

## "SO SHALL I KEEP

then boiled and filtered and poured in an earthen jar—around this a wet towel is wrapped, and by placing it in the wind the water is kept comparatively cool.

No, we do not go out and sit on the grass in the cool of the evenings—there is no grass, and the thermometer does not drop in India as it does in Canada after a very hot day—and then there are too many innumerable living creeping things to allow one to sit on the ground—we feel far safer sitting on the high stone steps of our verandah.

"What is the use of spending the hot weather on the plains?" one says. "Why not fly to the lovely hills, where the flowers bloom and the cooling breezes blow!" Every missionary would prefer for the work's sake to stay on the plains, for it is then that the people in the villages have little work, and are free to concentrate all their thoughts on the message that one brings. It is, also, one of the best times to come into close touch with the Christians, to have Bible classes for them, to teach them lacework and sewing and other good things. In the early morn one can go out to the Evangelistic schools—this is a time when there is no mud or cold to lessen the attendance of these outside schools, and the dear little brownies enjoy the heat. In the hot weather the people from the villages we have visited often come to the Mission House "to see," and hear, and take away with them a supply of tracts and other good booklets to read. In the evenings, especially on moonlight nights, it is an ideal time to get all the people in a street or village together to hear the blessed Gospel, and their pleasure is increased when the gramophone or magic lantern is used. The missionary who spends the hot season on the plains will, I am sure, not have much of a holiday, as there are so many unique opportunities for service. So when one's nerves and mind and body and spirit are all worn out and one feels as if they could not stand much more, the only wise and safe thing to do is to flee to the hills, where there is no temptation to give out, but where there is every opportunity to regain and store up strength for future service.

MABEL E. ARCHIBALD.

Wolfville, May 15, 1914.

## FOR THE HAMMOCK.

The exigencies of foreign travel seem to have somewhat various and unexpected effects upon our representatives in the field. Listen to this, manufactured by two of our most sedate and sober-minded, under the inspiration of a cart trip to the mission station mentioned.—

"Hitch two oxen to your bundy  
Any other day but Sunday,  
Over black cotton soil and river sand,  
And through the fields of paddy  
We will go to Avanagaddy,  
Where the sea breezes blow to beat the band."

\* An accommodation in spelling and pronunciation to rhyme with "paddy."

Query: Who can tell what "paddy" is? Could you draw a "bundy"?

And this:—

A cheerful, though seasick, missionary writes from the Pacific to the Woman's Missionary Friend (Methodist):

"How Balboa named this ocean,  
That I cannot understand—  
But he must have made the error  
When he stood upon dry land.  
Why he called it the Pacific  
Is a mystery to me;  
If he'd dubbed it the Terrific  
Far more suitable 't would be.

"When my five years' term is over  
And I homeward turn my gait,  
Do you think I'll cross this ocean?  
Nay—I go by Bering Strait!"

A certain millionaire did not approve of foreign missions. One Sunday at church, when the collection was being taken up for these missions, the collector approached the millionaire and held out the collection box. The millionaire shook his head.

"I never give to missions," he whispered.

"Then take something out of the box, sir," whispered the collector, the money is for the heathen."—(Pittsburg Chronicle.)

(Puzzle—Find the "heathen.")