

of starvation in Syria. Lebanon is said to have suffered particularly, while at Beirut inhabitants are said to have been picked up on the streets nearly dying of hunger. Similar horrors are reported as occurring in Palestine and parts of the interior inhabited by Christians.—Sel.

The greetings of the natives are rather pretty. First, they say, "Hail, are you well?" and the reply is: "I am well if you are well." When a man is dying in the kraal the others are called to the mat. They salute him and say: "Go in peace; salute all the others; tell them we are all coming." They call Christ the Great Chief of Galilee, and are very interested in His life among the fisher folk.—Missions.

The one undesirable settler from the

United States is the Mormon, "a name that carries a Bluebearded horror." About twenty-five years ago the first contingent of half a dozen families crossed the frontier into Canada. Now they hold the balance of power in Southern Alberta. The president of the church out-popes the Roman pope, and this complete surrender of personal liberty is as great a menace, if not more so, than polygamy, for it is the end of all free government—the confessed goal of Mormon effort.—Sel.

Mrs. Dismukes, a negress, chief laundress at Fisk University, has given a thousand dollars toward a music building for the university. For four years she has turned her monthly salary cheque back into the treasury of the institution to become a nucleus of a fund for putting up a music building.

THE FOREIGN MAIL BOX

From Avanigadda.

Avanigadda, Mar. 29, 1917.

My Dear LINK:—

If only I had time, and you room, for all the interesting things I might tell you of our work and our people! But, without losing any more time over preliminaries, let me tell you a little story, the development of which impressed me very much, and which I have long wanted to share with you.

In the early years of my work on the Vuyyura field, as it was then—part of it is now the Avanigadda field, you know—I used to come to Bordagunta and camp there. Among the school children there was one Nagabushnam, a very bright little fellow, whose parents were not Christians. He himself, quick and active, was a faithful attendant at Sunday School, and without doubt a little disciple of Jesus, for they told me that on one feast day he remained without eating all day long, because his mother had dedicated the food she cooked to the particular goddess of the day, and he wouldn't touch it! I knew him well. He was quite a little cavalier and, with two other boys, used to call at my tent for me on dark nights to take me to meeting, carrying my lan-

tern and picking out the best path for me. The years went on, and he grew into a young man, went to Bunder to study, and I rather lost sight of him. But in the meantime his mother's interest in the Gospel message grew, and she became a faithful and constant listener, and professed belief in Christ, but never would consent to be baptized, saying, "I can't come till my man comes. We must both come at once." Nothing would move her, and he showed no signs of "coming." This was the way matters stood when I left for my last furlough. She and I had become good friends, real intimate friends, and my last day in Bordagunta I said, "Boodamma, it would give me such joy to see you baptized before I go." She answered: "How can I grieve you, Amma, by not consenting? But how can I come before the man of the house comes?" And so I left her.

When I came back to India they told me that Boodamma was not yet baptized, and her "man" showed no more mind to "come" than he ever had; but Nagabushnam had decided to wait no longer, and had joined the church. He had also been married and had gone with his little bride away up country to the home mission field our Telugu