

# Canadian Missionary Link

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243 Chandler Rd.

XLVIII

WHITBY, APRIL, 1926

No. 8

## Easter Day

How would my soul keep Easter Day?  
O risen Christ, for this I pray,  
Quicken my soul on Easter Day.  
From bitter things of life that press,  
From the vain things called happiness,  
From things that cloy and clog and cling,  
From days of faithless questioning,  
From selfish aim, from low desire,  
O soul of mine, rise and aspire  
To things above. For this I pray,  
O risen Christ, on Easter Day.

How would my life keep Easter Day?  
Not as they walked Emmaus way  
With head bowed low and hopeless mien,  
Placing the seen for things unseen,  
No ray of light to pierce the gloom  
Of cross, of death, of sealed tomb.  
But as they knew in breaking bread  
That Christ the Lord is risen to-day;  
And shining-faced the message bore  
O'er the sad way they walked before,  
Telling to all upon the way  
That Christ the Lord is risen to-day;  
So let my life keep Easter Day.

—Ella Hays McRae. Sel.

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## THREE DAYS

Noon on a Roman road  
By weary prisoners trod,  
Bowed to the earth a fainting form  
The Son of God.

Night and a naked cross  
Lifted against the sky;  
On whose stark arms the Son of God  
Was raised to die.

Dawn by an empty tomb;  
He who is strong to save,  
The Son of God, hath conquered death  
And rent the grave.

—Sel.

## EDITORIAL

In our issue of October, 1925, we gave a general plan of the Eva Rose York Bible Training School for Women at Tuni. In the January and February numbers are to be found interesting accounts of the formal opening of this school.

This month we are glad to have two pictures of the school which make it seem more real. See these pictures on pages 362 and 365.

Our readers will have noticed a new department headed "Canadian Girls in Training."

The Link is very glad to recognize in this way the groups of 'teen-age girls in our churches who are a vital part of this movement. This is one of the most important and significant movements of our day. It has grown amazingly since its inception about ten years ago. Last year there were registered 2667 groups, representing 742 centres of work. Throughout Canada, 61 Girls' Camps were held and 9 camps for leaders. There have been 40 training courses for Leaders.

Whether this movement will be permanent in its present form time only can tell.

Undoubtedly it is making a deep and lasting impression upon the present generation of 'teen-age girls, and it seems highly probable that their daughters will come under its influence.

It should be a matter of interest and pardonable pride to Canadians that the various Church Boards of Religious Education in the United States, recognizing the worth of such a church movement for girls and boys as we have in Canada, have now appointed a joint committee to draft a Christian Life Program for Youth, that will function in the church life of our neighbors to the South as Canadian Girls in Training and the similar Boys' program do in our Canadian churches.

If we can capture the eager enthusiasm of the teen-age, and harness it for missionary effort, the next generation of workers will not suffer so much from the deplorable lack of leadership which now in so many places greatly hampers our work.

It has come to our notice that a leaflet setting forth the claims of an independent mission and stating where contributions might be sent is being circulated among our Mission Circles.

Perhaps it may be well to remind ourselves that our Circles were organized for a specific purpose—as auxiliaries of our General Board, to assist in carrying on our Foreign missionary work, later assuming responsibilities also as auxiliaries of our Home Mission Board.

It is not right that our organization should be used for propaganda purposes by other societies and individuals.

We certainly advocate the warmest sympathy with all missionary enterprise, but as members of our Circles and as Canadian Baptists it is not our first obligation to adequately meet the needs of our own work which are so great and for which we and we alone are responsible?

Many women of the west are subscribers to our paper. Some of them have felt that their work should be more adequately represented in its pages. We agree with them. We have sometimes clipped from their good page in the Western Baptist. We shall welcome their monthly contribution.

Many of our readers will remember that about twelve years ago Miss Kate McLaurin, home on furlough, edited the Link for a year. They will remember also what inspiration she gave us out of her rich missionary experience.

We are sure we need make no apology for re-printing here an Editorial she published in April, 1914.

We omit some statistics she used, now out of date.

(From The Link, April, 1914)

Easter! It is the month of Easter. We shall all be listening for the robin's chirp, looking for the swelling buds, rejoicing at the return of life to mother earth again—watching the miracle-play of death and resurrection as God sets it before us once more this spring to teach us the deeper lesson of life unto life.

"Christ arose! Christ arose! Hallelujah, Christ arose!"

\* \* \* \* \*

But now in India all nature is asleep, for it is the "hot season." No rain, not the littlest, littlest breath of really cool air to break the terrible iron monotony as the days march on and on in ever-increasing heat and glare. No crops grow now—no seed is sown. The grass burns up brown, and at high noon no living creature willingly stirs abroad, for the sun is a tyrant now, and none dare trifle with his power.

Nevertheless, let our thoughts dwell there for a moment, for I would have you remember our Indian workers this month—the small army of men and women who as pastors, preachers, colporteurs, medical assistants, teachers, and biblewomen are working steadily away, spreading knowledge of the Truth in that portion of India we call "our field." How many methods of direct Christian work do these represent! The pastor shepherding his flock often scattered far and wide

in many villages, all under his one church, walking from town to town to visit them, inquiring into their temporal and spiritual welfare, reading the Bible for them—perhaps teaching them a verse or golden text, giving advice in a difficulty which may have arisen with heathen neighbor or employer, reproving for unseemly conduct, or comforting in times of illness and persecution. Where he has a group of them far away from his home he may stay the night, gathering them for an evening meeting when the day's work is over. The single one who is a sole witness in some heathen town is also visited, and cheered in his loneliness by the brotherly contact and a message from the Word, sealed to him because he cannot read. When the pastor comes he gets him to hold a service in his door-yard for his neighbors to attend, that they, too, may "come and see." Or he learns a verse from him that will prove to be a sharp weapon in his daily warfare with the powers of evil. Maybe the pastor stays overnight with him, talking far into the night with him about the things of God and the things of the mission, returning to his home next morning or going on to a still more distant village. "Every great matter" he brings to his missionary, as Moses' judges did to him, but in all things he is close to his people. He knows them, he is of the same race and tongue, he lives among them. Let us pray that the grace of God may richly rest upon them.

Each preacher and evangelist also works in many villages—often being in charge of gospel work in eight or ten towns and villages besides the one where he lives, with its group of Christians. The colporteur tramps from village to village, selling his wares, Bibles, Testaments, Gospels, hymn books, Christian literature. He must tempt the passerby, the careless villager, the "tight" but prosperous farmer, to buy, and so he sings a song, or tells a story, or reads an extract from his books, and many are led to part with a few cents and gain—the Pearl of greatest price in just this way. Many are the discussions, the conversations on religious subjects which are suggested and sustained by the sight or sound of his wares. What shall the harvest be? Shall we have a share

in it, because we helped the colporteur by our prayers in the seed-sowing.

And then our teachers—the men and women, young men and maidens who teach the boys and girls in our boarding and day schools, besides the hundreds in our Sunday and evangelistic schools.

What an important calling is theirs! Think of our Christian teachers coming into daily almost hourly contact with those thousands of impressionable children, who, with the Oriental's peculiar and passionate reverence for authority and learning, are influenced by their teacher along moral lines to a degree that we here cannot estimate. What a responsibility for our teachers! Many of these children are the high caste families, and this is the one avenue of entrance for the Light to their homes. How then does the teacher need grace, tact and spiritual wisdom! And do we remember them?

Then there are the biblewomen, the faithful companions of the Missamma on her tours and zenana visits. But you already know much about their work and lives, and how much your missionaries depend upon them for companionship and co-operation, and how bravely and well they meet the demand; besides taking the Gospel to thousands of women who are the mothers of the coming generations of young India. And the bible women bring to them the Light. They are doing it for you. They are your "joy and crown"—and ours! Do you work along with them, in prayer?

And the compounders and nurses in our mission hospitals, who, while they serve the sick and dying, must be to their patients the living exponents of Christ's love and patience—the very explanation and expression of the Gospel message heard in the waiting-room, by the bedside, or on the doctor's verandah. How much they need His patience and love and gracious tact! How attentive and careful they must be in their attempts to carry out the doctor's orders for treatment! Shall we not particularly remember them, for so much depends upon them?

\* \* \* \* \*

We thank God for all these helpers—and straightway forget? "Pray one for another."

K. S. McL.

### SPRING-TIME

Again the Spring. Again the Easter Lily!  
Again the soft warm earth, the violets' breath  
Again the tender green o'er hill and valley  
Again the miracle of life from death!

And the dear loved ones, gone beyond our seeing,  
Toward whom our hearts still yearn so tenderly:  
In Thee they live and move and have their being,  
For who would doubt their immortality?

O Death, the victory is only seeming;  
O grave, thy sting but ends earth's pain and strife—  
Through them our souls when past earth's toil and dreaming,  
Will find the resurrection and the Life.  
—Sel.

### ABOUT OUR TEN THOUSAND OBJECTIVE

Dear Subscribers,—If you look up the last Convention report for the "Link" you will find we asked for a Net Gain of 2317 subscriptions.

Alberta was to give us 100. They have sent 20.

British Columbia has given 25 of her 75.

Manitoba has only started with a Net Gain of 5.

New Brunswick and Nova Scotia have given no help.

Ontario has secured 425, which is one quarter of the objective set. Toronto has given 100 of these.

The Province of Quebec has a net gain of 40,—almost one half of what we asked.

Saskatchewan has 20 of her 75.

We have 8100 on our mailing list. We must have 10,000 by November, 1926.

We wish to thank every **Old Subscriber**, who not only sent her renewal promptly, but who remembered she had a part in this big drive for 10,000 subscriptions, and who gave or got at least **One New Subscription**. We owe this net gain to date to your loyal co-operation, and to the untiring efforts of our noble band of "Link" Agents.

But there are some churches without a Circle. There are some Circles without a "Link." There are some Circles without a "Link" Agent. There are some "Link" Agents not responding. There are some old subscribers not yet concerned. April, May, and June are the months to prove we are out to win.

Believing in your steadfastness, I am,

Yours faithfully,

Grace L. Stone Doherty,  
(Supt. Agents Link)

### TREASURER'S CORNER

#### A Problem

In one of my first "Corners" I asked you to write me real letters telling about your problems. To-day's mail has brought me such a letter, containing a real live problem. I don't at all know the answer, so I give it to you to solve for me. It is this: "Our President does not seem to be interested in Missions, and our Minister neither speaks nor prays for Missions." Pretty blue outlook for that Circle, I should think. Can anybody solve this Treasurer's difficulty?

#### Some Business Instructions

You would be surprised how many letters come to me that are really not meant for the Treasurer at all. Requests for Circle material, "Links" and all sorts of things. So I am going to write just a few rules:—Send all money for Biblewomen, students, Life Memberships and for all Foreign Missionary objects, to me. Send for information regarding Biblewomen and students to Mrs. Harold Firstbrook; send your "Link" requests to Mrs. J. C. Doherty; your Associational Reports to your Director; your requests for Circle material to Miss Dale, Bureau of Literature; send to her also for Life Membership Pins (if you are a life member), for patterns of things shown at Convention, and indeed for just about anything you need in your Circle work. Send your requests for speakers at your special meetings to Mrs. Hendry. Don't be afraid to write letters to any of us. Keep us busy, that's what we are for!

### More Business

Once more. In sending money, please write—(1) how much money, (2) name of Circle, Band or person to whom money is to be credited, (3) how the money is to be used—regular, Biblewoman, thank-offering and so on—, (4) address to which receipt is to be sent; and then (5) some personal message. If you have a good idea, pass it along. If you are perplexed, let us know. Sometimes we can help you with your problems; if we can't, we will put them in the "corner" and someone else will help us.

