

had some trouble in getting a house in which we could live and at the same time hold meetings. Our first landlord refused to permit meetings in his house. The Lord helped us out of this trouble, and now we can accommodate sixty or seventy people.

Our house is regularly and neatly constructed with its sun-dried mud-brick walls. The floors are brick, and when we lay our carpets, we first of all spread a great deal of straw and canvas, then nail the carpet down with nails two inches long. We have a garden, where lemons, grapes, figs and peaches grow and an abundance of roses and other flowers.

Some of the houses are fine, and have beautifully laid-out gardens, but these belong to the wealthier people in our large towns and cities.

The homes of the middle class would no doubt look strange to your eyes,—one dirty room with a bare mud floor, no window, the only light there is coming through the door, and others dirtier and more uncomfortable, if that were possible, with hens and guinea pigs running about the floor.

We have to do with two distinct classes in our work—the well-to-do, or even rich, and the poor. This first class is more and more seeking our help, having more confidence in us than in their own country people. They are respectable of course, though only God knows what sorrows they may have at their hearts equal to those of their poorer neighbors; and among the homes there I cannot say I have ever seen the least resemblance to our happy home-life. They are glad, as I say, to have our help, and one always gets a welcome back to their homes; but we do not have the same influence over this class as in the case of the poor. In one of the homes of the better class in Cochabamba, where I frequently visited, they had at least seventy images in one room, and I have heard prayers

gabbled aloud, but family worship as we understand it, is unknown. How sad is their condition. How it must touch the heart of the man of Sorrows, who if they only knew Him and would worship Him instead of His mother, could heal their wounds, and teach them to do their part towards making their home-life all it should be. I ask you one and all to pray and pray earnestly for Bolivia.

A HOLIDAY IN NORTH INDIA.

Miss Grace B. Alexander.

On the morning of December 2nd, 1911, Misses Marsh, Corning and I landed in Calcutta. Time was limited, and we at once started off to "see." Visited the new market, an immense building, erected particularly for the Europeans, where you can buy almost anything from any part of the world. Then the Museum, with its splendid and unique collection; the drive through the narrow, twisting, dirty, ill-odored streets of Howrah, and its motley population was interesting, as also were the Mahomedan men dressed in shirts of flowered or dotted muslin, or yellow or rose colored silk, and out walking with their children, as it was a prayer day for those at war and a holiday, en route to the botanical gardens, which with fine trees, real grass, ponds, fern and orchid pavilion, was most beautiful. We had our lunch under the immense banyan tree there. We visited the Jewish quarters—such dirt and squalor! But the little mission school was a contrast. The Jain temple built of colored glass and also panels of looking-glass let in was wonderful and very Eastern. The visit out to Kali Ghat, where they were sacrificing goats, was fearful, so were the looks of the crowd, and we were glad to get away.

The little old chapel, where Carey preached and where large brass tablets are placed on the wall behind the plat-