

The Work Abroad

CHRISTMAS IN INDIA AND IN BOLIVIA.

You will remember that Miss Hatch was one of the party who returned to India from furlough last Fall. Back to Ramachandrapuram, her heart full of joy at the thought,—all her many friends looking for her,—those of the Leper Homes doubtless counting the days until she might arrive,—and just at the Christmas season! Wouldn't that be a wonderful combination to make a happy "home-coming?" Listen to what she did after her arrival.

"I have seemed to be in a rush ever since I came. The Christmas festivities took up very much of my time. I had been given so many presents for lepers and for others, that I had quite a task to apportion them all. The Brandon young people gave me money to purchase gifts for all of the 38 people they represented in the big Pageant we had at the Convention. I gave mostly cotton blankets and skirts. Many other friends gave other gifts or feasts, so we had a great old glorious time altogether. The people here also have been roused to great interest in the Leper work and the lepers have had one feast after another, all of which I had to attend of course. Converted Kommas, mother and daughter, both widows, gave one. They are lovely people, especially the daughter, who can read well, and who enjoys Christian fellowship so much. Pray that she may be a great power for good among her own people. It was a beautiful ceremony on that beautiful canal on a quiet Sabbath morning when they put on Christ. Another feast was given by a robust farmer and his six sons and wife and daughters-in-law. They called us to their feast to a beautiful grove of trees lying near the Canal bank. Then still another feast was given by some Brahman friends of the Doctor, who called all the lepers in connection with the dedication of their new house. Quite a wonderful kindness."

But in India, as indeed often in Canada, there comes into joy a taste of bitterness. Miss Hatch concludes with this paragraph:—"I had met with nothing but smiles since I came and personally had seen and heard nothing about unrest except that I heard one little boy cry out once 'Ghandi ki jai'. But last Saturday and Sunday, January 28 and 29, made up for lost time, when people came into Ramachandrapuram by the thousands, accompanying those who were arrested, and singing and shouting and carrying big sticks the meanwhile. The crowd certainly looked rather formidable. If they had rioted I suppose we would have been perfectly helpless in their hands. We feel sometimes as if we were on the top of a volcano, not knowing what time it might burst forth. "We know not what awaits us, God kindly veils our eyes, but we know that our Redeemer liveth, and He is always at our right hand".

It is quite a far cry from Ramachandrapuram on the canal-bank, amid the flat fields where the rice grows luxuriantly, to Peniel Hall Farm on the shore of Lake Titicaca, away up in the world 2500 feet, and where the potato and barley flourish. Equally great is the contrast between the splendor, brown-faced Hindus with their Aryan features, and the sturdy impassive Aymara Indians on the Bolivian table-land. Take the jump in imagination, and as a reward for the mental gymnastic feat, you are to have the privilege of reading part of a private letter to friends from Miss Booker, written early in January.

"It is pretty well decided, I think, that I am to remain where I am. Believe me, I am glad. I am sure I should be happy wherever my work was, but I am glad it is to be in this beautiful spot. Only it certainly means a whole heap of work. I must just get down to Aymara in earnest,—and it is hard. There are several