

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

A Child's Question.

(Written for two little girls in Canada, both of whom soon after found Christ as their Saviour.)

When shall I come to Jesus,
To save my sinful soul,
To cover my transgressions,
And make me pure and whole?

Shall I come when I have wasted
Many precious, precious years,
In sowing sinful passions
And in reaping sighs and tears?

Shall I come when I have given
Health and power to Satan's might,
Can I find my way to heaven,
'Mid the gathering shades of night?

No, I'll come to Jesus early,
When my heart and life are young,
I will trust my gracious Saviour
While my youthful songs are sung.

I'll remember my Creator,
In the joyful days of youth,
I will follow my Redeemer,
And obey and love his truth.

Tuni, India.

R.G.

Coconada.

To the Mission Band of the Bloor St. Baptist Church:

MY DEAR BROTHERS,—You seem like my Band, above and beside all the Bands I know, and that because I am your missionary. But I have neglected writing you, not because I have forgotten you, but because I have had nothing to write with any certainty, excepting the queer letters of this language. As you must know, the very first work a missionary has to do after landing in this country is to learn the language. And one can't learn very much without a teacher; so I got one, a little man. His skin is as brown as mahogany, and his eyes as black as a coal and just as bright as eyes can be. Around his head, in thick, heavy folds, a turban of spotless white is tied. And a long white coat of light cambrie linen reaches to his knees, and under this a cloth draped gracefully about the waist and hanging loosely to the calves, with another loose cloth flung with the two ends over the shoulder, complete his entire dress. He came to me in his bare feet; it is a sign of respect, and here all who wear boots or sandals leave them off before entering the house. And, unlike us, they keep their turbans on while visiting. He is called a moonshee, and his full name is Govindalradsoo Subbarow Garee. The Garee means Mr. and the Subbarow is the name given at birth, and Govindalradsoo is the name of the people of his house. It seems very easy now for me to say it, but it was very hard at first, and it was a good long week before the name came readily. And that is the way they speak of the study of this language, they say, "Is it coming to you?" And that is the first sentence the moonshee said, "O master, the Telugu will come soon." He speaks English and so we commenced with the alphabet and a few easy words. Then we put the letters together, and we had the words. And then we got enough words to make a sentence, and queer sentences they are when put into English. They are turned right about

façà. So if you wanted to say "There is the man whom I saw yesterday," in Telugu you say "I yesterday saw whom man there is." If you wish to say "Come here in Telugu, you must put it "Here come"; or "Go there," "Go," to there go." That seems like getting the cart before the horse very much, does it not? And so it is. Every sentence turned upside down and all mixed up together. There were ever so many strange letters and sounds that we never see or use in English, and word that our English tongue positively refuses to go around, and despite what the bright little moonshee had said, we thought the Telugu would never "come." But with very hard work (nothing comes without hard work) we got a good lot of words and a few sentences, and when we got them they were like so much capital, they made other words easy. From my horse keeper I got the words for horse, time, six o'clock, morning, saddle, put on, ready and make. Then from a little lad with a bunch of flowers the name for flower, grass and boot. And from Jonathan, the native preacher, the word for sin, salvation and Saviour. And every word must be said over and over and over dozens of times, and there are thousands of words. But sometimes once is enough.

One morning moonshee wrote down a word that sounds like "pawmoo" and without giving the meaning he closed his thumb and fore finger together and struck me a light blow on the leg, then fell over on the floor like a dead man, then wiggled and twisted across the room, and struck me a light tap with his closed thumb and forefinger and again died and went through such contortions and pantomines that it set me laughing so that he was quite put about. "Whatever in the wide world can that word mean, moonshee? Do stop rolling around on the floor and let me know. I'll never forget it!" Then standing up before me with his eyes opened wide and his hand pointing dramatically to the long dank grass outside the door, and his breath coming quick and fast, he exclaimed in a tragic whisper, "Snake, master, snake, dat is the word." I never needed a second telling, I shall never forget it. And so the work went on every day, the little Moonshee came and for four hours it was talk, talk, talk and words, words, words. And at the end of three months we could sustain an easy conversation in short sentences, and by the end of six, talk on a variety of easy subjects, such as follow. When you first meet a man in this country it is quite the proper thing to ask "Where are you from?" "Where are you going to?" "Have you a wife and children?" "Are your parents living?" "How many brothers and sisters?" "What wages do you earn?" "What is your business?" And we never closed the conversation without the additional questions which seemed new to many of them. "What God do you worship?" "Has He taken away your sins?" And then in a few simple words we would try to tell the story of the cross. But such a volley of questions as would then be asked quite discouraged us and made us more determined than ever to learn the language, that we might answer all their questions, and tell them all about the dear Saviour. And in this we were very much helped. The Telugu Christians in the church at Coconada were praying for us, and when we were absent, wrote such kind letters, remembering Mr. and Mrs. Davis and me as we were trying to master their language. And then we were helped too, because there were prayers being offered in the home churches and in Bloor Street, and in the Mission Band, that we might get Telugu. And God answered that prayer. Just one year, less a day after landing I was able to preach my first sermon, and in a week Mr. Davis preached his, and before Christmas we