

# Canadian Missionary Link.

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## SOME EXTRACTS.

There was celebrated on Sunday, September 10th, 1911, at Mount Hermon, Massachusetts, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Student Volunteer Movement for Missions. The influence of that movement has been and is still, such a mighty and far-reaching one,—the occasion was so memorable and the addresses given so inspiring, that we are printing here a few extracts in an attempt to give a glimpse into the task we have before us, what has been accomplished in that task, what there is yet to do, and what are our resources for the doing of it.

“What were the conditions at the Mount Hermon Conference, which made possible the generating of a great spiritual movement like the Student Volunteer Movement? One was the fact that the body of student delegates here assembled had presented to them a colossal task and an heroic appeal. You see from the reading of this watchword, “The evangelization of the world in this generation” that it presents a colossal task.

The atmosphere and the activities of intercession, which characterized the Conference, constituted another favoring condition. We had leaders who believed in God, who had unshakable conviction about the objective fact of transformation wrought by prayer apart from the man who prays. These leaders not only believed; they practiced what they preached.

Another cause—the presence of a group of men with triumphant faith and courage. It does not need to be a great company.

Now, to my mind,—far greater responsibility rests upon us than we have ever realized. In the first place, we face an absolutely unprecedented world situation, a situation unprecedented, in opportunity, in danger, and in urgency. The situation twenty-years ago,—why, if that could move students, should not you and I be moved to the very depths of our souls by a time when simultaneous-

ly in the Far East and Near East, in Southern Asia and Central Asia, in every section of the African Continent—yes, in Latin America and the Greek lands of Europe, the cause of Christ is confronted by such a crisis.

A second reason why there is more responsibility resting on us than we may have realized, is because we have larger resources than they had. The wealth of the United States and Canada has more than doubled since the Mt. Hermon meeting. The population of the universities and colleges has nearly doubled in twenty-five years.”

—John R. Mott.

“The Student Volunteer Movement has summoned the Christian young men and women of our colleges to heroic service.

“A medical missionary in Persia refuses a palace and a princely income as personal physician to the Shah, saying: ‘I came to Persia to relieve the distresses of the poor in the name of Jesus.’ An educator in China declines the high salaried presidency of an imperial university, giving as his reason: ‘I want to translate the Bible and to preach the gospel, and to train up Christian ministers.’ An old man in Syria rides horseback eight hours in a wintry storm to administer the communion in a mountain village. Another in Siam pushes his little boat up lonely rivers swarming with crocodiles, and tramps through snake and tiger-infested jungles that he may preach Christ to people whom no one else seeks. A refined woman in China makes regular visits to a leper colony, and lovingly ministers to repulsive sufferers with sightless eyes and rotting limbs, seeing the glory of the human soul even in them. Alfred Marling, seventy miles from a physician, dies in the furnace of African fever, singing, “How Sweet the Name of Jesus sounds!” Mrs. William Jessup, in a Syrian shed, lines a rude box, places in it the still form of her child, sends it away for distant burial, and then goes back to her sick husband and tries to keep up a brave face and not let him know that her heart is breaking.

"Why did they go? Because they have caught a vision, a vision of the world with its dire need, a vision of One who left His home in heaven, breathed the foul atmosphere of earth, came in contact with its sin and misery, staggered with bleeding feet through the stony streets of Jerusalem, and gave up His life upon 'the bitter Cross.'

"And who knoweth whether thou art not come to the Kingdom for such a time as this?"—A. J. Brown, D.D.

#### MISSIONARY NEWS.

Many of the "Link" readers have been interested in the Ludhiana School of Medicine for Women, of which the annual report has recently come to hand. The school opened in 1894, and, under the principalship of Dr. Edith M. Brown, of Cambridge, Eng., is for the training of Indian women as doctors and nurses. Any of the Protestant missionary societies in India may send students to be trained with the understanding that they return after graduation to work for the mission which educated them. The students are admitted to the medical examinations of Lahore University on the same terms as the men, and the universal testimony is that the Indian women make capable doctors and nurses. The school is governed by a board in India, and auxiliary committees have been formed in a number of Old and New World cities. The Toronto, or rather Canadian committee, has undertaken the support of a student, and also the salary of Miss E. M. Gourlay, who has charge of the Training School for Nurses. Miss Gourlay is a Baptist from Western Canada, and is meeting with great success in her work. "One dollar a year and upwards constitutes membership in the committee. The president is Dr. Jennie Gray Waldman, and the second vice-president is Miss Rogers, our former missionary,—both of these well-known in our denomination. The treasurer is Mrs. J. T. Duncan, 165 Bloor St. E., Toronto.

From Madagascar, Rhodesia and the Kongo comes startling news of a revival of heathenism. The dancing mania has to a large extent taken possession of these separated peoples, and in its train follows gambling, drinking, superstition, and witchcraft. This will be a great

test for the native Christians, and will make a very difficult struggle for the missionaries.

A serious attempt to expose Mormonism and check its progress, is to be made by an Interdenominational Council of Women in the United States.

"India," says E. R. Carver, in *The Missionary Witness*, "is a land full of contradictions, and is hence a much misunderstood land.

"This is the land of blazing light, and yet, withal, the land of densest darkness. There is wonderful beauty with repulsive ugliness. A land of plenty, full of penury. Ultra-cleanliness and unmentionable filthiness. There is kindness to all creatures combined with hardest cruelty. All life held sacred in a land of murders. A people of mild speech, given to violent language. Proud of learning, and sunken in ignorance. Seekers for merit, resigned to fate. Unbelieving, and full of credulity. Belief in one God, coexistent with the worship of 330,000,000 deities. Intensely religious, yet destitute of piety. Altogether, India is lost humanity gone to seed; a diseased, degenerate herb become a noxious weed. At least this is the condition of her society."—*Missionary Review*.

One of the missionaries of the China Inland Mission, close to the frontier of Thibet, has made a long journey of 12,000 miles into that almost forbidden land. He carried with him a supply of Tibetan Gospels, of which he was able to dispose with great ease. He was usually received with courtesy even at the monasteries, and he writes that he thinks a great change has come over these people, and that there is a splendid opportunity for the circulation of the Scriptures in Eastern Thibet. Another door is opening!

A great flood has devastated China for a distance of 700 miles from the province of Hupeh to Shanghai. It is estimated that many thousands have been drowned, and hundreds of thousands driven from their homes. Distress and famine are facing other districts also. China is trying to make provision for this need from her own treasury, but war is claiming all her available money, and help will have to come once more from Britain and America.

## A TRIP TO RANGOON.

Mrs. John Firstbrook.

We are sailing away to Burma, the land we remember so well as the mission field of the Judsons.

Our boat is slowly making its way down the Hoogly River into the Bay of Bengal. This passage is most difficult, for the sand drifts in, and often seriously impedes the progress of the journey. We enjoy the pure, fresh air on the top deck, a pleasant change after the heat and bustle of Calcutta.

We find Rangoon filled to overflowing with Americans—a large vessel, on its tour round the world, has just arrived, and every available corner in the hotels is filled by the tourists.

We are met, however, by our good friend, Dr. Armstrong, who takes our party in hand. He has already arranged that we should be the guests of Dr. Cote (from Quebec), a lady who years ago came as a medical missionary to Burma, but who now manages a large private hospital of her own. Her Christian influence remains the same, although her work at present is entirely self-supporting. We find her ready to receive us, and we feel at home from the very first. We are glad to find that she knows our dear friend, Dr. Masse, of Grande Ligne. We met Mr. and Mrs. Greig and other missionaries in a little prayer meeting that is held after our arrival.

We find the thoroughfares of Rangoon filled with people of both sexes. This sight is so pleasing to the eye, after the women-deserted streets of India. The keeping of a large part of the population behind curtains, certainly does not seem to be the custom here in Rangoon. And, indeed, one could call the females of this place "the suffragettes of the Orient," as they transact a great deal of the business, and are quite free and independent. The national type is quickly changing, as the women here prefer Chinamen as husbands, for they say, "If we marry Chinamen, they will work for us; but if we marry men from India, we will have to work for them."

Dr. Cote told us of a Burmese woman who married a native of India, and a few days after the wedding, she came to the missionary, angry and in tears,

saying that her husband would not hand over to her the family purse.

