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THE GIRLS' SCHOOL, COCANADA

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As the lady missionary rose to go after telling the Gospel story to a group of eager listeners in a caste home, they begged her to stay longer. Gladly would she have done so, but there were other homes to visit, and the day was wearing on. "Amma," they said, "will you not come again next week?" Receiving a negative answer, they urged her to come next month, to come in three months. The missionary sadly explained that she could not come again until next year. "Not until next year! Oh, Amma!" they say, "you have told us good words to-day, but how can we remember a whole long year? Before you come again we may die, or have to go away. If you can't come, why don't you send your Biblewoman to teach us, and then we can learn and believe about your God, your Jesus." With heavy heart, the missionary must tell them she has no Biblewoman to send, and then she must go to house after house and have this scene repeated during her tour until her sad spirit cries out and questions within her, "Why have we not sufficient Biblewomen to give these people more than a passing glimpse of the Light? How can one hour's teaching counteract 365 days of idolatry and vice? How can they learn and believe?"

The missionary and his helpers had been preaching for the first time in a large village. The men and women of the lower classes had listened closely, and quite a number had remained to question. The next evening they came with a request for a teacher and his

wife to live among them, teach the children during the day and the fathers and mothers at evening time, when the work was done. Here was a good opening, a people friendly and even keen for a Christian teacher. What would the missionary do for them? He must do just what he has to do again and again during his tours, and that is, tell them as kindly as he can that there are no teachers to give them. And the knowledge of another lost opportunity to enter an open door adds its ache to the already overburdened spirit.

The kind Father inclined the hearts of the Ranees and Rajah towards our work, and now we have, as you know, a good home for native nurses, which is large enough to accommodate from twenty to thirty girls at one time. We have two trained nurses, and the last I heard, two or three in training. Why are there not more? We have not as yet enough girls with sufficient education to take the nurse's full course, because much of this must be in English. Do I hear someone asking, "Are there no girls to come and prepare in the schools for Biblewomen, teachers, nurses, etc.?" Oh, yes, there are far more girls than we can receive.

Here is another picture of disappointed hopes that occurs again and again on field after field. But the school-mistress does not often see it, because the children are chosen or rejected by the missionary at his station. After the holidays the girls from one field had been coming in by twos and threes. School had been started some two weeks when two mothers with two little girls appealed to me with a note from the