

Canadian Missionary Link

Gardner, Mrs. John G.

XLVIII.

WHITBY, OCTOBER, 1925

No. 2

ONTARIO WEST CONVENTION St. Thomas, November 11 & 12

ONTARIO EAST First Church, Ottawa, October 14 & 15

WILL YOU BE THERE?

When you go will you concentrate? "Do yourself what you think the whole body of delegates ought to do. Be in your own place, ready to use your own wits to make the occasion a success and your presence of value. Go with an open mind so as to get the benefit of what other women think. Bring back a message that will pay your Circle for sending you. It is your business to "stop, look, listen," to begin at the beginning and stay to the end. Try to carry back a message that will kindle in the women who did not go a spark of that electric enthusiasm which comes from the endeavor, hand in hand and heart to heart, to do in the very best possible way a big piece of worth-while work."

"On being a delegate."

E. ELLIOT.

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WHITBY, OCTOBER, 1925

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CONVENTION NOTICES

Women's Convention of Ontario West at
St. Thomas, Centre Street Church.

Foreign Mission Day, Thursday, November
12th, 1925.

Delegates.

The Constitution of each Society allows the following:

Each Circle is entitled to two delegates for a membership of twenty or less; for each additional twenty, one delegate. These delegates must be full members of the Society. That is either Life Members or contributors of at least one dollar a year. Each Young Women's Circle is entitled to the same representation. Each Mission Band has the right to send one delegate over fifteen years of age. All are invited to attend the meetings and may take part in the discussions, but only delegates, officers, members of the Board and life members of the Society, are entitled to vote.

The following members of the Board retire this year, but are eligible for re-election: — Mrs. R. J. Marshall, Mrs. W. R. Henderson, Mrs. S. S. Bates, and Mrs. H. Firstbrook, of Toronto; Mrs. C. N. Mitchell, Mrs. J. H. Hendry, and Mrs. H. F. Veals, of Hamilton; Miss Anna Moyle, of Richmond Hill.

Nominations in writing may be sent to the Recording Secretary of the Board, also, opportunity will be given at the Convention meeting to make open nominations.

E. M. Inrig,
Recording Secretary.

September 7th, 1925.

34 Alvin Ave., Toronto 5.

BILLETS

The Convenor of the Billet Committee of the Convention Church is Miss Emily Crisp, 164½ Wellington St., St. Thomas. She asks that names of delegates sure of attending Convention should be sent in early.

CONVENTION RAILROAD RATES

If certified attendance is 150 or more—Fare for return trip will be one half of the regular one way first-class fare, plus 25 cents.

If certified attendance is 149 or less—Four fifths of the one way regular first-class fare plus 25 cents.

Those attending Convention must purchase one way regular first-class ticket (fare for which must not be less than seventy five cents) to place of meeting (or to nearest Junction point if through ticket cannot be obtained) and secure certificate to that effect on Standard Certificate Form from the ticket agent at time of purchase of ticket, which must be handed in at the certificate table immediately upon arrival at Centre St. Church, St. Thomas.

Tickets may be purchased three days prior to meetings and are good for return three days after. *Don't fail to get your certificate.*

Lillie Senior,
Trans. Sec.

TO THE TREASURERS OF ONTARIO WEST AND OTHERS

Please note that the General Treasurer's books close on October 15th. Circles and Bands should close their books on October 10th and then promptly forward all money on hand to the Treasurer, Mrs. W. H. Pier-sol, 35 Dunvegan Rd., Toronto.

This year our obligations are enormous. The estimates were much larger than usual, necessarily so, and the exchange amounting to about two thousand has been added since these large estimates were made up. The Jubilee money, five thousand, has all been sent in. For the most part this has been given over and above the regular giving but in some instances it would seem as if some people made the "might and mercy" box giving take the place of their regular contributions.

So far, the rate of giving for our regular

work is little or no greater than last year, though our obligations are so much greater. The situation calls for the earnest prayerful attention of us all.

M. B. Piersol,

Treasurer.

Mrs. W. H. Piersol,
35 Dunvegan Rd., Toronto.

CONVENTION PROGRAM

FOREIGN MISSION DAY

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 12TH

Morning Session:

- 9.30 a.m.—Worship. Mrs. Harvey, St. Thomas.
 9.45 a.m.—Recording Secretary's Report. Mrs. Inrig, Toronto.
 9.55 a.m.—Report on Mission Homes. Mrs. C. Senior, Toronto.
 10.00 a.m.—Report on Mission Boxes. India, Mrs. C. Dengate, Toronto. Bolivia, Mrs. M. C. MacLean, Toronto.
 10.05 a.m.—Bureau of Literature—Miss E. Dale, Toronto.
 10.15 a.m.—Publication Report. Mrs. E. J. Zavitz, Toronto.
 Link—Mrs. J. C. Doherty, Toronto; Mrs. H. Pettit, Toronto.
 10.50 a.m.—Mission Bands' Report. Mrs. C. Dengate, Toronto.
 C. G. I. T., Mrs. R. J. Marshall, Toronto.
 11.10 a.m.—Conference on Stewardship. Mrs. F. Inrig, Toronto.
 Prayer Service.
 12.00 p.m.—Election of Officers and Members of the Board.
 12.30 p.m.—Announcements. Adjournment.

Afternoon Session:

- 2.00 p.m.—Hymn.
 Prayer. Mrs. Freeman, St. George.
 2.10 p.m.—President's Address. Mrs. A. Matthews, Toronto.
 2.30 p.m.—Financial Statement and Budget. Mrs. W. Piersol, Toronto.
 3.10 p.m.—Programme Building. Miss E. Dale.

3.25 p.m.—Offering and Solo.

3.35 p.m.—Corresponding Secretary's Report. Mrs. H. E. Stillwell, Toronto.

Thrilling stories relating Triumphs of the Cross in India, told by our Missionaries.

5.20—Hymn. Adjourment.

Evening Session:

- 7.45 p.m.—The convention in prayer thanking God for the victories of the past year and seeking His blessing upon all missionaries and missionary work. Mr. Newnham, St. Thomas.
 8.10 p.m.—Addresses on India. Miss Selman and Miss Baskerville.
 8.50 p.m.—Choir. Offering.
 9.10 p.m.—Address on Bolivia. Rev. H. E. Stillwell, Toronto.
 9.50—Hymn.
 Prayer and Benediction.

REPORT FOR LINK.

The Honor List (Every name reported on for Convention, November, 1925):—

Arnprior 11, Goshen 5, Kenton, Man., 4, Minesing 4, Petrolea 37, Port Colborne 24, Rossland, B.C. 2, St. George 29, Toronto (College St.) 113, Union 7.

Objective Reached for New Subscriptions: Toronto (College St.) objective set 15, secured 15.

AGENTS:—Has the name of your Circle appeared on the **Honour List**? If not, it is because you have failed to report on every name. Let us have it before **October 15**.

Has the name of your Circle appeared as having **reached your objective for new subscriptions**? If not, strive to do so before the close of our books, **October 15**.

SUBSCRIBERS:—Has a receipt gone to yourself or to your agent for your renewal this year? If not, attend to it **now**. We close our books **October 15**.

CIRCLE MEMBERS:—Have you sent in any **new names** for our mailing list? We must have 10,000 subscribers. New subscriptions must reach us before **Oct. 15**.

CORRESPONDENTS:—When giving a Toronto address please add the District.

Thanking all for their hearty co-operation throughout the year.

Mrs. J. C. Doherty,
118 Gothic Avenue,
Toronto 9, Ont.

"THE HOUSE OF FRIENDLINESS."

An Address by Miss Caroline Macdonald, Y.W.C.A. Missionary to Japan, who is especially noted for her work among Japanese Prisoners.

(Taken from the Missionary Messenger)

I intend simply to speak of some of the things that have come to me since the great earthquake one and a half years ago, and if after I have spoken, one thought only remains with you let it be that at the end of the day God has made us all more alike than different, and the differences between people are only skin deep. We should not like to be thought white hearted although we have white skins.

The "House of Friendliness" in Tokio was cast up by the earthquake. All sorts and conditions of people came, rich and poor, Christian and Buddhist, respectable and not respectable, more bad than good. We met together one evening to know what we could do with refugees who were obliged to leave the Government barracks. This Committee meeting was composed of Buddhists and Christians. The refugees were composed mostly of people without any religion at all, capital and labour were represented, aristocrats and socialists, bolshevists and nihilists and a great many associations never heard of before. One man brought in a card and on it was written that he was a member of the "Rock bottom Association" or in other words the "Down and out." Another card had on it that the owner belonged to the "Killing and Annihilating Association"—just what he wanted to kill and annihilate, he did not specify. He did not offer to kill me. We had ex-thieves, pick-pockets, ex-pirates and ex-murderers. Perhaps it was the spirit of friendliness, which after all is the Spirit of Christ that influenced us to hold out a helping hand to those forsaken souls.

If you will remember I set out to organize Y.W.C.A.'s in Japan. After ten years I was

thrown in touch with prison life and with prisoners, and have come in contact with all sorts of problems that afflict mankind. It is not my fault if I do not know much about women prisoners, but when Japanese women get the franchise and mix in public life, we shall get the women as well. I should feel much more at home here if some of you had been in prison before I came to-day! But while men go to the prisons the women stay home and suffer, and we have to look after the wives and children and keep in touch with the older boys, labor movements, strikes and strikers. Do not think that prison visiting is the beginning and end of the work. It is only a small part of it. We must give these men a knowledge of the love of God in order that they may have courage to take up life again.

Then on 1st September, 1923, came the earthquake! We have begun to count time differently since that time. It is either B.Q. or A.Q., Before or After the Quake. All the industrial institutions in the City were wiped out of existence. I shall never forget how many young men and prisoners came swinging in to see what had become of me. I felt somehow or other when I saw these people, that if I had died that day I had not lived in vain. We had to move rather precipitately after that. While my body was busy doing immediate things I think most of my mind was in the prisons. There was no way of finding out, nothing to do but wait. We heard constant rumours but I did not believe them. I somehow felt the men in prison would behave just as well as the men did outside. One of the prisons which contained convicts in from 12 years to life was demolished, hundreds of men being buried under the debris. There was no stampeding. They got the men out from under the debris and these men rallied around their Christian Governor who had laboured so faithfully. He said to me, "I thought my men would behave well at a crisis, but I did not think they would behave as well as they did." Some military came up to take care of the prisoners and the officers began to order than about in a forceful manner. The Governor finally persuaded the officer in charge that if force was used he would not be responsible for the result, but if force was not used he was perfectly able to control the men.

This was the only prison where force was not used, and the only prison that gave no trouble. So what the Bible says is true,—"Love is the fulfilling of the law."

There was no Y.M.C.A. no Y.W.C.A., no Salvation Army, very few churches, not even any moving picture shows. The house I lived in had to be the Y.W.C.A., for the time. We held meetings in the kitchen, or on the front door steps. The people were homeless. Girls without work, delinquent boys, men without work, no place to go. No clothes, no order, no fire, no light. Even the food was sketchy for a while. We were thankful to be alive. One million homeless, clothless, foodless, and facing the winter. Of course, the Government took the lead and that helped everyone. For once in my life I was like the angels in Heaven, resting neither day nor night, looking for a house to live in. Like Abraham of old I went out not knowing whither I went.