We rise early in these sunny lands, and just as we are finishing our breakfast in the cool of the morning, we hear Dr. Armstrong's cheery voice calling: "Good people from Canada, would you like to go with me this morning, to see the Golden Pagoda?"

As we had heard that this is the largest and most ornate Buddhist temple in the world, we are very much delighted to be able to visit it under such a well-informed and pleasant guide.

The Golden Pagoda, with its surrounding temples and statues, is really most wonderful. It towers away above the city, up large flights of stone steps.

"Is this a natural elevation—a sort of steep mountain overlooking the city?" one of our party enquires.

"Oh, no," said Dr. Armstrong, "this whole, great mound has been built."

Just as we are preparing to ascend, we are intercepted by a very elaborately dressed gentleman, who, stepping out of a grand carriage, asks us if we would like to see his present to the temple. It consists of a large roll of gold leaf. We inspect the gift, and try to seem duly impressed; and then begin our climb.

After going up about two or three dozen steps, we come to a large, flat space; upon this platform is held a sort of bazaar, flowers, candy, bells, curios and trinkets of all kinds are offered for sale.

"We will just rest a bit, here," says our considerate guide, pointing to a stone bench.

We look around at the pretty Burmese girls seated on the floor, twining blossoms in their dark locks or sorting out their wares, which are placed temptingly before them on the stone floor. Flowers, flowers are all about us. Almost every woman has a garland round her head, and arms full of sweet-smelling floral offerings to the Pagoda (if she has the chance, she will sell them). Statues of Buddha, decorated with many burning candles, and garlanded with flowers, are to be seen at every turn. Most of these represent the great prophet seated in holy meditation on the ground, under the sacred Bo-tree.

Up, up we go, resting at the selling

places, till we reach the top, and at last, the dome of the Golden Pagoda bursts on our vision.

We expected to find rather cramped quarters up here, since all this elevation has been built, but instead, we find the space on the top quite large and airy.

A great many statues of Buddha, some of them eight or ten times larger than life size, are to be seen here and there, and everywhere, beneath trees, under arches, or in the temples.

A band is playing that strange, tuneless minor music that seems to appeal so strongly to the Oriental mind. The sight is gay beyond description. Flower-bedeked women, smoking large gaily-colored cigarettes, laugh and joke with each other, or join in a pretty tripping dance about some favorite statue, while in the background the sun-bathed golden Pagoda rears its dome against a cloudless sky.

"Oh, what is going on over there?" eagerly asks one of our party; and we hurry Dr. Armstrong along to a group seated about the "Little Golden Lady." A small child, or dwarf rather, robed in green and pink with a strangely made gold gauze over-dress, that stands out round her waist, like wings. She is performing a queer sort of dance, twisting her body and hands, but scarcely moving her feet.

"Now, what does that mean? Is there any religious significance in this performance?" someone asks. Dr. Armstrong answers, "It is beyond me. But who can tell?"

This ceremony being over, a large bell is sending its sweet tinkling music upon the morning air, and the crowd is pressing forward to pray, make an offering to the priest, or place a garland upon a shrine.

"Do the followers of Buddha really pray?" we ask.

"No, in this religion there is not a thought of a Higher Power," said Dr. Armstrong, "not so much that they deny God, as that they know nothing about Him. It has adopted the word 'pray,' but only with the meaning of inner, self-communion. Let us go and see this service."

We find the priest clothed in a handsome yellow plush garment all patched together of small pieces.

"How strange," we say, "the cloth is fresh and new, yet patched!"

"You see," our guide explains, "it is turned in the wheel of the Laws that the priests are to be dressed in rags. Yet they naturally like rich, gay clothing; so they cut up good cloth and piece it together, thus fulfilling the letter of the Law. Is not this very like poor human nature everywhere? You notice that phrase, 'Turned in the wheel of the laws?' It is from this expression that the prayer-wheels have had their origin.

The people are arranging themselves on the floor in front of the priest and seem quite serious and well behaved. This priestly dignitary is seated behind a huge palm-leaf fan, the handle being placed in a triangular piece of wood, the fan is kept in an upright position. He seems to take things quite calmly; just now he is preparing himself a quid of betel to chew. This is a kind of nut that stains the lips and teeth a bright, yellowish-red. He seems quite intent on his occupation. First he chops the betel with a silver instrument that looks like our old candle snuffers, then dips his fingers into a little saucer of oil, and smears a large green leaf, in which he places the minced betel nut, rolls it up, sticks it into his mouth, and begins to suck and chew as if no eager congregation were waiting for him to conduct the service. When his simple refreshment is finished, he begins to chant, the people devoutly following, until the murmur of many voices rises up to the golden dome.

The service is soon finished and the people press forward to put their offerings in a wooden bowl that is placed by the side of the priest. Dr. Armstrong remarks: "The wheels of the law enact that priests shall carry a wooden bowl from door to door, and beg their food; but this custom has changed."

Two little boys come forward and want to show us all the many sights of the gay pageant. They can speak English fairly well, and are full of life and good spirits. We notice that they speak of all the doings at the Golden Pagoda as if they only take an outside interest in them. For instance, one of them says:

"These people think that Buddha can cure them."

"Yes," says the other, "they pray to that stone statue, but it can't hear them!"

Dr. Armstrong asks: "Boys, where did you learn English?" Looking up into his face, with a mischievous grin, they say:

"We study at the Baptist College, sir!"

"Why is that large statue named Gautama? Who was he? someone asks.

"Well," explains Dr. Armstrong, "Gautama is the name given to the last Buddha, but before him, it is said there were twenty-five prophets, and now the people expect another to appear very soon. They tell us that the sign is, that the elect one must have ear lobes reaching to his shoulders, and that his toes and fingers must be of a uniform length."

"Oh, whatever is that?" we all exclaim, as a big car drawn by pulleys mounts right up over our heads.

"You see," explains our guide, "the great Pagoda is being regilded, and this is the way it is done. Worshippers present to the temple pieces of gold leaf. If the offering is big enough, the one who makes the gift is taken up in that very gran. car and allowed to stick the gold on, himself; but if the present is only small, it is given to the priest, and workmen place it on the dome."

"Do you know," says Dr. Armstrong sadly, "that in Christian Canada, there are some who believe and follow the Buddhist religion? It is by another name, however, but is really, in its atheistic doctrines, the same, though called Theosophy."

"If the followers of Buddha have no God, and therefore do not pray, why were all these shrines and temples built?" one of our party enquires.

These places were erected to hold different human remains of the great prophet. For instance, the one in Ceylon is the shelter for a holy tooth. This Golden Pagoda was built as a place of refuge for eight sacred hairs.

"The converts of Christianity in Rangoon must miss the visits to this wonderful temple; for here is a great social function going on all the time—the sunshine, flower-decked images, gaily dressed people, priests in their robes, strange wierd music and the dancing round the Pagoda in the mys-

tic smoke of ascending incense, all these things must weave around the people a strong chain of fascination. Do you not think so, Dr. Armstrong?" we ask.

"Yes, indeed," says the good man, thoughtfully. "Yet, be it said to the glory of our God, that in Burma, there are many, who for the love of Christ, give up all the glitter of these Buddhistic pageants, and daily rejoice that they are counted worthy to be called upon to make the sacrifice."

### THE NAMING OF A BABY.

In a certain caste family in Tuni, where a welcome always awaits the Missamma and Bible-women, one of the young women gives special attention as we sing and tell His message. She can sing some of our hymns that she learned as a little girl in a little evangelistic school started by Miss Rogers, and tells us that she prays every day to the true God. About two months ago, a little baby boy came to her, and one day soon after, when passing her home, she called me in to see him, saying the true God had been so good to her. On asking what name she had given, she said, "God gave this son to me, and I am coming to you to name him."

Last Sunday morning after service was over and we had all left the church, some one came to tell me that she had come with her baby. On going out to see, I found her feeling so disappointed that the service was over. She had brought a rupee as a thank offering to God, and a quantity of parched grain to treat our Christian children with. We did our best to comfort her by calling all the Christian children we could and a few of our women, and went into the church. The children sang, "I think when I read that sweet story of old." The story of Simeon taking Jesus in his arms, our S. S. lesson that morning, was told her as I held the wee boy. Then the name Prakasam, meaning light, was given, and we asked God to bless him and shine into his heart, and through him. The gift was laid upon the table and the grain distributed, to the delight of the children. This is the first experience of this kind we have had. Pray for this baby and his mother.

