

## The Young Women

Cocanada, November 27, 1922

And so this is India! How good it is to be here—to really see this land about which we have heard so much!

Bombay boasts many beautiful buildings fashioned after European style, yet distinctly eastern. Among them is the Anglican Cathedral seating fifteen hundred people, where we enjoyed a beautiful service in English. In the places of most responsibility in banks and railroad offices are very clever, well-bred Indians. But it is startling to observe that, in spite of their high education, their foreheads are adorned with colored markings signifying that they have that day performed worship to this or that Hindu god. Or perhaps they wear the hoof-shaped cap of the fire-worshipping Parsi. And in the native quarters the people live like ants in an ant-hill, amid such filth and such odours! Ugh! Such is Bombay.

The journey across country took two days and a half. From three-thirty in the morning till two-thirty in the afternoon of one day a Hindu widow entertained us by reading aloud from one of their sacred books, and crooning sacred songs. Poor old soul! Probably she expected this to gain merit to counteract the sin which caused her husband's death. There was also a Purdah woman, closely veiled. The Western Khats were beautiful. Before the end of the first day they were far behind. Then came mile upon mile of scorching, rocky desert of the central plains. The eastern coast, however, was rejoicing in a cyclone. Rivers everywhere were overflowing, and still the rain fell in torrents. The flat country along the sea shore experienced a tidal wave to which many a little thatched-roof mud hut fell victim. A rather stormy reception, was it not, after such a long journey?

But here, at last, is Cocanada. The

service in the Telugu church on Sunday morning was very interesting. The men sat on one side and the women on the other. The boarding school girls were in a group and led the singing. The sermon was preached by the Indian pastor. Afterward eighteen adults were baptized. The stone baptistry is outside the front of the church. Many passers-by crowded along the fence or came inside to see. It was an impressive ceremony and a joy to attend.

The women were very friendly and crowded around to say "Salaam" and shake hands with the new "missammagaru." But oh! the helplessness of being dumb! They were very considerate, however, and smiled most cordially. So here's to language study!

A. Pearl Scott

"But since to human hands like ours  
Thou hast committed work divine,  
Shall not our eager hearts make haste  
To join their feeble powers to Thine?  
To word and work shall not our hands  
Obedient move, nor lips be dumb,  
Lest, through our sinful love of ease,  
Thy kingdom should delay to come."  
—Life and Light.

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