

them laugh, and they plainly love their "doctor-garu" very much. Then I spoke, and I never had such an audience. They listened right up, and seemed like different people. I had been introduced as the daughter of the foundation-layer of all this Mission, so I had a good start. The Sunday School lesson had been on the Transfiguration, and I had a grand message to give them, as I turned to 1 Cor. 15, and also Phil. 3 (last verse), and told them Christ was not the only one who was to be transfigured, but that all His own would be, too. They listened eagerly, and answered my questions splendidly. Then David said a few words, and all were dismissed. It was after eleven.

To-morrow morning I am to go and see the grounds, buildings, etc. What I saw of them from the road as we went to the chapel struck me very forcibly as being beautiful, almost palatial, i.e., the chief buildings. The grounds are well wooded and well kept, very spacious, too. It must seem like heaven to those poor things.

Yesterday I went to see Suramma, a caste woman, who is believing, but not baptized. She is a beautiful woman, over forty, a widow, well off, and having a large family of grown-up sons and daughters. She is very intelligent, sweet and dignified. She sang hymns of her own composition for us, and we had such a nice visit. When we came away she put her arms around me, took my face in one hand, and kissed me!

A NOTE FROM MISS HATCH.

345 14th St., Brandon, Man., June 12, 1920.

Dear Sisters of the LINK:

Just a note for you, lest you should think I am ill. I am very glad to say I am quite rid of the cold and cough I had in Toronto, and though I still need rest, for I tire very easily, there seems little the matter with me, more than a hasty readiness to go to my table and to my cot.

As the dentist says he wishes to have me in charge for some two months, I will surely need a month's rest after he has done with me, and then— But we must not look ahead, only, as the Telugus would say, we abide by your faithful prayers, and by God's abundant grace. Yours in His service.

ISOBEL HATCH.

FROM MISS WILSON, BOLIVIA.

We are living at La Paz, in the valley of the little swift-flowing, muddy stream called "el Choqueyapu." This could hardly be called a river, were it not for the fact that its waters eventually join those of the great Amazon. The high land surrounding is about fifteen hundred feet above us; and in the distance appears Mount Illimani, capped in purest white, an emblem of the Eternal God; for, though clouds may hide it for a time, it soon comes to view again, more beautiful, apparently, than before. The valley is narrow, and the Indians have pushed up the sides of it, where they have cultivated little patches around their mud huts. These patches of green help to beautify the barrenness, as except in the rainy season, the treeless mountains are the color of a country road in summer.

But La Paz is not all barrenness. In the centre of the city is the "plaza," or public square, with its trees, flowers, tiled walks and monument of Murillo, Bolivia's first martyr in her struggle for independence. There are also public walks or parks in other parts of the city. We are quite up to date in many respects. A government airplane has recently made two successful flights over the city, and an ambulance has recently been imported.

Come with me on a trip through the country and learn more about Bolivia. We will get up early in the morning and take the train at 8.30 for Oruro. As the station is a considerable distance from where we live, we will have an automobile come for us, but our trunk will go in the old-time way, on the back of an Indian. Francisco, whom I shall call "Old Faithful," stands the trunk on end, kneels on the floor with his back to it, slings a rope over the trunk, and tying it on his chest, he grasps the knot tightly and is ready to arise with his load. As he walks with his burden, his head is almost level with his knees.

We shall ride first-class, which is equivalent to what is called "tourist" in