### Still More Business

I heard recently of a Treasurer who didn't keep books. She just put mission money in a candy box, and sometimes she remembered to empty it and send it to the General Treasurer. Perhaps she didn't know how to "keep books." Many people don't. If you are a new treasurer and not very sure about Circle books, there are two courses open—first, ask someone who does know or—second, write down on the left hand side of the blank book the date and details of every cent of mission money you receive; and on the right-hand side, the date and details of every cent you send away for Missions, and let your auditor help you "close your books" when that time comes. Be sure you have your Circle appoint an auditor. A good auditor is the Treasurer's best friend. He gives her hints how she can improve her methods of bookkeeping and in case of any unforeseen misunderstanding between Circle, or Circle member and Treasurer, he stands as a witness to the accuracy of the Treasurer.

#### Use Receipt Forms

Make use of receipt forms. You treasurers carry an ordinary five cent receipt form with you to church or prayer meeting; give a receipt to everybody giving you any money for Missions, and make a corresponding entry on the stub of the receipt just torn off. These stubs then you can copy onto the left hand of your Treasurer's book. The receipts you receive from the General Treasurer should be kept and should correspond to the entries on the right hand side of your book.

### Finances

What we had to say last month about the state of the Treasury holds exactly good this month. Money is coming in a bit better, but not sufficiently yet to banish anxiety. If it weren't for that exchange bill we would be just about paying our way as we went along. Some Circles are remembering to add that ten per cent. to remittances to cover the exchange in India. Some Circles have not as yet responded to this call.

### Life Memberships During February

**Circles**—Mrs. Fred P. Hames, Cheltenham; Mrs. G. G. Byers, Delhi; Mrs. Thomas Patterson, Claremont; Mrs. William Meeker, Whitby.

**Bands**—Rev. John McNeill; Rev. John Craig; Mrs. John Craig, of Walmer Road "King's Band", and Miss Evelyn Ada Winter, Mt. Brydges.

Freelton "Willing Workers" made Miss Eba B. Haines a Life Member of Circles.

M. B. Piersol.

Mrs. W. H. Piersol,  
35 Dunvegan Road.

## HOW GOD IS WORKING IN LATIN-AMERICA

By Rev. J. L. Hart, Temuco, Chile

Missionary of the Southern Baptist Convention.

Latin-America is in the limelight. There was a time when we thought of it as a continent of revolutions. Today Latin-America is progressing as the United States of North America did in the last century. It is rapidly becoming the dumping ground for the over-plus population of many European and Asiatic countries. A distinguished Japanese diplomat on being asked where their over-plus population was going, replied: "To Latin-America."

Many American tourists are surprised at what they see in the Southern Continent. They find themselves in large modern cities and among cultured and highly civilized people. They naturally ask: "Why send missionaries here?"

On one occasion a friend said to me:

"Buenos Aires is like New York, these people are a great commercial and cultured folk, why send missionaries to them?"

"Did you expect to find savages here?" I asked.

"No," he replied, "but I did not think the Latin-Americans were so civilized and as cultured as I find them to be. They are in many respects more cultured than we."

"Quite true," I replied, "but did civilization save you?"

"No, Jesus saved me," he replied.

The world's war proved that civilization and culture do not change the human heart.

While in the interior of many Latin-American republics the majority of the people are illiterate; yet in the big centres like Buenos Aires and Santiago we find people as cultured, as civilized, and as well educated as we find anywhere. And yet, they need the Gospel because of their **spiritual ignorance**. Roman Catholicism is their religion. We must distinguish between Roman Catholicism and Roman Catholics. We may love Roman Catholics and yet hate Roman Catholicism. If we loved the people more we would win more for Christ.

Roman Catholicism has two conceptions of Jesus Christ. First, that of a babe in his mother's arms. The famous madonnas are the marvel of all who visit the old galleries of Europe and the despair of the artists who try to copy them. As objects of art, they are wonderful, but as objects of worship, they only hide the true Christ from the worshiper. Thank God Jesus did come to Bethlehem as a babe, but thank God He is not there now. I shall never forget the impression on me as I read in big letters this inscription: "The church of the baby God." No wonder there is no dynamic in Romanism, when their God is a baby. The other conception Roman Catholicism has of Christ, is that of a dead Christ. There is no salvation in a dead Christ. Paul says, "If Christ be not risen then is our preaching vain and your faith is also vain."

In the city of Santa Fe, Argentina, a little girl about fourteen years of age, a member of the church where I was to preach, worked

### Our Missionaries' Birthday Corner

Another year of patient toil,  
 A few sheaves won from rocky soil.  
 May seem not much to thee;  
 But all thy work is with the Lord,  
 And thine exceeding great reward  
 Thy God Himself shall be.

*Frances Ridley Havergal.*

- |       |                           |
|-------|---------------------------|
| April | 1—Mrs. S. C. Freeman      |
| "     | 1—Miss Marjorie E. Palmer |
| "     | 1—Rev. A. Haddow          |
| "     | 3—Miss Flora Clarke       |
| "     | 4—Mrs. C. N. Mitchell     |
| "     | 7—Rev. Rufus Sanford      |
| "     | 7—Rev. John B. McLaurin   |
| "     | 10—Mrs. H. Dixon Smith    |
| "     | 10—Miss Edna E. Farnell   |
| "     | 11—Mrs. John Craig        |
| "     | 14—Miss Janet Holmes      |
| "     | 18—Dr. E. G. Smith        |
| "     | 21—Dr. Gertrude Hulet     |
| "     | 22—Mrs. H. B. Cross       |
| "     | 30—Rev. H. S. Hillyer.    |

in one of the richest and most cultured homes in that town. She was very anxious for the lady of the house in which she worked to hear me preach. She was a very tactful girl and did not invite her mistress to go to an Evangelical church nor to preaching, but she told her a gentleman from the United States was in town and would deliver a lecture that night. The lady's curiosity was aroused. We were surprised that night when a handsome automobile drove up, a Japanese chauffeur opened the door and a beautiful lady stepped from her automobile into the hall. As she entered she showed surprise at the environment in which she found herself, but she took a seat determined to see what was going on. As I saw her come in I asked God to give me a message to her. That night I had planned to speak to the members of the church, but I now had an unusual opportunity. For in Latin-America, as in Corinth, not many mighty, not many noble come to

hear us preach. As the congregation sang I continued in prayer, asking that the Lord would give me the message that the lady needed. I read the third chapter of John and took a message from its marvelous teachings. While I was speaking I noticed tears come into the lady's eyes and she was listening with increasing interest. The services closed; the congregation dispersed; the native pastor and I lingered for a few moments praying for our unexpected visitor. That night I spent in the native pastor's home and early the next morning I heard a knock at the door. Thinking it was the native pastor I shouted: "Come in." The door opened, and in walked the lady of the evening before. The situation was a little embarrassing but she relieved it by saying, "I know you think I am crazy but I want to talk to you."

"Certainly, come in," I said.

"I haven't closed my eyes tonight," she

said, "and I would have been here long ago but I dared not wake you so early. Now I must talk this thing through with you."

"With pleasure," I said. "Have a seat and tell me what is on your heart."

As she began to ask questions I took my New Testament and answered her from God's Word. We talked on until twelve o'clock. I had forgotten about breakfast. I had forgotten my unwashed face and uncombed hair as the soul struggled toward the light. Finally we knelt together and I lifted my voice to God and asked Him to save that woman. I then asked her if she wanted to pray. Her hands instinctively felt for her string of beads around her neck, I said, "No, not that. Is there not something in your heart you wish to say to God?" There was a silence for a few moments and then in a broken voice she prayed her first real prayer, asking God to save her soul and to make Himself known to her. As we rose I noticed her face was stained with tears but there was a new radiance in it and a new light in her eyes. She extended me her hand and looked me in the eye and said: "Now I know that Jesus saves." That is what all Latin-America needs to know.

What Paul says in Romans is just what has happened all over Latin-America. They have changed the truth of God into a lie and worship the creature instead of the Creator. Mary is their goddess. Her image has always a prominent place in every home and in every church. The city of Santiago surrounds the beautiful mountain of San Cristobal. On the top of this mountain is the large statue of Mary. Lighted up by strong electric reflectors at night it is a beautiful sight and can be seen for miles away. Come with me if you will on the eighth day of December (the date of the declaration of the dogma of immaculate conception) and you will see many men, women and boys going up that hill, many on their knees and everyone with a candle. When they reach the statue all fall on their knees and light their candle. So many candles have been burned in front of this statue that there is a stream of melted wax from the top far down the hill. This

idolatry is similar to that practiced in many pagan lands.

A few miles from Buenos Aires on a western railroad is the town of Lujan. It is said that on one occasion when hauling was done with ox carts, a certain ox cart reached a place in this town where the oxen refused to move. They were viciously goaded by their drivers but still they would not go on. Some one suggested the load was too heavy. Many of the boxes were removed and it was soon found that as soon as a certain box was removed the oxen went on. The box was opened and there was found to be in it an image of Mary. **Que Milagro!** (What a miracle!) The priest said that they must build a home for the statue on the spot. It was done. The image is known as the Virgin of Lujan. Today there is on that site a magnificent temple and before the image of Mary are jewels and gifts valued at many millions of dollars. Pilgrimages are conducted to this shrine from all parts of Argentina but chiefly from Buenos Aires, as many as a hundred thousand going there in a single day. Argentina, with all her culture and progress, falls at the feet of an idol just as does the poor savage in the African jungles.

Professor Edward J. Ross well says: "The Latin-American does not lack brains. They are developing rapidly. Will they develop spiritually?" That depends on what Evangelical Christianity in the United States will do towards giving them the Gospel. Latin-America is our field and our greatest opportunity. It is my honest conviction that the quickest way to evangelize the Orient is to evangelize Latin-America so that she may help us to do the big job. The African will never help evangelize Latin-America but Latin-America can help us to evangelize Africa. Wherever the Gospel has been known and accepted in Latin-America there are Christians with apostolic evangelical zeal. No sooner is one converted than like Andrew of old he goes out after his brother. Most of the new mission stations have been opened because some native Christian has gone to a certain place and begun telling of his new-found joy in Jesus, and when others become

(Continued on page 370)



## Our Work Abroad

The removal last year of the "Eva Rose York Bible Training School" from its first home in Palkonda to its new home in Tuni, necessitated the removal, also, of its Principal, Miss Winifred Eaton, who had, for two terms of service, been Palkonda's lady Missionary. To fill this vacancy, Conference has appointed Miss Pearl Scott to Palkonda, and she has entered upon this work with her characteristic enthusiasm. Because of ill health during the past year, her study of Telugu has had to be interrupted, and it was still pressing upon her when she went to her new field. But, now, with her examinations behind her, she will be free to give her whole attention to the active work for which she sees so great a need. Her first Report from the Palkonda field will be of special interest.

"For the first months in Palkonda, there is little of statistical nature to be recorded, as language has rightly held first place. Visits to Zenanas and villages were made mostly with linguistic object in view, rather than the evangelistic.

Telugu work has been confined to towns and villages within a radius of a few days' journey. The Brahmin doctor's wife in Palkonda town listens eagerly and asks intelligent questions. One family of Brahmin women has been coming to the bungalow every Monday for instruction. They sometimes seem very much in earnest, and then again, they seem to regard the event as a day's outing.

A few outside places are becoming more or less alert to the Christian message. Among them is Burja, where a school for caste girls was opened a few years ago. At that time the town was absolutely closed to Christian teaching. But when the new missionary appeared this year, among those to give her the heartiest welcome were Burja caste-women, who walked all the way to Palkonda to express their joy. After the monsoon rains were over, the three Bible women and I went often in the mornings to teach in the school. After exam time, we went once, equipped to stay and do zenana work in the afternoon. But after an hour's rain we fled home lest we should be unable to ford the rivers later. Then the cart broke down and held up everything for awhile. But we are

looking forward to happy times in Burja soon."

### EVA ROSE YORK BIBLE TRAINING SCHOOL FOR WOMEN. TUNI

Report by Miss Eaton for Quarter Ending December 31st, 1925.

"The outstanding event of the last quarter was the formal opening of our new school building, but since that was written of fairly fully, at the time, it needs no further mention here.

I am deeply grateful for the help rendered by Mrs. Scott and Miss Priest during the month of November, which I spent in Pithapuram under medical care. Mrs. Scott took all my classes and Miss Priest mothered the students,—thus together they kept things running splendidly until I could take up my work again.

