

give to our God? Give all we are, and all we hope to be. Invest every talent in His service, and God will use us, and make our influence widen till it reaches eternity.

Sarah Stuart Barker,
Secretary for Bands.

Mrs. G. W. Barker,
35 Charlotte St.,
Brantford, Ontario.

LETTER FROM MISS PRIEST.

Tuni, Godaveri Dist.
India, Sept. 15, 1913.

Dear Young Friends,—It has occurred to me that you might be interested in hearing about some of the little creatures that have been teasing me lately.

The trees near my bungalow are a fine play place for the chipmunks, and, if they would only be content to enjoy them, I would have no quarrel with them, but they have taken to hunting round in my house for something nice and soft to build their nests with. At one time, it was the cotton stuffing of my lounge, and another time they took a notion to the edge of a woollen rug on the floor. The pattern of the edge of it is quite changed, and I have had to hide it away in a box. On account of the springs rusting the mattress on my bed, a piece of coarse sacking was tied over them. I used to wonder what little chippy was up to around my bed. Several times, on coming into the room, he would dart out so hurriedly, and one day, while resting at noon, didn't he climb up and run around underneath the springs! That was getting too bold, but a few days after, we found out that the canvas under the mattress was just the thing he wanted for his nest! Besides making itself quite at home in this way, as well as helping itself to a banana or anything else it could reach, it would bring its caums around at noon-time, when I would be trying to rest, and chatter away at a great rate on the verandah beam, while the crews sat on

the branches close by, and tried to make more noise than the chippies.

At night, after all gets quiet in the bungalow, the soonsoos begin to enjoy life by running from one room to another along by the walls, making a soft "chip, chip" noise as they go. They are timid little things, smaller than a rat and larger than a mouse and can scent (f) the whole house. And what a wee crack they can squeeze through, too! We had such trouble to keep them out of my cupboard, until we put wire netting over the sides. Lately some rats chose to enjoy some kind of games in my sitting-room about midnight. The floor is covered with bamboo matting, and what a noise they made! And sometimes they would come dashing alongside of my bed, and wouldn't I jump up in a hurry. A trap has helped to break up their fun. The big bats are busy at night and the flap of their wings in the verandahs and sometimes in the room, often wakes me up, and what do you think, the other night I was awakened by some thing moving about under my head, and out flew a bat, which had chosen to rest on the springs of my bed.

Not long ago, while preparing for bed, I saw something running along the floor near me. It was a scorpion, and you can be sure it did not run any further.

Last night, after going to bed, I heard something near my window, which I soon recognized as donkeys. At once, I thought of my little garden, and knew, if those donkeys were not driven out, there would be damage done before morning, so up I got after them. The washermen keep these donkeys to carry big bundles of clothes to the place where they wash them, and also big bundles of wood. These poor little donkeys are very useful to them, but they do not take any care of them, and at night turn them out to wander about and pick up what they can.

Don't think, from this, that we are kept awake all night, by any means. These are just a few little experiences that I thought the boys and girls would be interested in.

Your loving friend,
Eliza Priest.