E. PRIEST.

**MRS. WOODBURNE'S LETTER.**

Narsapatnam, India,  
February 12th, 1912.

Dear Link,—I'm sure you are all sorry for and in sympathy with dear Miss Ryerse and Narsapatnam.

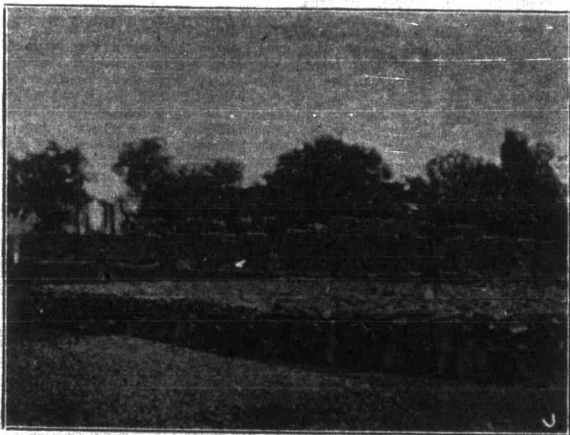
For Miss Ryerse, because she must give up her work in India for a time, and for Narsapatnam, because we shall be without a single lady missionary again, another year.

I want to tell you how much we en-

The whole day was given up to the Christians, then we spent the evening very quietly and happily in our own way, in our new home.

We have had another notable event in Narsapatnam, that being the meeting of the Godavari Association, which took place the first week in February. A goodly number of delegates gathered, and the meetings were very interesting and enthusiastic throughout.

Miss Priest came up from Tuni, and stayed two or three days after the



*Narsapatnam Bungalow in course of construction.*

joyed our first Christmas in our new bungalow. It was indeed a happy time. On Christmas Sunday, there was a large gathering, first at the Sunday School, and afterwards at the preaching service.

Miss McLeod, who was with us as a guest, gave an address, chiefly to the children, and interested everyone.

Miss Jones, who was also with us, gave away some prizes awarded for recitation of Golden Text. Then on Christmas Day, the Christians gathered again, and after a hearty meal of rice and curry, all engaged in the races and sports, arranged and conducted by Mr. Woodburne.

meeting to give the women workers a bit of encouragement. They were all so glad to have her, and begged her to come again.

We are indeed grateful to Miss Priest for sparing us a little time from her work on the Tuni field.

I want to ask you, dear friends, to pray for the women here, that they may be kept in courage and faithfulness, and in myself, that I may be able to help them a little, even with my limited knowledge of Telugu.

Yours very sincerely,

HELEN WOODBURNE.

## A QUEER PARTY.

We know all about afternoon receptions, at homes, and five-o'clock teas in Canada. Would you like to hear about a queer party given in India by Lady Fraser, who was at that time wife of the governor of Bengal? She told us all about it last fall when she visited Ottawa. The Prince and Princess of Wales were in India, and Lady Fraser wanted some of the high caste women to meet the Princess, so intended giving a reception in her rooms one afternoon. The native gentleman to whom she proposed her plan said that the women would not be allowed to leave their zenannas. At last he told her if she could get one old lady, who had great influence, to promise to attend, others might follow her example. It meant a journey of some days to see this lady. After reaching her home, Lady Fraser was shown into a room with a heavy curtain drawn along the centre, and a voice speaking from behind this curtain, told her this was the lady she wanted to see. Then a conversation like this took place:

"I have a plan to propose to you, but would rather see you first, that we might talk more easily."

"It is not the custom for me to receive callers behind the purdah."

"But it is not very often that the wife of your governor asks to be admitted. Cannot you break the rule for this once?"

After some minutes, permission was given, and Lady Fraser saw a tall, fine-looking old lady. At first it seemed impossible to gain her consent to attend the reception, but when it was explained that the Princess would one day be our Queen, and that it would be a pity for her to judge the women of India by those who labored in the fields with the men, the old lady promised to be present. It was not difficult to get other guests then. When the day arrived every blind was drawn down, every door locked but the front one, and the keys carried off by the native gentleman. The porch was screened with heavy curtains, and as one closed carriage after another drove up, the hidden guests slipped out and into the shelter of these screens so no man could possibly see or be seen. Lady Fraser received them kindly and tried to teach them what to do when the Princess came in. None of them knew

how to shake hands, so Lady Fraser had to teach them. Of course, she could not give them any refreshments, not even a cup of tea, for their caste would forbid them touching food or drink there. The Princess spoke to each lady, and gave to each a little present. After she had gone, they chattered away to Lady Fraser about their enjoyment of the party, and seemed to feel quite at home.

Then the carriages once more received these guests, and each one was taken safely behind her curtain once more, but would long remember their first party.

SISTER BELLE.

22 Melgund Ave., Ottawa.

## MEANING OF SOME FAMILIAR WORDS.

There are several terms that demand some attention.—harem, zenana, purdah, veil, gosha. Harem is an Arabic word meaning what is forbidden to be touched. Thus the harem is a separate apartment not to be entered save by those who belong there; zenana is from zan, "woman," and means "pertaining to woman"—that apartment intended for her. The veil is due to Mahomet himself who desired his fairest, best-beloved, youngest and newest wife to be protected from the gaze of other men, that her beauty might not be known to them—only to himself. Sir William Muir says the veil is obligatory on all who acknowledge the Koran as the authorized book. From the Koran 'tis impossible for the loyal and consistent Moslem to turn aside. So we find that all women of this sect wear the veil. However, in homes of the poor the face is not hidden. In such homes, too, says Mrs. Marcus B. Fuller, there is often but one room for the entire family, who therefore have no zenana system.

Purdah means curtain, and refers to the drapery behind which are seated the women of many of these homes. At an entertainment a part of one room may be curtained off for these women. Thus secluded, they may see and be seen by only husbands, fathers, brothers, sons, nephews, grandfathers and uncles older than their fathers. So that of two brothers one may not even know the other's wife by sight! In some parts of India the zenana is affected by the Hin-



du merely as a standard of respectability.

Gosha is a Mohammedan term that means a corner or retired spot. When two or more families occupy the same house, if a husband or father wishes to enter the door, he calls out loudly, "Gosha!" Then doors close, purdahs are let down, women retire to their "cages," and when the man enters there may be no one visible!

Some husbands have punished their wives by instant death for having disobeyed these laws of the home. The husband is absolute "owner" of the wife, who often refers to him by that name. Many a wife is too loyal or too afraid to say that she desires freedom.

Surely this view of the other side of the purdah is an incentive to us to do our part for these who sit where the shadows droop so heavily and where burdens seem more than frail women may bear. God is pitiful who will hear us if we pray and give that they may at last find the great Burden Bearer and know of His love for them.—Selected.

### BOLIVIA.

#### Are We Meeting Her Need?

Mrs. C. N. Mitchell.

This "we" stands for the Baptist people of Canada, not just for the missionaries. Are Canadian Baptists, then, meeting Bolivia's need? Granting that they possess that which she lacks, that which will save her people and make noble men and women of them, what effort is being made to accomplish this end?

In 1898, Mr. Reekie started the mission, and to these 2,000,000 people we have sent twelve missionaries. Now there are eight missionaries in the work (including three at home) and one native assistant, besides several independent missionaries, who are just now helping Mr. Baker in La Paz. Services are held in La Paz, Oruro and Cochabamba.

About fifty have been baptized. There are perhaps several hundred adherents besides others who are interested and read the Bible and tracts, but are not yet brave enough to show up at the meetings. The attendants consist chiefly of the Cholos or middle class people, though there are a few Indians who attend and a small number of the high-class people. To reach the

Indians we have to know the Quechma and Aymara, and as both these languages are almost impossible to the foreigner, our hope lies more in reaching the Indians through the Cholos, who speak at least one of the three Indian languages, besides the Spanish. Work amongst the Indians has been started, also, through schools, teaching them to speak and read Spanish. Then, too, if an unusual number of them are present at the meetings, one of the native Christians will pray or speak in their language; and in Oruro we learned to sing a Quechma hymn, which they enjoyed very much.

