

Many women of the west are subscribers to our paper. Some of them have felt that their work should be more adequately represented in its pages. We agree with them. We have sometimes clipped from their good page in the Western Baptist. We shall welcome their monthly contribution.

Many of our readers will remember that about twelve years ago Miss Kate McLaurin, home on furlough, edited the Link for a year. They will remember also what inspiration she gave us out of her rich missionary experience.

We are sure we need make no apology for re-printing here an Editorial she published in April, 1914.

We omit some statistics she used, now out of date.

(From The Link, April, 1914)

Easter! It is the month of Easter. We shall all be listening for the robin's chirp, looking for the swelling buds, rejoicing at the return of life to mother earth again—watching the miracle-play of death and resurrection as God sets it before us once more this spring to teach us the deeper lesson of life unto life.

"Christ arose! Christ arose! Hallelujah, Christ arose!"

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But now in India all nature is asleep, for it is the "hot season." No rain, not the littlest, littlest breath of really cool air to break the terrible iron monotony as the days march on and on in ever-increasing heat and glare. No crops grow now—no seed is sown. The grass burns up brown, and at high noon no living creature willingly stirs abroad, for the sun is a tyrant now, and none dare trifle with his power.

Nevertheless, let our thoughts dwell there for a moment, for I would have you remember our Indian workers this month—the small army of men and women who as pastors, preachers, colporteurs, medical assistants, teachers, and biblewomen are working steadily away, spreading knowledge of the Truth in that portion of India we call "our field." How many methods of direct Christian work do these represent! The pastor shepherding his flock often scattered far and wide

in many villages, all under his one church, walking from town to town to visit them, inquiring into their temporal and spiritual welfare, reading the Bible for them—perhaps teaching them a verse or golden text, giving advice in a difficulty which may have arisen with heathen neighbor or employer, reproving for unseemly conduct, or comforting in times of illness and persecution. Where he has a group of them far away from his home he may stay the night, gathering them for an evening meeting when the day's work is over. The single one who is a sole witness in some heathen town is also visited, and cheered in his loneliness by the brotherly contact and a message from the Word, sealed to him because he cannot read. When the pastor comes he gets him to hold a service in his door-yard for his neighbors to attend, that they, too, may "come and see." Or he learns a verse from him that will prove to be a sharp weapon in his daily warfare with the powers of evil. Maybe the pastor stays overnight with him, talking far into the night with him about the things of God and the things of the mission, returning to his home next morning or going on to a still more distant village. "Every great matter" he brings to his missionary, as Moses' judges did to him, but in all things he is close to his people. He knows them, he is of the same race and tongue, he lives among them. Let us pray that the grace of God may richly rest upon them.

Each preacher and evangelist also works in many villages—often being in charge of gospel work in eight or ten towns and villages besides the one where he lives, with its group of Christians. The colporteur tramps from village to village, selling his wares, Bibles, Testaments, Gospels, hymn books, Christian literature. He must tempt the passerby, the careless villager, the "tight" but prosperous farmer, to buy, and so he sings a song, or tells a story, or reads an extract from his books, and many are led to part with a few cents and gain—the Pearl of greatest price in just this way. Many are the discussions, the conversations on religious subjects which are suggested and sustained by the sight or sound of his wares. What shall the harvest be? Shall we have a share