We finally found a house which we called "The House of Friendliness". We had to buy it. It cost \$25,000 and we had \$5,000 that we had saved up for this purpose B.Q. We paid the \$5,000 and trusted to our friends here in Japan that the funds would come in. And so on the 22nd of October, A.Q., we moved into the house. We did not have any furniture to speak of, but that was neither here nor there. The Japanese can sit on the floor. Two days after we arrived we started to work for the refugees, employing them and paying them for making quilts. An average of 100 women came day after day to sew. Within five days we made 1,050 quilts, and so you see we did work. I am glad to say we have been able to continue this work for the refugee women who had lost all through the earthquake.

I had thought that, if I ever had to move, it would be to a house large enough for our meetings. We had 30 rooms in the House of Friendliness. I thought we should never have to hold our meetings outside, but we had to put up a tent for 100 children who were coming. It was raining that night and I said to the young man who was putting up the tent pole. "It is such a stormy night, I do not think we shall need the tent." He replied, "Whether it rains or not, you will have not one hundred, but a thousand children." I said—

"According to your faith so be it," but we were both wrong—fifteen hundred children came.

During the winter we had delinquent boys living with us. The Juvenile Court had difficulty in finding a place for these boys to live. If you want something to divert you, get five or six delinquent boys into your house for a while, you will find it peculiarly interesting. For you have to look after them from morning to night and from night to morning. Some stole, some ran away, some stayed, and we hope these will turn into noble citizens of their nation. We had sales, we had religious meetings, lectures on economics, and morning and evening classes for working men. All through that strenuous winter there was no time or chance to worry where the money was to come from, we just went on and the money came from all over creation. We received a good deal from Canada, from the United States and from Japan. Within a year we took in about \$42,000—\$9,000 came from abroad and \$33,000 from Japan. \$15,000 came from the Japanese Government to help us. The Government officials, with their own buildings wrecked, worked outside, and afterwards where tents were put up they worked there until after Christmas. They arranged for the people first and for themselves not at all. So the winter finally passed and the first tension went over.

The city finally arose like a phoenix out of its ashes. The Government ran up great shacks in the parks, and private individuals put up small shacks with tin roofs. It was a phoenix with a tin head. The spring and summer came, and during the summer I left Tokio for two weeks. After that period I came back to look after a little business, and found the House of Friendliness the centre of a strike, a strike of women in a factory. I was glad they were there. The House of Friendliness turns away no one. The women met day after day. We taught them to knit, gave them lectures on 'First Aid to the Injured,' and ran a Summer School for fifty-three days. The police were very attentive to us during these days until the strike was settled between the manager of the factory and the workers. I was always concerned that the working people should have a chance to carry on their negotiations with-

out worrying about necessities. Out of these fifty-three days there grew a night school for factory girls. Since then girls from another factory have come to us and asked us to teach them various branches of learning and we have been glad to cooperate with them. We have a monthly meeting at our House where girls meet to talk over their problems, and think over what they could do to improve themselves.

We have educational work for men as well as women, in law and economics. The work is going on and the spiritual needs are becoming greater than before. "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." God grant this may be said of Japan, and that we of another nation may help to sow the seeds of the Spirit of God in this ripe nation of the East.

The rebound against tragedy shows man is spirit and not flesh. It is in the presence of tragedy and calamity, that we learn to know that we are all kin to one another, black, brown and yellow, and that God is the God of all mankind.

A minister who had lost his Church, his theological college, and his grandson with the quake, took a service in Tokio. Many had lost children, wives had lost husbands, and husbands wives. This was in January after the quake, and I was the only white person there. I wonder if you can guess what the lesson was, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble, therefore will not we fear though the earth be moved and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea." This had literally occurred. The hymn that followed was

"O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home."

And whether it is in ages past, or in the time to come, it is the one God for all of us, who is interpreted by Christ, whose sign of victory is the sign of the Cross."

—*The Missionary Messenger.*

Miss Macdonald is a graduate of Toronto University. Last Spring that University fittingly recognized her distinguished career in Japan by conferring upon her the degree of LL.D.—Ed.

CHRIST, THE MISSIONARY MOTIVE

By the Rev. E. Stanley Jones, D.D.
Lucknow, India.

Missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church,
1907

(From an address delivered at the Washington Foreign Missions Convention,
January 29, 1925.)

There is a good deal of misunderstanding as to what constitutes the missionary aim and motive, and never have we needed to clarify the issue as now. We are told that we are "International Meddlers," that we are "Creed-mongers to the East," that we are the religious side of imperialism, that we are the forerunners of capitalism, that we represent a great hunger to see an ecclesiasticism prevail around the world.

We ought to face the problem squarely and, under the closest scrutiny, tell just what we are trying to do. We can determine this in the quiet of the study where we brood over human motives and aims or we may determine our objective in the thick of the struggle on the field where ideas meet ideas and civilizations meet civilizations. My personal conclusions have been reached in the thick of the battle, by the sheer exigencies of the struggle itself.

When I first went to India eighteen years ago I was trying to hold a very long line, the line from Genesis to Revelation, on to Western civilization and the Christian Church. There was no well-defined issue. The non-Christian invariably pitched the battle at Moses or at Western civilization. He always seemed to ignore the central point.

Then I saw that I could shorten my line, that I could refuse to know anything save Jesus Christ and Him crucified. I could take my stand there and make Him the sum total of the aim and the motive of my message.

The situation cleared when we took the one central theme. The Indian people found that we were not there to make them pale copies of the West; we respected anything fine in their civilization, in their struggle after God. They learned that we were there not to wipe out

that struggle but to give them a person, Jesus Christ, whom they could interpret through their own genius and national past and could express in a living way.

Up to that time in India, we seemed to have been up against a stone wall. We were making great progress among the outcastes, but we were scarcely making any progress among the educated classes. When we clarified the issue and made Christ the one issue, then there was a new burst of power. We found ourselves in the midst of a revival of interest in Jesus as a person who captivated the thought of the East. The people had thought that if they took Christ, they would have to take Western civilization also, but when the revelation dawned upon the minds of the East, that they could have Christ with as little or as much of Western civilization as they desired, then there was a new outbreak of spiritual power and interest in Jesus Christ that far surpasses anything that we had seen.

In thinking over this matter and trying to discover what the different systems were trying to produce, I saw that each religion had its own peculiar aim:

Greece said, "Be moderate; know thyself."

Confucianism said, "Be superior; correct thyself."

Buddhism says, "Be disillusioned; annihilate thyself."

Hinduism says, "Be separated; merge thyself."

Mohammedanism says, "Be submissive; bend thyself."

Shintoism says, "Be loyal; suppress thyself."

Judaism says, "Be holy; conform thyself."

Modern materialism says: "Be industrious; enjoy thyself."

Modern dilletantism says, "Be broad; cultivate thyself."

Christianity says, "Be Christlike; give thyself."

Now if the aim of Christian missions is to produce Christlike character that it may give itself as Jesus gave Himself, then we have no reason to apologize for that aim and motive for there is nothing higher than to be Christlike.

The aim of Christian missions then is not to propagate Western civilization around the

world—they may take as much or as little as they wish; we are not there to project an ecclesiasticism throughout the world, but we are there without apology, openly and without the slightest hesitation, to say that we think it is worth while to make men like Jesus Christ.

First of all, that is a worthy aim for our own lives, we would like to be like Him. We too would like to catch His Spirit, His thought, His purpose, and His power. We would like to give ourselves as He gave Himself. If this is the end of Christianity then there is not the slightest reason why we should hesitate to make that the aim of the Christian missions.

Jesus is not a way of life, He is Life itself. He came not to set certain truth alongside of other truths. He came to be Truth itself. In Him Truth looks out at me from understanding eyes, touches me with redemptive hands, and loves me with a warm loving heart.

Jesus came not to bring a religion, as Dean Inge says, "to set alongside of other religions;" Jesus came to be a religion itself, and if we go deep enough into religion, we must stand face to face with Jesus, who is religion in its final expression. Jesus Christ sums up the finest in the East and the finest in the West.

Greece said that three things caught her attention in worship. They were the good, the beautiful and the true. That sums up the finest thinking in the West. The East, brooding over these same problems, has come to the conclusion that there were three ways out, namely the *gyan marg*, the way of "knowledge"; the *bhakti marg*, the way of "devotion"; and the *karman marg*, the way of "works."

Jesus said, standing midway between East and West, "I am the way, the truth and life." I am the way—that is the good. I am the truth—that is the true. I am the life—that is the beautiful. He is what the Greeks unconsciously desired.

He turns to the East, and He says, I am the way—that is the *karman marg*—a way of life, a method of working; I am the truth—that is the *gyan marg*, the way of "knowledge"; I am the life—that is the *bhakti marg* or the way of "devotion." He is what India has unconsciously desired.

Jesus then stands midway between East and West and fulfils everything, that life strives

for, and East and West will one day find in Him what they need.

A lawyer rose in the crowd in India and said, "Is that what you are trying to do? Do you want to give us Christ and Christ alone?" I said, "My brother, I have nothing else to give."

He replied: "I do not see how we Indians can hate Him. I thought you had come here to wipe out our past and all our Indian culture. If your aim is to give us Christ, let us take Him and interpret Him through our own genius and life, I do not see how we Indians can oppose it."

Let Jesus Christ touch men with His own vital presence and power, and there will come a new vitality, for Jesus appeals to the soul as light appeals to the eye, as truth fits the conscience, as beauty speaks to the aesthetic nature. Christ and the soul were made for one another, and if we can bring the soul of any human being in contact with Jesus Christ, that soul will see in Him not only a Way of life but Life itself, not a truth but Truth itself.

India has become my home; India's people are my people, her problems are my problems and her future is my future. I would bear upon my heart her sins if I could lift her to my Saviour. One day I said to a group of prominent men: "Brothers, what are we going to do with these 60,000,000 outcastes? They are a millstone around our national neck and we can never be strong until we lift them."

A non-Christian replied: "Sir, it will take a Christ to lift them."

"Yes, my brother," I said, "a Christ to lift them and to lift me, to lift the rest of us."

That non-Christian, searching for some redemptive force to solve his problem, put his finger upon Christ as the one way out.

Some years ago Dr. John R. Mott, speaking in Victoria Hall, Madras, was hissed when he used the name of Christ. Nine years later in that same hall, Jesus Christ and Him Crucified was the one topic for six nights. The crowd increased every night until they were standing around the windows and doors. I asked men publicly and openly to give themselves to Jesus Christ. If one had responded I should have been grateful; if five had come I should have been overwhelmed, but between 100 and 150 came and took their stand frankly and

openly as followers of Jesus Christ, in the very hall where nine years before the name of Christ had been hissed.

The change was not due to a difference in the speakers or their presentation. In that nine years a new revelation had dawned upon the mind of India, a new revelation that Christ belongs to her as much as He belongs to the West. Christianity is breaking out far beyond the borders of the Christian Church, and the question that we must face is this: Will the Christian Church be great enough and Christ-like enough to be the medium through which Christ will express Himself to the non-Christian world? If so than there must be a finer and more utter abandon to Jesus Christ, with more of the spirit of service and less of racial patronage.

If we go to India to serve in the spirit of Jesus Christ, the whole East is wide open, and will respond. If we come full of patronage the East is closed.

A Brahmin gentleman said to a friend of mine, "I do not like the Christ of your creeds and the Christ of your churches." With a swift intuition my friend replied, "Then how would you like the Christ of the Indian road?" The Christ of the Indian road, with long flowing garments, with crowds about Him, touching blind eyes, and letting the light stream in, His hands upon the heads of unclean lepers and sending them back to health, announcing the good tidings of a new Kingdom to stricken humanity, and telling of His dying upon a way-side cross for men, and rising again from the dead. How differs this Christ of the Indian road from the Christ of the Galilean road?