Though few of the high-class attend the meetings, that few is increasing, and many of them encourage our work because it means a set back to the priests, and they recognize that liberty of worship means progress to the country. They wish well to Protestantism, and commend it through the press, contrasting our lives with those of the priests. A liberal native gentleman asked me to please make a personal friend of his wife. "She is fanatical and completely under the priests' power," he said. "I can't force her to renounce her religion, but perhaps a friendship with you would help to civilize her."

It has been to this liberal-minded element that we owe liberty of worship and civil marriage, two laws that mean open doors, where before we met persecution and discouragement.

I am not prepared to bring up again those early years of trial—nerve racking and disheartening that they were. I frankly confess that those of us who remained to face the situation, many times felt inclined to follow the example of those who left. You wonder perhaps that there are so few converts. I wonder that there are so many. And their lives, their influence, the growing respect shown the work, and the favorable laws enacted regarding it has fully proved that there is after all a place for Protestantism in Bolivia, and that she now presents a remarkably wide open door for the spread of it.

A few of the converts have been unfaithful. Generations of sin have pulled them back into the old life again. Some are faltering and have to be held by the hand and led as children. Many are strong and true, and their lives preach stronger sermons than the missionaries can ever preach.



Some unfaithful ones have brought faithful ones. A mean little tailor-man, who listened only with an eye to the loaves and fishes, brought a fellow-tailor. They came to our house together, sad specimens of vice, one shifty-eyed and mercenary, the other eager and in earnest. Said he of the earnest eyes, "I want some books and a talk that will explain to me this new religion." And that was the beginning of Pascual's new life.

He was soon baptized, and married a Christian Cholo girl, and amidst persecutions and trials that would fill a book, his little workshop became a

Cochabamba was without a missionary for several years and Pascual and his wife constantly wrote us, urging that one be sent them. A native gentleman of Oruro took a business trip to Cochabamba, and on his return, said to Mr. Mitchell, "You have a great propagandista (spreader of the gospel) down there. He preaches in the door of his shop, and is well known all over the country." Another friend wrote us since our return, that on a trip through Cochabamba he called on these two and found the wife reading her Testament as she worked over her embroidery frame, while Pascual was



*Five Converts Recently Baptised by Rev. A. G. Baker.*

centre of gospel influence. No more drinking and feasting. Down came saints and burning candles from the walls and niches. Illustrated Bible texts took their places. His table held a Protestant and a Catholic Bible, a hymn book and tracts. As he worked, he read, taught, and sang the Scriptures to his customers. With his Catholic Bible and its gilt cross on the corner, he won the attention of the most fanatical, then passed on to the other showing the small difference between the two and so overcoming their prejudice about even taking a peep between the leaves of a "Protestant" Bible.

earnestly talking to two young men, whom he beamingly introduced as "believers."

Don Florincio, of Oruro, once drunken, lying, lazy, is now sober, truthful, industrious, faithful, a pillar of the church and respected by everybody. Through his example mother, niece, sister and brother, have accepted Christ. He is not afraid to sow tracts and make a business of his neighbor's salvation. He went to a dance once, but instead of dancing, sang them a hymn, afterwards explaining the meaning of the words he sang.

Don Suis is quiet and speaks haltingly, but is a fine young man, and few

young men in Canada live more uprightly. He brings many to the services, and some of them, including his cousin, have been baptized.

One poor ignorant Indian boy worked for an English family, and was paid his clothes and one Boliviano each week. He turned in that Boliviano each Sunday, towards paying for the rent of a new mission hall, which the members had themselves rented for meetings in another part of the town.

Antonio—a boy of 17—preached with ease and eloquence in both Spanish and Quechua.

Josefina, of 16, with her sweet face and dutiful life, is a joy to her family and to us. Her soft voice rings in my ears yet, as she stood in a prayer meeting to tell of her love for her Master. She keeps house for her uncle, Don Florencis, whose own wife and daughter deserted him to run a liquor shop and lead immoral lives. Her grandmother, who died about two years ago, and Josefina, were baptized the same day, the young girl tenderly supporting and guiding the old woman on the long walk to and from the river. She attended her lovingly till her death, and no happy grandmother of any land received more love and care than did this old Indian woman, from her half-breed grandchild.

These are a few examples of the changes that have been worked. The other missionaries could tell you of others. Twelve years ago the Bible was a forbidden book, that called forth priestly curses, and fed many a bonfire. Many years ago a colporteur was put to death. Ten years ago another, under pain of death, was forced to leave Cochabamba before daylight of a set date. Now Bibles are sold peaceably on the streets even of Cochabamba, and Bible agents are penetrating to the more remote parts.

These things have been accomplished. So far, you are meeting the need of Bolivia. How much more are you going to extend your efforts? South America is awakening. Other Boards are increasing their missionary staff. Are Canadian Baptists to be on the ground as well? What share will your Woman's Board undertake?

There are eight departments or provinces in Bolivia, and instead of eight missionaries there ought to be twenty. The sacrifice is not overwhelming. The laws are favorable now. Persecution of the missionary is of the past, and has

given place to a certain amount of deference. The climate is good. Tuberculosis is unknown. There are many foreigners, and one is not entirely cut off from English-speaking society. Railways are increasing. The electric cars of La Paz are as good as those of New York. There are electric and tram lines, and electric lighting in many of the homes, including the new mission house in Oruro. These are incidents; but, above all, there is a growing desire for Truth.

Some, in their disgust at the effects of Romanism (pure and unadulterated as they have it there) are tending to an opposite extreme, and renouncing all religion. Our missionaries need reinforcements to step in and help to claim those "truth-seekers" before they reach that stage.

I have often been asked if there is the same need for lady missionaries as in India. Perhaps not the same distinctive need, but she might greatly help the male missionary on any field. Single women are sent to the other republics by other Boards. The Regions Beyond do good work through their nurses, who enter all homes even to those of the bishops and priests. There is, in short, work for any missionary of either sex, and now is the time to enter in.

My dear reader of the Link, what will you do towards the redemption of Bolivia?

#### WHAT WE ARE DOING.

Rev. H. B. Cross is studying in Chicago University in anticipation of returning to India next year. His little daughter, Kathleen, is with him.

Rev. Yonan Shabbaz, our pioneer Baptist missionary in Persia, who works under a committee of American Baptists led by Dr. R. S. McArthur, has been visiting Canada, asking that we contribute \$2,500 to purchase a printing press and outfit, the first one he has had. 75,000,000 people may be reached by literature printed in the Persian characters,—people distributed through Persia, Turkey, Russia, Afghanistan and Beluchistan. Since Mr. Shabbaz went back to Persia from his course at Colgate, he has baptized over 300 people, and has organized four Baptist churches and eleven missions. There

are six day-schools in operation, and fifteen workers laboring both as teachers and preachers. Rev. E. T. Fox is acting as treasurer for Mr. Shahbaz's work.

Dr. and Mrs. Woodbourne, at Enticon, Mich., write cheerfully of restored health and bright prospect of being able to return to the loved work in India. A large country practice keeps Dr. Woodbourne driving about a great deal.

One of our missionaries says: "The number of Telugu Christian women occupying positions of influence within the boundaries of our mission is becoming marked. Miss Kana Kyya, whose parents were among the early converts in Nellore, is head mistress of the Government Caste Girls' School here in Cocanada. Two other teachers on the staff are Christian women whose parents were low-caste. Mrs. Sathianedham, editor of the "India Ladies' Magazine," companion of the Ranees of Pithapuram, and head governess of the Prince, is a Christian lady, her late husband having been Professor of Physiology in the Madras Christian College. The lady in charge of the children of the Rajah of Vizagapatam is also a Christian.

The influence of all these women is great."

Dr. Allyn writes:

"You will be pleased to know that besides building the Coronation Choultry for the use of our hospital just across from the Hospital Compound, the Rajah also did me the honor of asking me to lay the stone—a beauty it was too, of black marble—and he gave me the handsomest trowel I have seen. It has an ivory handle and the trowel is done in silver with such beautiful carving. He also had the bottle put in containing the gold sovereign and two of each of India's coins. The Rajah was present and gave the address, and then called on me to lay the stone. It was a great day. The choultry is to cost Rs. 10,000 and besides being a Durbar memorial, it is, he said, in appreciation of our care of the baby in his recent illness.

The Rajah said in his speech, "Under God she has saved many lives—I speak from personal experience." Was it not gracious of him, and he always

acknowledges God's dealings with man directly. On the invitation card at the top was printed, "God is love," and further down in the invitation, it read, "At the laying (D.V.) of the foundation stone," etc.

