

FOREIGN MAIL BOX.

Chicaole Medical Compound, April 6, 1920.

Dear Readers of the LINK:

This morning I chanced to witness a common occurrence in India, but which appealed strongly to one still so unused to her customs that her tragedies have not yet assumed the role of "common occurrences." It is an old story—a little girl some twelve years of age found her way to our hospital for treatment. Great brown eyes looked out upon life in an uninterested dissatisfied way. Already she seemed to regard her allotment as the outcome of an inevitable fate from which possibilities of escape could not even be dreamed of. Just a baby, we would say in our beloved Canada, but she is reckoned a woman in India, with troubles of greater import than, happily, many Canadian women ever have to bear. She is in a fair way to be deserted by a husband who, far from accepting his due responsibility for her unhappiness, will doubtless send her back to a life of disrepute in her father's house, while he searches with a precision befitting his dignity for another victim to Indian customs. Shadows, so many shadows there are, despite the brightness of Indian skies.

This afternoon, as a diversion from Telugu, I visited the Caste Girls' School of our Mission. An unpretentious building, truly, with an equipment which was conspicuous lamentably by its absence; but let me tell you what was happening within. Forty or more Indian maids, ranging in age from five to ten, faces all aglow with interest, sitting about like bits of birds or wind-blown leaves mayhap, singing their action songs with an enthusiasm which quite dispelled the morning's occurrence from my vision for the time being. All unconsciously they are finding out that life is bigger and more beautiful than their mothers ever dreamed it could be. They are finding the joys of common things of every day, of birds, and bees, and butterflies. There will be shadows ahead for them, too, deep impenetrable shadows, but these can never obliterate the sunshine of these happy days.

Sounds worth while, doesn't it, home readers, and it's wonderful to think of the coming day when not a mere handful, but all India's womanhood, will have, as her recognized right, a real childhood and a fair consideration in educational schemes. And that means, of course, the day when the love of Christ will have overcome the prevalence of "Indian customs." Then indeed shall India's skies be truly bright. "All shadows then shall flee away."

H. E. DAY.

EXTRACT FROM PRIVATE LETTER WRITTEN BY MISS McLAURIN FROM
RAMACHANDRAPURAM.

I went to the Leper S. S. Sunday morning and spent the whole morning there. Josiah (now called Dr. Joshee) is superintendent. We were late, the leper buildings are about half a mile from the Mission compound, and arrived when they were in the midst of classes. One of the Burder boys, who, poor fellow, is a leper, was one of the teachers. He does not look at all disfigured, but has such a sad face it goes to one's heart, and he keeps rather separate from the others. He must be very lonely, as he was brought up so differently from most of them. Miss Hatch says she thinks it is especially hard for him when visitors come. He teaches in the day school. Then there is a nice Tamil woman and her son from Bangalore. She knew no Telugu when she came, but she learned it, and now teaches the others. She has such a nice face, not yet totally disfigured. Well, when they were called to order there they all sat, mostly to me looking rather dull and lifeless. David, the pastor, was on the platform behind the railing with us. Our apartness, the rail between them and us, their dull faces—abbah! it was hard to bear with equanimity. Then David had them sing, and I nearly gave way as I saw those poor crippled hands go up in obeisance as they sang a sort of action-song praising God for all His bounty to them. I just couldn't look at them, that's all. They sang hymn after hymn with drum, cymbals and veerna, and as they sang, clapping away, their faces brightened. David was in his element. He arranges many paraphrases of scripture for them, and they sing them. Dr. Joshee introduced some of the "notables" to me. They stood up in their places as he called their names, and he was just lovely with them. He was playful and jolly, made