

the girls. These girls do not dress like the girls in the Jarvis St. Sunday-school; they wear a light skirt fastened round the waist by a string, the ends of which are drawn together and tied, and a jacket to cover the upper part of the body. Sometimes they wear also a large cloth of white muslin thrown over the shoulder, wound round the body, and falling to their feet. They wear no hat and no shoes or stockings. But some of them wear ornaments such as earrings, rings, and bracelets. These ornaments are not always made of gold, sometimes they are as cheap as the cheap jewelry you can see in Canada.

I have told you what the girls in the boarding-school wear, now I must tell you what they eat. Rice is the chief thing; you all know what rice is, and what it tastes like when it is boiled. Sometimes they have curry to mix with the rice. Curry is made of meat or fish or vegetables mixed with the curry powder and all cooked together, making a very hot dish.

Now I must tell you about the day-school. The girls in the boarding-school are taught along with those in the day-school.

Very many of the day scholars are the children of people who are still heathens. Sometimes there are one or two present whose parents are Mohammedans. There is a broad verandah running round the school-house, and most of the girls sit on it, while others sit in a room inside the building. The floor of this verandah is made of cement, and is quite smooth. The girls who are learning their letters and those who are just learning to spell sit in a long line on this floor, while the others sit on benches. If you could see and hear the little girls who are learning to spell, you would laugh, partly on account of the way in which they sing off the letters, and partly because they have such funny slates and slate-pencils to write the letters of a word as they pronounce them. A little sand is scattered along in front of the letters, and with their finger, the forefinger, they make the shape of the different letters as they spell a word. It is so easy to rub out their writing, they just smooth the sand over again, and their slate is clean. Here is an example of the way they spell. I will take the word "Kakinada," which is the correct name of this town and means "Crow country or district," because there are so many crows here. I can hear their numbers when they cawing while I am writing this.

Now listen to the girls spell this word: One of the girls spells each syllable first, and then all the others repeat together what she has said. Kakara akara, ka; kakara ikara, ke; kakara, akara, na; dakara akara, da; Kakinada.

Perhaps this is not simple enough for you to enjoy it, but I thought it might interest some of you, and so I have written it. I am sure you will all be glad to know that these girls learn what people at home call a catechism, which consists of questions and answers about God and Christ and the Holy Spirit, so that many of these girls hear what they would never hear at home, I mean that they can be saved by trusting in Jesus. Then most of these girls go to the Sunday school which is held at half-past seven on Sunday morning, and some of them stay to the service which commences at half-past eight. They sit on the floor on each side

of the preacher and also behind him. Only the small ones sit on the floor; the larger ones sit on chairs. The girls in the boarding-school take a walk every evening at sunset, and sometimes they come up to the mission house, where the missionaries live.

There is a swing under one of the trees. Mr. McLaurin put it up for his two little girls. Perhaps you think Telugu girls are not like Canadian girls. Well I think you are wrong, for these girls just enjoy that swing as much as any of you could enjoy it, while some of them are so pleased when they are allowed to play with the toys of Mr. McLaurin's little girls. Of course I could tell you more about the little girls who live in Cocanada, but I must leave room for the boys.

There isn't any boarding-school for boys, though there are three or four boys who might be called boarders, and who live in a little house near the mission-house. However, there are a good many boys in the day school. Those whose parents are Christians dress in trousers and jacket, but they do not wear shoes or socks. They have their hair parted and smoothed down like the boys at home.

The heathen boys wear a kind of loose garment or else only a cloth tied round their loins. Many of them have part of their head shaved. Some have only a kind of queue or tail left on the crown of the head. When boys are very little their parents use this tail as a handle to lift them out of the way, if they are in danger of being run over in the street. I often see them lift little boys up that way. However, these boys are a good deal like boys at home in some respects; they like to run after carriages and hang on behind, when the driver does not see them.

But I must tell you more about the boys' school. The little boys have to do just what the little girls do, that is, learn to spell, after they have learnt their letters. They sit on the floor of the verandah on a different side of the house from where the girls sit, and they write the letters on some sand just like the girls. Only they spell this way: Kaku deergum istay, ka; kaku goodee istay, ki; kaku, a current. This means to "k" put "a" and you have "ka," to "k" put "e," and you have "ke" kake, a crow.

The older boys learn geography as well as reading, and some of them learn English. Some of these boys may become preachers of the gospel some day, so it is worth while to give them some education. I hope you will pray both for the boys and also the girls, that many of them who are now unsaved may become Christians.

For the very little ones in the Jarvis St. school I want to say that mothers do not carry their babies in their arms here; they set them across their hips; so it requires only one arm to support them. Sometimes this makes the children bow-legged. When babies cry here, they make just the same kind of noise that the babies do at home, I mean in Canada. Now do not forget the boys and girls in Cocanada, nor the missionaries working for their good.

I remain,

ONE WHO WAS ONCE A SCHOLAR, AND FOR
SOME YEARS A TEACHER IN BOND ST.
SUNDAY SCHOOL.

THE TEACHER—HIS AIM.

A paper read at the Provincial Baptist Sunday School Convention at Aylmer, Ont., on the 6th of June 1878.

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This is doubtless thought a very commonplace subject, and so it is. The presumptive is none the less but all the more strong, on this account, however, that it is an important one. For what are commonplace but matters of such easily perceived and generally admitted moment that they become well-known through being made the subjects of continual thought and speech? On this very account, however, the harm of novelty and freshness has been lost, the discussion of them usually falls upon listless ears, and it becomes almost impossible to arouse such an interest in them as is commensurate with their high importance,—such as will lead to action of proportionate zeal and energy.

If, therefore, I am unable to bring forth new as well as old on this subject—even if old ideas are not put in any new or striking form, I have a claim upon your earnest attention because of the importance of the theme itself.

Can there be any doubt as to the aim of the S. S. teacher, or the greatness of that aim? What are the factors which make up the question to be solved?

On the one hand is the teacher a regenerate man or woman—for I hold that none but those who are born again should be exalted to this high position—with a heart partaking of the tender loving spirit of the Lord Jesus, and yearning to do good to all.

On the other hand, there is the young soul, endowed with possibilities of goodness, nobility and happiness, of evil, degradation, and misery which are capable of boundless growth,—endowed also with an immortality which assures the infinite advance into the blissful or the woeful, as God's own word assures us. While that soul is to have a destiny so glorious or so dreadful, it is already in the deadly grip of a fallen and depraved nature; its whole bent is downward toward the degradation and the ruin. Although the current is not yet setting swift, it is so strong that the young soul is powerless to make way against its stream. Help must come to it or it is lost.

But while this is true, that soul is never more easily influenced than now. Neither is the teacher incapable of wielding an influence over it; he has as his aid, his power, the truth of God, supported by the God of truth; for has our Lord not promised to make the word of truth regenerating?

Under these circumstances can there be any doubt as to the teacher's great aim? If a child were being sucked down in the whirling waters, and we were near at hand with the means of help, what could we do but attempt his rescue? And when we see the young soul being drawn down toward degradation, death, and hell, can we, if we have any measure of that spirit which led our Lord to die for just such,—can we with the possibility, yea probability that we may rescue this soul with its priceless freightage from such a fate, and set it on a progress up into the infinities of virtue, nobleness, blessedness,—can we, I repeat, do anything else than aim, first of all, at its salvation?