

Akidu, Kistna Dist., India.

March 18th, 1925.

My dear Helen,—Each month I want to write you a little letter about something in India. You might keep the letters if you like and have a little book.

This time I am going to describe some birds I have seen. My favourite bird friend is the oriole. At this time of year he comes to the almond tree, which is not far away from our dining-room door. Of course, our doors are open all day, so we can see the birds as we eat. Mr. Oriole has such a very bright yellow coat, and with his dark wings he looks very gay. Mrs. Oriole is more modest. Her dress is not nearly so bright in colour. They play a funny game. He jumps to a higher branch than the one on which she sits. She hops up after him. He pretends to be very cross, and in a stern tone, he starts on a high note and goes down the scale, saying: "Who called you here?" Then you would just laugh to hear her saucy, perky answer: "You, my dear." Sometimes she only says, "You, dear." Then he jumps to another branch, and so they keep up the game.

I also like the tiny birds called Golden Mohurs (a mohur is a gold coin). The father bird is a very shiny black, and the mother is a pale yellow. Their nest is the queerest thing. You would pass it by, thinking it was a bunch of cobwebs hanging from the tree. Two years they had their home on a custard-apple tree, just outside my dressing-room window. The father keeps singing: "Keep sweet, keep sweet." The mother does not sing very well, but I expect she is kept too busy to spend much time practising singing.

Perhaps Daddy has shown you the little group of stars called "The Seven Sisters." Would you believe it, there are birds here with the very same name? They are dull fawn colour, with breasts a little lighter. They are fat and bunched, and, as the name shows, they always go about in a group of seven. They are a very fussy, quarrelsome family. It is too bad they do not pay attention to Mr. Golden Mohur's song. I don't think they enjoy themselves very much.

There are black birds with long tails, called Barber Birds. The two long tail feathers separate near the end and curve out at either

side. Some people say the tail is like a razor, so that is how the name comes. They are quiet, not like the Canadian black-birds, who steal the green peas.

I saw a strange water bird with very long legs. It has a fear the sky is going to fall down on it, so, what do you think, it always goes asleep, lying on its back with its legs sticking straight up in the air.

Has Mother one of the weaver bird's nests that I brought home? You can hardly believe a little bird did that wonderful work. Did you notice that the house has both upstairs and down stairs? They hang these nests from the date palm tree.

There are large black birds that hang by their feet all day from the tree branches and they go out at night to get their food.

We often see great vultures where the body of some dead animal is lying. You should see the funny pelican. Oh, what a mouth he has! He can catch big fish with it.

I have not nearly finished, but I must close.

Lots of love,

Indian Auntie.

QUESTIONS

Find Answers in This Link.

1. What Mission Work has the first claim upon Canadian Baptists?
2. What is the latest book dealing with our Mission work in Bolivia?
3. What new study book has been written by Helen Barrett Montgomery?
4. How has Miss Priest been encouraged in her work?
5. On what fields are Mr. and Mrs. Barss, Miss Martha and Dr. Zella Clark, Miss Harrison, Miss Patton, Mr. and Mrs. Tedford, Miss Sandford, and Miss Blackadar stationed?
6. What is meant by "The Canadian Girls in Training Program?"
7. What articles should be sent for the Sunday Schools in India?
8. What does the Mission Band do for children?
9. What new school for women has been held this year in India?
10. Find special subjects for prayer mentioned in this Link.