

**"The Marjorie Cameron Circle"**

On February 15th, the members of the Young Women's Mission Circle of the Verdun Baptist Church gave a medical missionary play entitled, "The Pill Bottle," which was very much enjoyed by all present. Our collection amounted to \$14.44, which will be used for Foreign Mission Work.

Our regular meetings each month are taken by our own members and are very helpful and interesting. Our next meeting will be Tuesday evening, April 8rd, 1923.

V. M. Martin, Secretary.

**SURGANA—A STORY OF INDIA**

By Myra Elizabeth Cobb

A ray of sunlight found its way through a slit in the thatched roof of the little mud hut and touched the eyelids of Surgana. They popped open like ripened seed pods, each with a shiny round seed inside. Surgana's black eyes were shiny bright as she jumped up from her palm-leaf mat on the mud floor, and catching up an earthen water jar, and balancing it on her hip as she had seen her mother do, ran out into the sunlight and across the sandy street to the well. She had not stopped to dress, for she already had on her one little garment. There was no trouble of undressing and dressing night and morning for that little girl.

At the well she met other little girls and older women, all filling their water jugs, and splashing the water over face and hands, which were dry almost as soon as the sun caught the sparkle of the drops. Teeth were brushed with a twig and bit of charcoal, and then Surgana hurried home as fast as the heavy water jug would let her. She tried to dance a few steps when she thought about school, but the water spilled out, so she had to

be content to let her eyes dance instead of her feet.

Father and brothers had eaten their breakfast, so it was the little girl's turn to fill one of the two family bowls with black porridge from the jar in the corner of the room. There had been plenty of rains so the grain had ripened and the jar was full. It was not always so.

Surgana skipped happily away to school and was soon sitting on the floor of the little thatched schoolroom, with a room full of other little brown children, laboriously forming letters and figures in the sand, or, with her tongue held tightly between her teeth, making the very best letters she could, to show she appreciated the honor of being allowed to write on a cracked slate.

School days had only just become a daily joy to Surgana when cholera came to the little village, and one day she arrived at school with her little dark face all tear-stained, to sob out that her father and mother were both lying stiff and cold in the little hut. So Surgana became a boarder in the Mission School, and her days were happy and busy, helping to cut grass for the cattle, and learning a bit more in school each day. Surgana was not a pretty child at eight—her lips were large and she had a habit of keeping her mouth open when very much engrossed. Her eyes were big and round, and her black hair all soft "ringles" as old Nani, the grandmother of the school, who nursed and scolded and petted the children, tried to express it in English. But Surgana's sunny disposition and sweet little voice made friends of everyone. She might often be found, just at dusk before study time, surrounded by a dozen little girls squatted on the floor under the lamplight, swinging a scarf over her head and swaying gracefully to