Christ must be naturalized upon the Indian road, and upon the Chinese pathways and upon the highways of Japan, so that every nation will find in Him the true expression of its own national thought and outstretching of heart and will see in Him what they have craved through the weary centuries.

One day, speaking to Mahatma Gandhi, I said: "I am very anxious to see Christianity naturalized in India, not something identified with foreign people and foreign government, but a part of the national life of India and contributing its power to India's uplift. What would you suggest that we do in order to make that possible?"

He thought a moment and then said: "If you are going to do that I would suggest to you four things: "First, that all Christians, missionaries and all, live more like Christ."

Through his eyes three hundred and twenty million people were looking and through his voice those millions were speaking. He said, "If you come to us in the Spirit of Jesus Christ, then we can not resist you."

"Second, I would suggest that you practice your religion without adulterating it or toning it down."

We might have thought that India would desire Christianity toned down in order to meet the non-Christian world half way. But no, the non-Christian world has discovered the high challenge, and the amazing appeal of Christ and says to us, "Do not adulterate Christianity; give it to us in its rugged simplicity and its high demands, and live out the life; then we cannot resist it."

Some one has suggested that we are too often "inoculating the world with a mild form of Christianity so that it is practically becoming immune against the real thing." We are not interested in giving India a mild form of Christianity. Let her take Christ just as He is in His mighty, saving, overwhelming power to change human nature and to make men new.

"Third," Mr. Gandhi said: "I would suggest that you put your emphasis upon love, for love is a central thing in Christianity."

He did not mean love as a sentiment, but love as a working force. If God is Love, then the highest power is Love; the highest power of omnipotence is Calvary, and the one way out of our world's difficulties is to catch the spirit of Love that Jesus Christ manifested and embody it in race relationships, in international relationships, in every other relationship of life.

"Fourth," said Mr. Gandhi, "I would suggest that you study the non-Christian religions more sympathetically to find out the good that is in them in order to have a sympathetic approach to the people."

We should be unafraid of truth wherever it is found. Christ is the fulfillment of all truth and truth is a signpost that points toward Him Who is the Truth.

Note those four things. Be more like Jesus

Christ; practice Christianity without adulterating it; put your emphasis upon love; be unafraid of truth anywhere. "If you will come to us in that spirit," said Mr. Gandhi, "we cannot resist you."

As Christians that challenges us, and sends us to our knees. Some of us who went to the East as teachers are staying as learners. We believe that the one great need of India and of the whole world, East and West, is Christ Himself. The great pathetic lack of the non-Christian world is that they have no Christ. Do we see any one who is getting along well without Him? We make no apology then for being Christian missionaries, for Jesus Christ is the supreme and controlling motive for our lives.

We need to lift up, not an emaculated Jesus, but a Jesus able to do all things that human nature needs, a Christ Who is sufficient and compelling. If there is a new Christocentric emphasis upon this whole missionary work, then I believe that there will be a new burst of spiritual power around the world. Stone walls will suddenly open for Christ to enter as the risen and triumphant Lord. O Majestic Christ, Thou Who art walking across the nations, and, bidding for the heart of the world, give us something of Thy touch, Thy presence and Thy power.

I see no other way out for East or West than the way that Jesus offers, namely, Himself. I see no other hope for human character save to be made like Jesus Christ. I see no other way out of the world's troubled situation than the way that Jesus points. There is no other way except Jesus, Who Himself is the Way, the Truth and the Life. The best life of the East and the West is revolving around Jesus Christ as the center. If we have slipped off that center into denominationalism, or have felt that our business was to create a kind of supremacy of the white race through Christianity, then we must come back to that Center. Christ must be real to us. We must take Him to India and other lands. As a leading thinker in India said one day, "There is nobody else who is seriously bidding for the heart of the world except Jesus Christ." We have many critics in all this, but no rivals; we have many critics, but no one else with such an aim, namely, an aim to make this a Christlike

world that it may give itself for the sake of our fellow men as Jesus Christ gave Himself for the sake of all. If the motive and aim of Christian missions is to produce Christlike character which will give itself, then we have no apology to make for Christian missions.

—Missionary Review of the World

THE DEVELOPMENT OF INDIAN LEADERSHIP

By William Paton, Calcutta, India.

Secretary of National Christian Council

There is almost no subject of greater importance to right understanding of the work of Christ in India, than the question of native Christian leadership. In the last few years a considerable advance has been made in the success with which this problem has been tackled in India. Indian Christians recognize a new relation between the missionary and the Indian Christian, due in large measure, to the fact that a number of missions have placed more responsibility on their Indian Christians.

The Indian Mission Board of the American Marathi Mission, the American Presbyterian Mission and the United Free Church of Scotland in Western India, and the Church Missionary Society are seeking to transfer authority from a distinctively mission body to bodies representative of the native churches. There are still, however, many missionaries, who do not appear to accord full support to this policy.

The fundamental principle is that the leadership of the work of Christ in India must be Indian or fail. Some argue that men should be chosen solely on the ground of fitness without regard to race. But in a Church of Christ in India, the expression of God's Spirit in Indian terms must be predominantly Indian in thought and vision.

It would be very hard for Americans to receive the Gospel if it came through an organization both controlled by Eskimos or Africans and in all its ways reflecting the foreign mentality. The Church in India is to be the instrument and organ of Christ's Spirit in reaching the hearts and minds of Indians.

This Indian interpretation of Christianity requires Indian leaders in positions where they can express themselves effectively. It is per-

haps one of the anomalies of the present situation that a missionary who tries to introduce Indian forms in worship and buildings will often find himself most resisted by the elder Indians. The ways of missionaries have been all too faithfully copied.

There is only one thing that will permanently render the Church in India an Indian church, and that is the control of it by Indians. In the long run the way to rid the Church in India of the many slavish imitations of the ways of Western Christians—elements which contribute to the estrangement of the mind of India from the Church—is to make the Indians effective in the organization and life of the Church.

For missions and missionaries this principle should be applied to money, to the choice of workers, and to the outlook of the Church in the West. It is around the question of money that practical difficulties center. The argument is frequently heard that as the money by which Christian work in India is supported is still predominantly derived from foreign sources, it is right that it should be administered by people of the same race as those who gave it. But the money which missions dispense is given to them by God's people for the furtherance of his work. It is only necessary that it should be used in the best way, not only the most efficient way, but the way in which the ultimate goal—the building up of the Church—will most surely be realized. On this ground much can be said for missions making to Indian church boards grants of money for the aid of the work, and for handing to them work which has previously been in the charge of missionaries and the money for its support—provided that it is reasonably certain that the work will be done.

Indians understand as well as anyone, that gifts for Christian work are given by those who believe in it, and that the gifts cease with the weakening or disappearance of confidence. When a mission entrusts to a responsible Indian Christian body the care of work and funds, such action both develops initiative and confers experience, while it draws out the generosity of the Indian Church.

There is no foundation for the view that what Indians want is to have the money from

the missionary societies and to do without the missionaries! Here and there some may be found who say this, but it represents no widespread opinion among responsible men. One of the most prominent and advanced of Indian Christians, a man widely known for the vigor and boldness of his Nationalism, says that in the partnership which he desires to see, between the Indian Church and the missions, "the missionary factor is absolutely valueless except in the personal equation of the missionaries, men and women. Not the colleges and schools, not the philanthropic foundations, not the ecclesiastical organization, but it is the personalities that matter." The Indians want the missionaries, but they want us not as masters but as helpers.

Some types of work can in many cases be made over to Indian control; others are more difficult or even impossible to transfer, owing to the lack of sufficient experience and knowledge in the Indian Church. But in any enterprise under foreign control, there should be effective Indian representation.

As to workers there are many qualities needed in a missionary nowadays, but none is so essential as *willingness to serve*. It should be made abundantly plain to those who are sent out that this is a dominating principle in our work; and those who do not show every sign of desiring humbly to cooperate with Indian leaders should not be sent.

An American leader suggests that it has been a fault in missionary addresses that the work of missions has been presented as an extension of American Protestantism. It is perhaps true that a large number of supporters of missions think of the work in this way. They know little about the lands to which their representatives are sent; they sincerely believe that they are in an extremely rotten condition and they associate the Gospel with a certain type of social structure to which they have themselves grown accustomed; and conceive of missions as conferring the benefits of American foreign ideals and modes of life upon a needy people.

In India at least the tide is now the other way, for they do not wish Western civilization. There is something, much more beautiful than the Christianity of my own tradition, waiting to be born. We that have learned of Christ

have not learned all of Him. There are notes of praise that India and China and Africa can sound, not contained in our harmonies. We take to India what we have, the good news of Christ, and in the providence of God that message strikes chords in the Indian heart. It is a part of the glory of missionary work that one is able to see the new and wonderful expressions of that universal Christian faith, and to contemplate in reverence the many ways in which He is fulfilled, who filleth all things.

We should admit the right of Indian Christians to make their own experiments along the many lines which have been traversed by our Western feet. They will not ignore our experience, but they will not be tied by it. It will always be a matter of difference among Christians as to what is essential and what secondary in their faith and practice. But if we believe that the Holy Spirit will guide us into all truth, then we should be ready to find Indians expressing in their own way what "the Spirit says to the Churches."

We missionaries must learn instinctively to think of the Indian Church and not only of "our Mission;" to watch for what it will do, not only to initiate action ourselves; and to think of Christianity not as a religion whose springs lie in America or Europe, but one whose life-centers are in the East as well as in the West. It is our privilege to share with the Christians of India the blessings and the responsibilities of the Gospel in Christ Jesus our Lord.

THANKSGIVING

Pray this sometimes, when thanking Him: "Help me, O Lord, from day to day, to live and give more nearly as I pray."

This is one of the nine effective quotations on "Thank Offering Gems" which you can have for your Thanksgiving program for 1c. from the Literature Department. See back cover.

Read Mrs. Inrig's report of the last Board meeting on page 51. Notice that \$11,000 must be received by the Treasurer before October 15th, to avoid a deficit. This is \$4,000 more than would come in regularly in this time.—Ed.

Our Work Abroad

THE EVA ROSE YORK BIBLE TRAINING SCHOOL FOR WOMEN, TUNI.

The general plan of the institution was drawn up by the Conference Committee of Women's Work. They considered that for the development of our young women in character and practical Christian living as well as Bible knowledge, the cottage system would be preferable to the usual large dormitories, so the decision went for a less pretentious school building and a little more expenditure on living quarters. Of the Rs. 15,000 in our hands, approximately Rs. 5000 was allotted to the former and Rs. 10,000 to the latter purpose.

As we looked ahead we estimated 75 as a probable maximum number of students for whom accommodation should be provided and drew up a plan for a double row of cottages, 9 or 10 in number, to be put up between the south west corner of Miss Priest's compound and the Bible women's house already there. Of these cottages, one row of five was to be begun at once along the western boundary line and the others, facing them, to be put up later, one or more at a time, as they were needed. The school building was to be erected to the northwest of the bungalow, between it and the main road.

These plans are being worked out. 5 cottages are nearing completion and will be ready for occupation in August if all goes well. Each cottage contains two living rooms, about twelve by fourteen feet in size, and two small cook rooms. A veranda in front and a small back yard complete the accommodation for two groups of four students each—eight to a cottage. The space between the cottages will be about ten feet—not much, but we are hoping that it will give the students an opportunity for growing flowers, fruit or vegetables on a small scale according to their own choice—or at least that it may develop a desire for it.

