

sweet stories of Jesus and to love Him who blessed little children when here on earth.

Now we will introduce you to No. 4, — Rutnama, a cousin of Appalanuramma's and Sunalingsham's little girl. Her name means "jewel." May she be one of the precious jewels that shall shine in heaven one day—a bright gem indeed. She is a precious little jewel now. Is very much like her father.

No. 5 is Rut-na-ma's sister Sangas-sa-ma, or in Telugu ———, and No. 9 is another sister, Soon-dram-ma, ———. San-yas-sam-ma is such a bright, womanly little girl and has rather a motherly care for her little sisters and brother. I love Soon-dram-pa too, though she is not quite so nice a dispositioned child as the other. She likes to have her own way. I wonder if any of you know of any one like her in this respect. I am afraid I know someone a good many years older than 8 ——— who likes to have her own way too. But let us all ask Jesus to make us love his way and not our own.

No. 6 is our little treasure, the sunshine of Bimli Mission House, and though so young she loves to tell of Jesus to others. Her name you have already learned perhaps. She is our little Marion.

No. 7. Here is a boy with an English name Alexander. Such a time as I had to reorganize it the first day he came to my class, for of course they will put their Telugu (twang to their English words that quite disguises them at times. Just the other day I was talking with a Telugu who knew a little English and he brought an English word into the midst of his Telugu. I said "that's a new word, never heard it before, what does it mean?" He was somewhat bewildered but at last informed me it was English. Then I had a good laugh. Please don't think I am forgetting my English.

Kil Alexander is the telegraph signaller's son. His father belongs to the London Mission, but Alexander and his sister Rutnama (who is not in this picture) come here to school and to Sunday-school.

No. 8 is Soon-do-row, and No. 10 his little sister Karu-na. They are Preacher Ap-pa-la-snami's children. Since I began to write this letter they have moved away, and thus are not in my class now. I am going to write their mother this week if I can to find out if there are any Christian people where they now live. Let us pray that wherever they may be they may "shine for Jesus."

And now, last but not least, is little Daniel another of Cook's boys, and a bright little fellow is he. He is No. 12 in the group.

Don't you love my boys and girls? I see this letter was begun almost two months ago. I have been very busy and have not had time to finish it. But I have thought of you many, many times during this month as I have tried to finish my letter.

I now have two new boys in my class. One is a little fellow who comes from a heathen home. Oh, how we need to pray for him that he may learn of the true Jesus and believe in Him as he comes to Sunday-school.

The other is a brother of Gurayya, of whose baptism you may have read. He ran away from home to come and live with his brother and learn of Jesus. He has broken caste, cut off his juttu and is one of Jesus' boys, I feel sure. Oh how eager he is to learn of Jesus. His eyes just shine all the time I am teaching them and he remembers so well.

Now, dear boys and girls, I must close, for I have many more Bands to write if I can before next mail goes off. Don't forget to pray for these little ones and

for her who is teaching them, that she may always speak to them as Jesus would.

I will try and write you again before many months.

Lovingly yours,

IDA M. NEWCOMBE.

HILL DEVDANGER, June 20th, 1898.

To the Mission Band at Dartmouth:

My DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS: —

In a letter received from Miss Johnstone last week, she said: "When you can, will you write a note to my Mission Band?" As she is a very dear friend of mine, and I like to do all I can to please her as well as Him who is our greatest friend, I take this the earliest opportunity of saying "How-do-you-do." I wish you had written first and asked me lots of questions, then I would know what to write about. But you will answer my letter, won't you? We like to hear from the Mission Band children. Some of my boys and girls at Lower Aylesford write me very nice little letters. A few of them have asked me if I thought the Lord would call them to be missionaries when they grew to be men and women, and I think He will, for they are real little missionaries now. I hope you are all missionaries. I am a little missionary. You have heard of Marion Morse, have't you? She calls me her "little Auntie," because I can sit in her little rocking-chair. Our sweet little Marion has been very sick lately. Her papa and mamma did not take her to the hills this year because she seemed so well. She got along very well until the latter part of May, when she was taken ill with dysentery. But the Lord spared her life, and although the sparkle has gone from her eyes, and she is very pale and thin, she is recovering and we hope ere long will be restored to her usual health.

But there are many poor little children in India, who, if they had been as sick as Marion, would have died; their papas and mammas would not have called a doctor who could help them, but a naughty man who knows nothing about medicine. He would give something he would call medicine, which in all probability would make the child worse. Then he would say the child had a devil and he could not cure it with medicine. It would have to be burnt to let the devil out. You think that is awful, don't you? But you will open your eyes wide when I tell you that I don't think I have seen one heathen child whose stomach was not covered with marks where it had been burned. Just think! Perhaps some of you have a little baby brother or sister at home. What if your mamma would heat a needle real hot, and then burn baby's stomach in forty or fifty places with it? You would say, "Mamma has gone crazy," and you would run to find somebody to take her to the asylum, wouldn't you? Yet this is just what the heathen mothers do. They think it keeps the baby from being sick. How those poor little babies must suffer! Aren't you glad you were born in a Christian home? I have seen a number of people with a large mark from a burn on their foreheads, and upon enquiring found out that at one time when they had a severe headache their parents or heathen priest said they were possessed of a devil, and their forehead was burned to make the devil go away. I read, just last week, about a little girl who was found by a missionary, whose fingers were nearly all gone. When asked why her hands were in that condition, she