

Work Abroad.

THE COCANADA GIRLS' SCHOOL.

TWO OF THE PUPILS.

1st, Lukhmi.—Early in the year 1881 a caste girl came to Mrs. Timpany and begged to be taken into the Cocanada Girls' Boarding School. On being questioned by Mr. Timpany, who writes the account of her story it ran as follows:

"I am 16 years old, and a widow; belong to the Talaga cast (this is a high caste among the Sudras). My father was employed by the Government as clerk at Ra. 25 a month. Was born and lived until a short time ago in Vizagapatam. At the age of three, my mother died, having always been sick after my birth. I was her first and only child. At the age of five years I was married to my cousin, a boy who lived in the same house with my people. When I was eight years old my husband died. My father died about the same time. I then began to study with a mator and studied for two years; reading a number of books and doing something at Telugu grammar. My Grandmother, who had kindly cared for me then died." I asked her how it was that she, a widow, was put to learning and had such kindness shown to her? To that she replied, "That is true, and the reason was that I was an only child, and my grandmother loved me much for my mother's sake; when my grandmother died my troubles began, my schooling was ended and I did house work, cooking, etc., for my brother-in-law, whose wife turned out a bad woman, and left him.—The family got into reduced circumstances and found me a burden, so put me in the care of a female servant and sent me to Cocanada to another brother-in-law. When I got to Cocanada I found my brother-in-law and family had moved away. The servant woman left me among my caste people and went away. So here I was, a young woman, and alone in a wicked city, as I soon found. I was cooking for a woman of my caste. After a short time, one night I heard talking going on in one of the rooms, and then for the first time knew what kind of a house I had fallen into. The woman was the concubine of an English gentleman. She attempted to poison my mind, but I rebuked her and forbade her speaking to me on such a subject. I prayed God who made me, to save me from a life of shame, and to keep me from falling; and in some way to deliver a poor orphan girl from such a hateful fate. After a time this woman wanted me to become the mistress of an English gentleman. I refused to do so, and she sent me away. As I did not know what to do or where to go, one of your servants, a sweeper woman, who worked also for us, said to me 'Why not go to the missionary and his wife?

They have a lot of girls, and maybe will take you, and be like a father and mother to you.' On this I came, not doubting that the living God who made me, had shown me my way." I said, when "You speak of the God who made you, what about *Vishnu* and *Siva* and the idols?" To this she replied "All that is a lie, there is only one God who made all, and we are all his children. I found out that in my reading; caste is all wrong and false. I have no hesitation about breaking it. I asked her if she had ever seen and talked with English people before. "No," she said, "I was kept close at home." Then I said, "How is it that you came and talked to Mrs. Timpany so freely, and have talked so freely and confidently with me?" "When I first came, the school girls told me to state every thing just as it was, and cover up nothing, as you were like a father and mother; so I have had no fear." I pressed her closely to find out if she had been living a bad life. I could see that as the talk went on between her, Mrs. Timpany and myself, that she had strong hopes that we would take her; but I said, "Our girls' school here is for Christian girls and the daughters of Christians. You are a heathen girl, come we know not from where, only as we have your word for it. We know not whether you are a bad girl or a good one." "Oh," said she "had I been a bad girl I never would have come here, there would have been no need for that." You should have seen her look as the hope died out of her that we would take her. I could see that she was ready to break down and cry.

Finally I said, "This Christian faith is holy and good and merciful; Jesus, our Saviour, is merciful; I cannot send you away under the circumstances, and will take you. The money given for the support of that girls' school comes from women like Mrs. Timpany. They love you, though 10,000 miles away. Now, my child, how thankful you should be, and grateful. Remember that it is Jesus who has made this kindness possible, and love Him." "That I will," was her reply. "Hereafter, if you elip and sin, it will be like cutting my throat." "Have no fear, sir. God will keep me in the future as He has in the past." So I sent her to make one more among our girls. Did I do right, my sisters? I could not have sent her away though I had had but one meal a day to give to her. Mrs. Timpany felt the same. There is one happy soul at least, to-night in this compound, and that is Lukhmi.

Cocanada, Jan. 30th, 1881.

2nd, Kripavarti.—One morning, little more than a year after Lukhmi had been received into the school a Christian living in Cocanada, brought to Mr. Timpany's study a young caste girl about twelve years old. Mr. Timpany writes the history he got from her. "When she was a little girl her parents died. The debtors of her father seized the property, which was considerable,