The buildings are all of stone, with tiled roofs and are planned with a view to all possible ventilation, convenience, and comfort. Store rooms for wood and supplies, etc., are also being provided.

The erection of the school building has been delayed by some conditions in the title to the land on which we plan to build, but we expect

it will soon be under way. It is to be a compact little structure, and I believe well fitted to our needs. It will have a central assembly hall to seat 75 to 100 people, which can be divided by screens to make two class rooms when necessary. At the back of this two class rooms are planned, opening into it with wide arches, or folding doors, and on either side of the large arched front entrance will be a small room, one to serve as office and one as a store room for school supplies. We will thus have a chance for our chapel exercises and occasional general gatherings as well as accommodation for a number of classes. The staff will probably number four—two teachers for the preparatory department and one or two teachers, assistants to the missionary in charge, for the work of the regular course. By using the office for a small group five classes could be carried on at once in the building as planned.

I enclose a rough plan of the whole plant. It is far from accurate, for I am not in Tunj to make careful measurements of distances on the compound, but I think it may be sufficient to give a general idea of the situation.

Miss Priest, with Dr. Smith's help, has been superintending the building work and has carried much of the burden for the past two years, since distance prevented me taking any real part in it. I expect to return to Tunj directly after the hot season and to help in getting it ready for opening on August 1st, 1925.

Future requirements will take the line of furniture and equipment, possibly some walls to replace the wire fence along part of the boundary line, a kindergarten room if many widows bring their children along with them, and as our enrolment increases, new cottages.

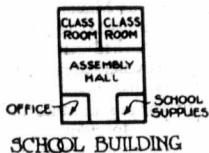
W. A. Eaton.

JEWELS FOR THE KING

He was just one of the hundreds of boys in our village Sunday Schools, but he was such a manly fellow, he stood up so straight, and sang so heartily, he told the Bible stories and recited every memory verse with such seriousness, that I enquired of the village Pastor who he was. "Oh Rajarathnam? yes, he's one of

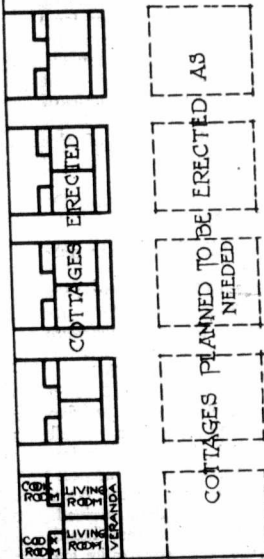
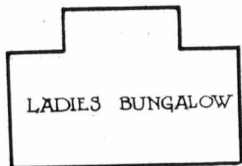
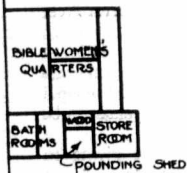
MAIN ROAD

NORTH



GENERAL MISSIONARY'S COMPOUND.

WELL



- GENERAL PLAN -
BIBLE TRAINING SCHOOL
WOMEN,
TUNI.

SOUTH

WOMENS HOSPITAL COMPOUND

our best pupils. He can't always come to school on week days, but he never misses Sunday School. He is now in the 4th class." Will he come to Boarding next year?" I enquired. "His parents are not Christians, he can't come to Boarding, he is very fond of learning our Christian hymns and stories, and he is such a nice mannerly boy."

Nine months went by. Again it was examination time in that school, and again Rajarathnam stood at the top of his class, head and shoulders above the rest of the pupils, and recited his verses. This time, the prizes were being awarded for the year, and Rajarathnam won his, a nice big Telugu Hymn Book. Another month went by. Kistna Association was being held in Vuyyuru, and the Missasamagaru had said that all the boys and girls from the village Sunday Schools who had won prizes were to come in on Sunday morning and receive their Hymn-books from the platform. In they came,—but Rajarathnam was not among them. Just a few days previously he had contracted a severe fever, and had gone home to be with Jesus, whom he had learned to love in that little village Sunday School.

Rajarathnam—the name given by his heathen parents, but meaning, "A Jewel of the King." As that young Pastor watched the other boys and girls from his Sunday School file up to receive their prizes, his face expressed sorrow for the missing boy, but also a deep joy, for he knew that that boy, son of heathen parents though he was, had truly known and trusted the Savior, and was now one more jewel in the crown of King Jesus. "These are the Jewels, precious Jewels, His loved and His own."

Oh reader! He is not only one. There are thousands, tens of thousands, of Rajarathnams all over the land of India, just waiting to be told of Jesus. Won't you make it possible, by giving your prayers, your money, maybe your life, that many many such may become "Jewels for our King?"

Laura A. Bain.

Vuyyuru, India.

Read carefully the note from our Treasurer on page 35. Later than that she says that we need \$4000 extra giving before October 15th, to avoid a deficit.—Ed.

THE KING HONORS A MISSIONARY.

It is a matter of much gratification that King George in his birthday honors, has been pleased to bestow on one of our Missionaries, Miss Flora Clark, of Moncton, N.B., the Kaisar-Ji-Hind medal for distinguished service among the Telugus of India. Teacher, organizer, philanthropist, Miss Clark has made her influence felt in India in various avenues of missionary and social life. In addition to the schools which she has organized and brought to a state of much efficiency, the Leper Home at Vizianagram came into being through her zeal and executive ability. The Henrietta Ayer Orphanage, her latest undertaking, although not quite three years old, is already filling a large place in the Mission. A few years ago Miss Clark was appointed on the Municipal Council of Vizianagram, the first woman to be so honored.

Men of thought and vision are giving to the missionaries their rightful place. None have done more than they to keep India loyal to Great Britain. One prominent man in India made the statement that sooner than dispense with the work of the missionary, Great Britain could well afford to pay the salaries of them all. Tidings extends to Miss Clark heartiest congratulations on the receipt of this well deserved honor.—Tidings.

THE HAPPY FAMILY AT THE GLAD SEASON.

Part of a letter from Miss Flora Clark published in Tidings.

It was a pleasure to have Miss Murray, Miss McLeish, and Miss Mason spend Christmas with me. The children in the orphanage were early astir and came running to greet me with, "Good morning, mother," "Merry Christmas Mother," and one little tot called out "Good night," when I opened their door at five thirty in the morning. At eight thirty we all went to the church and had a praise service, then back to the bungalow as quickly as possible so as to have a large tree on the lawn nicely decorated when the children arrived. They came hurrying along when they heard the loud ringing of a bell and were quite excited when they caught sight of the tree with its strange fruit. Each child received a gift

of some kind, then all united in singing a hymn and they scampered off for their noon meal, an extra good rice and curry and some cakes of their own making. In the afternoon the members of the Christian community to the number of about three hundred assembled on the compound for games and sports. They had a fine time and then all were treated to sweets and fruit; the singing of a hymn and prayer brought the afternoon to a close. The people went to their several homes, the children to their home in the comfortable orphanage, and we four maiden ladies enjoyed our evening meal and gathered round the table in the sitting room and examined our gifts and enjoyed a little home life, for, while we mingle very freely with the Indian people and do all we can to add to their happiness, and, while our homes are open to them, deep down in our hearts we crave the companionship of our own and appreciate the privilege of being together if only for a day or two. A prayer of thanksgiving to the Heavenly Father brought our Christmas day to a close.

Next in order came conference. I could only remain for two or three days, as I had to hurry back to Vizianagram and complete arrangements for our Telugu Association and church Jubilee. The meetings opened on Friday, Jan. 9th, and closed Wednesday, 14th. We had a splendid attendance of both missionaries and Indian Christians. A large pandall was erected on the old mission compound, occupied by Dr. Sanford, as the church in town would not accommodate all.

The meetings throughout were good and well attended. Sunday was Jubilee day. The children's service led by Mr. K. G. Paul was much enjoyed by all, grown folks as well as children, then came a praise service led by Mr. Freeman, when many reasons for special thanksgiving were enumerated. The Association sermon by Mr. Higgins was much appreciated. At the afternoon session, the history of the Vizianagram church from the first work of our mission fifty years ago, to the present day, was well given by Mr. K. Theophilus, the head master of the Main Street Girls' school. An immense audience gave excellent attention as the work of the mission was traced step by step. Dr. Sanford, the pioneer, who knows the whole history from start to finish, was seat-

ed on the platform, adorned with a garland of camphor beads. We had a happy time and the meeting was enjoyed by all.

The messages of the evening were strong and powerful and into the heart of many a one came the longing desire to be more fully consecrated to Jesus, that the life might be fruitful and not barren.

I have the assurance that many of you were remembering us in special prayer at that time. We thank you for it. No real prayer is ever in vain, it must bear fruit, some time, somewhere;—again, thank you.

The closing meeting of the Association was one of power, the spirit of prayer prevailed. May we all be more in earnest in the Master's service.

One special feature of the gathering was a rice and curry supper. The Vizianagram church very kindly entertained all the missionaries and delegates. The supper was served on the lawn, it was a sight long to be remembered, brilliant moonlight, row upon row of people seated on the ground, with a leaf plate heaped up with rice and good hot curry, in front of each one. The blessing asked, the chattering and eating began in good style. The meal was pronounced first class, the cooks and waiters rendered excellent service, over four hundred partook, the children of the orphanage were all present and enjoyed it immensely. Fifty years ago what was there? Today what is there? Nothing like what we long to have, but we certainly have much for which to be grateful and we thank God and take courage.

Association over, the goodbyes were said and the people returned to their homes. I missed the friends, after having had a family of twenty missionaries for a few days, it was quite a come down to return to the lonely meal of an old maid missionary.

I can assure you there was no time to think about being lonely for the work was piled up on every side, the three schools reopened and claimed attention and to add to it all a number of the children took sick, some bad colds, others slight fever, others chicken pox. My, such a siege, I got so tired of the constant coughing and barking and my legs ached going back and forth with food, medicine, etc. A little four year old girl was seriously ill

and I was afraid she was going from us, but God spared her to us and she is now well as can be and happy as the day is long.

Then a little girl, about eight years old, took very ill with dysentery. All efforts to get the disease under proper control seemed vain and she got so thin and wasted, a mere skeleton, till my heart ached as I looked at her. For over three weeks, from five in the morning till after eleven at night, I was on the go, back and forth from the bungalow to the orphanage, with food, medicine, etc. It was a hard, hard siege and I hope never to have another such experience. Finally she seemed a little better but the utmost care had to be exercised in regard to her food so I wrote Dr. Eaton, Chicacole, about her, and asked permission to send her to him to the hospital. He kindly gave permission and the little one is there now, and two others with her, one of the older girls who had a very bad cough, and another who was moaning and groaning with a sore eye. I sincerely hope they will be new creatures when they return here.

