

Youth's Department.

YELLAMANCHILLI, INDIA.

To the Boys and Girls, my dear young friends.

Sunday, October 15th, was Sunday School Day in India, and I wish to tell you how we, in Yellamanchilli, observed it.

In India many of the Sunday School children do not gather at the church to meet their teachers as you in Canada do. Their teacher must go to them. However, in our mission we try at least once a year to get as many as possible to come to the church. This is not easy to do, as either the children, or their parents, or both, often imagine we will do something dreadful to them when we get them there. Of course those who come a few times learn better. We think if we get them into the habit of coming, even once a year, when they are little they will be more likely to come when they grow up.

Well, on Sunday, October 15th, the teachers here in Yellamanchilli started off bright and early to gather up their children, and after the usual hurly burly we succeeded in gathering about seventy-five children. Altogether that day we had about one hundred and thirty-six people, big and little, stowed away in our little leaf-roofed chapel.

The programme began at about a quarter to nine. The children of each little school sang and recited some of the hymns, bible stories and texts learnt during the year—not all—for that would have kept them too long in church and perhaps they would not care to come again.

A collection had been announced to be sent to the Leper Asylum in Ramachandrapuram. Three plates were passed to receive the different kinds of grain, the shells and coins which the children had brought. You would have laughed to see the funny way in which some of them had their collection tied up and tucked away in their clothes. Even those who wore but tiny rags had used one corner for the collection.

One little boy pretended to have no offering when the plate was passed, but his little classmates shouted out, "He has. It's in his mouth!" He was made to open his mouth, and sure enough there was a little coin tucked snugly away inside. He took it out and wiped it on his bare, brown little body and put it in the plate.

What do you think he meant to do with it? Buy sweets?

The collection from the natives amounted to about twenty-five cents, enough to provide six lepers with food for one day.

Afterward Dr. Smith spoke to the children of the Jesus about whom they had been learning.

Now, had you been with us on that day perhaps you would have said, "We don't see anything very interesting about these children. They all look the same to us, except that some are not as black as others, and some are cleaner and have more clothes."

To us they were very interesting, and not all the same. There were many things about that gathering to make us happy. In the first place it was good to see children of so many different castes all sitting in one room, singing, reciting and learning more about one-person Jesus.

There were children of shoemakers, mat and basket weavers, cloth weavers, police, Christians, and even low down street sweepers, all under the same roof with the fair, pretty, clean, well-dressed children of the proud, proud Brahmins. Wasn't that good?

Then there were three or four little boys with whom we have had very serious talks. One day as we were talking and singing of Jesus and heaven, they listened very eagerly and asked earnestly how to believe in Jesus. We tried to tell them, but not being satisfied that they understood, went again and explained it. One little boy in particular said he understood and could and would believe. He was Dr. Smith's best hearer on that day. He stood up to listen and his plain face glowed with intelligent interest. Oh, I do hope he really has trusted Jesus. Won't you pray when you read this for the little weaver boys who asked how to believe in Jesus?

There were other two dear little boys with fine little faces. One has withered legs, and goes about on his hands and knees. He attends our little day school near his home, and is getting on nicely. He also attends the Sunday School and Sunday morning service, held in the chapel, recites a good many texts and Bible stories, and sings quite sweetly. Every day at noon he goes to the railway station to beg. Sometimes he goes the whole half or three quarters of a mile on his hands and knees, and sometimes his mother carries him on her hip.

The other little boy climbed a tree on Sun-