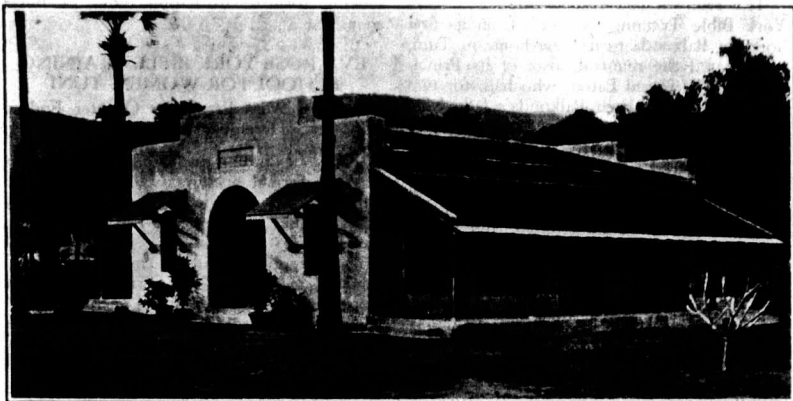
Friends of our work will be interested in the evangelistic work carried on by the Bible Training students. These are the statistics for the Quarter:—97 visits were made to villages, 45 different villages being reached; 393 homes were touched, 49 meetings held, and 29 Bible classes for the children. We were unable to spend a whole week on tour as we had planned, but the work reported was done on the regular weekly day for practical work, together with several week-end trips in company with Mrs. Scott. The students seem to delight in each opportunity that offers, and one of the first responses, in a praise meeting before we closed at Christmas time, was "We must all thank the Lord for the chance we have had to preach the Gospel to so many people this term."

The work is earnestly followed up by prayer meeting, our daily chapel service, and, I believe, in the private devotions of the students".

Please notice Mrs. Gullison's letter on page 373. It arrived too late for insertion in this section.

Also be sure to read "Lucy," the charming, true story by Miss Lockhart, clipped from Tidings, beginning on page 374.

We also help support Vellore Medical College.—Editor.



Eva Rose York Bible Training School for Women—School Building.

#### NEWS FROM BOLIVIA

In a letter written January 21st, Miss Alice Booker tells of having taken passage on the S. S. Sta. Teresa, of the Grace Line, sailing from Arica on May 2nd. She further writes:

"You will be interested to know of the arrangements made for the school in my absence. Daniel Ruiz is being released from La Paz, and is coming out here to take over the school work and direction of the services. I am very happy about the arrangements. It would be quite impossible for the Plummers to carry it all on by themselves. Then, Mr. Balverde is a splendid fellow but he could not take the responsibility of the services, especially as the majority of his audience are children. When he first came out, I had undertaken the meeting on both Sunday and Wednesday nights, but it worried me to have to prepare so much in the Aymara language while I was teaching school, so before long, he took Sunday night, and I gave little talks on Wednesday night, illustrated by "Little Jetts".

School started once again (after Christmas holidays) a couple of weeks ago, and the attendance has not been bad, considering the

bad weather. The morning school is still very small, but there are now a few who attend very regularly and make real progress. My great ambition is the increasing of the day school until it is really worth while.

Our convert, Jeronimo, is very faithful, and his wife usually comes with him. Mr. Plummer is hoping to baptize him before I go home. That will be a happy day for me. There is another young man who, I really believe, is very much interested and who attends faithfully, but he is timid and afraid to take a definite stand.

Sr. Angel Medina was out here after Christmas to try his translation of Mark with the Indians here. He said a number of the young men were much interested in the reading of the Gospel, and understood it very well, but the old men said they did not understand it,—they didn't want to!

We had a splendid Christmas. On Christmas Eve, we had the annual treat for the Indians of the Farm and the school children. The place was packed. We must have given out bread to nearly 300 people. I wish you could have seen our Christmas in the school. We had the place decorated until one would

hardly know it for the same place, and the children were very much pleased with their bags of sweets and balls, tops, and mouth organs,—and as for the girls,—they hugged their dolls as though they would never part from them."

Let us not fail to remember Miss Booker in prayer,—that in all her plans for leaving her work, and in all her plans for coming on furlough to the dear home and friends, she may be guided and kept well and in safety.

### CHRISTMAS AT CHICACOLE

By Miss Archibald

This was the easiest Christmas I ever spent in India. In olden days the missionaries took the responsibility re decorating the tree, selecting the presents and arranging the feast, but this year a Church Committee was formed with Dr. K. R. Choudhari as chairman and the missionaries were invited as guests. The chairman collected 1/16 of each Christian's income (2 to 5 dollars) for one month. With this fund the feast was prepared. On the verandah of the church the leaf plates were arranged and we all sat cross-legged on the floor. The rice curry and pappu and charu were delicious. The Excise Inspector and his family were also invited. They came thinking there would be table and cutlery provided for them. They refused to sit and eat Indian fashion. "Why," I said: "We missionaries can eat the Indian way. Can you not? Were you not born in this country?"

"Oh yes," he said, "but long since we have adopted the English custom re eating, etc." So this Indian Christian and his wife and five children sat apart while we enjoyed the feast. They had to wait still longer to see the Christmas tree. Just as the doors were to be thrown open for view, lo! the tree fell face down! They had placed it in a big barrel. Soon ropes were brought and it was tied into position. How beautiful it looked and how the children danced around for joy. Five costumed persons gave great amusement by their songs.

Old Santa Claus looked very wintry with his big coat and white flowing beard. The

parents were supposed to bring presents for their children. I fear some did not do so. The missionaries always saw that every child got something, but some were disappointed this time.

The church decorations were exquisite, the paper chains and flags and roses and balloons and streamers. Around the gas light was an artistic shade spelling out the words, "A merry Christmas."

The church was packed. In the very back seat were several Hindu ladies and their children. One had written a letter in the afternoon saying, "May I come to the celebration in honor of the birth of Christ? I want to say a few words". Toward the close of the meeting I went back and said, "Amma, will you say a few words now?" "Oh no, no" she said, "I could not with all those Hindu men there. Please ask them to go." "I could not do that," I said.

We stood up to sing the doxology. Lo! the Hindu men went out in a body. I whispered to the pastor to ask the Christians to sit. Then this Hindu lady came to the front with another woman and said: "I was very sick, Jesus cured me; I love Him and pray to Him. I wish you to pray." The pastor prayed for her and her family of six children. Then she felt in her waist line (the Hindus roll their money in their clothes and tuck it in at the waist) and took out five rupees. Her woman attendant also gave a gift. The Hindu lady Ammana gave five rupees. She is the widow of the high caste man who wrote a beautiful poem on the Life of Christ. She and her large family all secretly believe. The married daughter said the other day, "Oh that we had become out and out Christians. My husband's people have no sympathy with the Christian religion, and they do not wish me to sing the Christian songs."

Who was the woman who wrote the letter asking to come? She is the wife of our Sanitary Inspector and belongs to a caste that always keeps the women secluded. So this woman showed great courage. She was bound to acknowledge Jesus, but she could not do it before the Hindu men. She did not fear our Christians. When the men all went out in a body it seemed like a miracle and the Lord

gave her the opportunity she desired. The pastor explained to these Hindu women that the greatest gift was the gift of their hearts. Please pray for Savitamma and Ammana and others who acknowledged Jesus on that Christmas eve. May they become enabled to lead their loved ones to Christ!

#### Christmas Day

We had a service in the church. The addresses were on the Christmas Song, Star and Gift.

Dr. Eaton prayed for all the babies born that year. Six parents brought their babies to the front. Another prayed for all the workers as they stood. In the afternoon we had sports. How these brownies enjoyed the fun. The sack race was the most popular. Dr. Eaton gave the prizes and entered heartily into the sports. One little girl whose name is Applalamma, whose mother has not been a Christian long, and who has gone to Calcutta for work, received a cup and saucer as a prize. When returning to Boarding School she presented this precious gift to me.

The workers at Jalmur, 27 miles distant, and from Calingapatam, 17 miles away, usually come in for Christmas. Christians are located in only 8 or 10 of the 300,000 villages of this Chicacole field. Oh pray with us that the story of the Song, Star and Gift may find response in many hearts during 1926.

Although Christmas with the Christians was an easy time, we had plenty to do in trying to make the 300 children in our schools happy.

Off to examine the schools. Who attended well? What can they sing and recite? The registers were thoroughly examined. There was a little low caste school, and how they could recite the 12 stories in the course. They were very poor so we gave to each one two yards of Japanese crepe. This is the cheapest thing in Chicacole (only five annas a yard) whereas the cotton from Manchester and the Indian mills is from 8 to 12. Japan is getting all the trade just now. How proud these children were of that piece of cotton. Why? Because it was the brightest pink or prettiest green.

The caste boys from across the river did well. They belong to the merchant class, and

what did they want? Balls, balls, balls! Maurice Ballyntyne, of Long Beach, Ontario, sent a box of balls. Was that not good of him and the B.Y.P.U.? The Japanese are flooding the market with balls too, but they are so inferior that a few knocks finish them.

What about the weaver's children? They excel in song as well. The blind boy helper, Veerana, came from that caste. Mrs. Archibald sent him to the Blind School, and now he can read the Bible in raised type in Telugu. He is a good singer and has a good mind. How glad Mrs. Archibald will be if her boy Veerana becomes filled with the Holy Spirit and testifies with power. Pray for him!

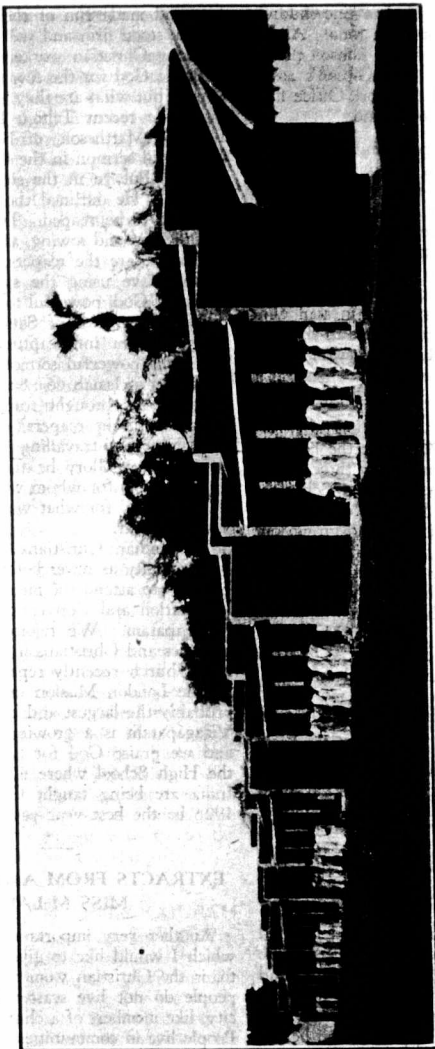
How nice all the children looked as they marched with banners waving. They came from all the four corners of Chicacole town and there was not one towseled head or dirty face. Years ago when we began this work the clean faces were the exception. Sulla street school—see four grown women and several men. Yes, they learned with the children and have come to the festival.

The children of our Caste Girls' School perform the Fan Drill and do the Daily Dozen to the accompaniment of the gramophone, to the delight of the 300 bright eyes.

They also give a Christmas dialogue. After their prizes are given each Evangelistic school is called to the front. Their parcel is opened and the prizes are called out, then one by one they pass out receiving a ball of candy and a small bag of parched grain. There were not enough bags this year, so we made some paper bags. Many of the bags sent from Canada did not have a drawing string. The size we like the best is six by six inches when finished.