Then the teachers in the school one after the other took sick, and the work was badly broken up. Then my cook and general servant all in one, joined the crowd and was absent for several days and I had to make out the best I could. It is one thing to cook a meal at home in a comfortable kitchen with a nice range, and quite another thing to squat down on the floor and fan a fire over a stone wash basin shaped dish, with the smoke blinding your eyes and the ashes blowing in your face. I always enjoyed the former but I beg to be excused from the latter, so made my meal for the most part of bread and butter and cold water, and was decidedly glad when the servant returned. Alas, my joy was short lived. A second epidemic of influenza or something swept over the town, those of the children who escaped the first attack fell victim to the second and again I was busy dosing one and another with cough mixture, quinine, etc. The trouble is they all seem to enjoy the cough medicine and come flocking at a great rate, each one declaring her cough to be very bad, and suiting the action to the word. So I have hit upon a plan of treating everyone whom I hear cough, to a liberal dose of cod-liver oil. It is working splendidly for the great majority

of them seem to dislike it as much as I do, the smell a long distance away is too much for me, but I insist upon any one who has a cough taking it. They are improving at a wonderful rate. The servant took sick the second time and has been absent several days, and I am living on whatever is at hand. Such is life.

A young Scotchman recently came to Nellamarla to work, his first experience in India. He called one afternoon. "Well, how are you getting on and how do you like it?" I asked. "I don't think I could stick it a day, were it not for the home mail, I just live on it from week to week" was his reply. Another young Englishman has just returned from furlough. "Back again for three years," was my greeting—their term is three years—"Yes, if I can stick it that long," was his reply. And these two are in Nellamarla where they have every luxury and where there are a number to be company one for the other. For Jesus' sake your missionaries stick to it year in and year out in lonely surroundings and in difficult places, and to us as to the young Scotchman the home mail means everything and strengthens us for the conflict.

We had a great wedding here a few days ago. The granddaughter of one of Vizianagram's most wealthy citizens, a widow woman. The bride, a dear little girl of about ten, is a pupil in the Main Street school. I am very fond of her. The grandmother is said to have spent at least twenty thousand dollars on the wedding, a special train brought the bridegroom's party from Cocanada. The wedding was celebrated at three o'clock in the morning. I had an invite but preferred to remain in bed, but as the show lasted for several days, I went to the house one afternoon. My, the crowd! I was conducted to the large living room where the grandmother and a number of women were. They brought the little bride in, poor child, such a mass of jewels and camphor garlands. She gave me a large handkerchief with their names engraved on it, and lavishly perfumed, also a bouquet of roses. I longed to throw my arms around her but feared some of her people might not like it, so just stood and looked at her. Oh the awful farce that these marriages are. It is all right enough to see it once, or to read about it, or listen to the returned missionary tell about it, but to have to

live in it, year in and year out, that is what hurts, and to feel that all your effort to bring about a better condition of things is simply beating your head against a wall. The wall remains the same, it is your poor head that is bruised. Other events might be recorded but time will not permit. Good night for this time. Yours lovingly,

Flora Clarke.

GLIMPSES AND GLEAMS BEHOLD THE BOY!

Yes look at him. Large staring eyes, high cheek bones, fair of skin, quite a large mouth, nice even teeth, a full broad forehead and a well shaped head (shaven close in front and all around, and a tuft of hair dangles from the crown). He wears a much soiled cloth around his loins. Over his shoulder is thrown another dirty cloth. He is so thin his ribs are in evidence, and withal he has the appearance of a stunted famine child. He puts his hand to his forehead and smiles so pathetically, saying "salaam."

"Oh salaam! Is this you? Why, you came last year about this time and said you wanted to become a Christian and go to school, but it was no use. Did not your grandfather come and plead with you to go home, and you did."

"Yes, that is true, but I have come to stay this time. My grandfather is so old and weak he cannot walk, and he is too poor to hire a cart. Oh please let me stay!"

"Here are four annas to go to the hotel and buy some food and not spoil your caste by eating with the Christians."

"That is just what I want to do," he replied. "I want to spoil my caste. I am going to be an out and out Christian."

"But you are so young your people will not allow you to stay. They will take you away by force and we cannot protect you until you are eighteen."

"Oh they will not come for me this time," he said; but they did. After three days the Uncle came in great distress saying the grandfather was crying and he wanted the boy. The Uncle happened to come while the boy was eating at a Christian's home,

and the boy said: "See, I have broken my caste. I am not going home."

The Uncle, after using strong language and threatening to bring a case, went home. Our Church is being repaired. The boy worked there with a will and pulled punkah or anything else he could do. Nearly a week has passed and he is still here.

This evening he told me his story. He said: "You know, Amma, I simply must have an education. My father was an engineer. Engineer? Yes, he knew English and everything. He got a salary of seventy rupees a month. He worked in the Savara Hills, but listen, some of those hill people killed my father! Yes, a big trial was held and the slayers were sent to the Adamans for life. After the death of my father we came to live at Calingapatam with my mother's people. While she lived I went to school. After two years she died. Then I never went to school. My grandfather married again and this wife and he used to quarrel. She would strike him, and it was awful the life in our house! My grandfather wanted to be kind but this wife for years has ill-treated me. See how my bones stand out for lack of food, and see these dirty clothes in which I am clad. I cannot get these washed as I have no others. My mother has been dead for six years and I was taken out of school. I herded the cattle and ploughed with the buffaloes and did all the work I could, but no they would not let me go to school, but at nights I used to read the Hindu religious books aloud for the family. Amma, I am just greedy for an education. Not only that, I want salvation. Did you know my aunt in Parlakimedi became a Christian. She was very anxious to take me but they would not let me go. She has been praying for me for years, that I may be saved. My time has come now. I will not go back to that slavery. My father wanted me to learn and I must. I have such a desire here (pointing to his heart). May I read some for you?"

He read from the booklet on Caste which has hard poetry. I was amazed at the fluency with which he read—better than most of our Christian young people. The words



CHRISTMAS PARTY AT NARSAPATNAM WITH MISS MASON

Names from left to right—Mr. England, Mrs. Higgins, Dr. Higgins, Miss Mason, Elsie England, Miss Meyers, Katie England, Mrs. England, Gladys England, Miss Farnell.

seemed to drop so sweetly and forcibly from his tongue, and his face was so illumined.

"Yes, boy," I said, "surely your time has come, and an education you will have, if God wills. Let us kneel down now and ask him." After I prayed what a beautiful prayer he made, so earnest and simple. Surely this boy is one of the Lord's own. We hope the relatives will let him alone. We will try to get his picture taken while he has the top-knot and dirty clothes, and while he looks so thin. Then in a few years time we will see what a change appears. Now what is the boy's name? Hear him say, "My name is Palichetty Apparao." Quite a name is it not? But we will call him "The Boy." He says he is sixteen. His face looks old but he is very short. Pray for this dear boy that he may become a strong witness for Jesus. He says he loves Him, and will be true to Him until death. The Christian story is not new to him. He heard from his aunt and from Biblewoman Sooramma and from preacher John and many others. At Calingapatam, 17 miles distant by the seas where

this boy lived, there is a Christian Chapel and the Gibson family have been bright lights for Jesus during the last forty years. We have two small girls' schools there and there is a night school and several Christians and workers. My driver and cook came from Calingapatam, and one of Dr. Eaton's workers is a convert from there. Pray that a rich harvest may soon be reaped in Calingapatam. It is a town of 5,000 people, and has many villages all around.

Dear boys and girls, you will not forget "The Boy" with the top-knot, and you will pray for the transforming grace to work mightily in his heart and life. He has had such a sad, hard life—is it not glorious to lead him to the rest and peace which Jesus gives? Please help me help "The Boy!"

Mabel E. Archibald.

The England family, some of whom are shown in the picture above, have been valued friends of our missionaries for many years. Two daughters are now in Canada.

Among The Circles

THE HOME-GOING OF MRS. THOMAS URQUHART.

A few minutes after seven, on the morning of Saturday, September nineteen, Margaret MacDonald Urquhart passed into the presence of her Lord and Master after five days' illness. A critical operation, performed the previous day, at first gave slight hopes of recovery, but her none too robust constitution gave way under the severe strain.

Born in Peterboro, and converted in her early teens, she consecrated herself and her all to her Lord in a most unusual way. To her last conscious moment she lived in the very presence of the Master. Every thought and plan was laid out before Him before being acted upon.

Coming to Toronto, where she taught school for eight years before her marriage, she united with Walmer Road Church a few months after its organization. There, in the Young People's Work, and in the Bible School, she was a missionary leader, and it was through her influence and effort that the B.Y.P.U. of that church took on the support of Miss Kate McLaurin, who is still one of the missionaries of that church.

In every work that had for its aim the extension of the Kingdom she and her husband had an interest and a part.

Withdrawing from the busy life of the city she lived for some years in Aurora, in the hope that the quiet of country life might bring restored health to her husband. In the church there her life was one of usefulness and blessing.

Returning to the city she and her husband united with Century Church, but, after a few months, seeing the great opportunity for the extension of Baptist work in the northern part of the city, cast in their lot with the Davisville Mission, helping to organize it into the now Mt. Pleasant Rd. Church.

For over twenty years she has been a member of our Women's Foreign Mission Board, and was most faithful in attendance, even when living in the country. She had not missed one meeting this year, until the last one, and that day she lay on the operating table.

Perhaps in no way was she more of a blessing than in the visiting which she did. Even when she was scarcely able to be out herself, if she knew of a sick one, she knelt to ask strength from the Lord, and went out to bring cheer and comfort to the afflicted one. To-day we know that she has heard her Saviour's voice saying to her, "Come ye blessed of My Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world, for, I was sick and ye visited me."

We shall miss her more than words can tell, but her influence will abide to bless and inspire us all to greater service for our Lord.

—Secretary.

NOTES FROM QUARTERLY BOARD MEETING.

There were thirty-four members present at the Quarterly meeting of the Board, held on September 18th. It was a great pleasure to welcome Miss Selman and Miss Craig who arrived for furlough early in the summer.

After having despaired of Miss Farnell's return to India this year, we all rejoiced to know that the way has opened for her going back with the McLaurin party sailing from Montreal on October third.

You will all be cheered to know that our "Link" has had the best year in its history. There is a substantial surplus in the Treasury, but our Supt. of Agents tells us that we have not yet reached our ten thousand Jubilee objective. There is still one year to get the 2,216 subscribers needed, and we CAN get them!

The optimism of our Treasurer is something to be counted upon, and is not by any means easily chilled, but the report for this quarter certainly had that undesirable effect. Do you know that we need **eleven thousand dollars** to close the year without a deficit! Some of us still believe that all that is necessary is that our women should be made acquainted with the facts, and they will do their part. They have proved this to be true in the past, so we leave the facts with you now.

—Secretary.

NORTHERN ASSOCIATION

The 34th annual meeting of Circles and Bands was held at First Baptist church, Sault Ste Marie, on June 24th, at 2 o'clock, with the President, Miss Copp, of Timmins, in the chair.

After singing "Oh worship the King in the beauty of holiness" Mrs. Norman Boehmer, of First Church, Sault Ste Marie, led us in the devotional hour, leading our thoughts to service, followed by several very earnest prayers.

Mrs. John Hamilton, of Wellington St. Church, Sault Ste Marie, welcomed the visiting sisters and was ably responded to by Miss Wyman, of Thessalon. The Nominating Committee was appointed after which the Director called for verbal reports of Circles and Bands. These reports were interesting and told of good work done. We had the pleasure of welcoming Haileybury Circle back into our ranks again, also a little new Band at Capreol, but Cobalt Circle and Band failing to report this year makes our number of Circles and Bands the same as last, 9 Circles, 10 Bands, and 2 Y.W.C.'s.

From the Director's report we note there are 17 more women in the Circles this year than last, an increase of 18 number of Links taken and a decrease of 10 subscriptions to Visitor. Amount of money raised during the year, \$971.93, of which \$576.46 went to Foreign Missions and \$395.47 to Home. North Bay is our Banner Circle and Blind River the Banner Band.

