

Young People's Department.

SUNDAY SCHOOL RALLY DAY IN RAMACHANDRAPURAM.

October seems to be a month of religious festivals. We have lately had the elephant Feast, when a manufactured life-sized elephant was adorned with magnificent trappings, and carried to all parts of the town accompanied by musicians and little girl singers, and a torch-light procession. The celebration lasted from dark until daylight. Then yesterday and to-day I have been reminded of Queen's Birthday or Dominion Day in Canada. As our bungalow is somewhat apart from the village, I have seen nothing, but am continually hearing some explosion. Were I at home I would expect to see some sky-rockets. This feast is in celebration of the destruction of a great giant by their God Krishna in one of his incarnations.

Well, last Sunday, October 18th, we had a religious festival, too,—a Christian Sunday School Rally Day. I must tell you that besides our main Sunday School which meets in the Church on Sunday afternoons, we have little Sunday Schools on Sunday mornings in different parts of the town. You know the people here are of different castes or classes. There is the Dhobi caste, the Goldsmith's caste, the Farmer caste, the Madiga, or out-caste, and others. These different castes live in little villages by themselves and will not eat or meet together in any way. So we are obliged to have different schools for them if they are to hear the Gospel story. We have six grown-up teachers, the other six schools are taught by boys of thirteen or fourteen, with younger boys to assist in the singing, etc. Two of our schools are Caste Girls'

Schools. These are also day-schools. Their teachers are Veeramma and Monikyamma, and very fine young women they are.

The schools have been preparing for this Rally Day for some time. They have each been learning a hymn and a Bible verse. Two weeks ago the church gave each teacher two annas, that is four cents, to make a genda, or banner. (Try to make a pretty one for four cents). Then we had some prayer-meetings asking God to make it a happy day.

Sunday morning about ten o'clock, the schools began to come. The teachers had gone early to bring them. I had my little organ at the church, and played while the children gathered. How they did enjoy the music. The benches were placed against the walls for the visitors and older people, and the children sat on the floor in the centre. The two caste-girls' schools sat in front, and very pretty they looked. The teachers had made their banners of shiny dark blue paper, had shaped them prettily, and put in Telugu these mottoes in gilt letters,—on one "God is Love," on the other, "I am the Life." For the little ones of their schools they had made pretty colored paper collarettes, on the front of each they had pasted a large letter, and arranged the children so as to spell out a sentence:

Though the other schools were not dressed so prettily, and though the teachers had not been able to deck them out so finely, they too had succeeded in making quite a respectable and artistic looking zendas, on which were such mottoes as: "Enter into His gates with thanksgiving," "My grace is sufficient for thee," "Fear