#### The Rally at Calingapatam

17 miles' distant. Here we have two Caste Girls Schools. This year we appealed to the parents and friends to give some prizes. As a result ten girls in each school received a skirt and jacket. They were so poor and came to school with only a loin cloth. My, how happy the children looked that day! The two schools gathered on Mr. Gibson's Compound. He is agent for the British India S. S. Company, and for forty years has been a great friend of the Mission, giving a tenth of his income to the Lord, and holding a Sun-



Eva Rose York Bible Training School for Women—Cottages.

day School and service. He has nine children. One was our lady doctor for a time. All are doing well and Captain Harry Gibson presided at the prize giving. Mr. Gibson's assistant, Mr. Jeremiah, had the Port Office flags put up to decorate the Compound.

Each school gave a report, and the children went through their program with great joy. They can say the Lord's Prayer and the Commandments and answer the chief questions bearing on the life of our Lord. We are so glad to have two Christian Head Mistresses. One is named Rebecca and the other Joy. Joy is the wife of Rebecca's brother, and all live together. John has power in soul winning and speaks with a tenderness to the people. Pray for this family that they may lead many souls home to the Cross of Jesus for peace and salvation.

Oh yes, you say, what about "The Boy?" Do you remember I wrote about the lad who ran away from his grandfather three times. He came home from the Boarding School at Bimli Christmas time. What a change! His cheeks were filled out, his hair had grown out and he had it parted at the side in the Christian way. At first he was diffident about going to see his grandfather, but he went with the preacher John, and they received him well. This boy Apparao has a wonderful gift in talk. The words just pour forth so clearly. His last words when he returned to school were:—"Oh Amma, go and see my grandfather often. I want him to get salvation, too."

There was another fine convert from Calingapatam in 1926. His name was Lakshmu Narayana. Lakshmu means "wealth" and he feels he has got it now in Christ. Do you know he never fails to testify or pray in prayer meeting. He puts some of the older Christians to shame. At the recent association he won a prize in the singing competition. He has a beautiful voice, and he used to sing in the Hindu opera before he became a Christian. Although his parents were dead his relatives gave him much trouble when he first came out. They made a plot to take him away by force, and they took him before a big Brahmin lawyer who scolded and abused

him and made fun of the Christian religion, but he stood firm and will likely develop into a strong Christian worker.

Praise God for the few who have confessed Christ, but what are they among so many?

At the recent Telugu Baptist Convention Rev. D. Mattheson, of Bobbili, preached a wonderful sermon in the best Telugu, on the words: "Put ye in the sickle for the harvest is ripe." He outlined the wonderful harvest awaiting to be reaped. Fifty years of plowing, digging and sowing, and now the harvest, but where are the reapers, and are the reapers we have using the sickle, which is the Word of God, powerful to the breaking down of the strongholds of Satan and in bringing every thought into captivity to Christ. He closed his powerful sermon with the thought contained in Isaiah 66:8: "As soon as Zion travailed she brought forth her children." What about the reapers? Are we taking responsibility and travelling in spirit until Christ the Hope of Glory be formed in the hearts of the people for whom we labor?

Praise God for what we now see and what we now hear.

The Indian Christians are realizing their responsibility as never before. It was a great pleasure to attend the meetings of the Telugu Association and Convention recently held in Vizagapatam. We rejoiced with the Missionaries and Christians in their fine commodious Church recently repaired. It was built by the London Mission in 1836, and is now probably the largest and best in the Mission. Vizagapatam is a growing, booming town, and we praise God for this Church and for the High School where 600 of the flower of India are being taught God's Word. May 1926 be the best year yet.

#### EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER FROM MISS MCLAURIN

Another very important part of my work which I would like to give time and strength to, is the Christian women of the city. Our people do not live scattered all through the city, like members of a church would at home. People live in communities here, each caste by itself. And so, naturally, our Christians live

in communities. There are about four sections of the city where they live. There is one crowd just across the road, and down a bit from this bungalow, Kutcherry petta. Another crowd in Elvin petta, ("Elvin" after a Government official, English, who gave them the land) one and a half miles from here. Another crowd lives in Bank petta—near the Bank, half a mile away. Another in Jaggan-aikapur—the part of Cocanada that is across the canal) near our English church, two and a half miles.

To have regular Bible classes with the Christian women pays. You see the results very quickly and so I would like to organize weekly classes with all these sections. They are too widely separated to leave their homes and meet in one place, so I must go the rounds. But how to get in the time is a problem. But I feel I must work up the Christian women—that is vital to the whole enterprise. From July till December I had weekly meetings with the Christian women in Kutcherry petta and we had such good times, and then when Evangelistic Campaign came several of them volunteered for special work—daily visiting of a village two miles away—and did it faithfully and well. They also attended the monthly Women's Helpmeet Society meeting here, and gave better than ever before, they say.

I have been going out Sunday mornings in the car to near villages from three to twelve miles distant, to visit the Christians and especially the women. They seem delighted. In my work for the Christian women I am greatly helped by a voluntary assistant, Mrs. Venketachellam, a delightful woman whose husband is a teacher in the McLaurin High School. She is a woman of high Christian character and ideals herself, is very attractive and winning in manner and loves to go out with me to the villages. She is a God-send, a real gift.

#### DEDICATION OF A LEPER CHURCH

It was our privilege recently to visit Vizianagram, at Miss Clarke's call, and participate in the opening of the new church building for the lepers. It is probably known to many that this leper home is the property of the Mission to Lepers which has its headquarters in Great Britain. This Mission as-

sumes the entire responsibility for the maintenance of the Home. Our Mission merely loans a missionary for part time work caring for the Home. Of course individuals all over the world contribute toward the expense of the institution, but our Board does not assume financial responsibility. The idea of having such a refuge for the lepers in Vizianagram apparently started with a kindly Indian official in the municipality. He came to Dr. Sandford for help in the matter. It then became Dr. Sandford's child and problem. For years he thought and planned until he secured from the Rajah, who was himself a leper, a grant of 100 acres of suitable land. Mud huts with thatch roof were erected, a well dug and a few lepers gathered in. Then plans for permanent buildings were made with Government sanction, Municipal grants obtained, and the Mission to Lepers assumed charge of the institution.

We are all very glad that Government has recently recognized Miss Clarke's faithful and efficient services in connection with this labor of love by giving her the Kaiser-I-Hind medal. This term means "Emperor of India," in whose name the medal is given.

The new church building has been made possible by grant of Rs. 6,000 from the Mission to Lepers. The structure is very beautiful and adds much to the attractiveness of the premises and the joy and comfort of the lepers. The dedicatory service was very appropriate and was arranged with Miss Clarke's usual tact and ability. Miss Hatch, who has charge of a similar Home for Lepers in Ramachandrapuram, was present and made an address. Mr. Bensen, of Cocanada, also made an address. Mr. and Mrs. Theobald of the Brooks School, Octacamund, were present. He presided and made an address. The lepers sang and the Indian Pastor of the Vizianagram Church spoke in Telugu. Some Indian officials, the English Collector and his wife, a number of Indian Christians and some other missionaries were present. Mr. Hart offered the dedicatory prayer. It was the writer's privilege to unlock the gate, announce the building properly opened, and pocket the key. After the ceremony nineteen of us dined with Miss Clarke at her bungalow

(Continued on page 370)

## Among The Circles

### LETTER FROM MRS. CRAIG NOW ON FURLOUGH IN TORONTO

Dear Circle Members,—

Most of you will remember that the late Miss Rogers left money for a Rest Home on the Hill for our lady missionaries in India. This Home of Rest is to be in Kodaikanal and our old friend, Mrs. McLaurin, has suggested that the Circles and Bands might like to supply the bedding and table linen, etc., for this new Home. The beds are all single, so the sheets, flannelette sheets, blankets and coverlets must all be single ones. Other things required are table cloths, tea cloths, tray cloths, bureau drapes and towels.

Now, as most of these things must be bought and not made, I would suggest that it might be better, if the Circles sent the money for the articles they wished to give and the buying be done either in India or here in Toronto.

Of course if any prefer to send the articles they will be most welcome and will be sent on to India in the boxes which are to be packed the end of June.

Will you please communicate with me as soon as possible so that I may know what to expect.

A list of all the gifts will be sent to India, with the names of the donors.

Address Mrs. John Craig, 544 Clinton St., Toronto 4. For the benefit of those in the city, my phone number is Lombard 6006.

A. S. Craig

### AN URGENT CALL FOR HELP

Among the missionaries for whose return on furlough we are looking with eager expectation are our beloved Mr. and Mrs. Johnston Turnbull and their eleven children, from Bolivia. We are also making plans for housing them.

The homes on Ellsworth Ave. are not large enough so a house must be rented. We will use the furniture from one of these homes but the furniture of three bedrooms will not suffice for a family of this size, so we are writing this in the hope that some kind-heart-

ed missionary interested friends will have it laid upon their hearts to help us in providing the things we need to make this dear family comfortable. Perhaps someone has a bedroom suite stored or not in use that they would be willing to loan for a year and a half or more, or a chest of drawers with a bed. However, the following are some of the articles that must be provided: Furniture for two bedrooms, including bedside rugs, 2 pairs pillows, double sized sheets not less than 80 in. x 90 in. 42 in pillow slips, linen tea towels, linen roller towels, bath towels. Chairs will also be a necessity, one or two of these being high chairs, and oh, how much a water power washing machine would mean. This would be so acceptable in the homes afterward as other missionaries have expressed their desire for one. Then there are numberless things that it would be better for the committee in charge of this work to purchase, so contributions of money will also be very much appreciated. These articles will be needed about the 1st of May, but it will help us so much in our planning if we know very soon what is forthcoming. Kindly communicate with me if you are desirous of helping in the good work.

On behalf of the Mission Homes Committee.

(Mrs. Charles) Lillie Senior,

20 Turner Rd., Toronto 10.  
Phone Hil. 3495.

### STRATFORD

The Women's Mission Circle of Memorial Baptist Church held their annual Thank-Offering meeting on Friday evening, February 5th, with the pastor, Rev. R. K. Gordon, in the chair. After the opening exercises, when Mrs. T. C. Wright read the Scripture lesson, our President, Mrs. Gonder, extended a hearty welcome to the ladies of the Ontario St. Church Circles, who responded to our invitation in large numbers.

During the evening solos were delightfully rendered by Mrs. B. Neal and Miss Spearing, and two pleasing readings given by Mrs. Tomlinson, all of whom belong to Ontario Street Circle.



The other numbers on the program consisted of two dialogues called "Not Exempt," given by members of our Circle, and "How Aunt Polly Blokdins joined the Missionary Society," given by five young women of the church.

"Not Exempt" plainly points out that no woman who handles money is exempt from giving at least a tenth unto the Lord, while the second dialogue impresses upon the mind the fact that the best way to interest women in our mission work is to inform them of the conditions existing in countries and places where the name of the Lord Jesus Christ is not known.

An offering of \$44.00 was given, for which we praise God, and also voice our appreciation of the number of gentlemen who attended our Thank-offering meeting. We think this year for attendance and giving will be the best yet.

F. C. Rogers,

Cor. Sec. pro tem.

13 Downie St., Stratford.

#### NORTH BAY

The annual Thank-Offering meeting of the Women's Mission Circle was held in the Church on Wednesday, February 10th. The pastor's wife, Mrs. Aubrey Small, presided, and, after the opening exercises, the children of the Mission Band gave a little recital in which ten little girls took part, "The Foreign Mission Dollar and What It Does."

The Young Women's Circle put on a sketch "A Day in the Pithapuram Hospital," and the Rev. Aubrey Small gave an address on the work in Bolivia, illustrated by lantern slides.

These events were interspersed with musical selections, and a very enjoyable and interesting evening was spent.

The offering, which was divided equally between Home and Foreign Missions, amounted to \$50.00.

M. Jackman, Secretary.

#### LISTOWEL

It was in fear and trembling that a few of our Circle met and decided after a month's consideration to present the "Pill Bottle" as our Thank-offering—the net result to go to

Missions. But it was by faith and prayer that the work was carried to a successful issue.

Difficulties arose only to be early overcome. Everything we needed came for the asking—platform, curtains, furniture, etc., etc.

We gave the play in our own church, and it was filled to overflowing.

