

## Youths' Department.

### LETTER FROM MISS McLAURIN TO THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

Vuyyuru, Kistna Dist., Jan. 15, '07.

Dear Link.

Some months ago I sent you a request for S. S. picture cards, asking the boys and girls to send me some. I have received a good many, and now I want to thank those same boys and girls, and some big folks too. I wish I could write every one a letter, and maybe I could manage it "in the course of time"—a long time. But in the meantime I am sure some would become impatient, so I shall just send my thanks this way. I received cards from Vittoria Mission Band and Gladstone Mission Band (per Miss Cora P. Jackson). Miss Jackson also asked me for a letter for a certain meeting, but as the meeting was to be held on a date which was past before I received her request, it was impossible to comply. Also cards came from the children of First Baptist Church, Kingston, and from Olivet Church Infant Class, Montreal, per my good little friend Ruth Claxton Ayer, who has sent me cards before and is a faithful friend. The children of 1st Baptist Church, Winnipeg, sent me cards through E. A. Hatch, who I am sure must be our Miss Hatch's little niece. I also received cards and papers from my friends Robert and Clarence Williams, of Walmer Road Church S. S., Toronto, who often remember me in this way. Mrs. Laine of the same church sent me a lot of cards, and Mrs. Caleb Miller, of Mount Hanley. A little friend in London, Earl Spencer, sent me cards through Miss Feast. The Mission Band and Circle of Omandaga sent me cards through Miss Elliott.

Now dear friends, and boys and girls, thank you very much. You have supplied me with cards to last for a long time, and when these are gone, I shall know whom to ask again. And they are all so clean and fresh; how the girls and boys here will smile when they get them!

And I want to thank the big folk who packed and posted the cards for the little ones. The cards all came nicely. While I am at it I think I'll just tell you about a nice time I had with some children on my last tour—last month.

We went to a large village one morning, where we had often been before, and soon a

crowd gathered around us, among the grown folk a good many children. I asked them to sit down, telling them I had brought pretty cards to give those who would learn. A number sat down, and I noticed some of them were nice girls, older than usually came—about 12 or 13 years old. I found that some of them remembered what we had brought them last year, so after reviewing all they knew we taught them three verses and the chorus of a new hymn, the first commandment, and a sentence from the Child's Catechism, "God sees me day and night," besides giving them a sack. Then we distributed the cards, at the same time inviting them to come to our tent (in the next village) the next Sunday morning, to a children's meeting. I hardly expected they would come, but they did, bringing their cards with them to show that they were the right ones, but they brought other children with them. We taught them some more, and gave them each an orange. They were all dressed up in beautiful red and yellow and green flowered quakas and skirts, with their hair smooth and shining with oil. The old folk said it was just like a "feast!" The next Sunday I had to go to another village, but I sent my two Bible women there, telling them to have a meeting with those children. They did so, and when they came back they said all those children came flying to the meeting as soon as they saw them, sang their hymn, recited their verses and learned new ones. And they said some of the older women had learned the hymn from the children, and sang too. This is the way we use your cards, and many a boy or girl learns a wee bit of God's word because they will get a card—one of yours—and we can never tell how that bit of God's word may bless that child. Now, isn't it too bad that we can't have a regular Sunday school in that village every Sunday? Oh, how I wish we could! But there is no teacher there, and no one there is a Christian yet. The teacher lives in a village nearby, but every Sunday he has to walk to three villages to preach to the Christians, and he hasn't time to hold Sunday school there. But he can have a little meeting some other day of the week, and the children will learn regularly I hope. Pray for them at any rate, boys and girls, that God may send them His word.

Now I must close with my love and many thanks. It makes me glad to think you have