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Editorial.

We hear that Mrs. McLeod is improving in health.

Mrs. H. M. N. ARMSTRONG, who has been visiting Canada for a few weeks, writes as she is about to leave for Burmah:—

"I turn my face Eastward, full and satisfied with the pleasant days the Master has given—my holiday.

"Few have realized, as I have come and gone from their homes, what it meant to me to take up for a little while the old way and walk in the old paths and share in the Canadian home-life. It is not for me—shall I say the Lord having reserved some better thing for me? Yes, better for me.

"I go back to my work refreshed and strengthened, ready for what lies beyond—all the Master shall give His servant to do."

We have pleasure in calling attention to an interesting letter from Mr. Morse concerning the baptism of a man of the goldsmith caste, whose cousin was baptized a year or two ago. This letter appeared in the *Messenger and Visitor*. Another letter tells of the baptism of the new convert's wife. The names of this new couple are Soorynarayana, a short form of which is Soorana, and Ramayamma. After her baptism, they returned to their village, where Somalingam received them into his home. Soorana's father was sick, but his mother and eldest brother visited them, cried, scolded and went home. In a few days Ramayamma's mother and eldest sister arrived from their village, full of wrath and lamentation. Mr. and Mrs. Morse went to Polepilly and stayed there seventeen days, devoting much of their time to the converts. Somalingam's wife had become deeply interested, and appeared to be set on becoming a Christian. The eldest brother and his wife seemed to be moved as never before, and Mr. and Mrs. Morse came to the conclusion that the latter is a believer. The closing paragraph of Mr. Morse's letter is as follows: "Last Saturday, Somalingam and Soorynarayana came to Binli with shining faces and stayed over Sunday. They say that Ramayamma is growing in grace, and every leisure moment she wants to be learning more of Christ. Polepilly has become a sweet name to us. The air seems full of invisible bells, ringing chimes of hope." Let us rejoice with Mr. and Mrs. Morse and pray for Polepilly.

GIRLS' BOARDING SCHOOLS—DO THEY PAY?

Miss Hatch has six regular workers who are "a success," and some of them "a great success" in their work—all school girls.

Miss Simpson's workers are all boarding school girls, except Miriam, and of course the Eurasian helpers.

Miss Priest has five workers, of which two are school girls, and these two the best.

Miss McLaurin has four Bible-women, of whom two are school girls, and one of these her very best worker—her "right hand."

Miss Stovel has three workers, full graduates of girls' schools.

Dr. Smith has two girls, from the old Tuni school, at work on his field.

And what about their usefulness as wives and mothers—their influence in the villages where they live? A missionary wrote: "You cannot tell, because you have never experienced it, how refreshing it is to come to a village where lives a woman who is an old 'school girl,' after seeing other villages that cannot boast of such an ornament. The lone school girl in the village always has her hair combed and her hands and face, at least, clean, and wears decent—if not new or fine—clothing. She has some manners. Her house is clean, so are her children. She does not use foul language, and is known as the 'singer of hymns.' It is quite likely she has taught the ignorant Christian women around here some hymns and told them all they know of Bible stories.

"When you come to her village, she greets you with a radiant face, takes you to her house, seats you on her little veranda, gathers your audience—Christian or heathen for you, helps you sing, keeps the women in order, supplements your lesson to the women by helpful explanations or comments, gives you a helping hand when you get stranded in Telugu (if you are new), and in a thousand little ways helps you immeasurably."

We say, God bless our school girls, God bless Miss Baskerville in her work of training them. The missionary counts every girl who goes to her from the school as "another hand" in the work—a veritable treasure.

MISS HATCH writes: "The cuts in the estimates this year are making awfully hard times all around. This, together with the impending famine, is making pretty serious business. It is hard to cut down or cut off our workers at any time, but to cut them off in time of famine means simple cruelty."