

THE MISSION CIRCLES.

A WORD FOR ONTARIO WEST FROM THE PRESIDENT.

Dear Sisters:—

Our missionary year is about half over—six months till the next Convention. It might be well at this time to take stock and see just where we stand with reference to our Foreign Mission responsibilities.

We expect to welcome home this spring Mrs. Craig, Mrs. Clark Timpany, the Misses Craig, Miss Selman and Miss Findlay. Miss Zimmerman has become Mrs. Cross, and dear Miss Corning has died at her post. The workers in India beg us to send at least four new lady missionaries this fall in order that we may hold just our own. More and more caste women are asking to be taught of Jesus Christ and His Gospel, and more and more children are willing to attend our schools. Will the members of our Circles seriously consider what answer we are to give to our faithful band in India?

The Women's Foreign Missionary Board has reached a crisis in its history. It is obliged to report, at the end of the first six months of the year, a deficit. In the face of this most serious condition, two bright young girls, both university graduates, both at present teaching in High Schools, have come forward and are ready to go to India this fall. Women of our Circles, what answer must we give to these earnest young workers?

What can your Board do when funds are lacking?

We know there is some reason in this falling off in our gifts. War is waving over us his blood-red banner, and we feel impelled to help in patriotic work. With our boys in the firing line, it is only right that we should help, give and work for our suffering country. If Germany were to win this war, where would all our missionary work be? Ask Belgium! Ask Poland! Ask Serbia!

Canada is prosperous in its many war-time enterprises. Money is not scarce. Can we not be big enough to keep our missionary interests going and help our warring country as well? We must try to remember that, by and by, the war will end. When that happy

day comes, how grand if we Baptist women could say: "We have helped our country right royally; we have given our money, our personal help, our sons; but we have also kept our missionary fires burning, and, even in the din of worldly warfare, have not forgotten the marching orders of the King of Kings."

Women of the Circles, shall we or shall we not send this much-needed help to India? If every member took a hand we could do so. Shall we not try?

F. L. FIRSTBROOK.

AN INVESTMENT.

The following is a synopsis of an address delivered in St. Petersburg, Fla., by Miss Butler, a missionary from India. The story was so inspiring and the message so appropriate to the work we do, that Miss Fox very kindly sent it for our encouragement and inspiration.

A number of years ago a woman, whose heart was touched by appeals for famine sufferers in India, made a pledge of twenty dollars a year for the support of a child in the Orphanage.

Among those who came daily to the Mission station for their few grains of rice was a woman who carried in her arms a tiny form, whose little life was almost gone from starvation. When the missionary told the mother that she would take the little girl and give her all she wanted to eat every day she willingly signed the papers and released her.

With careful feeding the child came to be a plump, normal baby. Then the mother, who came to see her frequently, wanted her baby back again, but, of course, could not have her until she had been educated. She stormed as only a woman with such an evil nature can, for she was a very bad woman. Added to her other vices, she took the "Christians' drink," whiskey, which, in the eyes of the Hindus, is the lowest depth to which a woman can fall. One day, when the child was three years and a half old, while the mother was visiting her, she said, "My child, my heart is so hungry for you, I cannot live without you." "But," said the child, "what will you do later?" The mother, not understanding her, asked what she meant,