

her now. She is old enough to come to school, and seems quick at her lessons. Does it seem strange to think of the mother's being only two classes ahead of her child? The school has done much for them both, and we expect that some day both will be useful workers. This is the only real home the child has ever known. What a contrast this is to the life she might have had among the heathen."

III. Miss M. J. Frith, who is now in Toronto, was the first single lady missionary on our Canadian Telugu field. Later she went to work in Assam. She was much interested in our April lesson, and so sends us an eventide picture from her own experience. She writes:

"Assam is one of the many fine provinces of India. You will find it in the northeast corner of your maps. It is cut almost into two parts by the Brahmaputra River. I may stand on the little verandah of my bamboo shack on a clear morning and count the peaks of five ranges; then I have not been able to see ranges of the great glaciers beyond because of being too near the foothills of those great Himalayas. One has written that 'Assam is under the roof of the world.' A tea-planter once said to me: 'Miss Frith, you certainly came to the ends of the earth, for what is beyond that?'—pointing to the far end of his great field of tea.

"To lie in bed, while ill, and have stretched out before the eyes so great a panorama of God's power when He created this beautiful world, is certainly wonderful. Oh, the majesty and glory all His own, which He reveals while He unfolds and unrolls the pictures the eyes behold, ever varying in tints, lights and shadows, because of the sun and clouds. The sun is going down beyond those great and everlasting hills. The fever, or nausea, has spent itself. Weak, but better, I am loth to leave my couch. Turn and look with me once more towards the setting sun. Transcendently lovely! You say, 'He is good. His mercy endureth forever.' The curtain has been drawn; night has come at the close of a day of inward delight, in spite of bodily suffering. We are reminded of God's promises, and His goodness, which has followed all the days. He has enlarged the place of my tent; He has stretched forth the cur-

tains of my habitation. He has kept His word. Now, here come the children to greet me. Little Mongoli rubs her little soft hand over my forehead, and then prints a kiss there. Little Aumrita, our mission baby, who is almost too young to articulate more than one word, calls, 'Aih, aih, aih,' while she pulls at my hand, and is eager that I get up and go out. Yam, an older child, a girl about thirteen, brings my clothes, and very soon we are on the verandah. The night is as glorious as the day, so, with little Aumrita now in our arms, we go down the steps and into the middle of the compound. We stand and gaze again at the sky. The atmosphere is clear, and all the stars of the night sing together. Aumrita, whose name means 'sweet,' with one little fat arm around my neck, waved her other above her head toward the sky, calling again, 'Aih, aih, aih,'—mother, mother, mother. Her piercing black eyes in Chinese or Mongolian settings, see the works of His hands. Mongoli, whose name means Tuesday, as she was born on that day, and Aumrita are sisters. Their father, mother and an older sister are in heaven. Their sister's name was Buditi. She was only four when she went to heaven, but she believed in Jesus, and was a prayerful child. She was seen with others in the vision given to her father before his death. God opened the door that Temmie might see His glory. He also saw waiting for him Tosin, one of the American Baptist workers, and little Buditi, and a little girl, who was one of our sweet singers in our school.

"Now we must say, Good-night. The school boys are cooking their rice in one house, the girls in another, the young man who came from a tribe far away, in another. Beggie, the translator, with some older boys of his tribes, is in another house, and in that larger one where you hear one playing on an accordeon while his wife is cooking, is one of the preachers, and the school teacher lives in the town. My evening meal is ready, too. Salaam!"

Dear Band members, when at eventide you kneel to pray, ask the Father to bless the children under "the roof of the world," and the girls in our own school in Cocanada.

Sarah Stuart Barber.