

a Secretary of the National Christian Council of India.

This Session represents, however, but a fraction of the activities of the School. Later in the spring there will be a shorter and more intensive Session and this will be followed by a Session devoted to the study of Phonetics. There are also a number of separate courses in subjects that have to do with missionary preparation. Conferences are held too, on various missionary subjects and single lectures are given from time to time by local and visiting speakers.

It may be surprising to some to learn that for the courses of study provided by the School this year the services of some forty lecturers are being drafted. This represents co-operation on a broad scale. Generous, too, when one thinks that all of this service is rendered gratuitously.

Then there is the individual training that is secured for missionaries in a host of subjects, training which cannot be had in any of the regular courses that are available. This means the enlisting of the help of many men and women who are taking in hand the training of missionaries one by one in the particular lines of training that are needed.

The social side of the School's work is not forgotten. Besides three or four large gatherings each year there are many afternoon teas at which missionaries from various countries and representing various communions, candidates training in different institutions, and the Secretaries and members of the co-operating Board have an opportunity for fellowship. The School is the chief missionary rendezvous in Canada and its service in forging permanent friendships and developing a sense of inter-communion missionary comradeship seems to be as deeply appreciated as any other contribution it is making to the missionary enterprise in Canada.

For we must share if we would keep.

That good thing from above;
Ceasing to give we cease to have—

Such is the law of Love.

—Archbishop French.

WHAT I WISH I HAD LEARNED AT SCHOOL

By a Missionary of Ten Years' Experience

Under a spreading Banyan tree near a jungle lay a rugged brown man, wasted to a mere shadow of his former self. His bed of rags lay on the damp earth; at his head a row of little brass gods, to whom he turned his great, pathetic eyes in vain entreaty many times a day. His motherless, ten-year-old son was his only nurse, who had cared for him faithfully but with a pitiful ignorance of the first principles of cleanliness, during all those weary weeks when he and his little daughter lay helpless with the terrible bubonic plague fever that was ravaging the countryside. Cast off by his relatives, who had fled in terror, this strong man had lain in agony, watching his daughter die by degrees, and had lived through the horrors of the fever to be stricken with the revolting abscesses that develop from the "bubols" in the glands of groin, neck, and arm pit. I stood looking down at his pleading eyes as he begged me to do something for him or he must die—and I wished, oh, how I wished, that I had taken First Aid or some course in elementary nursing before I left home. Fortunately there was an Indian nurse with me who had taken what I had not and as I watched her deft fingers cleansing and bandaging those awful sores, I made up my mind that I would learn. And believe me, I did! Before the end of that plague epidemic I had learned many things I never learned in college! God let us save not only that man's life but many another besides.

If there is a First Aid course available for you in college or out—better take it. You'll be met on the Mission field with all sorts of uses for it from babies in convulsions to broken bones and drowning Missionaries. Where doctors are nearly as scarce as hens' teeth a layman's knowledge may save many lives.

Comes a courteous Indian gentleman to my bungalow for a friendly call. But before he departs he must pour out the hunger of his heart. "I am a pearl merchant of India, Burmah, and Ceylon. For forty years I have been seeking goodly pearls. I have not failed