilt is worth fifteen dollars, with the cost of the cloth. If we do that, of course, our missionary will have to pay about two dollars duty and if she has to do that, she could buy a good wrap for these women with that money." When I was little and when I was grown-up, boys always knew more about things like that than girls.

Well, whether you know how to make patch-work or not, I just wish you could see our Sunday School boys and girls here. And can you recite the thirteenth chapter of Corinthians and any of the eighth chapter of Romans? And, oh, can you tell all about Samson, every single little thing? These Telugu boys and girls are so clever to learn things off by heart that I know you would be delighted to think how many times you have sent your pretty picture cards and S. S. cards to them. There are over a thousand boys and girls in our Sunday Schools. Last Sunday I visited the village near here, where there were fifty boys and girls. They came in and filled the little school house, all sitting on the floor, big boys, little boys, clean boys, dirty boys, clothed boys, naked boys, sad

boys, glad boys, combed girls, uncombed girls, tiny girls, large girls. And then, oh! how they sang! There is one little boy who lays his hands on his stomach and rolls back and forth. He surely must have a bad pain. Oh! no! he is just singing the hymn he loves best and feels gladdest about. But after it was all over, oh! how those children did behave. You see their S. S. teachers are girls from the boarding school. They had forty cards, but not fifty. As soon as they began to give them out, the children arose and called out, "Give me one. You didn't give me one." and, when I left, the teachers were penned up in a corner, trying to get out without having their Sunday quakes dirtied or torn by those little urchins clamouring for cards.

Sometimes the boys stick pieces of blotting paper to the post cards. Do you not think that would be nice? Boys at home could easily do that for the school children. They love picture books and pretty bags, small or large. Some of them even like bags to carry their books in. You would be surprised if you could find out how much these boys and girls are like you. Why, they even grow quite sick sometimes when it is their turn to chop wood.

Yours sincerely,
E. Beattie Lockhart.

EASTERN SOCIETY NOTES

On January 7th the women of the Montreal circles joined with those of other denominations in a prayer service held in the Olivet Baptist Church. A good number gathered but we feel that the women of our churches do not yet fully realize the privilege and responsibility of earnest prayer.

The prayer meeting of the Board was held in January. Mrs. Ohman presided and gave a helpful talk on casting our burden on the Lord.

The quarterly report from our beloved missionary, Miss Murray, was read. The following extracts will be of interest to our readers. She summarizes the work of the quarter thus: "*Students, Christians, Repairs.*" Under the first heading she