A helpful discussion on Mission Band problems was led by Mrs. (Rev.) Nichols of Sault Ste Marie, at the conclusion of which the men joined with us in our meeting and we were privileged to listen to a most interesting address given by Mrs. C. Dengate, of Toronto, on "The Women of India." Mrs. Dengate's address was followed by an address equally inspiring and helpful given by our Home Mission Superintendent, Mr. C. H. Schutt. Mr. Schutt spoke on "Work Among Foreigners in our City Missions."

The nominating Committee presented the following report:

Director—Mrs. Norman Phelps, North Bay.

President—Miss Olive Copp, Timmins.

Vice-Pres.—Mrs. (Rev.) Morley Hall, Timmins.

Secretary—Mrs. Gordon Sims, Sault Ste Marie.

This report was unanimously accepted and the meeting was brought to a close by singing "Ye servants of God your Master proclaim" and prayer.

A. M. Phelps,
Director.

J. Sims,
Secretary.

SARNIA

The Sarnia Central Mission Circle held a very interesting meeting on August 6th. The meeting took the form of a "Birthday Party". Envelopes were sent out to all the members of the circle and each was asked to contribute one cent for each year of her age.

Twelve tables were arranged, one to represent each month and the guests were seated according to the month of their birth.

We were fortunate in having Miss Selman with us for the day and she gave us a very interesting account of the work on the Akidu field.

Refreshments were served and a pleasant social half hour was spent.

Our offering amounted to \$35.00, which we have planned to send toward the support of our Mission Homes.

Merle C. Clements, Secretary.

The Woman Who Gave Herself (2c.) is advertised by the W. M. S. of the United Church as a good Thank-offering leaflet. If we follow the example of this woman our membership and interest in Circle work should be increased. Try it. The Literature Department, 66 Bloor W., Toronto 5.

CONVENTION

The Convention will begin on Tuesday, November 10th.

Programme for Tuesday

3 p.m.—Directors' Conference. Mrs. H. Lloyd, Toronto.

4 p.m.—Mission Band Conference. Mrs. C. H. Taylor, Hamilton.

8 p.m.—Prayer Service. Mrs. Cale, Toronto.

The Young Women

MEMORIES OF COLLEGE LIFE IN INDIA

Although I did not graduate from the Women's Christian College, Madras, it was during my two years there that I had my first experience of college life. There were many things that seemed new and strange to me when I entered at the age of 16. Until that time I had not met Indians on equal terms, but only as servants, shopkeepers, hawkers. At the college there were girls from many different classes of homes, speaking several different languages, but most of them were Christian girls, and many had attended mission schools. They came from all parts of the Madras Presidency, from Travancore, from Gujerat, and even one girl from Ceylon. Their modes of dress were varied—the noticeably different styles, to one uninitiated into the mysteries of Indian dress, being the ordinary South Indian costume, the Ceylon variation, and the Syrian Christian dress. Among the languages most used were Tamil, Telugu, and Malayalam, although several others were represented, but English was the chief means of communication, for it was the only language known to all.

There were about 100 students then in the college, of whom perhaps a dozen were Eurasian girls, but I was the only English girl most of the time. As I chose my friends from among the Indian girls, I had an almost unique opportunity for making their acquaintance. I knew some Tamil, and while there I managed to pick up some Malayalam and a little Telugu, and was thus able to take part in some of their vernacular conversations.

Unfortunately, I sometimes found it difficult to appreciate their humor. I remember one joke which caused uproarious laughter, but all I could discover in it was that a cot was mentioned as having three legs while two fingers were held up—the point being that a cot really has four legs! When we studied Goldsmith's Essays much of their rich humour was spoilt for me because I had to stand up and explain it for the other girls. There is apparently considerable variety in our sense of humour, and what seems full of

salt to one is entirely without savour to another.

Some of the superstitions of the non-Christian girls were quite amusing. On the day which had been set as the last for payment of fees, one of these girls arrived without the money, and explained that she could not pay her fees that day because it was "inauspicious." For the Intermediate examination my number was 169, and there were many of the girls who would have traded with me if they could, for 13 was a lucky number, and the square of 13 would bring untold luck! When the results came out I had failed—for the first and last time in my experience, although I have taken 13 public examinations. Apparently their lucky number was not mine!

There have been so many additions to the college buildings since my day that I fear I should scarcely know the place. It was with difficulty that I recognized the model of it that I saw at Wembley last year. One large building was in course of erection while I was there. In fact, we lived in it long before it was completed, and when we had heavy rain it was often difficult to find a dry spot for one's bed. Since then this building has been finished, and I believe there is a new Science building, as well as a chapel.

Our chapel service used to be held in what, I think, once formed part of a barn or stable. It was clean, but very bare, with its white-washed walls and bamboo matting on the floor, upon which were placed rows of chairs. I believe there were two or three pictures, but the only one I remember clearly was one called, I think, "Praying Hands." This hung above the reading desk where Miss McDougall stood while conducting the service with which we started the work of the day. There was a small organ, also, on which one of the professors accompanied the singing of the hymns. If one of the students was absent from chapel, her attendance was not counted for the day, for the register was marked directly after the service.

Physical Training was a very important feature of the college course—daily drill was compulsory, and all students were expected

to play games or at least to be out in the "compound" for some time during the afternoon. For athletics there was a compulsory subscription of 4 as. (about 8c.) a term; and the collection of these small sums, with the book-keeping involved, was quite a task—I know, because I was treasurer of the Games Club for a while! For this large (!) fee were provided tennis, basketball, rounders, and at intervals we held general sports. It was a funny sight to see some of the Indian girls running, with their long and sometimes tight garments; they had to take very small steps, but they could run very fast nevertheless, and some of them were splendid jumpers.

We had a few social activities, of which the most thriving were probably the Musical and the Dramatic Clubs. We learnt many pretty songs, some of them in two, or even three, parts. The Dramatic Club gave some very good plays, in spite of a lack of scenery and costumes. The plays chosen were usually either Shakespeare's or Indian stories translated into English and dramatised by the girls themselves. There was also a Star Club which made up in enthusiasm for its small membership. We had a telescope, and a fine large flat roof, where we held our meetings. We learnt the names of a large number of constellations and stars, sketching and noting their positions at various hours. India is an ideal place for this sort of study, for we have no long light evenings and practically no twilight. Every day is about 12 hours long, and night falls very soon after the sun goes down. The sky at night is of a wonderful deep blue, and forms a fine background for the marvellously brilliant stars.

The religious life of the students was by no means neglected. Lectures on Scripture and Church History formed part of our regular work. There was a strong branch of the Y.W.C.A. in college, and a number of enthusiastic Study and Prayer Groups. We had to be up early on Sunday morning, as service commenced at 8 o'clock, and some of us had a good distance to go to church. In the evening a few went out to church, but

most attended the service held in our own chapel.

It was quite a sight to see the girls leaving for church, most of them dressed in saris of spotless white, all piling into juktas. These vehicles are weird and wonderful contraptions, with no seats and no springs, usually drawn by ponies too large for them, so that they see-saw back and forth. As the jukta drivers are very fond of racing one another, a ride in a jukta, sitting on a hard wooden floor, is apt to be somewhat uncomfortable. Some of us preferred to go to church on bicycles, which are quite popular with women as well as men in Madras.

The Indian dinners at W. C. C. used to be lots of fun. One of the girls would dress me in a sari, and most of the professors would don Indian dress. Then we sat on the floor, and ate with our fingers, off plantain leaves, rice and curry prepared by the girls. It is very difficult to do this daintily until you have had some practice.

The college motto is "Lighted to lighten," and this is embodied in the following verse of the college song, which has always remained with me:

"Lighted to lighten" we proclaim
Service for India as our aim,
So let our lamps be filled and trimmed
To bear our light to all undimmed.

G. M. England.

A splendid way of helping the missionary work among India's women is selling the lace which is made by the Christian women. Apply to the Literature Department for a box, or for information about getting and selling it. Try this plan for the Christmas trade.

What are the Young Women's Circles doing? We would like to hear about your work.

If you carry out an interesting program or have found some new ways of raising money, write and tell Link readers about it.

We hope you are all planning to send delegates to the Convention.

Can you make some special effort just now to help in our financial crisis?

Read pages 34 and 51.—Ed.

Canadian Girls in Training

In tent number seven there was a sense of impending dullness. "Every day at this camp has been gorgeous, but today our theme is 'World Friendship' and that sounds stupid," said Bumps.

"Yes, its just a camouflage for missions," agreed Phyllis, "and missions are such a bore."

"I don't think so at all," cried Gwen, brushing her hair with sudden energy. "We have a missionary meeting every month in our C. G.I.T. at home, and we love them."

"What do you do at them?"

"Do! Why, heaps of things. We always study a book, because then you have something definite to show for your year's work. Two years ago we used Dr. Hayward's wonderful little book on "Heroes of Our Homelands." I tell you what, you never want to call anyone a chink or sheeny or dago again when you've read that. Last year we had "The Clash of Colour" by Basil Mathews. Everybody living ought to read that book. It almost frightens you, but it makes you want to work and work so all races will learn to be brothers before they kill each other off."

"Do you just study at your meetings?" asked Bumps, still unconvinced.

"No, we always have a good expressional activity (as the leaders call it). We made lovely scrapbooks and bright silk bags and needle books for our own mission in India, and we sent some dolls to Dr. Grenfell. One thing that was heaps of fun was having the C.G.I.T. group from the Italian Mission for supper one night. We have lovely scrapbooks for ourselves, too, where we keep all the pictures and stories we can find about different countries. And quite often we choose sides and have contests on what we've studied."

"Say, anything else?" gasped Phyllis.

"Yes, the dressing up for tableau. It's surprising what fine costumes you can evolve from sheets and middie ties and bathrobes, and you see in our scrapbooks we have pictures of different costumes to guide us. Then our leader got a book of games and songs of different nations, that we loved hearing. And—"

But just here the whistle blew for quiet

for the morning watch. As the last middie tie was donned and the girls reached for their Bibles they heard the Great Chief's voice as she passed down tent row. "I'm sure this will be a happy day" she was saying to camp mother." "Hirko San is the sweetest little Japanese girl. She's coming out by car to tell the girls about camping in her country and to teach them some Japanese songs. And then our pageant of Word Fellowship for the campfire will keep us busy. Oh, don't let me forget to take a Friendship offering at the campfire."

"A pageant! That sound nice" said Phyllis. "Maybe missions aren't so very dull, after all."

Gwen was reading the little pamphlet of Morning Watch suggestions. "Oh what a darling poem for the day. Let's read it softly together."

And so from tent seven rose the murmur of earnest girlish voices beginning the day with this:

"The New Patriot"

"Who is the patriot? He who lights
The torch of war from hill to hill?
Or he who kindles on the heights
The beacon of a world's good will?"

"Who is the patriot? It is he
Who knows no boundary, race or creed,
Whose nation is humanity,
Whose countrymen—all souls that need.

"Who is the patriot? Only he
Whose business is the general good
Whose keenest sword is sympathy
Whose dearest flag is brotherhood."

—M. T.

NOTES

On the 26th of September a Rally was held to which all Toronto C.G.I.T. groups were invited. Features of the Rally were a picnic supper, a bonfire and a talk by Miss McPherson, Provincial Secretary of Girls' Work.

