

Anna Amma that she and John were going to be married, and go out together to the villages to teach their people how to live as Christ would have them, and be well and happy.

Then the dread influenza broke out in the school, and in the anxiety and constant care, the day set for the wedding drew nearer and no one thought about it. Apparently Surgana did not think of it, for she went about giving medicines and soothing aching heads day and night, with no preparations for a wedding.

Suddenly, when everyone was out of danger and there was time for relaxation, Anna Amma remembered the wedding day only three days away. Surgana was hustled off to the bazar with its rows of tiny booths—baskets, mats, jugs, dried fish, red peppers and yards of cloth all hung up in the open—to buy material for her wedding clothes. The two or three who were strong enough helped to cut them out and begin the sewing. The morning of the wedding day came and the garments were rushed to a tailor to be finished.

A bell rang, a warning that there was only a half hour before the hour appointed, and the garments had not come home. A small boy was sent running to the tailor for the clothes. He did not return, so the cook was sent after the small boy and the clothes. Some of the nurses at the hospital were waiting for the carriage to take them over to the wedding, and the horseman did not appear. Going to investigate they found the tailor, the small boy, the cook and their horse-keeper all sitting on the back veranda of the hospital, sewing for dear life to finish Surgana's wedding clothes. At five minutes before the hour, the cook came running as fast as his legs would carry him, his arms full of white garments flying out behind him in the breeze. Ten min-

utes later Surgana was led to the altar as sweet a little bride as loving hearts and hands have ever helped in all the world.

The last guests had gone and the house was quiet. Anna Amma stepped out on the upper veranda and sat down to rest on the broad railing. A full moon was just rising high enough to throw the long shadows of the palm trees on the white stucco of the walls. The air was vibrant with the sound of tom toms and bells, for a heathen festival was being celebrated in the village that day. Suddenly from the distance came the clear notes of a flute in one of the sweetest songs of all the earth, "Nearer, My God to Thee." Near at hand was the gaudy procession with its weird cries and ignorant superstitions, the life of India today; but drawing nearer day by day was the spirit of Christ, typified by the clear call of the flute, and by the happy face of the bride who had just gone out to carry the message to her people in India.

—Missions.

#### TREASURER'S REPORT FOR MARCH

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Calvary, Golden Rule Class \$30; Young Women's Circle Rally, Toronto \$8.60; Mrs. R. R. Johnson \$30; London Talbot St. "Builders" for student \$17; Miss Abbie Garbutt for Miss Priest's car \$2.50; Mrs. W. C. Dennis (personal Miss-Priest) \$25; Miss Mary G. Buchan (student) \$12.50; Legacy, late Miss Hannah G. Rowland \$62.50.

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"Truly our giving is the straight measure of our Christianity."