

friends and said: "Why should you be troubled? Look how the lilies of the field grow. They do not work, and yet King Solomon in all his beautiful garments was never clothed like one of them. Do not be afraid. Your Heavenly Father knows quite well all you need. He cares for the lily, and He cares for you."

The lily waved her bright petals. How happy she was, for she had helped Jesus to say "God cares."

And now I am going to tell a wonderful, wonderful thing. If you will look into the face of a lily to-day, you will see the message still there: "God cares for you; He cares."

For No. 7.—Recitation.

AN EASTER TOKEN.

"Fresh from its brown and lowly bed
The Easter Lily lifts its head;
It tells me how the rain and light
Comes all the way from Heaven's height,
Down to its humble home on earth
And gives it every spring, new birth.
So Jesus with His heart of love,
Came all the way from heaven above;
Came down to live with men and die
That they might live with Him on high.
This fragrant flower, fair and white,
An emblem is of Easter life;
Its fragrance, shed so sweet and free,
Is like the Father's love for me.
This flower will fade and die some day,
But Jesus' love will live away."

For No. 8.

A number sing first and third lines.
All sing "Hallelujah!"

For No. 9.

Boy wearing cap with word "Postman"
brings mail in bag marked "Foreign
Mail."

Letters to be copied from the "Link,"
and addressed to selected members of
the Band, who have been allowed to
read them beforehand.

If curios can be procured, wrap them in
paper. These parcels are opened and
the contents described by the different
Band members to whom they are ad-
dressed.

For No. 10.—"Mission Easter Hymn."

(Tune: From Greenland's Icy Mountains.)

Lo, Christ the Lord is risen,

Our life, our righteousness,
He bursts the grave's dark prison,
He comes the world to bless.
Let us who see His glory,
So full of truth and grace,
Declare the Heavenly story
Of peace in every place.

FROM MISS LOCKHART

Vuyyuru, Nov. 25th, 1920.

Dear "Link" Boys and Girls:

Chiefly girls I do believe. In this coun-
try it is all boys, but in Canada it is often
the other way, "the girls have everything."
Did you ever hear a boy say that? Well,
perhaps, the boys will have a share in this
letter later on. But do any of you girls
know how to make patch-work? Once,
oh! it would seem to you a very long time
ago, I learned to do that. If you have not
done so, what do you do with the pieces
from all your pretty frocks? Do you know
that the Bible women in Vuyyuru (that
you pronounce by saying We and you
and end with oo!)—well, do you know
that they have been asking me for quilts,
and I have to say, "None have come from
Canada."

And here is where the boy's part comes
in. Do the girls in Canada know about
geography? Not many Indian girls do.
Perhaps, the girls will say, "Why India is
such a hot country that people could just
go in their skin, only they cover up so
that the sun cannot scorch them too
much." And then the boys will be able to
tell the girls that, when the earth is tip-
ped away from the sun, from the first of
November along towards March, the noon-
day sun is still very hot, but that at night,
it becomes very cool, and that the Indian
people put on blankets or heavy coverings
and go around all huddled up in the early
mornings. Even the missionaries, who
so often would love to awake from a nice
dream and find themselves really coasting
down hill, have to cover themselves with
a quilt or light blanket at this season.

And so, if either boys or girls have any
pieces of either cotton or woollen, they
might have a rollicking time some day
piecing them together for quilts. Think
how happy the people here would be to get

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