Miss McPherson's talk explained the aims and ideals of the Girls' Councils about to be organized. In Toronto there are to be four

District Girls' Councils and organization meetings are to be held in October. In each District there will be a sponsor from each denomination. Mrs. Marshall will be a Baptist Sponsor.

The Study book on Foreign Missions that has been adopted for the use of Canadian Girls in Training groups for this winter is "Looking ahead with Latin America." In connection with this book our Baptist groups should learn much about our work in Bolivia.

On Home Missions Dr. Lovell Murray's splendid book for young people, "Nation Builders," is to be used.

LITTLE MERCY

E. Bessie Lockhart

One morning old Sarah, the "mother of all the Christians" in Kanamooru, awoke when the cock crew. She had to go a long way that morning to take a pot of buttermilk for the Boarding School children to eat on their porridge. She combed her hair and put cocoanut oil on it, then took a faded blue cloth from the bamboo stick placed across her little hut roof, tied it on tightly, pleated it fold after fold of the seven yards, put her buttermilk pot on her head, and went down the little village street before anyone else was awake.

Just as she stepped through the hole in the cactus hedge she almost stumbled over something in the dark. Then she heard it cry. "Why, here is a little girl baby. It is a wonder they did not throw it in the canal," she thought. But what should she do about it? "Suffer the little children to come unto Me," the words the Christian women had learned last Sunday for the big rally soon to come, came the answer. And so she picked up the baby, carried it back home, gave it some milk to drink, and cared for it a long time. She loved the fair little child so much that she was always glad she found her, and she gave her the name of Mercy.

So little Mercy grew and rolled in the dust with the other babies of the village until one sad day old Sarah died.

A good woman in the village said, "I will take care of Mercy. I have no little girls of my own. When she is twelve or thirteen we will make a marriage for her just as if she

were our own girl." And little Mercy found another home. But in that little room in the palm leaved hut there was no money for nice clothes or books. All day little Mercy's foster-father sewed sandals, and, until she was seven years old, nobody thought of sending her to school.

But one day a white lady came to the village. "Oh, see the red horse! Look at the funny hat! What a queer dress! She has no cocoanut oil on her hair!" The excited children gathered around and talked and giggled and whispered as the lady went from house to house. Finally she said, "Now children, sing me a song you learned at Sunday School." Then how they did sing until finally she put her hands over her ears. "Oh, you may stop now. Little girl, you did not sing. Are you not a Christian child?" "Yes, but I do not go to school."

Then the white lady looked at the little girl. Her hair had not been combed for days. It was full of dust and dirt. Her face was dirty. Her sole garment was a piece of cloth around her waist and hanging in some places to the ground; in others, torn above her knees. But the missionary saw something different—she saw a skin much fairer than the other children, features more perfect, and a refinement that did not appear in the others. "Show me your home, Mercy," she said. And little Mercy led the way to her home.

"Let me take your little girl and put her in the Boarding School," she said, when she had heard the story of the little founding. And so Mercy went back to the beautiful school with the lady. Her hair was combed and braided. She rustled around in a starched blue jacket and a long, full red skirt. She played under the big shade trees of the school compound, swept the large hall with the little girls, picked up leaves for the missionary, learned her letters from the Indian girl teacher, helped the older girls clean the rice for the mid-day meal, and every day learned more and more of living and loving and learning.

Each year, when the holidays came around, she went home to her kind foster-parents. But the village now seemed very dirty after the clean Boarding School, and she was glad to

(Continued on page 38)

Our Mission Bands

THE LITTLE BROWN GIRL AND I.

Away on the other side of the world
Lives a little brown girl I know.
Away off there in a distant land
Where they never have frost or snow.
I have a home that is bright and glad,
She wanders where shadows lie,
Yet the same dear Father has made us both—
The little brown girl and I.
The little brown girl has never heard
Of a love that is over all,
Of a Father who cares with an equal care
For all who will heed His call.
Perhaps she is waiting for me to send
The news of a God on high,
That together we two may lift our prayers—
The little brown girl and I.—Sel.

FROM MISS PRIEST

Dear Boys and Girls:

I know you like "really truly stories," and I am going to tell you about a little Telugu boy named Beera James. His grandmother was one of the first to become a Christian in a village four miles from Tuni, and the people of the village were so angry they drove this family out of their house and they had to stay in the fields. The head man also said he would punish any one who gave them food or help of any kind. James father was then a small boy, and Mr. Currie was the missionary. But God conquered the hatred of these men and when I came to live in Tuni MaLak-smi had a house in that village and was welcomed to all the homes there. Though she could not read, she was always telling how Jesus died for sinners, and the people would listen to her and take tracts from her. As long as she was able to walk, she visited the villages around her home to tell the story of Jesus' love. James' father learned carpenter work and made his home in Tuni, so James has been one of our Sunday School boys. He was a quiet little laddie, but always in his place in class, and very attentive. Among those who came one very rainy Sunday lately, he was one. Tuesday evening I was startled by the message that James was dead! Then it came out that he was poorly on Sunday

but would not miss Sunday School. On Monday he was worse and had to stay on his bed. In his weakness he asked his mother for a rupee. It was a big sum for him to ask for, and she asked what he wanted it for. He said, "I want it to give to Jesus next Sunday and whether I am here or not you must be sure that it is given." She gave it to him and he held it close till in his weakness it slipped from his hand, but at once he missed it and was not content until it was given to him again. On Tuesday he was much worse, and they took him in an ox cart to the hospital. But although so ill his thought was on giving this rupee to Jesus. That night Jesus called James to be with Him in the heavenly home, and he was ready to go. His parents sent this precious rupee to me to give to Jesus on Sunday as he desired.

In Sunday School that morning I asked his teacher to say a few words about him and she gave such a good testimony about his interest and said she had been thinking of suggesting that he was ready for baptism. Then his teacher in the day school spoke of his faithfulness in his lessons and said that he was one of the few boys who obeyed him when he told them not to play with bad companions.

And our pastor, who was his uncle, told another precious thing about him. Though he was only a little boy, he was the one who kept the family worship going. Every night he saw to it that the family gathered together for prayers. As I listened to these testimonies my heart did rejoice to know what Jesus meant to this little Telugu boy, and I felt you, dear boys and girls, ought to know because you are our partners in this work. And it shows us that even a quiet little boy can know and love Jesus and shine for Him; and if this little Telugu boy could, so can all of you. That you all may know this joy and help many more Telugu boys and girls to know is the prayer of your loving friend,

Ellen Priest.

Tuni, August 7th, 1925.

Write to the "Link" about your Mission Band.—Ed.

Did you ever think of what a long golden chain we may be forging by a Thankoffering? Read "Clover chains and golden chains" (1c). See back cover of this Link.

Boys know a whole lot, don't they? But there was one that got a big surprise. He must have been rather a "snob", this boy, for he did not like being with what he called "dirty" or "poor" or "foreign" boys and girls. But what a surprise he got when he met them all in Heaven, where he went one night in a dream. "The little boy who did not know his own family" (2c). See back cover.

LITTLE MERCY

(Continued from page 56)

come back to her lessons after the holidays. And so she grew up to be the prettiest and sweetest girl in the big school. She learned to sing and to play some hymns on the little organ. She learned to sew, to cut her jackets, to be "Big Sister" to the little girls so that they would not fall into the well. She learned to pour boracic water into the other girls' eyes to keep the eye disease away. She learned to cook and to sweep and to help others. And one Sunday she and fifteen other girls were baptized in the canal.

Then, when she had passed the last class in the school, she said, "Next year I will go to the Normal School and learn to be a teacher." Her foster-father and mother said, "The idea! You are an old maid now. You are seventeen years old. You have too much education. We will have your wedding." But Mercy said, "No, first I will go to Normal. Then I will teach others, because I want to help others to learn in the Boarding School as I did. Our missionary always tells us we Indian Christian educated girls are 'Saved to Serve.' I will teach a few years. Then I will get married as you want me to do."

This year our little Mercy, now a tall, beautiful, fair girl, received her second-class teacher's diploma. What a good thing old Sarah started out that long ago morning with buttermilk for the Boarding School.

—Western Baptist

POINTS ABOUT FOREIGN MISSIONS.

1. Every book in the New Testament was written by a foreign missionary.
 2. Every epistle in the New Testament that was written to a church was written to a missionary church.
 3. Every letter in the New Testament that was written to an individual was written to the convert of a foreign missionary.
 4. Every book in the New Testament that was written to a community of believers was written to a general group of foreign missionary churches.
 5. The one book of prophecy in the New Testament was written to the seven foreign missionary churches in Asia.
 6. The only authoritative history of the early Christian church is a foreign missionary journal.
 7. The disciples were called Christians first in a foreign missionary community.
 8. The language of the books of the New Testament is the missionary's language.
- American Exchange.

A large shipment of lace has just been received from India. We will now be able to send boxes to any person desiring such. Apply to 66 Bloor Street West, Toronto 5.

THE WORLD'S BIBLE

"Christ has no hands but our hands,
To do His work today;
He has no feet but our feet,
To lead men in His way;
He has no tongue but our tongues,
To tell men how He died;
He has no help but our help,
To bring them to His side.

"We are the only Bible
The careless world will read;
We are the sinners' Gospel,
We are the scoffers' creed;
We are the Lord's last message
Given in deed and word;
What if the type is crooked?
What if the print is blurred?"

—Sel.

The Eastern Society

Miss M. E. Barker, 4136 Dorchester St., Westmount, Que.

EASTERN CONVENTION, OTTAWA, AN INSPIRING EVENT.

Two days of opportunity for the women of Eastern Ontario and Quebec. Date, Oct. 14th and 15th Place, First Church, Ottawa. Foreign Mission Day, Thursday, October 15. Two consecrated missionaries, Miss Bessie Lockhart and Dr. Jessie Allyn, will tell their thrilling story.

Can your Circle afford to be unrepresented on such a rare occasion?

Billets.

Mrs. O. G. Cogswell, 172 O'Connor St., Ottawa, has charge of the billeting. If any delegates and life members desiring billets have not yet communicated with Mrs. Cogswell they are requested to do so immediately.

United Prayer Meeting.

Members of the Home and Foreign Mission Boards and delegates who have arrived in Ottawa will join in the usual preliminary prayer meeting on Wednesday evening, October 14th, at 8 o'clock, in the First Baptist Church.

DO YOU KNOW?

Our Convention is approaching fast, and are you arranging to be there or to send some one from your Circle? YES! Well! send them prepared to buy your literature. I hope to be there with the new Study Books:—"Prayer and Missions," written by our beloved friend, Mrs. Helen Barrett Montgomery—a wonderful book indeed; also "Brave Adventures", for Bands, a splendid book for our children. Ah yes! and don't forget our Western Mission Book, "Time for the Sickle." Send your delegates with your orders, and warm the heart of the Superintendent. I want to go right over the top at this year's Convention.

Have you had a good summer? I wish you all could have been where I was, at Knowlton Conference. The Missionary Conference was just wonderful and it was a great joy to hear our beloved Dr. Smith and Mr. Priest. All through the main plea was not for funds but for prayers, and I believe if

we pray believing, all else will come as well as a Blessing to our Missionaries.

Come to Ottawa. You sure will have a splendid time amongst our friends and a Missionary feast.

Mrs. N. J. Fitch,
Supt. of Literature.

CYCLONIC STORMS AT AKIDU, VUY- YURU AND AVANIGADDA.

