

these she wasn't satisfied. One of the bible-women had a good look in her little sacred room and I remained content with a look from a distance, although I was inquisitive to know more. I could see a sort of canopy and beneath pictures of gods.

One time when this elderly queen was being shown a picture, she asked the bible-woman if we would stay for a meal. As the bible-woman couldn't give a reply, a little later she asked me herself. It was nearly breakfast time then and how I wanted to stay! Who wouldn't enjoy the banquet of a queen? If I stayed I knew my cook at home would be alarmed so I had to decline. A lost opportunity.

She offered me milk, buttermilk and tea. Of course it isn't safe to take milk or buttermilk and I didn't want to stop to have them make tea. But I did bring back a present and this is how it came about. A few days before in another village we had seen an ash pumpkin. The women were telling me how good it was and I wanted to get one. Behind me on the veranda, I saw a big green vegetable, and turning to one of the women I asked if it were an ash pumpkin. Although she answered "No," just at that time the queen asked me if I would like it and of course I said "Yes", for we can always use vegetables. They seemed better satisfied that I accepted something; and you might be surprised to know that my cook made jam of it. Dr. Cook has sampled it and says it is good. When a doctor says so, it must be.

One time, when the queen thought that the bible woman was teaching a little too plainly, she decided that she would set forth a few of the Hindu view points and started to sing about a god. Each time she tried she only went just so far and had to stop. How a good laugh would have helped but I refrained and appeared not to have seen the joke.

Before we came away we gave the women some literature, chiefly women's magazines edited under missionary supervision. These magazines are equivalent to the "Ladies' Home Journal" with one section of religion. They were very delighted with our visit and

we will get a warm welcome when we return again I feel sure.

In closing I want to say don't forget Bimlipatam and it's workers. About eight miles out in a small village called Dakamarri, I have a little caste girls' school with twenty-three pupils. They have asked for clothes for Christmas but I have none to give to them. I hope to give them some dolls Mrs. Gullison left and some candy, the money for which a Sunday school in Nova Scotia sent. Don't you want to help with our Christmas treat next year with dolls, bags, cards, dresses or money?

Here in Bimlipatam we have a Sunday school with about two hundred in attendance. If the children in the small infant class numbering about forty don't get their little cards each Sunday, they won't attend nearly so regularly. You can encourage them by sending your used cards, marking them "Of no commercial value, via Pacific." Here are some more suggestions for you faithful helpers at home.

With New Years Greetings,

Sincerely yours,

Clara B. Hellyer.

THE PAISLEY MISSION BAND

The Paisley Mission Band held a very instructive and interesting entertainment in the Church on Monday evening, Jan. 5th. The program consisted of an address by our pastor, Missionary dialogues, recitations, readings, solos, chorus, giving an insight to the people of the great need for help in the different mission fields. We charged the small sum of ten cents, the proceeds amounting to twelve dollars and sixty-six cents. The Mission Band brought their offering in little colored bags and hung them on a tree while they sang "Gladly we come with our offering today." We feel repaid for the effort put forth, and trust and pray we may be of service for our King. I am real proud of my Band, of the interest and willingness shown to help on this worthy cause.

Mrs. F. S. MacLachlan, Leader.