

Part of a letter recently received from Miss Wilson:

The writer (accompanied by Mr. Had-dow) made her first journey by auto and mule back. We left La Paz at seven in the morning and reached Guatajata at about five in the afternoon, having had to make several stops along the way. We crossed many small mountain streams without bridges. We were fortunate in two instances in being able to secure Indians to ford the streams before we crossed. I learned afterwards that the regular auto made only one more trip this season, and that a private car, which was endeavoring to make the trip with a party, got stuck in the middle of one of the rivers; that the passengers had to be carried across to the other side on the backs of Indians, their feet dangling in the water in the meantime, and pass the night in what is called here a "tambo," which is an Indian hut where one may pass the night lying on a sheepskin placed on the mud floor or a mud bench.

The Society has provided the heavy furniture for the house, but we still lack an organ for the Sunday School. The writer has been told that she "could not carry a tune worth a cent." At that rate, she is unable to figure out what the tunes of these Indian children would be worth. The native missionary, too, sometimes gets off the track. You can understand our difficulty without anything to keep us on the tune.

Our work in Bolivia has not reached the Bungalow stage. As we rode along (mules always walk), I wondered where the mission houses could be. Nothing but groups of little mud houses appeared. I was informed that the mission houses had windows in them. Outside of the cities and towns, this is a windowless country.

My first task was to help an Indian paper the walls of my house, which consists of two rooms (a living room and a bed-room). I had seen papering done; the Indian (though he pretended to know) actually knew less about it than

I did. I found him measuring one strip of paper by another upside down, without any regard to matching them, and preparing to apply the paste without cutting off the selvage edge. I immediately reversed the role and became the boss myself and he became the helper. Although he protested against my interference at first, he later acknowledged that I knew.

A glance at the interior of the house was sufficient to disclose that the walls, windows, floors and doors had been made without plummet or level. (I should have said floor, for there is only one, which is made from the small pieces of wood extracted from kerosene boxes. In the other room we walk on Mother Earth). The door from one room into the other is so short that I have had to learn to duck. (I have not bumped my head for a week). Before we had finished papering I concluded that this must be the "little crooked house" in which lived "the little crooked man" of the nursery rhyme. It is surprising, however, what a few rolls of paper, a few yards of cheap muslin and cretonne, accompanied by much hard work, can do for a place. But alas! alack! the roof leaks like a sieve, in spite of all efforts to repair it; and the birds have their nests between the roof and the ceiling and flutter their wings at night. I have only had nightmare once, however, and that was before I knew that my home was also that of the birds. Now I sleep sweetly from ten o'clock until six.

In spite of all inconveniences, I am very happy out here. We have already opened the school, but I shall have to tell you about that in another letter. This one is already too long.

Pray that we may be faithful in carrying out the will of a faithful disciple of our Lord, who, when called to His reward, left all that he had for the extension of the Kingdom in the world.

Yours in His service.

LAVINIA E. WILSON.

Huarina (via La Paz) Bolivia,  
February 14, 1921.