

caste villages, one comes away with either a pretty good opinion of the pastor and his work, or else a pretty poor one, and I assure you that in this case it was a pretty good opinion that I brought home with me. I want to tell you of some of the interesting things which I saw from my tent door during my two weeks' stay there. Every Sunday afternoon, from two till three o'clock, the Pastor conducts the regular church service, **Prayers** as they call it. During that time the pastor takes his text from the S. S. lesson for the day, so that he really does much more teaching than preaching, which of course is an excellent thing for the congregation. Well, during my first Sunday there, as I sat in my tent from twelve o'clock till two, I heard the pastor's voice in the church, reading aloud in Telugu from some book. As I caught a few words here and there I discovered that he was reading from a history of our Mission work here in India. At the same time the men were gathering for church, coming in one by one during these two hours. From time to time I could hear some of the men asking questions, and the pastor answering them and explaining what he was reading. Now, I don't know just how this impresses you, but to me it seems one of the very finest things I have seen or heard since I came to India. Imagine, this is in heathen India; most of those men are absolutely illiterate and here they are, just out of heathenism, discussing the problems of world-wide missions. I do not think that our city churches, with their Sunday afternoon "Open Forum," are one inch ahead of this Indian village pastor, with his limited education, but consecrated heart.

Another picture: this time it is Monday afternoon. The pastor has gone away to another village to attend a rally meeting conducted by Mr. Gordon, so in his absence the school is being conducted by his wife, a trained teacher. I have occasion to pass by the door of the school-room, and as I do, I see a number of tiny children sitting on the floor. I ask the teacher if these tiny children come to school. "Oh,

no," she says, "they just come here and stay; you see, they have no one at home to look after them, as their fathers and mothers and older brothers and sisters are all at work in the fields. So they come here and I look after them." How many women would be willing to look after a day nursery while teaching school! And the children were well taught too, as I found out by spending a forenoon in the school, when I told them to play that I was the regular school inspector, and go through their lessons and songs just as they would for him.

This is Bible Examination week for our whole mission, so last week the pastor at G— was very busy studying for his examination. I could hear him at noon time, while school was not in session, studying out loud, above the din of fifteen or twenty little children, "Who have no where else to play." Every now and then I would hear his good-natured laugh, as he would reprove one or other of them for some prank. Oh, I can tell you, I have a great respect for pastor M— and his sweet-faced, patient wife. Is it not a joy to work among such people, and are they not truly worth helping?

Yours in His service,  
**Laura A. Bain.**

Dear Link Friends,—I have been promising myself for a long time that I would write a long newsy letter to the Link. But as that does not seem to get done very quickly, I can not wait any longer to send a great big "Thank you," for all the lovely gifts which have been showered upon our school this year. We had some lovely prizes for the boys, all the more appreciated because they came from Canada. They are just like Canadian boys in enjoying surprises. Then the Santa Claus that lives in Canada was very kind to me too. I have tried to write letters to all these kind friends. But in case anyone should have been neglected, please accept on behalf of the boys and myself, hearty, hearty thanks.

Yours very sincerely,  
**Muriel Brothers.**