

few women to meet and organize the two Women's Societies. And what a blessing that has been to us and how many Telugus we have been able to help. It was Mr. Timpany who persuaded Mrs. Froeland to publish the Missionary Link, and how could we have kept up our Circle and Band without it.

HIS WORK IN COCANADA.

Fourth—In 1878 Mr. Timpany returned to India and took charge of the Cocanada field while Mr. McLaurin came to Canada for a rest. And there he labored incessantly for over six years. The year 1885 is the darkest in the history of our Mission. For years before the five missionaries on the field had sent message after message home asking for more workers, but none were willing to go. So Mr. Timpany saw the mission house at Tuni closed and Mr. and Mrs. Currie leave for Canada. The mission house at Akidn closed and Mr. Craig with his little motherless girl leave for Canada. Mr. McLaurin prostrated with fever go on board a vessel bound for Rangoon. With only Mrs. Timpany, Mrs. McLaurin and Miss Frith to help him, Mr. Timpany sought to oversee this great field. On Sunday, the 15th of March, he preached on "Jesus," and as he spoke of His beauty and the glories of heaven, he exclaimed in a state of rapture, "Sun of my soul." Five days later the veil that prevented the full view of the Sun was taken away, and he saw Him in all His glory. He took the cholera and after a short illness the spirit left the poor tired body. Then three women stood in the Mission house at Cocanada and cried to God for help.

Leader—It was with a very gentle voice that God called Mr. Timpany to Himself, but it was with the voice of a trumpet that He spoke to the churches in Canada, and after that there was no lack of men and women willing to go on Foreign service. During the next five years five men and their wives and six single women were added to the Mission staff.

AMELIA MUIR.

Montreal, Jan., 1899.

(The next Mission Band lesson will be on Tuni.)

GODAVEY DIST., INDIA.

Dear Young People:—Had you been present at the Telugu Baptist Chapel on the morning of Sunday, October 16th, you would have been much interested. It was Sunday School Day, and instead of the regular church service, a children's service was held. All the workers in the native Sunday Schools united to make this service a memorable one, and were busy until late on Saturday night making necessary preparations. The children were interested, I can testify, for I spent some time one day searching in boxes, among old clothes and scraps of cloth for pieces large enough to make new garments for two little boys, who wanted to look "like other boys" on that day.

At 8 o'clock the children of the different Sunday Schools in town began to arrive, each school marching in a body and carrying a banner. These banners, the work of the teachers, were made of kindergarten paper, in various designs, each bearing a text. Some were very

elaborate indeed, all were pretty, and one, heart-shaped, bearing the text, "My son, give me thy heart," in gilt letters on a red background, was particularly striking.

The children literally "had the floor." As they arrived, the children were seated upon the floor, each Sunday School in its allotted place, until, with the exception of a space at the rear occupied by grown people, the floor was covered with children.

At 8.30 the service was begun. As called upon, each school arose, sang a hymn and repeated in unison the text inscribed on its respective banner. The singing was hearty, if not always melodious.

One lone banner and sad-faced teacher indicated that one Sunday School had not materialized. When the teacher went early in the morning to bring his children, he was met by suspicious parents, who angrily accused him of coming to kidnap their children, and ordered him to be gone. The children, having been frightened by their parents, were no where to be seen, so there was nothing for the teacher to do but sorrowfully retrace his steps, which he did, followed by some of the angry crowd, who continued to abuse him.

Of course no program is complete without a speech or two, and so we had some addresses. Miss Baskerville gave an interesting ten-minute talk on the "Feeding of the Five Thousand," illustrating by means of a picture and some real loaves and fishes. Jesus was spoken of as the "Bread of Life," and the little boy who gave so willingly to feed the hungry people was held up as an example to Sunday School children to pass on to others what they learn in the Sunday School. The Superintendent spoke briefly, urging upon the parents the importance of sending their children to the Sunday School. I also had the precious privilege of urging the children to give their hearts to Jesus. After speaking of the gifts of the wise men to the child Jesus, I showed the children a brass plate containing rice, plantains (bananas), camphor, frankincense, a red powder, saffron, a woman's cloth, etc., the usual offerings to the goddess, and asked them if those were what Jesus wished them to give Him. They replied that Jesus wished them to give Him their hearts.

There was singing, with violin accompaniment, by N. Abel, one of the teachers, but the part of the program most appreciated by many of the children was a hymn entitled, "Jesus Standing at the Door." This was sung by Pastor Jonathan, who had felt almost too ill to be present, but after coming had been prompted to sing this touching hymn, which deeply affected some of the children.

And thus ended a most interesting service. May those young lives be dedicated to His service. There were present 400, of whom 340 were children.

Asking the prayers of all who read this on behalf of our Sunday School work in Cocanada, I am

Yours in His service,

A. MURRAY.