

have to be returned for a second splashing and dashing.

Our missionaries do not tell us about these little trials of their patience, but they must often wish for a real Canadian washing-day, with all its conveniences.

There are many queer things in India not often reported in missionary papers, and if our good editor approves, "Sister Belle" will introduce the boys and girls who read the Link, to a few of them in this New Year, 1912. It will make you all appreciate your homes in this Canada of ours, and sympathize more with Canadian missionaries in India. If we think of them oftener, our love, sympathy and prayers will cross over the ocean to them, and our pennies drop into the mite-box for the Mission Band.

SISTER BELLE.

22 Melgund Ave., Ottawa.

A PROOF OF LOVE.

By Anne Porter Johnson.

In a little village in India a young missionary lay on her bed, moaning and tossing with the deadly fever. The servants, with trembling voices, spoke softly to one another:

"Will the missionary's God heal the Little Miss Sahiba?" asked one, looking for a word of hope from the others.

Perhaps He is angry with us, and will take her away to His heaven," suggested another, sobbing.

"Oh," wailed another, "the Little Miss Sahiba suffers great pain."

The physician, with trained eyes, watched intently the sick woman. At length the pain ceased, she grew calm, and, looking up into his face, said with a smile, "Doctor, I'm better now."

The physician stepped into the next room. "Miss Connor, the pain is gone now, but she cannot live. You must tell her. You have been so much together in your work—you will do it so much better than I," urged the doctor.

It was not so hard, only a word, and the Little Miss Sahiba understood. "It is all right, Margaret," she said calmly.

All day long Miss Connor was troubled. Clearly some one must ask the Little Miss Sahiba her wishes in regard to the resting place for her tired body. They were miles away from the beautiful little cemetery in which the precious bodies of many of the missionaries had been laid away.

"I cannot, I cannot ask her—that. It is too hard," said Miss Connor. She looked appealingly around the little group of grief-stricken servants. "Is there not some one, some one else, who will?" she pleaded.

In a corner of the room sat Bua, one of the native women. She arose, and taking Miss Connor's hand in hers for a moment, softly entered the sick woman's room, and sat down beside the bed.

The group outside waited. Miss Connor, weary to the verge of collapse, leaned her head on the back of the chair, closed her eyes, and prayed that God would guide the native woman in her words.

When Bua came out, she looked at Miss Connor in puzzled silence. Her mind seemed to be studying something that she could not comprehend. Her face was like the face of one who had seen a vision so strange as to confuse and amaze the beholder.

"I never knew before!" she murmured over and over. "I never knew before!"

"What is it, Bua?" asked Miss Connor.

"Oh, the Little Miss Sahiba wants to be buried here, right among the black people—her people. She calls us her people," replied Bua, softly, struggling with her feelings. "She says it is so far down to the missionary's cemetery, and anyway, she would rather rest among us."

"I—I thought so," replied Miss Connor, her heart aching at the thought of the lonely grave so far away from friends and home-folks.

"I believe it now," continued the native woman.

"Believe what, Bua?"

"I believe that the missionaries really love us," said Bua, simply. "You said you did, but I never believed you would leave your homes in the far-off America, just because you wanted to help the poor, black people of India. I said it was for the money, or to find favor with your God, so that He would give you a high place in His Heaven, or to atone for some sin, but I never believed it was for love. But the Little Miss Sahiba wants to sleep among us, and now I know she loves us. Yes, it is true," she continued musingly. "The white Little Miss Sahiba wants to be