

money limited, and a room this size was thought plenty large enough. But it is thirty years old now, and it is too small for the growing body inside! You know what happens when a dress or a coat has a growing body inside? It bursts! So that is the trouble with our school hall; it is bursting. Once before it was like that. In 1912 it was far too small, and they moved the school to Cocanada, giving it a beautiful new dress, viz., the McLaurin High School. These buildings were left here, and the only occupant was a little Primary School of a few classes. It was like getting a new dress for the big sister and giving the little old one to the next sister. Do you know how that feels? I do. Well, the little sister has grown too big for the dress too. Isn't that funny? Only, when the little sister is a school, and the school is an awful crowd of boys, and when those boys sit in long, close lines together on the floor, it is not quite so funny. When someone's knee rests in the middle of your back, or somebody getting up or down gives you a knock on the head, or a boy passing steps on your hand, or the fellow beside you pulls your toe (because, Link, if you are a Telugu child you are always barefoot), you don't think it is funny, do you? Well, anyway, that is how the boys here get along, and you would be surprised to see how happy they are. They think the new mat is very fine, and so do I.

Now I must go to school for a Bible lesson on Exodus, in Standard VI. Do you know about how the tabernacle was built in the wilderness, Link? If not, you had better study it up, or these Telugu boys will beat you. Wouldn't that be a shame?

Yours anxiously,

JANET F. ROBINSON.

Dear Readers of The Link:

I wish to tell you how much we have enjoyed the privilege of occupying the Mission Cottage in Muskoka, and to thank all those whose gifts made our being here possible.

The bay on which the cottage is situated is one of the prettiest around here and the view from the cottage is splendid. We have also the advantage of facing the north-west, from which direction we get a good share of the prevailing breeze to keep us cool in hot days and to blow away the mosquitoes. The free, outdoor life in this bracing atmosphere has given us strength, and the beauty and quiet of the place have been an inspiration.

Through the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Denniss we also had the pleasure of a trip up the lakes, where we feasted our eyes on the beautiful lake and island scenery provided with lavish hand in these "Highlands."

Yours very gratefully,

GEORGINA MCGILL.

Miss Hinman will sail from Vancouver, Oct. 21st, by SS. Empress of India. She writes that she has received many cards, boxes, etc., with no name and address of the sender. Sometimes the name is given without the address.

It is impossible for our missionaries to remember all whom they meet in going from place to place. Those who send such gifts for the work as Miss Hinman mentions should always give their full names and addresses.

THE YOUNG WOMEN.

A CALL TO LIFE SERVICE.

Where Shall I Hang My Sign?

Mrs. E. C. Cronk.

Enter girl in student cap and gown, with diploma in her hand. In the other hand is a sign, "Eleanor Brent Smith, M.D." "At last! Oh! the thrill of actually holding in my own two hands this precious diploma and my sign all ready to hang up to lure patients. Now where shall I hang my sign? It would be great to go back to my own, my native town and demonstrate to the unbelievers that I have actually finished the course, and that I have a perfectly good license authorizing me to the practice of medicine and surgery. They did not think I would stick to my studies until I finished, and I should just like to hang this sign in that old town to show them. But there are, let me see (counts), one, two, three, four, five, six—six doctors