

where we get a beautiful view of the sunsets. Our house is an old granary built over, or rather smoothed off inside and out with windows put in it. We had to help to do the papering and all the painting; but now that Miss Booker and I can both swing our arms at the same time without hitting one another, it is a great satisfaction. I had hoped that we might be able to have wooden floors, but the robbery of the Indians and the lawsuit in connection therewith has used up all the spare funds of the Society, so our floors throughout the house are nothing but mud.

You would be interested in seeing how we can cover them up. In one room we have khaki, and in another crude burlaps for a carpet. Of course carpet tacks will not stay long in mud, so we drove into the mud first, spikes from ten to twelve inches long and pounded the tacks into them. I smile when I think of people at home taking up their carpets to remove the dust from beneath them. The Indians are now white-washing the outside of the house, and we hope to get the doors and windows painted before Mr. Stillwell arrives. We have worked hard to make our surroundings comfortable and somewhat attractive, but it is well worth while. I know that some prominent missionaries of the past have not thought so, but I do. Compared with the homeland, our place is still very crude.

In November we took a holiday, having closed school the end of October. Of course you know we seek the valleys instead of the hills. I continue to receive letters sympathizing with me because of the heat; but the sympathy should be on account of the cold. We have very little summer weather throughout the year, and enjoy getting to a lower altitude, where we may wear thin clothes.

This year we went to a little town called Sorata, situated in a valley the other side of the mountains, about 40 miles from here. We made the journey on mule back, accompanied by a girl friend from the American Institute, La Paz. The Quakers are at work there, and are

preaching the gospel in a strong way. Their little meeting is usually filled with men and boys. A woman is rarely to be seen. The journey was tiresome and cold. Snow capped peaks are more attractive in the distance, than close at hand.

We decided to make the return trip, by the only other route possible, seven miles at each end by mule back, and the rest by auto.

We enjoyed the summer weather and the flowers of Sorata, but were glad to get home again to our little mud hut near the Lake. The Indians seemed glad to see us also, and the sick began immediately to come for treatments. The weather is very pleasant here now.

This week we are preparing a guest room in anticipation of Mr. Stillwell's visit.

Time seems to pass very quickly; but I do not like to think of returning for a long time, until I have seen some results of our efforts here. May the Lord of the Harvest reward us for His glory.

Let us pray earnestly for our pioneer worker in Bolivia.

M. E. H. in Tidings.

### Sunday Flags

Little white flags float over the houses of Korean Christians on Sunday, and show to the world where the Christians live and that it is a holy day.—Exchange.

"And is our best too much? O friends, let us remember

That once our Lord poured out His soul for us."

### Surprise

"O little bulb, uncouth,  
Rugged, and rusty brown,  
Have you some dew of youth?  
Have you a crimson gown?  
Plant me and see  
What I shall be—  
God's fine surprise  
Before your eyes!"