Mrs. E. G. Smith, of Pithapuram, writes under date of February 5th:—"It is just a month to-day since we arrived in Pithapuram. That evening while we were at dinner, Dr. Allyn and Miss North were called to the Fort. Early in the morning a little girl was born to the Ranees. Miss North was engaged for two months. They simply would not get on without her, and so we have had to."

Our missionaries in India have had another visit from representatives of our Canadian Baptist work. Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Denness, of Vancouver, B.C., with their three daughters, are taking a year's trip, visiting many countries. Mr. Denness and Miss Denness spent a week in February visiting a number of stations in the Telugu mission.—Cocanada, Ramachandrapuram, Samalkot, Vizagapatam and Pithapuram. They write that they have had a most interesting time.

Dr. Sundar Singh, a Sikh from India, has been in Toronto for some time, in the interests of Sikh immigration into our country. He feels very keenly the disabilities under which his people labor in entering Canada, and thinks British justice is not dealt out to them, as they are British subjects. He says there are now 4,000 Hindus, mostly farmers, settled in Canada, and they have come here to stay. They are practically denied the privilege of having their wives and families with them, as a law was passed some two years ago, requiring a Sikh's wife wishing to join her husband to come by a continuous journey. As there is no steamer running all the way from India here, this means she is shut out. Dr. Singh says the Sikhs abolished caste, superstition and idolatry four hundred years ago. Many meetings both for and against are being held, and it remains to be seen if any change is to be made in our laws concerning this matter.

The women students of the universities of Canada have a great privilege

during these days in the visits and lectures and personal contact of Miss Ruth Rouse, Traveling Secretary for Women of the World's Christian Student Federation. Miss Rouse is thoroughly versed in the problems and needs of women students, having visited practically every country to bring help to young women. Russia, Servia, Japan, China, and Italy, seem to be as familiar to her as England is to us. Our own College has been sharing in the great uplift she brings by a series of five addresses to the girls, given during the first week of March, on such subjects as "Life-Service," "Women Students in Many Lands," and "The Place of Prayer."

#### IDEALS IN MISSIONARY WORK.

Written for the annual meeting of the Women's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of Eastern Ontario and Quebec.

Mrs. H. H. Ayer,

President W.B.F.M.S. of Ontario East and Quebec.

Everyone who has made a success in life has had the inspiration of an ideal or model. So why should we not create ideals in our missionary work? Why not choose the highest, and although following afar towards perfection, yet like the wise men of old, keeping the star always in sight, and by striving for the best, receive the inspiration so much needed for successful workers.

The Mother.—Those who were present at the Convention held at Thurso will remember that in the replies to the question, "What first interested you in missions?" frequent credit was given to a mother's influence.

So the ideal mother, like Hannah, consecrates her child from his birth and trains him to give and work and pray for missions.

Her first step is to make him a member of the Baby Band, thus linking his name with the work. Later she guides his tiny fingers in dropping the pennies into the mite box, for our ideal mother sees that her children have a regular supply of money for their own, if only a few cents weekly, and this teaches them by her example to give part of it to the Lord.

Our model mother educates her children in mission work, telling them little stories of foreign lands, which appeal to their imagination, for what is so fascinating to a child as a story of the queer customs and sights, which surround the little unloved girls of India?

She teaches them not only to give, but to pray. The little child who mystified his father, by adding to his nightly petitions, "God bless my two pennies!" grasped the idea that his prayers were not the least important factor in the missionary offering to which he had contributed.

She sends her children to Mission Band, not because she wishes to get them out of the way, but because she realizes her own responsibility and feels sure that the surroundings therein to be met, will prove of benefit to her child.

The Band Leader.—Here she places them in touch with our ideal Band Leader, who is primarily a lover of children. She is bright, active and enthusiastic, and the children gladly follow her leadership. She keeps up with the latest news from mission lands, and studies new methods, and in this way makes the work of missions real to the boys and girls. She is always on the look-out for new ideas, and makes a point of collecting pictures and curios, which will help her in her work. Our ideal Band leader allows nothing to interfere with the regularity of her meeting.

She knows that in order to have a real interest, the boys and girls must help. So she varies her programmes and prepares them in such a way that each child is given the part most suited to his talents. Her smile and hearty "Thank you" to each is his reward for his share in the meeting.

She seizes the opportunity, when it offers, of making little prizes for the Caste Girls' School in India, for at the enthusiastic work meeting, which is held, the children find an added interest when they learn that scrap books, dressed dolls, little china ornaments, and tiny work boxes or bags with needles, thimbles and thread are dear to the hearts of their little sisters in India.

This leader of ours makes use of the Mite boxes, and she helps the children to give with suggestions how to earn their money. She remembers, too, that children love a public meeting. So she prepares a special pro-

gramme for the box opening and invites the older people, for there is no surer way of reaching the fathers and mothers than through the children.

She does not forget the babies, for one of the brightest of her members has charge of the Baby Band, and is very proud and enthusiastic over her large family.

Our Band leader is loyal to her own Boards, and helps them, for she is not carried away with appeals for outside objects, nor does she send the money from her Band to the General Board, for she knows that the Women's Board are depending on her. She is business-like and precise, and when a report blank from the Superintendent of Bands is received, she hastens to fill it out and return it. Above all, she is prayerful, and earnest prayers ascend at every meeting for the little brothers and sisters of our own and other lands who are without the Gospel.

In fine, our ideal Band leader spares no pains in making hers a successful Band, and is repaid for doing her best by seeing the bright eyes and eager interest of her boys and girls.

The Association Director.—Most important is the work of the Association Director, for no one else comes into such close relation with the Circles, and it is her duty to keep in close touch with the Boards, for she is the link between the Boards and the Circles.

Our ideal Director is appointed by the representatives of the Circles at the Association meeting in June, and is one who gives freely of her time and thought and prayers. She is a member of the Board ex-officio, and is welcomed at the regular meetings when she finds it possible to attend.

She receives each year a package of blanks, from one of the corresponding secretaries, and these she distributes in good season to the Circles in her association, allowing one for each church. She accompanies these with a personal letter, urgently requesting that at least a collection be taken where there is no Circle, and stating how important is a speedy return of the blanks with each question answered, for on these she depends for her Association and Convention reports. From them she fills out and returns promptly the blanks for the use of the corresponding secretaries of the board, which must furnish statistics for the annual reports.

Needless to say, she has an intimate

knowledge of the work of the societies, for she represents both Home and Foreign Boards, and in order to gain this, she studies the pages of the Link and Visitor, the Annual Reports, and corresponds with the secretaries.

Our ideal director has also a thorough acquaintance with the churches of her field, for she values the information to be gained from a close inspection of the Year Book and Association Minutes. Besides this, she accomplishes much by writing, and by meeting the pastors and women. She helps her Circles with suggestions, and frequently encourages a weary president by providing her with a bright and interesting programme.

She arranges well in advance, with the assistance of her executive, the programme for the Association meeting. It is her duty to see that the announcement for this meeting is sent to the "Link" and "Visitor," and a brief account of the proceedings is also prepared for insertion in these papers. Should any change be made in the personnel of officers of the Association, she notifies the corresponding secretaries at once, and provides each with a printed copy of the minutes for the use of the boards.

The director of ours always attends the Association meeting, as well as the annual convention of the societies. Here she meets workers, talks over her difficulties, gains inspiration from the missionaries and hears the plans for the coming year, besides presenting her own report in person. When a favorable opportunity offers, and after consultation with the boards, she arranges a tour of the Circles, strengthening and encouraging the weaker, restoring the discouraged, and organizing new Circles where none exist.

Her ideal is to have a Mission Circle in each church in the Association, in which will be gathered all the women with the aim in view of furthering the work of the Kingdom.

(To be continued.)

#### NOTICE.

W. B. F. M. S. of Eastern Ontario and Quebec.

As we are at present \$200 behind this date last year in our finances, unless the Circles and Bands as a whole speedily wake up, we shall certainly have a deficit at the end of the year.

J. Ohman, Treas.

### EASTERN SOCIETY BOARD MEETING.

Westmount, March 14th, 1912.

The regular quarterly meeting of the Women's Foreign Mission Board of Eastern Ontario and Quebec was held in the parlors of Olivet Baptist Church on Friday, March 8th, at 3 o'clock; 22 members present. The devotional exercises were led by the President.

