

hardly know it for the same place, and the children were very much pleased with their bags of sweets and balls, tops, and mouth organs,—and as for the girls,—they hugged their dolls as though they would never part from them."

Let us not fail to remember Miss Booker in prayer,—that in all her plans for leaving her work, and in all her plans for coming on furlough to the dear home and friends, she may be guided and kept well and in safety.

CHRISTMAS AT CHICACOLE

By Miss Archibald

This was the easiest Christmas I ever spent in India. In olden days the missionaries took the responsibility re decorating the tree, selecting the presents and arranging the feast, but this year a Church Committee was formed with Dr. K. R. Choudhari as chairman and the missionaries were invited as guests. The chairman collected 1/16 of each Christian's income (2 to 5 dollars) for one month. With this fund the feast was prepared. On the verandah of the church the leaf plates were arranged and we all sat cross-legged on the floor. The rice curry and pappu and charu were delicious. The Excise Inspector and his family were also invited. They came thinking there would be table and cutlery provided for them. They refused to sit and eat Indian fashion. "Why," I said: "We missionaries can eat the Indian way. Can you not? Were you not born in this country?"

"Oh yes," he said, "but long since we have adopted the English custom re eating, etc." So this Indian Christian and his wife and five children sat apart while we enjoyed the feast. They had to wait still longer to see the Christmas tree. Just as the doors were to be thrown open for view, lo! the tree fell face down! They had placed it in a big barrel. Soon ropes were brought and it was tied into position. How beautiful it looked and how the children danced around for joy. Five costumed persons gave great amusement by their songs.

Old Santa Claus looked very wintry with his big coat and white flowing beard. The

parents were supposed to bring presents for their children. I fear some did not do so. The missionaries always saw that every child got something, but some were disappointed this time.

The church decorations were exquisite, the paper chains and flags and roses and balloons and streamers. Around the gas light was an artistic shade spelling out the words, "A merry Christmas."

The church was packed. In the very back seat were several Hindu ladies and their children. One had written a letter in the afternoon saying, "May I come to the celebration in honor of the birth of Christ? I want to say a few words". Toward the close of the meeting I went back and said, "Amma, will you say a few words now?" "Oh no, no" she said, "I could not with all those Hindu men there. Please ask them to go." "I could not do that," I said.

We stood up to sing the doxology. Lo! the Hindu men went out in a body. I whispered to the pastor to ask the Christians to sit. Then this Hindu lady came to the front with another woman and said: "I was very sick, Jesus cured me; I love Him and pray to Him. I wish you to pray." The pastor prayed for her and her family of six children. Then she felt in her waist line (the Hindus roll their money in their clothes and tuck it in at the waist) and took out five rupees. Her woman attendant also gave a gift. The Hindu lady Ammana gave five rupees. She is the widow of the high caste man who wrote a beautiful poem on the Life of Christ. She and her large family all secretly believe. The married daughter said the other day, "Oh that we had become out and out Christians. My husband's people have no sympathy with the Christian religion, and they do not wish me to sing the Christian songs."

Who was the woman who wrote the letter asking to come? She is the wife of our Sanitary Inspector and belongs to a caste that always keeps the women secluded. So this woman showed great courage. She was bound to acknowledge Jesus, but she could not do it before the Hindu men. She did not fear our Christians. When the men all went out in a body it seemed like a miracle and the Lord