

So strictly in seclusion is she kept that on her return from a visit to her husband's relatives (ten days after her wedding,) she was brought from the rail station to the house in a closed palanquin with an armed guard in attendance.

Until their marriage the bride and groom had never seen each other, though he had seen her photograph.

Coaticook, Aug. 14., 1906.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS—

Several months, too many indeed, have elapsed since I paid you a visit through the columns of the Visitor. I then promised you I would next address you through the LINK. In my first letter I asked that many of you would write me nice informal letters, that I might in a friendly way get better acquainted with the Bands under my charge. Thanks to those who kindly responded—may I hear from many more of you.

Summer days are drawing all too quickly to a close. Many of you have been having happy times on the farm, by the lakes, among the woods, reading, writing, boating, bathing, or possibly in real earnest putting your shoulders to the wheel, trying to earn a little money to take you back to school in the fall, or for other purposes. But now the long days are growing shorter; a chill is creeping into the evening air and you begin to hear the martial tread of the stern commander who is about to call a "halt" upon your holiday season and bid you return once more to the sterner duties of life. I am sure you will agree with me that while you may somewhat dread the thought of giving up your full and easy life of the past two months there is real satisfaction in settling down to earnest, purposeful work which will develop the faculties within you and better fit you for life's service. By the way, have you drawn up your time table for the next ten months? So much time for study, so much for music, so much for recreation, and your expenditure list, so much for the gratification of this desire, so much for that. If you are about to do so now do not let the words of this hymn prove true in your case.

"Room for business, room for pleasure

But for Christ the crucified,

Not a place that he can enter

In the heart for which he died".

Life is no longer moving on to the tread of the old ox team. Steamships, railroad cars, automobiles, telegraphs and telephones have set the world in motion and we are speeding on—to what?

We are drawing nearer, ever nearer to an event greater than the world has ever yet seen. When Jesus went away he said he would come again—not in humility as before, but in glory and great power.

Let those who will still bear the Gospel in the old ox cart, but thank God many of his servants are using the best methods, the most aggressive

means to forward the blessed message, and truly our mission work is speeding on at a marvelous rate. Dear boys and girls, catch the spirit of the times, Jesus is coming, we shall surely meet him face to face. Shall we be among the number of those who may bring in the golden sheaves of redeemed lives to lay as trophies at his feet? At our Convention we shall soon be reviewing the work for another year. Are you satisfied with yours? Let us all enter into this work with much earnestness and with real joy gather together the fragments of our efforts. And when the Lord of the harvest comes let not one of us be ashamed at His appearing.

Your loving friend,

PRISCILLA M. CHANDLER,

Supt. of Band for E. O. and Q.

Vuyyuru, Kindna Dist., July 10., 1906.

MY DEAR LINK.

This little letter is for your children—the girls and boys in Sunday Schools and Mission Bands—and I am going to begin first by saying, as so many of our native callers say—"I have a request." This is it—I am almost out of those little Bible lesson picture cards, which so many of you have sent me. You know the ones I mean—those colored Sunday School lesson cards. They have been so useful and have helped me in my work a good deal. On the last Sunday of every month the little girls in my Caste Sunday School here in Vuyyuru, look eagerly for the cards as a reward for having attended every Sunday during the month. There are only a few left, and if some more don't come flying in on the wings of Home Mail pretty soon I know some little faces which will look very disappointed.

And now I have two Caste Girls' Sunday Schools to be supplied, for one new school in Valluru is started and over thirty girls are coming, so I shall need more cards than ever before, not to mention the children's meetings I have on tour, and my other Sunday School in the outcaste part of Vuyyuru. All these girls and boys look for cards occasionally. Last week I received some nice clean, well preserved cards from the Pt. St. Charles Mission Band. Thank you, Pt. St. Charles, your cards are very nice, and so are the S. S. papers. By the way, your old Christmas and birthday cards will do almost as well. We can't tell a little story about them, but they will attract some who would otherwise not come.

Now, I will close, for I am afraid if I keep on asking I may be buried in the floods of cards that will be sure to come! Goodbye, girls and boys, we like you to send cards, they are important; but we want you to pray for us, even more, Don't forget a single day.

Your sincere friend,

K. S. Mc LAURIN.