The members in coming together as a Board for the first time since the death of our late beloved Honorary President, Mrs. T. J. Claxton, felt keenly the loss of friend and adviser. Always in her place, always ready with wise counsel and words of cheer, always ready with desired information—only time will reveal the extent of our loss.

At the close of the meeting the following resolution was moved by Mrs. Ohman, seconded by Miss Cramp:—

"That the members of this association unite in extending their sincere sympathy to their President and other members of the family of our late beloved Honorary President, under their recent bereavement.

"They desire to express the great sense of loss to the society in her death, who became President at its formation, and for nearly thirty years held that office, becoming in 1909 Honorary President, and life directress.

"They desire to place on record their deep appreciation of her who for thirty-five years as member of their Board, gave time, substance, talent and energy in abundance; of her who with tears and prayers; with tongue and pen, in storm and calm, advocated the cause, dear to her almost as life itself, till at last, dying in harness, she rose triumphantly to greet her Lord.

"That they may emulate and imitate a life so consecrated in its efforts, so high in purpose, with equal zeal, devotion, energy and consecration, must be the desire of every member of the Board and of the society she so successfully inaugurated and carried to such a high degree of efficiency."

At this meeting, too, a committee was appointed to consider some suitable memorial to the late Mrs. T. J. Claxton.

The Secretary's and Treasurer's reports were read and adopted.

Our Board Superintendent reported progress, new Bands being formed, interest increasing in others.

The Corresponding Secretary read bright and interesting letters from Miss Corning, Miss Hinman, Mr. Stillwell, Miss Murray and Mr. Walker.

Mr. Walker reports a revival in Tunni, characterized by soul hunger, some earnestly desiring to give themselves to deeper meditation and deeper insight into God's Word, some to give their "whole heart" to God, and some to realize more fully the meaning of service to Christ—there seems in this a hidden lesson for us. These letters come as a source of strength to the workers at home—bringing them into closer touch with our representatives in heathen lands.

Board prayer meetings were held in January and February and were well attended. The meeting in February was reminiscent and memorial as relating to the life and influence of our late beloved Honorary President, Mrs. T. J. Claxton.

The meeting closed with prayer.

Lillian M. Riebert, Rec. Sec.

### CIRCLE NEWS.

**Burgessville.**—A Mission Band with a membership of thirty was organized in the basement of the church at Burgessville on Sunday afternoon, February 4th. The officers elected are: Superintendent, Mrs. M. D. Reid; President, Mr. Chas. Train; Vice-President, Miss Mabel Kneale; Treasurer, Mr. Ora Dennis; Recording Secretary, Miss Beulah Brooks; Corresponding Secretary, D. P. Cohoe; Organist, Miss Clara Briggs; Assistant Organist, Miss Velma Hughes; Juniors, Assistant Teacher, Miss Hughes; Organist, Mrs. James Dennis.

D. P. Cohoe, Cor. Sec.

**Bracebridge.**—The Mission Circle held a thank-offering service on March 7th. The President, Mrs. Rock, occupied the chair. After an excellent programme, consisting of readings, solos, duets and a short address by our pastor, the ladies of the Mission Circle served refreshments to a large number of members and friends of the church. The thank-offering was \$10. We have received new members at each of our meetings for some time, which shows that interest is being taken in our Mission Circle work.

Mrs. J. Dickie, Sec.

**THE WOMEN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN  
MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO  
(WEST)**

**TREASURER'S REPORT.**

February, 1912.

**RECEIPTS.**

**From Circles—**

York Mills, \$5.40; Forest (thank-offering), \$2.80; Woodstock, First Ch., \$7; Toronto, Waverly Rd (thank-offering), \$15; Vittoria, \$5; Toronto, College St., \$33.01; Indian River, \$2; Durham, \$5; Waterford, \$7.50; Guelph, Y. W., for "E. Kantamma," \$4.25; Chatham, Central, \$6; Mount Forest, \$3.42; Toronto, Walmer Rd. (add. thank-offering 50c), \$36.40; Daywood, \$10; Brantford, First Ch., for Miss McLeod, \$50; Toronto, Jarvis St., \$28.28; Toronto, Indian Rd., \$7.52; Southampton (thank-offering), \$9.65; Toronto, Immanuel Ch., \$100; Hamilton, James St., Y. L., \$4.75; Dundas, \$7; Denfield, \$15; Wheatley, \$2.87; Toronto, Danforth Rd., Sorosis, for "Ch. Kerana," \$12.50; Woodstock, First Ch. (life membership for Mrs. D. K. Clark), \$25; Bethel (thank-offering \$3.67), \$9; Hamilton, James St. (thank-offering), \$20. Total from Circles, \$434.35.

**From Bands—**

East Toronto, for "E. Satyanaram," \$17; Kensall Park, for one share in Cocanada Class Rooms Building, \$5; Burk's Falls, for "R. Sarama," \$10; New Sarum, \$1.15; Port Arthur, for "M. Manikyam," \$4.25; Brantford, Calvary, for one share in Cocanada Class Rooms Building, \$5; Beamsville, for "V. David," \$5; Toronto, Jarvis St., "Sunbeam," \$3.28; Tuscarora, Girls', \$3; London, Talbot St., \$5; Bewdley (for Miss Zimmerman's horse) \$2.50; Pine Grove, \$2.25; Waterford, for leper "Appama," \$5; Hartford, \$4; Gilmour Memorial (for Miss Zimmerman's horse), \$2.80. Total from Bands, \$75.23. Sundries—

"Friends" in Reaboro, \$17; "F. & A." (for "Sayamma" and "V. Anna"), \$20; "A. Friend," for Cocanada Class Room Building, \$25; "A. Friend," for lepers, \$30; "A. Friend," for Bungalow Fund, \$20; "A. Friend," for New Medical Missionary, \$20; "A. Friend," for Biblewoman, \$30; Miss Olive Copp, \$100; Mrs. R. W. Elliot, for Cocanada Class Rooms Building, \$100; proceeds of luncheons at Hamilton Convention, \$11. Total from sundries, \$373.

**DISBURSEMENTS.**

By cheque to General Treasurer, on estimates for India, \$895.25; furlough, \$33.34; extras, lepers, \$3; leper Venkamma, \$8; Expense Account, Treasurer's expenses, \$20.83; P. R. Wilson, 100 share receipt cards, \$1.50; postage and stationery, \$2.

Total receipts for February,

Total disbursements for February, \$963.92.

Total receipts since Oct. 21, 1911, \$4,673.69.

Total disbursements since Oct. 21, 1911, \$4,079.79.

MARIE C. CAMPBELL,  
Treasurer.

113 Balmoral Ave.

**TREASURER'S STATEMENT**

**Of the Women's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of Eastern Ontario and Quebec.**

Receipts from Nov. 29th to March 8th, inclusive:—

**From Circles—**

Almonte, \$5; Kingston, First Church, \$5.50; Philipsville, \$8; Drummond, \$4; Winchester, \$6.50; Olivet, Montreal (\$11.55 thank-offering), \$19.30; Ormond, \$4; Ottawa, McPhail Memorial (thank-offering), \$15; Ottawa, Fourth Avenue (\$25 to make Mrs. J. W. Poapst, life member), \$25; Cornwall \$4.55; Point St. Charles, \$6; Ottawa, First Church (\$26 Bolivia), \$30; Perth, \$7.50; Grande Ligne, \$6; Montreal, Temple, \$10; Rockland, \$5; Winchester, \$4.75; Plum Hollow, \$5; Ottawa, First Church (Miss Woods, Biblewoman, \$30), \$42.70; Montreal, First Church, \$70; Tabernacle, \$5; Kingston, First Church, \$7; Smith's Falls, \$12; Montreal, French Church (Bolivia \$2.50), \$7.50; Quebec (support student, Samuleotta), \$25; Delta, \$5; Montreal, Olivet, \$15; Arrprior, \$5; South Gower, \$15; Brockville, First Church, \$52.50; Perth, \$10. Total, \$442.80.

**From Bands—**

Kemptville, support Margaret, \$15; Kenmore, support Bandilla Mary, \$15; Quebec, support student, \$15; Olivet Chapel, \$15; Westmount, \$10; Perth, support two students, \$30. Total, \$100.