All went off without a hitch and the office of prompter was a sinecure. We enjoyed giving the beautiful message of the Gospel, and of the need of medical missionaries.

The Young Women's Circle took part, and the music given by our Male Voice Quartette and choir, interspersed through the evening, was a great help.

We were favored with vocal solos by Mrs. Willard Tupper and Mr. Brian Jackson, also several quartettes, an anthem and a violin solo by Mr. Albert Baker. All the music was much appreciated.

We were happy in having in our Treasurer, Mrs. Alfred Chapman, one capable of memorizing the heroine's part and of rendering it with considerable histrionic power. Mrs. Sidney Greenslade took the part of the Outcaste woman with great pathos; in fact all acted their parts well. Rev. Harry W. and Mrs. Jackson (our President) were the parents of the heroine.

After paying for saris, advertising and tickets, we were able to send away \$55.00, half to Home and Half to Foreign Missions, with hearts full of thanksgiving and rejoicing.

Maud Fleming, Secretary.

#### OSNABRUCK

On Tuesday afternoon, November 26th, the ladies of the Baptist Mission Circle held their annual Thank-offering meeting at the home of Mrs. George Warner. A large number of ladies were present, who remained after the meeting to serve a chicken supper. A kind invitation had previously been given to the members of the congregation and their families to attend, who came with the men and young people of the church. All spent a pleasant and profitable time together. The thank-offering amounted to \$24.00. We have 25 members in our Circle and have sent \$108 to missions in the year.

N. N., Secy.

### SLIDES TO RENT

12 slides may be rented from Egerton St. Mission Circle, London, made from pictures sent by Nurse Laura Allyn, Pithapuram, India, of her work. Rental 50c, postage included. Manuscript goes with slides. Address Mrs. Geo. White, 1063 Mabel St., London, Ont.

### HOW GOD IS WORKING IN LATIN-AMERICA

(Continued from page 360)

interested a missionary is urged to come and explain the way more fully. We often find a group of converted people ready to be baptized and organized into a church.

One Sunday afternoon a poor fellow put a revolver in his pocket and was going out of town to kill himself when he was met by one of the members of the First Baptist Church, of Rosarios, Argentina, who handed him a tract. He was desperate because as a result of his sins he had buried seven babies and the eighth was then a corpse at home. He took the paper, spit on it, and threw it on the ground. The man who handed him the tract smiled and said,

"You don't think you could hurt that paper do you?"

Jose Fernandez (for such is his name) looked up and said,

"What did you give me that paper for?"

"Because I am interested in you," was the reply.

"You interested in me? Not even God cares for me."

"Yes He does. And I gave you a tract that tells you of God's love. It has an invitation to come to our services tonight where you will hear more of God's love."

Fernandez became thoughtful and forgetting his revolver decided he would go to the services that night. We were singing when he entered. He took a back seat, his head hung down, the very picture of despair. As I spoke of how much God loves us, although we are sinners, and of His power to save, he raised his head and listened with great interest. At the close of the service I met him at the door, noted down his address and next

day went to see him. From time to time as we visited that home we read the Bible together and prayed. It was not long before I noted a change in Jose's countenance. One night in our services, while many were giving their Christian experience, he arose and with trembling voice told of his life of sin and of his new-found joy in Jesus. Not long after his wife also was happily converted. I never saw people so anxious to know the Bible. I spent hours in their home studying the Bible with them. Among the things we studied was Christian stewardship. One day Fernandez came to the church and handed a \$100 bill (\$40.00 United States money) to the treasurer. "I cannot change that bill," said the treasurer. Fernandez replied, "I do not wish any change. I am giving it to the Lord's work." This man's salary was never more than \$100.00 (Argentine) per month. The treasurer said if money was going to come in like that he would have to resign. He did so and Fernandez was elected treasurer and deacon. Our prayers were about to be answered. We had been praying and laboring to find some one who would lead our church to self-support. No sooner was Fernandez elected treasurer than the question of building arose. A lot was secured and a substantial brick building erected. Then a home for the pastor was added. Today the First Baptist Church in Rosario stands as a monument to the consecration and sacrifice of Jose Fernandez and is the only really self-supporting church the Baptists have in Argentina.

—Missionary Review of the World

### DEDICATION OF A LEPPER CHURCH

(Continued from page 367)

and spent a very enjoyable evening socially. She is far famed for her hospitality and ability to put across most anything she undertakes. We all rejoice greatly with the poor lepers who have now such a beautiful and comfortable place in which to praise God for his many mercies even to them. Judging from their manifest good cheer they appreciate what the Lord through his servants has done for their welfare.

W. V. Higgins.

## The Young Women

### MESSAGE FROM MRS. VEALS

Dear Girls,—

As we turn the pages of our Link and Visitor and study the list of our missionaries and mission workers at home and abroad we are reminded of the need of organized effort, as we unite with our Women's circles to extend the kingdom.

In looking over the reports of the Associations I find we have 72 Young Women's Circles, I wonder if we couldn't change these figures to 100 before next Convention. How? Get in touch with your Director, she will help you plan a Spring Rally of Y. W. Circles in your Association at which you can invite the young women from the Baptist churches near you that are not yet linked up with our work. She will also have other suggestions for you.

You too must have a part and that must be your own personal part. It means two things. One is that you must do many things by yourself for there are tasks that you alone can undertake and perform in your circle; words to speak; deeds to do; a personal touch to give, that no one other than yourself can even think of, much less do. It also means that you are to do your part of the common tasks in the team work which is so necessary as your Circle co-operates with others under the leadership of the Director of your Association in interesting girls from other sister churches. Perhaps you will furnish the idea, or the plan, or the directive oversight, and thereby make the work of others possible and effective; or you may work at some humble part of the task which your talents fit you for, while others work in the positions of prominence.

This is our time of opportunity; what shall be our response? These days in which we live are full of splendid opportunities for vital and definite service which none but you can give.

You will be glad to hear that a new Circle has been organized at Walmer road, Toronto, making two Young Women's Circles in this Church. I wonder who will be the next?

One letter in this morning's mail comes from a new president who is anxious to know

what other Circles are doing, so let me hear from you with any suggestions which may be helpful to other Circles, or with any problems which I may be able to help you solve.

Ada Veals.

### THE SONG OF LIFE

From one of the orations in the Women's Oratorical Contest at McMaster University.

At the Canadian National Exhibition last year there was a painting called "The Open Door." There stands the gateway leading from this life into eternity. All classes of people flock to enter it. Here is the ballet-dancer, who, having spent all her life in gaiety realizes that she has nothing to carry with her through that door. At her feet lie the jewelled crown and costly robe of a king whose wealth has been of no avail. Here kneels the cardinal in an attitude of prayer—his mitre falling from his head and his priestly garments slipping from his shoulders—even he must sacrifice his garments of priesthood. Heaped up around him lie the treasures of those who have entered that doorway before—an artist's palette and brushes, chemists' test-tubes, physicists' instruments, a violin, playing cards, toys, books of learning, novels, flowers and warriors' weapons. Here, the soldier must leave his renown. There the society woman, with a look of anguish, is tearing the pearls from her throat; for all must enter the presence of God devoid of all earthly attainments or acquisitions. But look! see the child, eagerly stretching his baby arms toward the portal. A look of exultant joy, of happy expectancy, is lighting up his whole face—he is carefree, glad, and eager. What thinks he of vain pleasures, wealth, and renown? How happy we should all be were we like this little child!

If, then, these things are not the ultimate goal, what is our aim in life? Is it not to serve others? Yes, and in serving others we shall find the best in life for ourselves. Hiawatha, at his time of prayer and fasting, asked Gitchi Manitou, the Great Spirit,

"Not for greater skill in hunting,  
 Not for greater craft in fishing,  
 Not for triumph in the battle,  
 Not for renown among the warriors,  
 But for profit of the people  
 For advantage of the nations."

Hiawatha dreamed of a time when all tribes should be at peace with one another—"feeling," as he said "but one heart beat in their bosoms."

There must be first a dream before the great things may be accomplished. Christopher Columbus dreamed of a land far beyond the seas. The Honourable Lloyd George, as a humble cobbler's son, dreamed that some day he might be able to serve England; and we, too, have our dreams. We should be careful not to let them "die away and fade into the light of common day." There is a tremendous chasm between dream and reality, and only by bridging this chasm are there produced lives such as those of Florence Nightingale and David Livingstone.

Everyone cannot be world-famed for his service; indeed comparatively few names have become dear to us through their devotion. There are far more opportunities for lowly service than for great. It is the quality of the deed that matters more than its quantity.

"Fret not because thy place is small,  
 Thy service need not be;  
 For thou canst make it all there is  
 Of joy and ministry.  
 The dewdrop, as the boundless sea,  
 In God's great plan has part;  
 And this is all He asks of thee,  
 Be faithful where thou art."

Even the humblest cottage may be transformed into a palace if only love and service dwell there. It is for us to make the best of the corner in which we have been placed, for it is not so good to rattle around in a big job as to fill a small one to overflowing. "If you can't be a pine on the top of a hill,

Be a scrub in the valley—but be  
 The best little scrub by the side of the rill,  
 Be a bush if you can't be a tree.  
 If you can't be a bush, be a blade of the grass,  
 And some highway some happier make;  
 If you can't be a muskie, then just be a bass,  
 But the liveliest bass in the lake!

We can't all be captains, there's got to be  
 crew,

There's something for all of us here;  
 There's big work to do, and there's lesser  
 to do,

And the task we must do, is the near.

If you can't be a highway, then just be a  
 trail;

If you can't be the sun, be a star;  
 It isn't by size that you win or you fail,  
 Be the best of whatever you are!"

Opportunity for service comes to all. It knocks at the door of the cottage and the palace, walks the streets of the city, and the lanes of the country, and even penetrates to the remotest dwelling.

Opportunity always lies close at hand; it never needs to be sought in far-away fields. Often, on account of searching for the great opportunity which lies at a distance, the seeker misses the one which is at his hand to do, and in missing this, fails to catch the train on the road to great opportunity. Only by using to their full advantage the golden hours of opportunity, is it possible to meet with success.

"I have only just a minute,  
 Just sixty seconds in it,  
 Forced upon me, can't refuse it,  
 Didn't seek it, didn't choose it,  
 I must suffer if I lose it,  
 Give account if I abuse it, -  
 —Just a tiny little minute,  
 But eternity is in it."

The greatest and best use of these small minutes is made in using them directly or indirectly in the service of others—easing their pains, smoothing out their roads of sorrow, lifting their heavy burdens, bringing smiles to their faces, and filling their hearts with peace. One poet has expressed it in these words—"Let me live in a house by the side of the road and be a friend to man." Every man may fashion his life after the cedar in the wilderness, which attracts the birds, and flowers, affording shade to the weary traveller from the burning rays of the desert sun. Herein lies the Song of Life.

Wilson MacDonald illustrates in one of his poems how we may sing the Song of Life to the tune of love and devotion. Mary Mahone desired all her life long to pour forth her soul in song and poetry. She was so taken up, however, in doing little deeds of love for others, that she never had time to express herself as she had always desired. But one day she dreamt that she died and went to heaven, where, at the gate, St. Peter hailed her as "the poet, Mary Mahone, who wrote the great song." She protested, but, nevertheless, he told her to—  
 "Pass up with the poets." But Mary replied, "O, sir, I'm no poet, though often I've tried to write me a poem; but never could I, While there was a cheek which my fingers might dry."

But, in spite of her contradictions, the Angels of heaven, and even the Lord Himself hailed her as "The poet Mary Mahone who wrote the great song." On asking the reason, the answer came—

"Thy life is the song," said the Lord in her dream,  
 "And Love is the metre, and Love is the theme."

And what if the Master hath seen in thine eyes,

The script of a poem they love in the skies?

For you, though a song-reed you never have blown,

May, too, be a poet like Mary Mahone."

Marjorie Malcolm.

#### OSSINGTON AVE., TORONTO

The February meeting of the Ossington Avenue Baptist Young Ladies' Mission Circle took the form of a Valentine Banquet. Sixty-six sat down to enjoy a repast prepared by the Ladies' Aid of the Church.

