

Kistna District, the boys and girls of Quebec, Ontario and the Western Provinces, send their money.

Have you a map of India? Of course, in your geographies. Find the Bay of Bengal. Perhaps some of you will go to India some day. Don't forget your bathing suits. The beaches there are fine, are sandy, and you can run races with the waves and ride the "white horses on the surf". Now find Madras and then Calcutta. Put your fingers on the map about half way between. Some of the places will be marked. You will be sure to find the Kistna River, and the Godavari and then up farther you will see some of the places where your money goes. Well, 4,160,000 Telugus are listening for the gospel there. You are doing your share for the Canadian Baptist Mission. There are 200,000,000 Telugus altogether but a fifth of them are our share—no, perhaps half a fifth. Can someone do that sum?

One old woman asked me once if there were any men in Canada. I believe that some Canadians think there are no boys in Canada, because so few boys want to go to Mission Band. Half the children are boys and half girls in India. Boys go to school and girls go to school. They have village schools, and caste girls' schools and boarding schools for Christian girls and boarding schools for Christian boys, and outcast schools and High Schools for boys and High Schools for girls. Then when they grow older, they have colleges, just as we have, to study medicine, engineering and to take a classical course. If you had to take an examination, and I should be your teacher, I could tell you so many wonderful things about India that it would be hard to remember them all.

Indian boys and girls have wonderful memories. They can learn whole chapters in their sacred books or in the Bible before they are six years old. Have you wonderful memories to remember something about village schools. The school house is usually a house with mud walls. It is covered with grass or with palm leaves, sometimes with straw. The teacher is nearly always a man. He wears a pink shirt and a blue puche (cloth like a skirt) and a turban. He takes off his sandals

when he goes in to the school house. He nearly always has to go and tell the boys and girls to go to school. The little houses are made of mud, too, and are near the school house, in a place as large as your barn yard. The little boys and girls often do not have any clothes on. Sometimes the boys have hair braided down their backs, but it is not very well combed. The older boys and girls have some clothes—a shirt or a skirt will do. The school is supposed to start at half past seven in the morning, but nobody has a watch or clock. They can only tell time by the roosters crowing at early morning, or by the sun in the daytime.

The first thing the teacher teaches the children a hymn. It would be of no use for me to describe how they sing. It's very harsh and the little boys do open their mouths and roll their eyes. But they learn long hymns without the books. Then they learn a Bible story. Then the classes go to work. All sit on the mud floor. The little ones trace the letters in ashes or in the sand. The older ones have books. Some of the schools are very noisy, for the children all study aloud. They have classes only up to grade four as a rule. If the teacher is very well educated according to their ideas, if he has passed the eighth grade, he may teach up to grade five. Some of the children take their baby brothers and sisters to look after them in school. Sometimes the parents call out for some one of the children to go off and do an errand. The teacher does not say anything. Even if a child comes to school two hours late, the teacher does not punish him. They learn about the same thing that you learn, only it is all in Telugu. Why, of course, even the babies talk Telugu. They cannot speak a word of English. But everyone understands them. They think it would be wonderful to grow up to be a teacher, for everyone goes to him to have letters read or written. Everyone salaams (salutes) to him. He sits down nearly all the time. Sometimes when the noise is too much, he calls out "Silence" in English. The children think that quite wonderful. Sometimes on Saturdays, the children clean the school house. They mix up cow manure with