A great disaster has befallen these districts in India. In the midst of the hottest dry season—a most unusual time for rain—a destructive cyclone, followed by torrential rains flooded the country, doing terrible damage to property. Chapels, schools, buildings in the compounds, are in partial ruins. At Avanigadda, the Bible Women's houses are destroyed and the women are homeless. Tremendous damage was done in the villages, wrecking the homes of the people. The losses are very severe and an urgent appeal for generous help is presented to all who can send special contributions to the Cyclone Fund.

God's people should pray that good may come out of this dark cloud, and that the sorely needed help may be forthcoming.

BOARD MEETING

The Quarterly Board meeting of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of Eastern Ontario and Quebec was held in the parlor of the First Olivet United Church on Friday, Sept. 11th. The President, Mrs. H. Ayer, took the chair. Minutes of previous meeting were read and adopted. The Treasurer's statement for the quarter was read and on motion accepted. Total receipts for the quarter \$1066. Disbursements \$1955. To enable us to present a clear balance sheet to Convention the sum of \$1705 must come into the hands of the Treasurer in the next two weeks. Our God is able to answer prayer above all that we can ask or think, and we have faith to believe that the earnest prayers of God's people will be rewarded.

Reports from Superintendent of Bands and

Canadian Missionary Link

Editor—Mrs. Thos. Trotter, 95 St. George St., Toronto, Ontario. All matter for publication should be sent to the Editor. Subscriptions, Renewals, Changes of Address and all money should be sent to "Canadian Missionary Link," 118 Gothic Avenue, Toronto 9. 50 cents a year, payable in advance.

Literature Department—Women's F. M. Board, 66 Bloor St. W., Toronto 5. Do not send cheques if you live outside of Toronto. Send money orders. Telephone Randolph 8577—F.

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Guelph—Miss Louise Burch, 192 E. Main St., Galt, Ontario.
Middlesex and Lambton—Mrs. Baldwin, 1000 Oxford St., London, Ont.
Niagara and Hamilton—Mrs. H. F. Veals, 33 Strathcona Ave. South, Hamilton, Ont.

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Northern—Mrs. Norman Phelps, North Bay, Ont.
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Superintendent of Literature were read and on motion adopted.

Mrs. Findlay, Superintendent of Supplies, gave the final report relating to the sending of the five cases to India. Every possible precaution had been taken to ensure their arrival in India in perfect condition and ready for distribution to the different missionaries. This had entailed a very great amount of labor. At the approaching Convention the subject will no doubt be discussed and arrangements made for the best methods of carrying on this important work.

Mrs. Motley reported that the programme for Convention was completed and the members of the Board learned with great pleasure that both Dr. Jessie Allyn and Miss Lockhart were to address the meetings.

Notice was given of the annual rally of the Young Women's Circles of Montreal in Westmount Church on Sept. 22nd. Miss Lockhart will address the meeting. Mrs. Motley announced that arrangements were being made for Miss Lockhart to make a tour among the Circles. Miss Clarke stated that she had been present at the Women's Con-

vention of the Maritime Provinces held in Amherst, and had greatly enjoyed hearing and meeting Miss Bessie Lockhart and in meeting with the earnest women of that Convention. Our Board greatly appreciates the favor conferred by the Women's Board of the Maritime Union in the permission given to Miss Bessie Lockhart to address meetings in our constituency.

Miss Russell, Convener of the Committee for the Jubilee Campaign, stated that until the first payments were made in October no idea could be formed as to the results to be anticipated.

Letters were read from Miss Bain, Mrs. Cross, and Mr. Chute. Great sympathy was felt for our sorrowing friends in India in the great havoc caused by the terrific cyclone.

Notice of a farewell meeting to be held in Point St. Charles Baptist Church on October 2nd to bid God-speed to Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Church, Mr. and Mrs. Quirk, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. McLaurin, Miss Farnell and Mr. Buck, who are returning to India, was read.

After a season of prayer the meeting adjourned.

Missionary Directory

INDIA

Miss M. E. Archibald, M.A.	Chicacole, Ganjam Dist.
Rev. E. W. Armstrong, B.A., and Mrs. Armstrong, B.A., R.N.	Samalkot, Godavari Dist.
Miss L. A. Bain, B.Th.	Vuyyuru, Kistna Dist.
Rev. R. C. Bensen, B.A., B.Th., The McLaurin High School,	Cocanada, Godavari Dist.
Miss M. H. Blackadar, M.A.	Vizagatam, Vizag. Dist.
Miss Muriel Brothers, B.A.	Samalkot, Godavari Dist.
Rev. J. E. Chute, B.Th., and Mrs. Chute, M.D.	Akidu, Kistna Dist.
Rev. E. J. Church, B.A., and wife	Waltair, Vizag District, India
Miss M. Clark	Sompeta, Ganjam Dist.
Miss Z. Clark, B.A., M.D.	Sompeta, Ganjam Dist.
Miss Flora Clark	Vizianagram, Vizag. Dist.
Miss Sarah L. Cook, M.D.	Bimlipatam, Vizag. Dist.
Rev. H. B. Cross, B.A., and wife	Avanigadda, Kistna Dist.
Miss Mattie Curry, B.Th.	Bimlipatam, Vizag District
Miss Evelyn Eaton, R.N.	Pithapuram, Godavari Dist.
Mr. P. B. Eaton, B.A., M.D., Ch.D., and Mrs. Eaton, R.N.	Chicacole, Ganjam Dist.
Miss W. A. Eaton	Tuni, Godavari District
Miss E. E. Farnell	Samalkot, Godavari District
Miss C. B. Elliott	Bobbili, Vizag. Dist.
Rev. S. C. Freeman, M.A., B.D., and wife	Parlakimedi, Ganjam Dist.
Rev. J. A. Glendinning, M.A.	Parlakimedi, Ganjam Dist.
Rev. A. Gordon, B.A., B.Th., and wife	Vuyyuru, Kistna Dist.
Rev. R. E. Gullison, M.A., and wife	Bimlipatam, Vizag District
Rev. John Hart, B.A., and Mrs. Hart, B.A.	Bimlipatam, Vizag. Dist.
Miss S. I. Hatch, K.I.H.	Ramachandrapuram, Godavari Dist.
Miss C. B. Hellyer, B.A.	Bimlipatam, Vizag. Dist.
Rev. W. V. Higgins, B.A., D.D., and wife	Waltair, Vizag. Dist.
Miss S. A. Hinman	Akidu, Kistna Dist.
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Miss L. M. Jones	Ramachandrapuram, Godavari Dist.
Miss Grace C. Kenyon, B.A.	Vizagapatam, Vizag District
Miss L. Knowles	Bobbili, Vizag. Dist.
Miss E. G. Mann, B.A.	Akidu, Kistna Dist.
Miss C. A. Mason	Narsapatnam, Vizag. Dist.
Rev. A. D. Matheson, B.Th., and Mrs. Matheson, B.Th.	Bobbili, Vizag. Dist.
Miss G. McGill, B.A.	Pithapuram, Godavari Dist.
Miss K. S. McLaurin	Cocanada, Godavari Dist.
Rev. J. B. McLaurin, B.A., B.Th., and wife	Ramapatam, Nellore Dist.
Miss Eva McLeish	Yellamanchili, Vizag. Dist.
Miss A. C. Munro, R.N.	Parlakimedi, Ganjam Dist.
Miss A. C. Murray	Narsapatnam, Vizag. Dist.
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Rev. E. L. Quirk, B.A., and wife	Cocanada, Godavari District
Miss L. A. Sanford, R.N.	Pithapuram, Godavari Dist.
Rev. A. A. Scott, B.A., B.Th., and Mrs. Scott, R.N.	Tuni, Godavari Dist.

Miss A. Pearl Scott	Palkonda, Vizag. District
Rev. H. D. Smith, B.A., B.Th., and wife	Cocanada, Godavari Dist.
Rev. W. S. Tedford, M.A., M.S.Th., and wife	Palkonda, Vizag. Dist.
Rev. C. L. Timpany, B.A., B.Th.	Ramachandrapuram, Godavari Dist.
Miss Bessie E. Turnbull, B.A.	Parlakimedi, Ganjam Dist.
Mr. J. Hinson West, M.D., and Mrs. West, B.A.,	Parlakimedi, Ganjam Dist.
Mr. H. A. Wolverton, M.D., B.S.A., and wife	Pithapuram, Godavari Dist.

BOLIVIA

Miss Alice Booker	Hacienda Guatajata, Huarina, Via La Paz
Rev. P. G. Buck, B.A., B.Th., and wife	Casilla 701, Oruro
Miss Alice Clarke	Casilla 701, Oruro
Rev. A. Haddow, B.A., B.Th., and wife	Casilla 701, Oruro
Rev. H. S. Hillyer, B.A., B.Th., and wife	Casilla 123, Cochabamba
Miss Marjorie Palmer	Hacienda Guatajata, Huarina, Via La Paz
Rev. A. H. Plummer, B.S.A., and wife	Hacienda Guatajata, Huarina, Via La Paz
Miss Evelyn Slack, B.A.	Casilla 701, Oruro
Rev. Johnson Turnbull and wife	Casilla 123, Cochabamba
Mrs. L. N. Vickerson	Casilla 701, Oruro
Rev. H. E. Wintemute, B.A., and wife	Casilla 402, La Paz
Mrs. J. M. Wilkinson and Miss M. B. Morton	(Associate Missionaries) Cochabamba

ON FURLOUGH

Miss J. M. Allyn, M.D., C.M.	13618 103rd Ave., Edmonton, Alta.
Miss L. M. Allyn, R. N.	13618 103rd Ave., Edmonton, Alta.
Miss Grace J. Baker, B.A.	Dartmouth, N.S.
Rev. Gordon P. Barss, M.A., B.D., and wife	Wolfville, N.S.
Miss A. E. Baskerville	Strathroy, Ont.
Mrs. R. C. Bensen, B.A.	34 Mountain Park Ave., Hamilton, Ont.
Rev. H. Y. Corey, M.A., D.D., and wife	Box 250, Wolfville, N.S.
Mrs. J. A. Glendinning	Wolfville, N.S.
Miss Laura J. Craig, B.A.	508 Markham St., Toronto, Ont.
Rev. J. C. Hardy and wife	Elgin, Man.
Miss M. E. Harrison	Maccan, N.S.
Miss Eva Bessie Lockhart, B.A.	Falmouth, N.S.
Miss B. L. Myers	57 Young St. E., Halifax, N.S.
Miss J. F. Robinson	Box 36, Bobcaygeon, Ont.
Miss M. R. B. Selman, R.N.	223 Church St., Toronto, Ont.
Rev. E. G. Smith, M.D., and Mrs. Smith	103 Ellsworth Ave., Toronto
Rev. R. E. Smith, B.A., B.Th., and wife	Box 437, Simcoe, Ont.
Mrs. C. L. Timpany	Aylmer West, Ont.
Miss L. E. Wilson	Box 422, Digby, N.S.

RETIRED

Mrs. I. C. Archibald	223 Church St., Toronto
Rev. John Craig, B.A., and wife	544 Clinton St., Toronto, Ont.
Miss E. A. Folsom	Tuni, Godavari Dist., India
Mrs. C. N. Mitchell	Dr. Wallace Mitchell, Delta Block, Hamilton, Ont.
Rev. A. B. Reekie and wife	R.R. No. 3, St. Catharines, Ont.
Rev. R. Sanford, M.A., D.D.	Vizianagram, Vizag. Dist., India
Mrs. J. R. Stillwell	Ramapatam, Nellore Dist., India

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