

tend school more than 100 days in the year. The girls so soon come to the age when they are considered too big to attend school, that one cannot help but wish that they might come regularly while they have a chance, and the early marriage custom usually brings their school days to an untimely end. In spite of these things, we are grateful to have the children under our influence in the school, and we believe many of them learn to love the Saviour, and serve Him truly all their lives. They get a real, and more or less connected knowledge of the Scripture truth, and a foundation is laid for a faith which often comes in later years. They are ready to receive visits from the Missionaries and Bible women wherever they chance to be located after their marriage,—their minds are freed from much of the superstition and fear that darken the minds of many of India's women—in short, the soil is at least prepared for the sowing of the seed.

In the village work this Quarter, I have met with one thing that is very encouraging; in our village audiences we have quite a proportion of men and boys. I often ask if they have ever heard the Gospel before, and if so, where? Very frequently the answer has been that they have heard the street preaching in Cocanada. The people from the near villages are constantly coming and going; how good it is to know that a seed of Truth is dropped here and there, and though the Evil One may carry some away, or the heart of the hearer may sometimes be barren, surely we can have faith to believe that some of these precious seeds are falling upon good ground to yield fruit unto Life Eternal.

This Quarter we received help from rather an unusual source. A bioscope so-journed for some weeks in our city. Usually on Sunday, but at some other times as well, pictures of the Passion Play were shown, and many people in the houses we visit, went to see them. During the days preceding Easter, we usually take as our theme the sufferings and death of our Saviour, and this year there were so many

who seemed to realize as never before how terrible it all was, because they had seen these pictures. Their hearts were touched as perhaps they never could be by any amount of word-picturing, and so even this, the Lord can use to His own praise and glory."

An extract from a letter written in March by Miss Wilson, at Peniel Hall Farm, Bolivia, will be of interest to Link readers. "We are having beautiful moon-light nights now, and a moon-light scene on Lake Titicaca is wonderful. When first I came to live amongst the Indians, I thought they all went to bed at sunset; but I find that at certain times of the year, the boys play outdoors in the moonlight until midnight. They delight in shouting, blowing bottles, etc., and since they have loud voices, and we sleep with the windows open, we hear all the noise.

We have another native worker with us this year. His name is Angel Medina. He gives us our Aymara lessons, helps with the teaching in the night school, preaches in the market place, etc. Perhaps you would be interested in a description of the market. The vendors, as well as the purchasers, are women and girls. The vendors sit in a long row by the roadside, with their wares arranged on a piece of native cloth in front of them. They have potatoes, beans and other products of their fields as well as matches, red peppers, thread and coca leaves. (The coca leaves are chewed, as some folks chew tobacco. It probably has no worse effect on the human system than tobacco has, and is no more offensive to other folks who do not use it.) Sometimes they display a certain kind of soil in powder and lumps of a brownish-red color, which they use to make sauce and gravy to eat with their potatoes. It may be good, but I prefer not to try it. All of these things are traded, mostly for fish. They prefer to trade for other products, and sometimes will not sell for money. We stand in the road for the services which we hold, the native preacher playing the guitar, while we all sing Aymara songs. Sometimes we