

sit looking at one another, and scolding in harsh, shrill little voices, with their fluffy tails jerking up and down as they chatter. Here are some coming to peep in at the window. There is netting over all the windows to keep them out.

The squirrels are not the only people who live in the tree. There is a beautiful, brown, long-tailed magpie which sings such a pretty note. Now listen! do you hear a noise like a man hammering a brass pot? Well, that noise is made by a pretty little green woodpecker. It is called the "copper-smith" because of the noise it makes. There is another bird of which you will get very tired, because it sings up and down until it cannot go any higher or lower and then it starts again! Just look at those little tiny birds like big butterflies. Are they not pretty?

The banyan part of the tree has long roots like ropes hanging down from the branches. Here comes a little brown boy who lives in the compound. See, he is taking hold of two of the hanging roots as high as he can reach and, curling up his legs, begins to swing to and fro, to and fro. Surely his arms will get tired? Yes; there, he has had a tumble, but it was not far to fall, and he jumps up laughing and begins again. What was that? You want to go and swing too? Very well, off you run to play with the little brown boy.

He will be able to teach you many games you have never played before, and tell you stories about the trees, birds, and animals. You will find him quick in picking up your games, too, and altogether a very jolly companion.

—The Living Message.

DR. IDA SCUDDER

(Continued from page 54)

as a dispensary, the work begins. Fifty or sixty patients receive medicines, liniments or ointments as they require. A wonderful spirit of enthusiasm is displayed by the little band of workers, and so contagious is it that the Doctor has more than once been amused to find the dignified chauffeur applying ointment to a sore or rubbing liniment on a suffering back.

But the relief to the body is not the only thing considered. A little distance away in a shady spot the assistant has gathered around her the children of the party and tells them of Jesus and his love; and one by one, as the patients are dismissed by the Doctor, they gravitate to this spot quite as interested as the children in hearing the story and learning the hymns.

As soon as possible a start is made for the next stopping place. Here another crowd of forty or fifty patients, with a hundred and fifty friends, awaits the motor. At this spot a little shelter has been erected by the people for the Doctor to work in. Minor operations, such as the setting of fractures or opening boils, can be attended to in this shed, but anything more serious is taken in the car to Gudiyatam. Here every operation can be performed with deliberate care, and full instructions given for a week's treatment.

There is hardly time for a hurried lunch before the Doctor is off on her return trip. This time patients are seen who have come in from the other side of the road, for the work must be divided in some way. Three stops are made and it is eight o'clock and quite dark when they arrive home. Fourteen hours of nerve-exhausting work, during which forty-six miles have been covered by road and three hundred patients treated.

Can we fathom what it has meant to the women of India that Ida Scudder answered Christ's call and gave her life to their great need?

"Guide me to those who need my help,
Teach me to see their need,
That I may speak the word that cheers
And do the kindly deed.
And if the work Thou shalt appoint
Is what the world counts small,
Make me contented in my lot
And faithful in it all."—Missions

We should be glad to hear what some C. G. I. T. groups are doing for missions.—Ed.