From Sundries—

Miss J. McNaughton, Lancaster, \$15; Estate Miss Jenny McArthur, \$6.48; refund from "Among the Telugas," \$4c; Friend, for Valluru School, \$39. Total, \$61.32.

Summary: Total from Circles, \$442.80; total from Bands, \$100; total from sundries, \$61.32. Total, \$604.12.

Jessie Ohman, Treas.

1212 Greene Ave., Westmount.

### TOP KNOTS AND THE CHURCH.

Who would imagine that wearing the hair a certain way would make it easier for any one to be a true and faithful Christian? Only a little while ago a church found it was so. Get a map of India, and look off over in the eastern corner for a small state called Manipur, placed in the midst of the mountains. Perched on the side of one mountain among the wild people of the hills, the Nagas, is the village of Ukhurul, and there is set a church—the only church in that part of Manipur.

Thirty-five Nagas used to belong to that church. Some lived in Ukhurul, where Mr. Pettigrew, the missionary, also lives, and some in other villages. The professing Christians followed the styles, just as we do, and looked just like the heathen. They stretched their ears with enormous earrings and shaved all but a round tuft on top of their heads, decorating them in the most amazing fashion, as you see in the picture.

When the devil-worshipping feasts came off in the villages, every one was expected to join in. Some of the church-members said, "Why not? No one can tell that we are Christians. If we do not go, all the rest of the village will hate us. Besides, we will miss the fun; and very possibly the evil spirits do

have some power, after all, and we may offend them." So they went, most of them, and dishonored Christ by their behavior.

When Mr. Pettigrew heard of it, it made him very sorry, and after the church-members and he had talked it all over, they decided to have a final meeting to settle the matter. When they were assembled, the missionary put to them the very question which Joshua put to the children of Israel, in Josh. 24: 14, 15. Read what he said. Seven members stood forth and said, "We will serve the Lord, and him only." The rest would not say that, and the church sadly dropped their names.

What do you think was one of the first regulations made by the newly organized church? That all converts should wear their hair in a neat, trim style, doing away with the tuft on top. The missionary thought it a rather foolish provision, but let the church make its own rules, and time has shown that it was the wisest thing that could have been done. Who can guess why? You see, when the heathen Nagas saw the Christians' hair, they knew they were Christians out and out, and they did not expect them to do the wicked things which they themselves did. So it was easier for the Christian. The same thing is true here when a boy or girl is an out-and-out Christian.

Now, some of the old members are asking to come back on the new terms, and others are asking to be accepted and baptized. But the church will wait a year, according to another rule they have made, to see if the converts stand by their promises. We shall be glad to hear something again how the rules of the Ughurul church are working.—Selected.

## MISSION BAND—INDIA.

## Lesson II.

Hymns: "Christ Arose," "Hallelujah! He is Risen."

Scripture Lesson: "The Story of the Resurrection of Jesus."

Exercise by three members:—

1.

"Go and tell," the angel said,  
When the strong ones feared and fled;  
Then, by lips of tenderest mold  
Was the sweet life-message told:  
"Christ is risen!" Oh, rejoice,  
Now unseal thy lips and voice;  
Tell it over far and wide,  
Life doth not in dark tombs hide.

2.

"Go and tell," oh, quickly tell,  
News that will all fears dispel;  
Empty now the sepulchre,  
Thou must be His messenger  
To assure the doubting one  
Life is victor over stone,  
Rolled away the barrier grim,  
By the power threefold in Him.

3.

Yes, when Christ His mission burst,  
Unto woman spake He first;  
"Hail! all hail!" blest message greet,  
Brought her prayerful at His feet.  
Then in Christly tones He said:  
"Go and tell, be not afraid,  
Tell them that I go before  
To unseal each prison door."

I. Let us now continue our study. Is our geographer ready with his map? Last day he marked the boundaries of India, and at the north the rugged Himalayas. These mountains are a protection to the people; they keep out enemies. They also form a source of supply of food and wealth by collecting and storing up water for the hot plains below. The monsoon, or regular wind, drives the moisture, exhaled from the tropical seas, northward. A native poet wrote that the great clouds were like flights of huge white birds. This moisture, after its long voyage through the air, strikes against these towering mountains, and is congealed into snow, which lodges on the heights, or is formed into rain, which pours down the southern slopes so that the rainfall is the heaviest in the world. At Cherra Junji, in Assam, the rainfall is 30 feet, enough to float the largest man-of-war. In London, England, the yearly rainfall is only two feet. In Thibet, beyond the Himalayas, scarcely any rain falls.

The mountains' southern slopes are

fertile. The upper ranges are bare, but a forest springs up wherever there is enough soil. Some dense jungles breed fever, and only a few rude tribes and wild beasts can live there. Ponies and mules straggle with their loads along the narrow paths cut out of the precipices. The muleteers are often accompanied by their hard-working wives. Would you like a climb yourself? Here are dense thickets of tree ferns and bamboos, tall trees clothed in mosses, ferns and flowering vines. Here are dark cedars, and there the rhododendron, growing as tall as a tree, and covered with pink and red blossoms in the springtime. You would think of Whittier's lines—

"Aloft on sky and mountain-wall

Are God's great pictures hung."

II. Shall we mark the rivers now?

The Indus and the Brahmaputra rise near each other, in lovely valleys separated from India by mountains 15,000 feet high. The Indus has a great branch, the Sutlej, and they empty their mighty stream of water into the Indian Ocean, having travelled 1,800 miles westward, then southward. The Brahmaputra flows into the Bay of Bengal, 1,500 miles away from the Indus. This name means the Son of Brahma, or God. At a noted place of pilgrimage, Hardwar, the Ganges River issues from the Mountain-side. The Shastras teach that the Ganges was originally only in heaven, but a certain wise sage pleaded that it might be sent to earth, and he prevailed. Gunga, or the Ganges, was angry at being brought down from heaven, and Siva, the god, to save the earth from the shock of her fall, stood upon the mountain and caught Gunga in his bunch of matted hair and kept her there till one drop was permitted to fall on the mountain. From this drop sprang the most sacred river in the world. To bathe in Mother Ganges cleanses from sin; the Hindu lings to die upon her banks, and have the ashes of his burned body borne by her to the ocean. These great rivers are most useful, as they carry down so much soil, which as a top-dressing on the land, serves as a fertilizer. But sometimes they are terrible destroyers. The floods sweep off cattle and stores of grain and thatched cottages with their terror-stricken inmates.

III. Let us note some of the features of this three-cornered southern tableland, for in this section lies our own mission. Its eastern and western sides

are called the Ghats, a word meaning a flight of steps up a river bank, or to a mountain pass. The Western Ghats are close to the coast line. The Eastern Ghats run down the Madras side of India, sometimes receding inland, leaving a broad plain between them and the coast. These two ranges of mountains meet near Cape Comorin at the extreme south. The rivers are shorter, and flow chiefly to the Bay of Bengal. Here are the Nerboda and the Tapti, and, in the Madras Presidency, the more familiar names of the Godaveri, the Krishna or Kistna, and the Kaveri.

In this part is found India's mineral wealth. Coal mining is a great industry, in the Central Provinces and in Bengal. Beds of iron ore and limestone are found. Copper and other minerals are there in smaller quantities. Gold mining is attempted in Madras and Mysore. The diamond mines of Golconda have long been famous.