Mrs. Zavitz, President of the Women's Home Mission Board, and Miss Cook, Central Soloist of Walmer Road Baptist Church, were the guests of the evening.

Miss Cook's solos were graciously rendered, and received with marked expressions of delight by her audience.

Mrs. Zavitz came as a stranger to many of us, but ere she left had won a very warm

place in the hearts of all present. The theme of her talk was "What shall we do with Jesus which is called Christ?" Mrs. Zavitz spoke of the necessity of Christ in the life of every girl and woman and touched upon the thread of gold which the love of Christ weaves in the lives of His followers. She then went on to speak of the commands of Christ and asked the question "What will we do with Jesus' Commands?" Especially did Mrs. Zavitz stress the command "Go ye into all the World" and showed very definitely the meaning of the command, how even the stay-at-homes and shut-ins might obey this command by making it possible for those who were qualified to go out in His Service. Mrs. Zavitz gave us a vision of the "High Calling" while she spoke and at the close of her address we felt that we had listened to something very true, very beautiful and inspiring.

#### NOTE RECEIVED FROM MRS. GULLISON

(Too late for proper section, "Work Abroad")  
 Bimlipatam, Vizag. Dist., India,  
 Feb. 15, 1926.

Dear Link,—Last week we had a very pleasant surprise in the shape of a "Home Box." A note accompanied it to the effect that the said box was in a consignment of mission boxes recently received and having failed to find the name of the senders or for whom intended, it was being sent to us as the school at Bimli had not figured in the list of recipients. It certainly was very kind of our Cocanada friends to thus remember us and we greatly appreciate it. We, however, hope we have not disappointed the donors by having a box that belongs to another. If so, I am afraid it is too late to make amends. We do wish to express our thanks to the senders of that box so I am taking this opportunity of trying to ascertain from whom the box came. It contained dolls, soap, bags, two pairs pillowslips, some towels, pins, needles, a toothbrush, a number of sharpened lead pencils, three new English books for children, a few knitted vests for babies, some cards, etc. I hope by this description the box may be recognized. Will the senders kindly write me

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## Canadian Girls in Training

### EARLY EASTER MORNING

"Easter!" said a sudden wind,  
Talking in a tree.  
"Easter!" sang a listening bird,  
Looking out to see.

"Easter!" breathed a violet,  
When the song was sung.  
"Easter!" called another bird,  
Window vines among.

"Easter!" cried a little child,  
Waking to his call.  
"Easter! Easter! Easter!"  
Joyful sang they all.  
—Youth's Companion.

### A SECRETARY FOR MISSIONARY EDUCATION

The interesting information has just been received, that, recognizing the need of missionary education as a vital part of the Christian life and therefore as an essential feature of C.G.I.T. training, the National Girls' Work Board has added to its staff a secretary with special charge of missionary education. Miss Bona Mills is well qualified for this work and already her touch has been felt in increased missionary interest among the girls.

Miss Mills will keep in close touch with the missionary programmes of all denominations and will give a large share of her time to co-operative work. She reports the warmest cooperation and mutual confidence on the part of leaders and the various W.M.S. groups and their eagerness and need of more and better literature, also a course of training in the meaning and methods of missions.

Over the week end of February 13 and 14, nearly forty Baptist campers gathered for a re-union, representatives coming from Galt, Brantford, Whitby, Brampton, and Hamilton. On Saturday afternoon the girls met in the Central Y.W.C.A., Miss Helen F. Perry, the Girls' Work Secretary, giving an address of welcome and all enjoying a jolly time of songs, stunts, and impromptu dramatics. A song contest immediately preceded supper, which was served in the cafeteria of the "Y",

the tables being decorated appropriately to Valentine's Day. In the evening Miss Rosalind Passmore, the sports' director, led games in the gymnasium, after which the girls gathered for a camp-fire program. Bess Morrow read the "Camp Chronicle," and Miss Violet M. Webb gave a nature study talk. After apples and candy were enjoyed, the camp president, Lucy Wood, and the secretary, Doris Town, led the vesper service.

On Sunday morning the campers occupied reserved seats at Walmer Road Baptist Church. At the conclusion of Sunday School the closing vesper service was conducted by Miss Helen F. Perry, the Camp Director.

### Attention! Campers!

The Baptist Camps for 1926 will be at the White House Inn, Lake Couchiching: Girls' Camp, girls 12-18, June 30-July 7; Leaders' Camp, girls 18 and over, July 7-16. For further information write the Baptist Board of Religious Education, 99 Dundas St. E., Toronto 2, Ont.

Helen F. Perry.

### LUCY

#### A STORY FOR GIRLS

##### A True Story of Vellore Medical College

About twenty-five years ago there was born to Hindu parents a little baby girl. The father was well educated and had a position as clerk in one of the Government offices. The mother, also, strange to say, could read and write. Everyone was a bit disappointed to think that the gods had been so careless as to send a girl to the family. The first thought naturally in India was "How shall we get her married?" However in a few days they loved the little girlie just as much as she needed. In a few years, a little brother came, and then everyone was very, very happy. The family had no want, as the father had a good salary.

But one sad day, the happy family was no more. The mother, a widow, was wailing on the ground. The sobbing little ones were fatherless. The light of that Indian home had gone forever. There was nothing but darkness ahead. The soul of the father had passed where? Nobody knew. Into that

wretched dog maybe: Perhaps into that cobra that had frightened the villagers so dreadfully. But the cruel gods gave no answer, and darkness closed around. Then, the guardians of the property made trouble. The helpless widow soon must be at the mercy of the world. And what could a widow in India do?

Near the home was a mission hospital. The white lady doctor often visited the homes in the village. The children would shyly take hold of her hands as she passed through. Everybody loved her and watched for the light of her face. And wonderful stories she told them. Still more wonderful things did she tell, when occasionally the women peeped in at the bungalow door to see the beautiful pictures and to marvel at the piano, and the strange silver forks and knives and all the beauty and order of the white lady's home. One day she said to Lucy's mother "Come to my hospital and train as a nurse." That idea appealed to the widow; and soon, dressed in a coloured jacket and a fresh white garment, so different from the discolored, unbleached cloth of the Indian widow, Lucy's mother was gaining hope and strength and happiness in her new life of service. Every morning, there was singing on the hospital verandah. Every day, ceasing for a short time their labors for the care of the poor, diseased bodies, the white doctor and her peaceful, smiling, courageous Indian helpers held up Jesus Christ as the great physician for sin sick weary India. And one day, as the song rang out, "The Great Physician now is near, the sympathizing Jesus, He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh, hear the Name of Jesus," the poor widow sank to her knees and took "The sweetest name on mortal tongue," to be her hope and life.

Lucy and the little brother were now growing up in the nurse mother's happy Christian home. Now that Lucy was a Christian child, her mother thought no more of making the hateful child marriage for her. Every day, with her hair tightly braided with a long tassel at the end and her clean little jacket and long frilled skirt, Lucy went to the girl's school on the mission compound. Each year she carried off prize after prize. It rested the tired mother after long hours of work in the

hot, crowded hospital to hear her children prattle of their school days. "And I will go to college", boasted the little brother. "You are only a girl. You will not pass more than Grade eight. But I will be a B.A." "No brother. Little brother, I will be a B.A. But I am going to be a doctor just like the little white doctor at this hospital." "How wonderful" thought the mother, how wonderful. "But such grace surely would never be given to me to have a son a B.A. and a daughter a doctor." To the children she said "Wonderful! Wonderful! But first of all, you must be true servants of Jesus Christ. Whatever education you possess must be used for Him only, my children."

One day, the white doctor told Lucy's mother that they had been watching the little girl. "She has brains and could go on for higher education. Will you send her to High School?" The mother knew it meant hard work and sacrifice to send Lucy to High School. Her nurse's wages were not large, but she was so proud of her little daughter that she was willing to do anything. "And perhaps she may be a doctor some day" the little song sang itself in her heart through many weary days.

Lucy worked very hard at the High School. The other girls were planning to be teachers. But Lucy said "I want to be a doctor". "But Lucy, you will have to go way to North India, and it is far from home. And the examinations are so hard. Oh! you could never travel so far away to such a foreign country as North India." "Ah, but I must be a doctor."

Just about that time Dr. Ida Scudder, whose name is known all over the world, was having dreams. When she was a young girl she would not be a missionary. Her father and mother and many of her relatives had given their lives to India. Not she! But, while on a visit to her parents, in India, knock after knock came at the door. And always "a woman is sick." And always "we must have a woman doctor. A man must not come to help our women." Then she gave her beautiful, gracious life to India's women. And now her dreams were of a lovely white college where India's own girls might be trained to help ease the suffering of poor,

sick, Indian womanhood. And the dream came true. Vellore medical school began to arise in Vellore in South India.

Lucy entered with the second class. How wonderful it all was. It seemed like fairy land. There were only two or three girls in each room. They had rooms for study and for recreation. After the hard classes were over, some of the American and Canadian teachers played games with the girls. And how they all loved Dr. Scudder. She was the presiding genius of the place. Always gentle, always cheerful, always full of dreams and plans, and always so beautiful in these Indian girls' eyes.

The happy, though many times difficult years, went on. One year, two Canadian sisters, Doctor Jessie and Doctor Bessie Findlay, came to the staff of the school. The girls fell in love with them. They followed them around the campus. They knocked at their doors for shy little chats. Then at the end of the first year, Dr. Jessie Findlay left for a time to go to Vuyyuru. "Away up in the Canadian Baptist Mission, away north of Madras. Shall we ever see you again?" So Lucy and the other girls mourned. But a few months later an epidemic broke out in the town. The school was closed for a short time, and the girls went to different hospitals to work with doctors. Two of the serious pleaded to be allowed to go to Dr. Jessie Findlay at Vuyyuru.

What happy days we all spent together. The boarding school girls thought these college girls very wonderful indeed. They seemed like our own girls at home. They thought Vuyyuru very interesting and quaint. They loved the woman with a "drum up her back." They petted the sick child "and they teased the old man with a harmonium in my stomach. Miss —, yes, and a squeal in my back, madam." When they went back to college it was all "Vuyyuru, Vuyyuru." Lucy had wanted to go too, but she did not understand the language. "Never mind. God has His plan for me. Perhaps I too may go to Vuyyuru some day."

Graduation day came. Lucy's brother came from college in Madras. Her mother came from the hospital in South India. Dr. Scudder and American friends were there. Dr.

Findlay, too, was there. "Lucy, they need a doctor to help Dr. Hulet in Vuyyuru. Would you like to go there?" Lucy's cup of happiness was full. Her mother's joy seemed complete. God had indeed been good to the sorrowful widow of former years.

So Lucy came to Vuyyuru. Well, the first year out of college is hard for any girl. There she was protected, praised, loved. But now she was on her own responsibility. She could not understand Telugu as her language was Tamil.

The new hospital was not completed. The old one was dirty, disagreeable. There were no quarters for Lucy. She had to live in the house with the Bible women and the nurses. There were twelve noisy children in the house besides several women. Just over the wall was a girls' boarding school. There was no time to study, no privacy. There was nobody to laugh with, nobody her own age to confide in. She was only twenty-three, and life looked rather hard. But she kept on and she prayed. If she ever wept it was when she was alone. She was always cheerful, always eager to please, always trying to study Telugu and to help the people. Soon the Indian women in the village began to ask about "The black doctor," along with "Dr. Hulet" and "Nurse Mary."

One day I was in a village seven miles away. A door opened in a mud wall, and a woman hurried out. "You have just come from Vuyyuru. How are all at the hospital; And how is Lucy Doctor? I am going in to see her some day. I would walk all that way just to see Lucy-Doctor's face." A few days after I found this same woman, a caste Hindu, sitting by the door of Lucy's little room. Her face too was shining, for she had come and had seen Lucy-Doctor. And inside Lucy-Doctor's helper was roasting some corn that her admiring friend had brought her. "What is the matter with you?" I said. "You do not look very sick." "Ah, I am not sick, I just came to Vuyyuru to have a look at Lucy-Doctor's face, and to bring her this little corn. We all love the black doctor, you know."

