

At last he said he did not know what to do with her, I might have her if I chose, and after many more words he signed a paper, promising to pay me three rupees a month for her board if he ever claimed her again. This was all the security I needed, for he knew he would never pay it. So Utchima came under my care. She was probably about three or four years of age at this time, and had been so neglected and ill-used that she was most difficult to deal with. She was quick and cunning, and would steal anything she wanted as a monkey would, and apparently with as little conscience. Any ordinary punishment she cared nothing for, she had grown up amid blows and kicks and bitter words. She seemed to be wholly unsusceptible to kindness, and no amount of rewards appeared to stir any desire into her heart to merit them.

She wanted to eat all the time;—I suppose as a child she had never been satisfied, and the desire for food had grown to be insatiable. She would go out around the house or the neighboring houses looking for scraps that had been thrown away, picking up bones or decayed fruit, or any refuse she could find, devouring it ravenously.

No amount of food properly prepared at home would satisfy her; she would eat till she could not swallow, then hurrying out of sight and putting her finger down her throat she would disgorge it, and come back for more.

Then she had never worn any clothing; when we attempted to put a little skirt or jacket on her, she would scream and scratch, and bite if she could, and, watching her opportunity, she would steal away, strip herself naked, and hide the obnoxious clothing, where we frequently could not discover; nothing would induce her to tell; a new suit must be provided.

It took two or three months of patient discipline to induce her to submit to a dress.

You must not suppose other Telugu children are like Utchima. I never knew another of her age so depraved and fearless, yet she was so intelligent and quick, and evidently had been so ill-used that though we often feared that she would not repay our care, and regretted having taken her, still her courage and tact interested us, and if only we could turn them in a right direction, there was hope for her, notwithstanding. At that time Nau Nau, a devoted Christian Karen woman, was with me assisting me in my school. She had a great deal of patient wisdom in managing children, and she took Utchima to eat and sleep with, and to be under her constant care. But what a trial Nau Nau had! Teaching Utchima, or Rhoda as I shall now call her, to read, seemed for a long while a hopeless task, but patient continuance brought forth fruit at last.

Can you picture to yourselves a Hindoo school? Floors in India are always plastered, either with mortar or mud, and on this the children sit in a circle around the room with their backs to the wall, while the teacher occupies the centre on a mat, or, in more pretentious establishments, on a chair. Usually in a white-washed school-room you can tell the size of the pupils, by the soiled mark around the room where their heads come in contact with the wall. Each one comes to school with both hands, or a corner of the waist cloth filled with the nicest sand she can find. When she seats herself on the floor she places this in a little heap in front of her, and carefully smooths it over the floor to make an even surface for writing upon. Each child carefully guards her sand-slate from her neighbors, and each one when she has a chance takes just a little sand from the next girl, or overcomes a strong temptation in not doing it, for each

covets the biggest pile and the widest plat of sand. The teacher passes around the room and makes in each patch of sand with her fingers or a small stick, the letters which are to form the day's lesson. The teacher skillfully marks them upside down, that they may be right side up to the pupil from the other side of the slate. Then she carefully gives the sound of the letter as well as the form, and the duty of each pupil is to place her tiny finger in the mark and retrace it, saying aloud each time the name of the letter. If the little finger slips to one side or the other the letter is spoiled, and teacher must make it over again. All Hindoo and Burmese children learn to read and write in this way, in the sand: Little Rhoda sat for many months in the first division of the first class, with the Telugu letter A before her.

By night she would know it, in the morning she had utterly forgotten it, and so the days and weeks passed by. Sometimes I would say to Nau Nau, shall we give her up? Will she ever learn? I could not tell, but it seemed best during school hours to keep her there. We knew she was quick and bright, and it was chiefly her wicked spirit of not caring and not trying, that hindered her. During the second year she took more interest, and gradually her intellect awoke to the new world of letters.

Nau Nau was a faithful mother to Rhoda, and the child knew it and clung to her, though she showed little affection.

When Nau Nau was called to take charge of the Karen girl's school at Kemendine, Burmah, and it was deemed best for her to go, she took Rhoda with her, and I did not see her again till 1880, when I was on a visit to Rangoon. I was prepared to see a change in her, but scarcely all that I found. It was a forcible illustration to my mind of the words, "clothed and in her right mind," as of one who had been a "prodigal child," and "come to herself." Besides her native tongue (Telugu) she spoke with freedom English and Karen, and could make herself understood in Burmese; she could also read the primers of the first three languages, and had begun to study the Burman. Morally she had advanced as rapidly as she had intellectually, and gave promise of being a remarkably bright and active woman. As she played around the house I could not but watch her wonderingly;—her features were the same, but the expression had totally changed. Not long after this Nau Nau married, and placed the child in Miss Rathbun's school for future training. About this time Miss Rathbun recommended her to you, and she took by your request the name of Rhoda.

I know nothing of her history since then, yet I cannot but think that the God who has so wonderfully cared for this little wail, has something for her to do. Pray for her that God may keep her in the times of temptation that must come to one of her nature, and that she may be made "meet for the Master's use."

Those who help her on her way up from the degradation to which she was born, may yet have reason to rejoice that a rare jewel was thus won for the Master's crown.

Providence, Oct., 1883.

Woman's Work in Missions.

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I cannot but look with concern upon the rapidly increasing tendency to a separation of the sexes in religious work. Of course it must be separate to some extent, but it is going to extremes. There is work which only women