

who can support her? But she knows the answer to all these objections already, thanks to her fencing with several relays of missionaries. She has no relations, no friends but the missionary. If such giving is wrong, why did the former missionaries,—ah, they were true fathers and mothers,—do it? Is there nothing she can do? Yes, she can starve, if her natural supporter will not aid her. Baffled at last in argument, the padre picks up a book, places a chair near the P.W.D. lantern that has now been lighted for the benefit of all the flies and moths of the vicinity, and invites his visitor to go home in a voice of awful finality. She waits sitting humbly by the tent door. He pretends to read, but his mind is not on the printed page, but travels in circles, wondering how long she will stay, whether it will do to lead her off the premises by an ear, how much longer he can stick it and waiting nervously for the next shuddering sigh from his tormentor.

The announcement of dinner comes as a welcome relief. The widow knows her place, she will not force her attention on you at your meal-time. But she is there, just around the corner. The usual evening meal of the touring missionary is made to last as long as possible. The Indian hen and the tin can, that have had so prominent a part in the evangelization of rural India do their part in turn, and the nourishing and uninteresting pudding comes and goes. Then, as the Protector of the Poor and Father and Mother of 5,000 assorted followers escapes again to the outer air and seats himself after brushing the fauna off his chair and examining the back of it for a possible scorpion, a shadow steals out of the shadows and a sorrowful,—professionally sorrowful voice begins just where it left off. Consequently there is only one thing to do, as the unjust

judge found out, and that is to capitulate. The rupee is brought and handed over. With expressions of undying gratitude the widow disappears. She holds no grudge,—do not all the white folk act thus? Scientific charity has received another black eye, but the sufferer is rid of the importunate widow for another year.

FROM INDIA AND BOLIVIA

A letter from Mrs. Cross will explain itself, so it is quoted in full:

"Will you kindly put an item in the Link for me concerning some parcels that have come during the year containing cards and bags. Three parcels, I think,—one or two from Ontario and also one from Victoria, B.C., with no name on. If I knew the church I could write, but there is nothing to signify who sent them. Please say thank you for me, and to all who have helped us in this work by sending these things for the children. I was getting anxious because none had come for some time. I was afraid we would not have them for the meetings that take place from now on: (letter was dated Dec. 18th), but every mail brings them now, so we are grateful.

"Cards and bags,"—simple little articles, are they not? And yet, never have we heard of any Missionary being overstocked. The demand ever out-runs the supply. In the letter following, from Miss Laura Allyn, the reader will find another demand which will be gladly met by friends here who are always eager to "send something which is really needed."

"About the patients,—we have the same amount of nasty cases and about the same ordinary ones. A few days ago, a woman came with very bad swelling all over her body, very little red blood, and a continual pain. She looked so sick and could scarcely be patient while I fixed her bed for her. Today her hus-