

## A GAME IN THE CLOUDS.

Mrs. S. D. Harris, a native of Colombia, South America, writes concerning missionary life in Bogota, which is 8,863 feet above sea level:

"My Dear Little Friends in America:

"Let us play a game of 'grown-ups' to-day and do what many of you would like to do when you grow up. We can play that you, my little reader, are a really, truly missionary and have just arrived in Colombia, that strange land that extends up among the clouds higher than any flying machine has ever gone, just beyond the Panama Canal. We will take a walk and begin to learn Spanish by trying to talk to someone. Here come some girls that are studying English, so let us begin with them.

"Good morning, young ladies. Will you walk with us to Sunday School?"

"We no espiga da Anglis."

"Yes, dears, I know you don't 'espiga da' English much, and that is why tourists call your country 'Spigoty Land,' but we wish to learn your language so we can read the best book in the world with you."

"For what you go to Escuela?"

"You mean, 'Why do we go to Sunday School?' Well, usually to study God's word, but to-day we want to learn about you. Why do you go?"

"Only for lof," says a little black-eyed lassie. That sounds odd, and you might think she expected a loaf of bread, or wanted to loaf rather than work; but when the next little girl, with bright red cheeks, explains, 'We all lof our Maestra,' you know they mean love. But when another adds, 'Yeas, efery day da Maestra gief us kes,' you are puzzled again, and resolve to study hard so you can soon talk to them in their own language, for there are nearly a million of these black-haired Colombian children that cannot speak any English and have no loving 'Maestra' to 'give them a kiss' and teach them Jesus' love.

"The children love to sing the hymns and learn the verses on their picture-cards, and when they have learned enough they are given Bibles of their own. After school they climb the trees and throw oranges or mangoes to each other, or cut down plantains and bake the bananas in the ashes till someone takes them home, for if they went alone bad men might take their Bibles and papers and burn them, and perhaps hurt the children.

"All this has been done several times by order of the archbishop, and these unfortunate people, who are our neighbors, suffer as much for lack of the Bible and the civilization it brings as they do in far-off China or Persia. And, besides, they have not learned to love each other, and are so frequently in wars that we have had no agent living there this year, and there are only three Sunday Schools for four million people; so we must pray that many more colporteurs may soon be sent to carry them the Gospel of peace; and, as 'grown-ups' often really do what they liked to play in childhood, perhaps we may meet some of you carrying the Gospel to the Colombians before long."—Bible Society Record.