

MISSION STUDIES, NO. 8.

A TRIP TO COCANADA.

WILL THE boys and girls who attend our Mission Bands take a mind journey with me for 11,000 miles, and visit India? Each one who is ready for such a trip, get your geography, sit down by the window, and look out the places as we talk about them.

Starting from Quebe we take a steamer for Liverpool and after eight or nine days on the ocean are very glad to be in England. Here we will rest for a few days, then take another steamer, sail through the English Channel and Bay of Biscay. Here we go through the famous Strait of Gibraltar into the tideless Mediterranean Sea. Now each day will bring new sights to us. At Port Said, one gets a fair picture of eastern life and customs, meeting Egyptians, Jews, Arabians, Hindus, Chinese, and many other strange people. We sail into the Suez canal, 20 miles long, and pass ships of many nations. As we enter the Red Sea the heat becomes more intense. We realize a little of what our missionaries endure year after year. Very different from the health-giving climate of Canada. Now through the Strait of Bab-el mandeb into the Arabian Sea and Indian Ocean, pass the famous Island of Ceylon. Then we enter the Bay of Bengal and land at Madras, one of the chief cities of India. Here we see the people of that land in native costume, hear them speak, but cannot understand a word. We visit Miss Day, daughter of the first American Telugu missionary, in the new building of the American Baptist Mission, hear her tell of her Zenana work among the women in their homes, see her school for caste-girls, and the earnest Bible women starting out on their journey through the neighboring villages. We must visit the grave of Mrs. Drake. Many of us knew and loved her in Canada as Miss Alexander. You have read in the LINK of her devoted life and sudden death. So weary, and yet teaching God's truths to the needy heathen until within a few hours of her death. Then God gave his beloved sleep.

But we are still two days distant from Cocanada and are anxious to reach that city, where Rev. Mr. McLaurin founded our Canadian Baptist Mission in 1874, and gave many of the best years of his life to supply its needs. Here too, Rev. Mr. Timpany lived, labored so earnestly, and died; his last service being for the girls of India. As we visit the different mission buildings we realize that "his works do follow him." We see another grave in this consecrated ground: that of Rev. Mr. Currie, whose life we shall study when we visit Tuni. Here, too, the first wife of Rev. Mr. Craig, of Akidu, lies asleep in Jesus. Her unselfish, consecrated life still speaks to us. Josiah Burder, the native preacher, lies near by. One precious memory we have of him is his saying to Mrs. McLaurin one evening, "My rice never tastes sweet to me at night unless I have told somebody of Jesus during the day."

Here we are at the Mission House where Mr. and Mrs. Davis give us a hearty welcome. The new missionaries find a pleasant home with them while studying the Telugu language. We hear him tell of the successful year's work among these people, and of his joy at welcoming others who will help him save these perishing heathens. We visit the Zenana Home and see Misses Simpson and Baskerville who have taken up the work which was begun by Miss Frith, our first lady missionary. After five years of service in that far off land her health failed and she had

to return home. Many of us have heard her plead earnestly that more helpers be sent to aid in this great work, and our hearts grow warm as she tells us of things she has seen and heard in India.

Here is the Matron's Home and girls' quarters. We see them busy preparing their rice, and hear them singing songs of Jesus their Saviour. Let us follow these girls into the comfortable building on the mission compound, known as the "Girls' Boarding School." It was built by Mr. Timpany in 1879, and for twelve years has been doing good service for the Master. Girls who attend this school learn to be better wives and mothers than most of the women of India. They learn many things besides lessons from books. Miss Baskerville is the head teacher, and has three native teachers under her. In 1890 there were 31 boarders part of the time, and 26 scholars. Boys are admitted as day scholars. There were 23 of these. The older girls after studying the Bible themselves in the morning, assist in teaching the junior Bible classes in the afternoon under Miss Baskerville's supervision. They also go with Miss Simpson and her Bible women and visit some of the Zenanas, and on Sundays teach in the different Sunday schools. A class of those who wish to become village teachers or Bible women receives special care. Girls from the Tuni and Akidu schools are sent to this class. Miss Baskerville also gives them sewing lessons. The girls do not have to consult fashion books as much as our girls in Canada do, for they all wear the same style of dress all the time. It is neat, pretty and easily made. On Easter Sunday, Miss Baskerville tells us that four of the girls were baptized on giving satisfactory evidence of their faith in Christ. Nearly all of the girls are Christians now or desiring to become such. Let us thank God for the good done by this school, and pray for His blessing on it this year also.

And this is the Rest House where our sick missionaries from other stations come when in need of a physician, for Cocanada is the only one of our mission stations where a doctor's services can be secured. We see the great need of medical missionaries, and rejoice to know that Miss McDonald will soon be ready to start for India to engage in that work.

Here is the Chapel School House where so many natives have laid aside their idols for the one true God. How Mr. Timpany rejoiced when it was ready for use, and what joy there has been in Heaven over the many souls "born again" within its walls.

We must not forget to visit the English Chapel built in 1880, and where our new missionaries can at once begin to preach Christ to the English-speaking people of Cocanada. Here, too, Miss Folsom had her school, and here many Bible women received their first training.

But we must say good bye to Cocanada and next month will visit Sanulcoita Seminary.

SISTER BELLE

IF I WERE A BOY.

BY BISHOP J. H. VINCENT.

IF I were a boy with my man's wisdom, I should eat wholesome food and no other, And I should chew it well and never "bolt it down." I should eat at regular hours, even if I had to have four regular meals a day. I should never touch tobacco, chewing gum or patent medicines; never once go to bed without cleansing my teeth; never let a year go by without a dentist's inspection and