Before I came away from Vuyyuru two years ago, Lucy said to me, as one evening we sat upon the housetop and watched the

(Continued on page 383)



## Our Mission Bands

### AN EASTER PRAYER

O Lord Jesus Christ, help me today to rejoice in Thy great victory. Thou hast conquered death. Thou art risen to die no more, and those who live and believe in Thee shall never die. May I so live and so believe. May I also be risen with Thee, O Christ, and seek those things which are above, where Thou art. May I put away what is sinful and lead a new life; may I set my affections on things above and not on things on the earth; may I strive to become more like Thee each day, and when my life is ended here may I pass with Thee through the gate of death into the city of God. For Thy Name's sake. Amen.

From "Prayers For Boys," published by the Henry Altemus Co., Philadelphia.

### SERVICE

The past two months we have been talking with each other about helpfulness. This month our message will be just on the same subject but under another name. In the Mission Circles it is called "Service." In the Mission Bands they speak about being "Workers together with God!"

I have heard a group of the youngest members asked for the Mission band motto. In complete unison their child voices recited "We are workers together with God!"

At a Band meeting I attended recently the idea of service was presented on cardboard in the following manner.

### Our Marching Orders

#### Go

Who.....ye  
Where.....into all the world  
Why.....and preach  
What.....the Gospel  
To Whom....to every creature.

Throughout the meeting which was carried on by the children from start to finish, there was really no mention of service but through it all the spirit of service was outstanding.

The first Canadian Mission Band was organized in London in 1877, nearly fifty years ago. What a host of faithful leaders and workers all those intervening years represent!

Are you not proud, as a Band Leader, to know that you are one of that valiant force? Phillips Brooks has said "He who helps a child, helps humanity with an immediateness not possible at any other stage of life." If we uphold our Motto and obey our Marching Orders, think what a possibility is ours for the next fifty years!

38 Albany Ave.,  
Toronto 4.

Maud H. Withrow,  
Secretary of Bands.

### PRIZES

Band leaders will remember the offer of prizes for essays made by the Link some months ago. March 1st was the time set for essays to be handed in. Some have come, but so few that it has been decided to extend the time to June 1st.

Band leaders, will you not take an interest in this matter and try to induce at least one boy or one girl, or both, from your Band to write one of these essays.

Of course you will need to give your Bands some definite information about the subjects suggested.

One leader had two speakers, one to tell about the boys and another about the girls.

In the Band lessons published a year ago you will find a great deal about the schools for boys and girls.

It does boys and girls a great deal of good to try to set down what they know. This is our renewed offer:

The Link offers four prizes: two for boys for the best essays on the subject "What our Mission is doing for boys in India"; two for girls for the best essays on the subject, "What our Mission is doing for girls in India."

The first prizes will be \$5.00 each, the second \$3.00 each.

The essays must be written by boys and girls not over fifteen.

They must contain not less than 500 and not more than 800 words.

They should be type-written, if possible, but if not, written legibly on one side of good sized paper.

Each essay should be signed by a pen name, and in the envelope with the essay there should be a smaller sealed envelope containing the writer's own name, the pen name, and a note from the Band leader saying that he or she is a Band member.

Essays must be in the Editor's office by June 1st, 1926.

All the essays received will be the property of the Link. The best will be published.

Material may be obtained anywhere, but the writing of the essay should be done by the boys and girls without help.

**Editor.**

### "THE KING'S MISSION BAND"

#### Walmer Road Baptist Church, Toronto

In the fourteen years that our Band has been in action, it has steadily grown. Formerly, it was divided into two contesting sides, each striving to do the most work; but, after a time, the members lost interest in this scheme, and we decided to re-organize the membership to form groups, each named after a missionary who is a member of our church in the foreign field. Each group has a senior member in charge of it. This leader is responsible for looking after the attendance and for writing and praying for his or her missionary representative. There are now seven groups, containing altogether 108 members. We have 227 honorary members, friends interested in our work, who cannot attend the regular meetings but who pay a fee of 25c. annually.

The first Wednesday of the month we have a study meeting conducted either by band members or a special speaker. The third Wednesday, we have a work-meeting, when articles are made for home and foreign missions. Two special meetings were held this last year—the annual entertainment in May, when the Pageant, "Canada's Open Doors" was presented (this showed a brief sketch of the history of Baptist work at home and abroad, and opportunities for future work) and the annual party in February.

Our honorary members are kept in touch with our activities through the "K. M. B. Herald," an eight-paged paper, issued four times a year. It is entirely the work of the

senior members and is supported by special contributions from friends. "The printing is done on a duplicating machine by the older boys.

We have contributed \$95 to Home Missions and \$95 to Foreign Missions. We have sent many things to India, Bolivia, Memorial Institute, the Home Mission Comfort Boxes and other places.

Keen interest in our work is shown by all members, officers, and friends, and it is in a splendid spirit of co-operation that we are attempting to live up to our motto—"We are workers together with God."

**Marguerite A. Edwards,**

K.M.B. Secretary.

### MISSION BAND STUDY OF BOLIVIA PROGRAM NO. 4

By Miss Eba B. Haines

1. Hymn 1079 (Songs and Solos 1200) "Jesus Saves."
2. Scripture Reading—Romans 10 : 1-15.
3. Prayer.
4. Minutes of previous meeting.
5. Roll Call and Offering.
6. Business.
7. Hymn 1082 (Songs & Solos 1200) "Send The Light."
8. Impressions on Bible Lessons.
9. Whisper Song (taken from Missionary Songs and Hymns for Children. Procurable at the Foreign Bureau of Literature).
10. A Short Trip to Oruro and Llalagna.
11. Hymn 1124 (Songs and Solos 1200) "Shining For Jesus."
12. Visiting in Cochabamba.
13. Leader's summary of trip and its impressions.
14. Prayer by several.
15. Hymn 813 (Songs & Solos 1200) "Here Am I, Send Me."
16. Lord's Prayer in Unison.

#### Part 8

Leader.—Who can tell me the message which the Angels proclaimed?

Answer.—Have a child repeat Luke 2 : 10, 11, 14 in reply.

Leader.—Can some one else tell me who the Good Shepherd is?

Answer.—Jesus.

Leader.—What does He say He will do for His sheep, and to what place will He bring them?

Answer.—John 10: 14-16.

Leader.—Now, we have learned that Jesus is our Saviour, and that he came to earth to save all people, to bring peace and love to all, and to bring all who will love and follow Him into His fold in Heaven. After He had finished his work and has given His life for all people, He gave His followers something to do for Him. Who can tell me what it was?

Answer.—"Go Ye." Mark 16: 15.

Leader.—Have we heard about any people who do not know about Jesus as their Saviour and Shepherd?

Answer.—The Indian Boy and the Chola Girl pray to Mary instead of Jesus.

Leader.—Yes, and they are only two out of the millions who are just like them. Our lesson today tells us that if we believe on Jesus as our Saviour, we shall be saved. It says: "whosoever" which means Bolivian children just as much as you and me, but verses 14 and 15 tell us why we have had the chance to believe, and they have not—Mary, will you please read those verses? (Mary reads Romans 10: 14-15). Jesus commanded us to go, but if we cannot all go, what can we do?

Answer.—We can help send some one else to preach the gospel so that they may hear about Jesus. If we cannot go and cannot give much money, we can send the glad tidings one other way. We can all ask God to bless our dear missionaries, and to put it into the hearts of others to go and to give. Always be sure to ask God to help the people, when they hear, to believe Jesus and follow Him.

### Part 10

(Leader should ask a few questions about last day and trip first).

Is everybody ready to leave our comfortable resting place by the beautiful Lake Titicaca, and take the rough journey back to La Paz. (Use map). Here we are at the station, and now we must take the train to Oruro (point on map.) How dreary this place appears after LaPaz! How level the streets are! The hills are all outside the town. Ah! here is one pretty place, what can it be? It is the

post office, and is the finest in all Bolivia. Let us go down to Washington Street, where our missionaries live. What a fine building, you say. Yes, it has lately been repaired and made more comfortable, but such a time as Mr. Mitchell had in getting it built at first. The Catholic Mayor tried hard to stop the work, but Mr. Mitchell kept asking God's help and of course God did help, and at last he got it built. Mr. and Mrs. Buck are our missionaries here since God called Mr. Mitchell home to heaven. Mr. Mitchell worked hard here, and the people loved him, and called him Don Carlos, but when he first came to Bolivia they did everything they could to keep him from preaching about Jesus. The church here is the oldest one we have in Bolivia, and was started by our first missionary to this country—Who remembers his name?

Answer.—Rev. A. B. Reekie.

Our missionaries have a week meeting in another part of the city and a little blind boy always comes. Don't you hope he'll learn to love Jesus so that he'll see Jesus some day in Heaven? Now shall we climb this hill outside the city, and visit our new school? Don't forget its name is Reekie College, called after Mr. Reekie, who secured the land long ago. Here are Mr. and Mrs. Haddow and Miss Clark, who teach the boys and girls who go to this school. Do you know what happens to children of Bolivian Christians when they are sent to Catholic schools? Why, they make them kneel down and pray to the Virgin Mary. Sometimes they are brave enough to say they won't do it, because they know it is wrong to do so, and then, they are whipped. Do you love Jesus enough to take a whipping, rather than do what you know will displease Him? Now, when they come to Reekie College, they learn more about Jesus, and then, as they grow up, Mr. Haddow teaches them to go out and tell the story of Jesus to their own people. You see it is easier for them than for the missionaries because they know the language and the missionaries have to learn it.

Now we must leave here and hurry on to our newest station at Llalagua (pronounced Yal-yow-a). It takes our train eight hours to go through the mountains to where these lost sheep live. Some of these people have

learned to love the Good Shepherd, because Senor Montano (Mon-tan-yo), a man who works in the mine, is a Christian. While we journey let us hear his story. Mr. Haddow will tell us.

**Mr. Haddow:**—His mother wanted him to be a priest, and he went to a monastery to learn, but he didn't like the way the priests lived so he left in disgust, and commenced to earn his living. His people were very angry, and wouldn't let him come home, so he went to Chile (use map) and got work there.

One day as he was praying to the Virgin Mary, a young man who was working with him, asked him why he prayed in this way. He answered by stating that Mary was the Mother of God and could help him, and the young man, who was a Christian, told him that Jesus and not Mary could save him from his sins. After a while he roomed with this young man, and of course heard more about Jesus, and learned some hymns, and began to go to the Mission Hall. Then a wonderful thing happened. He took Jesus, the Good Shepherd, as his Saviour. Of course he had a hard time, as his wife and aunt tried to make him go back to the Catholic religion even offering to pay him \$3,000, but he never went back. After a time Mr. Reekie baptized him, then he got a job in the Catavi Silver Mine near Llalagua. Jesus said to his followers: "Ye are the light of the world", and told them not to hide their light, so Senor Montano commenced right away to shine in that mine and in the village. Here we are at Llalagua, and not far away is the Catavi mine which is the richest silver mine in the world. There are about 15,000 people living here. They earn big wages in the mine, but we are told they spend most of their money in drink, and the priest encourages them to do so. Here is Senor Montano who holds meetings at nights in his home and has started a church of eight members. Don't you think he has let his light shine for Jesus?

#### Part 11.

We must hasten back to Oruro, and while our train puffs slowly along its mountain path we are going to sing "Shining for Jesus."—Hymn 1124.

#### Part 12.

Visiting in Cochabamba. (If leader has anyone suitable she might give this part to someone else, who will represent Mr. or Mrs. Turnbull).