IV. Wealth there is in India, yet we want you now to stop to think of the awful poverty of the people. Even when a day laborer can get work, he earns usually less than ten cents per day. Lord Cromer estimates that the average income per capita is only \$9 a year. Every night we retire to cozy beds and we are not hungry. Every night in India forty millions of people lie down hungry upon mud floors. They have had, perhaps, one meal, or at most two scanty meals, in a whole day, and they never know what it is to have their hunger fully satisfied. Men, women and children work together in the fields, yet only 47 per cent. of the population have work, and 53 per cent. are dependent. Yet in Canada, after God has been thanked for food, we have known children glance over a well-laden table, then grumble if food did not just suit their taste. Does not our ingratitude often need God's forgiveness? Oh, let us be thankful! We have so much; these have so little. How can we share with them? A little Welsh boy was given a collecting card at a missionary meeting. He was greatly distressed because he had not even a half-penny of his own to give. His heart was thrilled with interest. He hurried home, collected his little store of marbles, sold them for a penny, gave this to the cause, and felt so glad and happy to do something thus for God. You say that was only a little thing—yes, but for the poor lad it meant unselfishness and sacrifice. Now, do you wonder, since our

mission works among so many of the poorer classes, that we need to support students in school, and provide buildings for their accommodation? A portion of this work is assigned our Bands. Every boy, every girl, "to the work, to the work!" Our opportunity is so great. From Lahore, Punjab, in connection with the Student Volunteer Movement, came this cablegram: "India never so open, so ripe, so hopeful, so needy as now. India prays for the awakening of America to look, pray, send, and come for her awakening." Keshub Chunder Sen, that noted native gentleman, said: "None but Jesus, none but Jesus, deserves to wear the bright and glorious diadem of India, and Jesus Christ shall have it." Are we helping to crown Jesus Lord of all in India? We are praising God at this Eastertide for the resurrection of our Lord. Without it faith is vain, hope is vain. Then remember Col. 3: 1: "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God," and Matt. 3: 33: "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and His righteousness."

Sarah Stuart Barber.

#### OSMAN'S SADNESS CHANGED TO GLADNESS.

Mrs. G. E. White.

Osman trudged along behind his donkey loaded with huge baskets of cherries balanced over the rude wooden saddle. He did not look happy, as he sullenly kicked the rough stones of the roadway. Generally this was a joyful time for the children, as they left the crowded houses in the dirty and narrow streets for the beautiful gardens outside the city, where neighbors and friends gathered to pick the luscious fruit.

What ailed the boy? He had lived his life thus far in a large city in the interior of Turkey, and been happy. But he was a bright boy. He had begun to think. He could no longer be contented.

His father came up behind him on this day in early June and, as he noticed the unusual look of discontent on the face of his boy, asked, "What's the matter, my boy?"

Osman turned quickly and, when he saw they were alone, answered, "Father, why can't I go to school and learn something? There's my cousin Ahmed who

has just made a visit from Constantinople. He knows many things."

"Why, my boy, you have been to school here for years."

"School—yes!" scornfully exclaimed Osman, "and there I sat cross-legged on the floor with a lot of oother boys and studied in a loud voice the letters of the alphabet and read the Koran—the sacred book of the Turks—in Arabic, hardly understanding a word I was reading. Now I can read a little, but what is there to read? Not a newspaper—hardly a book! What's the use of such a school?"

The father shrugged his shoulders as the boy went on. "And Ahmed is studying geography. What is geography, father?—and history. He says Turkey isn't the only country in the world. He told me about Japan, father, and a great war they've had there, and Japan isn't as large as Turkey, nor the Japanese any braver than the Turks, but they beat the Russians. Ahmed says it's because the Japanese are not behind the times like the Turks. Father, don't you wish we could beat the Russians?"

The father could hardly conceal the eager look that came into his face at the mere thought of such a thing.

Osman added, "But how can we, if we don't know anything?" He went on: "Ahmed studied accounts, too, and is going into business and to make money. What will I be, father, just a wagon-driver, or at best a clerk, able to read a little and to write letters for some officer?"

"Why, there's Haretune, the son of our Armenian neighbor. We've played together many times. Of course, he's always had to give up to me, because he's a gliaour—a dog of an Armenian—and I'm a descendant of Mohammed, but now he has gone to the American School, and he's learning fast, and will soon be earning a good living, buying himself a house and fields and vineyards, while I plod on."

Again the stones by the roadside voiced his wrath as they rolled viciously down the hill.

The father sighed as he said: "Osman, I have never told you before how much I have wanted to send you to school, and I have tried more than once to get permission to send you to the only school for us in this region worth anything, the American School, but the governor says no Turkish boy can go to that school!"

"Why didn't you send me anyway?" snapped the boy.

"Ah, my son, that would have meant exile for me or a horrible Turkish prison."

"Father," Osman went on, "Haretune, the Armenian boy and I were talk-together yesterday. He wants to go to America, where there is freedom, but he can't get a traveling permit. Why can't we travel without permission as they do in other countries, and why must we never use the words 'freedom' or 'liberty?' Why did the Turks massacre so many Armenians? Haretune's father was killed in that way, but he was not a bad man. He was our good neighbor for years."

"Stop, my son," said the father as he laid his hand roughly on the boy's shoulder. "You must not whisper such things, nor even think them. There are spies of the Sultan's all about us, and such words must not be uttered. While this Sultan is on the throne there can be no liberty, no freedom of thought or of word, no good schools, no papers except such as he allows. In the thirty years and more of his reign he has ruled absolutely. It is said he has caused the death of so many persons that it would average fifteen a day for all these years.

"Wait, my boy. Be patient; a better time is coming, we hope. But not a word must you say—not a word."

Throughout the land of Turkey there were men who felt as Osman's father did and secretly but ceaselessly they had been working to bring about a change in the hated government. It was useless to try to raise a fine crop of wheat, for a large percentage would be taken by the government. A merchant could not carry on his business unless he paid large bribes to officials.

Men could not get salt or copper or silver out of the ground, although they knew where they were to be found, because the government wished to keep them there. Like the dog in the manger, they neither used them themselves nor would they allow others to use them.

Not many weeks after Osman's talk with his father, on the 24th of July, he rushed into the room where his father was sitting and shouted, "Do you hear the rockets going off? That means freedom, liberty, brotherhood. They say there's to be a procession to-day in honor of the Constitution which the Young Turk Party has compelled the Sultan to proclaim. Turks and Arme-

nians and Greeks are to march together. There are to be no more massacres, but we are all to live like brothers. Can we go to school and learn something? Can we have papers and books and can we travel as we like?"

"Not so fast, my boy," laughed his father. "It may not mean all these today, but it is the beginning."

And so Osman marched with Haretune in the procession, proud to carry a banner on which were the words "Liberty," "Equality," "Justice."

A few months later he rejoiced with many in the dethronement of the old Sultan, Abdul Hamid, whose efforts to bring back the old hated government failed, and he shouted himself hoarse with the cry, "Long live the new Sultan! Long live Mehmet V!"—Mission Studies.

#### GOD'S COOLIE.

In one of the mission fields a woman physician had been the means of restoring to health a dearly beloved child. In their gratitude the little one's relatives came and knelt at the feet of the missionary doctor, and worshipped her as if she had been a god. Again and again the missionary gently remonstrated, saying: "We are not gods. Worship the true God." But the people were not to be dissuaded.

"You must be a god," they said. "No one but a god could have saved our beloved from death."

Then, even as our Lord was accustomed to do, the missionary spoke in a parable to them.

"Suppose," she said, "that I wished to bestow a valuable gift upon you, and sent it by the hand of one of your coolies; whom you would thank? Would you thank the coolie or would you thank me?"

"We should thank you, of course; the coolie is your servant."

"And so am I God's coolie," said the missionary, "by whose hand God has been pleased to send you this gift of healing, and it is to him you must bow and give thanks."

And so at last their hearts turned to the true God.—World Wide.

#### THE LULLABY IN TURKEY.

The Moslem mother, in constant fear of evil spirits with which the air is filled, according to her thought, must pronounce curses to protect her baby from the very hour of its birth. This fear is reflected in the following lullabies:

##### Moslem Lullabies—

Whoever loves you not,  
My little baby boy,  
May she be driven from her house  
And never know a joy.  
May the ghuz (goblin) eat her husband up  
And the mouse her oil destroy.

Or

We've the white and the red in our  
baby's cheek  
In pounds and tons to spare,  
But the black and the rust,  
And the mold and the must,  
For our neighbor's children are.

Contrast with these the lullabies of the Syrian mother who, in spite of the fact that her church represents a somewhat decadent form of Christianity, sings her faith as follows:

##### Syrian Lullabies—

My boy, my moon, I bid you good-morrow;  
Who wishes you peace shall know no sorrow;  
Whom you salute his life is like heaven,  
His care is relieved, his sin forgiven.

Or

O Lord of heaven, knowing and wise,  
Preserve my Ali, the light of my eyes.  
Lord of high heaven, compassionate,  
Keep my dear boy, in every state.

In the Republic of Guatemala, the Roman Catholic Church has been dethroned as an ecclesiastical power, and the old monasteries and convents have been turned into schools. The people have lost and are losing faith in their old ecclesiastical organization, and now is the propitious time to present to them "a more excellent way."