

Our August meeting took the form of a work meeting, the girls sewing, making bags, stringing beads, etc., and the boys made picture books.

In November we held an apron party. The band members provided a very interesting programme. Invitations were sent to most of our circle, and Y.W. members. Each guest received a tiny apron with a pocket in which she put a cent for every inch her waist line measured. The ladies were very generous and we took in \$15.50.

Each band member has been very faithful in saving of their pennies as each one brought in a well filled mite box.

We find the Link and Visitor programmes very helpful in preparing the programme for our monthly meetings.

Mrs. J. H. Ferguson,
Leader.

A DOLL OPENS THE DOOR

Anne Catherine Munro

"Edna, just look at old Narsamma's eyes! Let's give her one too. I believe she'd love it, don't you?"

It was Christmas and we were giving the dolls that you girls of the Mission Bands at home had sent out for our girls in India, and poor old Narsamma's hungry eyes had touched Bess's heart—mine too. But it seemed so silly. What on earth would they think of us at home if they could see us giving a doll to an old woman of nearly seventy years. Now my only regret is that you could not have seen her joy. My eyes got blurry for a little while. Yours would have too.

We picked out one that would open and shut her eyes, and with dark curly hair; they always like the dark-haired dolls the best over in India.

Here Narsamma!

She held it in her arms and looked at it lovingly, tenderly, hungrily, but she didn't know we had given it to her for herself. She thought we just wanted her to hold it a minute.

It's for you, Narsamma.

For me, Ammah? She looked bewildered. For me?—for me?—Ammah, for me? Surely

the Misammahs have forgotten what they are saying. Why I'm only Old Narsamma; there would never be a real doll for me. Oh, I'm sure her poor old heart was just going like a trip-hammer as these thoughts came into her mind.

Yes, it's for you, Narsamma—the Mission Band girls in Canada dressed—

But Narsamma wasn't hearing us. She was hugging and kissing her doll. The tears were streaming down the leathery, weather-beaten cheeks.

Look, Narsamma, this dolly can open and shut her eyes. So, when she lies down she goes to sleep and when you straighten her up she wakens. Isn't it wonderful?

Narsamma cuddled her to sleep, then she wakened her, then she did it again. Happy? That's saying it mildly.

About nine o'clock Narsamma came to the bungalow crying, "Ammah, the dolly is dead. It won't open its eyes any more."

Really it was funny. Bess and I could only restrain our feelings with great difficulty as Narsamma told us the tragedy. She had gone to her room and rocked the dolly to sleep and wakened it up over and over again. She hadn't even bothered to cook her rice and curry that evening. She had a dolly of her own; that was enough. But now it wouldn't waken any more.

Bess made the necessary repairs. Dolly wakened again and Narsamma went away beaming, and shall I say, "lived happily ever after." Well, the lonely look wasn't in her face any more and she has helped where she could, with a new sweetness. It isn't much she can do, for she is not educated, but she accompanied the other and younger workers, and last year, at one of the village dispensaries, she was very useful in encouraging shy and diffident patients and in gathering them together to hear about Jesus.

The doll opened the door to Narsamma's heart.—Western Baptist.

EASTERN SOCIETY CIRCLES

"Send to Miss Barker reports of your Circle meetings, your methods of work, any useful suggestions.