**Leader:**—I am sure we are glad to be safely back to Oruro, and how short the trip seemed as we sang our hymn, but we must not stay here for we have a longer road yet to travel before we come to our next stopping place. How thankful we should be that we are not here in the days of Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, when they travelled to Cochabamba—Yes, that is the place to which we are going. (points on map).—

Let us get comfortably seated in our railway car, and then I'll tell you how they went. All ready! That's fine! Well, when the Mitchells went they rode in a stage coach, and it wasn't a bit like one of our busses. It was drawn by eight mules, and the road went up and down the side of the mountain, and right through the rivers, and some of them were pretty deep. They almost upset several times, and were very thankful when they reached Cochabamba safely. Did you see that beautiful stone station which we passed? How much the Mitchells would have enjoyed a place like that in which to rest! When they stopped over night they had to sleep in one room with chickens, guinea pigs, fleas, dogs, and all sorts of dirty things. We have now reached Cochabamba, and here is Mr. (or Mrs.) Turnbull to meet us, and show us about the town. (Mr. or Mrs. Turnbull then takes the following:)

Don't you feel it warm here? That is right, take off your coats for 'tis summer down here. We'll go through the town after you see what is being loaded on those freight cars. Look at the vegetables, fruits, flowers, milk and even honey which is being sent to Oruro and La Paz. Cochabamba lies in a valley called "The Garden of Bolivia," and is a nice place in which to live. See the lovely flowers those women are selling for a few cents, and what a heavy perfume they have. It is friends which make a place nice, and twenty-three years ago, when Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell arrived in Cochabamba, it was not so lovely a place in which to live, as they had no friends and, as Mr. Mitchell began to tell

about Jesus he soon had many enemies. They started a school, but when "Don Carlos"—as he was called—went out, the dogs were set on him, he was called all kinds of bad names, and often had stones and dirt thrown at him. At last, in 1905, a law was passed which gave liberty of worship, and much of this trouble ceased, for which they were thankful, you may be sure. There were some who learned to love Jesus, and bye and bye a church was started, but these first Christians had to fight hard to worship God in their own way. To one of these Christians and his wife, God gave a wee baby boy, whom they named Juan, and because they wouldn't let the baby be christened by a Catholic nun, the father was nearly killed by a man with a chisel. Do you see that fine young man over there? That is Juan. Isn't he a big boy now? He is getting ready to be a preacher. We must call in and see Mrs. Wilkinson and Miss Morton, two ladies who love Jesus so much they are spending their own money and their lives in telling Bolivian people about Him. Then there is Deacon Alfaro and his son who are also great helpers in telling the Indians in their own language of "the Good shepherd." We must not forget about our new helpers, Mr. and Mrs. Hillyer, who are busy learning the language, but, you may be sure, are taking every chance to let their lights shine in dark places.

### Part 13.

Our time is up, and we must turn our steps away from this lovely town, and start for home again. (Trace journey back to La Paz, thence to Arica in Chili). Here is out beautiful steamer awaiting us! All aboard! Farewell to Bolivia, and beautiful Arica! Away we go out on the lovely Pacific again, and as our boat moves steadily northward let us think for a few moments of all we have seen and heard, and then let us ask God to bless all the friends we have left in that country, so high in the mountains. I am sure we will never forget our trip, and we shall always love the people of Bolivia more than we ever did before, but I hope we will remember some other things, too. Never let us forget how many there are who are like lost sheep away up there in the mountains, and let us do all we can to send the light to them. Perhaps,

some day, God will call some of us to go and find those lost sheep, so we must trust in and obey Jesus, study hard at school, and get ready to answer as soon as He calls, "Here am I, Send Me." While we are getting ready to go, we must keep asking God to bless our fourteen missionaries, and to send many others to help tell of His love, in all the little towns and villages where no missionary has ever been. Don't forget that God hears the prayers of little children just the same as the grown ups, so be sure you ask Him every night, when you go to bed. Don't you think we should thank Him right now for His love to us, and then ask Him to help us to let our lights shine brightly where we are, help us to save our pennies to send the story of His love over the sea to all those about whom we have been learning these days, and to bless all our brave light-bearers who are there now? (Prayers by several follow):

*Note to Leader.*—It might be well to have some prepared before each meeting to reply to questions asked, that there may be no delay in answering, even though they are intended to be general questions, except where otherwise indicated. If available, pictures shown from the National Geographic Magazines for October, 1921, and March, 1923, would help to give an idea of the dress and customs of the Latin American people.

### HARROW MISSION BAND

Last November the Mission Band of the Harrow Church was re-organized under the direction of Mrs. Packham.

Two meetings a month are held; one on Sunday afternoon, which is wholly devotional, and Missionary instruction given by the Leader. The other meeting is held on Tuesday afternoon, at the close of public school hours, when the girls do sewing, and the boys fix picture post cards for missionaries.

On Thursday evening, March 11th, the Band put on a splendid entertainment in the Church, which was well attended and thoroughly appreciated, the free-will offering amounting to twenty-six dollars and seventy-five cents. This will all go to Missions. There are some twenty-five enrolled in the Band. Miss Sylvia McLean is President; and Miss Dorothy Halstead, Secretary.

## Western Page

Dear Readers of the Link:—

It gives the women of the West great pleasure to join with the East and Central Sections of Ontario in contributing news to this splendid paper. We feel glad that we have this opportunity of telling to a still larger community the good news of salvation as it is published in Western Canada.

We hope also, that the day is not too far distant when we will not be East and West but all one happy family known as Baptists of Canada.

It is my privilege to introduce Mrs. J. N. MacLean, Editor of the Women's Page of "The Western Baptist," who will take charge of the western news for the Link.

May this new venture mean much to us and give fact and interest in greater measure one to the other in our Baptist family.

Faithfully yours,  
Elsie Matthews, Winnipeg.

### FOREIGN MISSIONS AT HOME NEW CANADIANS IN WINNIPEG

By Mrs. J. N. MacLean

The work in North Winnipeg is an aggressive missionary effort to reach the young people and children of fully seventeen nationalities. One could fill a book with stories of the work that has been carried on in this small building which is situated in the heart of the new Canadian Section in Winnipeg.

The Mission is in charge of Mrs. D. M. Thomson, who has shown remarkable strength and initiative in leadership. Her charming personality and untiring devotion attracts and holds the boys and girls, and has surrounded her with a devoted staff of teachers and officers who count it as joy to share in the training of these young people. It sounds somewhat unusual to say that on several Sundays the announcement was made no more scholars could be taken into the Sunday School as there was not sufficient room for them, the building being crowded to capacity every Sunday.

There is in connection with the work that which is difficult to put on paper, the things which cannot be weighed: The happiness of the children with little pleasure provided for them; the enjoyment of the Sunday School

picnic and other outings; their delight with the little gifts at Christmas time; their ready response to programs outlined for them; the devotion and love of the scholars for the teachers and leaders, and above all, the heart glow which comes to the worker when one and another of these scholars redeemed by Christ steps out into the work of the world definitely pledged to carry the message of Christ and His love with them. It is a delight to visit the Tabernacle church (the nearest Baptist Church) and find a number of the girls, graduates of the Mission and members of the church, taking an active share in the life and leadership of the church, teaching in the Sunday School, and singing in the choir.

Through the medium of the mid-week activities an effort is made to help the girls and boys in their homes in any and every possible way. The whole program in Sunday School and Club work is to win these young lives to definite decision for Christ and then prepare them for Christian service.

From this Mission are coming those who are bound to be leaders in a section of the community which will play a large part in moulding the destiny of Canada. From among the girls came the one who led the province in the Matriculation examinations last June, and she is not alone. There are many other brilliant students in the High School and University who are either learning or teaching in this Mission.

Working on the basis of the day school enrolment there are six thousand children of Sunday School age in the district served by the Mission: In the same area there is accommodation for only eight hundred scholars in the Protestant English speaking Sunday Schools. Contiguous to this district is another with equal opportunity. With little cost we could parallel at another centre the work done in this Mission.

The women in the West do their Home and Foreign Mission Work under one organization, and so perhaps do not make as sharp a distinction as we do between the two departments.

We shall be glad to have reports of the work being done by their Circles and Bands.

—Editor.



Mrs. D. M. Thomson

#### DEVELOPING CHRISTIAN STEWARD- SHIP

That some Circles are realizing the responsibility of Stewardship is becoming increasingly evident. The Mission Circle at Shaunavon, Sask., with a membership of nine, contributed \$170.45 to Missions last year, and the Circle at Quill Lake, Sask., with five members, gave \$124.11.

In 1924 the Swedish Baptist Church at Kipling, Sask., Rev. G. P. Molberg, pastor, was built at a cost of \$1000. In 1925 they put an addition to it, costing \$350; they gave \$250 to the budget of the Union and gave \$250 towards the pastor's salary, and they have eighteen members.

#### DR. JESSIE ALLYN HONORED

One of the delightful features of the Union meetings was hearing and seeing Dr. Jessie Allyn and her sister, Miss Laura Allyn, who are home on furlough from Pithapuram, India. The inspiration which radiated from their personalities thrilled every hearer and contributed much to the success of the meetings. It was a great moment when Mr. Stillwell announced to a large evening audience that a cable had arrived containing the in-

formation that His Majesty, George V., had conferred upon Dr. Jessie Allyn the "Kaiser-i-Hind" (pronounced "Kiser-i-Hind") medal in gold, which is a most unusual honor, the silver medal being almost always the one that is awarded first. The term "Kaiser" applies to the King of England as Emperor of India and is the nearest approach to the Latin pronunciation of the word Caesar. Translated it means the "Emperor of India" medal.

—Women's Page, Western Baptist

#### LUCY—A STORY FOR GIRLS

(Continued from page 376)

Indian sunset: 'Madam, I do not care for salary, I want only to serve my Indian women; And I want to give all my life to Christ.' And as we prayed together God's spirit seemed to shine in her lovely, dark face.

Dr. Hulet writes: "Lucy is such a comfort and help to me. I do not know what I would do without her now." And Lucy writes, "My God has heard my prayers to be used in His service. I love all the noisy Indian children in the house now. They are all my friends. My mother gave me a sewing machine for Christmas and the first sewing I did on it was to make little Mercy a dress. This God is my God. He has made the bitter place a sweet one to live in, and I will praise Him and thank Him to the end."

**E. Bessie Lockhart.**

Our women help support Vellore Medical College. I hope this true story of our medical helper in Vuyyuru may give the women at home some knowledge of the great help it is to us in our own Canadian Baptist Mission.—Tidings.

#### NOTE FROM MRS. GULLISON

(Continued from page 373)

and I shall be most glad to write as to the disposal of the articles, for which we are very grateful.

I also wish to thank the "Link" for its regular visits to Bimlipatam. I assure you the courtesy is appreciated.

Very sincerely yours,

Ida N. Gullison.

## The Eastern Society

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

The Day of Prayer for Missions was observed in Montreal on Friday, Feb. 26th. A large number of women gathered in the Emmanuel Church and prayers of earnest intercession and fervent thanksgiving were offered by representatives of the different denominations. Mrs. H. H. Ayer, President of the Women's Foreign Mission Society of Eastern Ontario and Quebec, presided and in explaining the object of the gathering brought to our remembrance that we were only one group of a host of women all over the continent whose prayers were ascending as incense to the God of Heaven.

Mrs. G. W. Grier gave us a very helpful address on "The Seven Wonders of Prayer."

1—We can pray to God, not to ourselves or to other men.

2—We can pray just simply and naturally as children to a father.

3—We can pray definitely—not as amateur archers do, aiming at nothing and hitting nothing.

4—We can pray everywhere making a sanctuary.

5—We can pray about **everything**—not only just about the great things. God is best honored when we bring the little things to Him.

6—We can pray at all times. Cultivate this as a habit.

7—We can pray boldly.

It is known that many of our Circles remember this day of prayer but it is hoped that it will be more widely observed for prayer is even yet, "the great unused resource of our lives."

### CHRISTMAS BOXES FOR 1926

Miss E. Bentley, 910 St. Catherine Street West, Montreal, wishes to state that she has had as yet very little correspondence relating to this matter. She has now received requisition lists from our missionaries as to their needs for this year and will gladly send these to any Circle if requested as stated in the April "Link" of 1925. It is best to have some consultive operation if these needs are to be supplied efficiently. It would be very helpful if each Circle would communicate as

soon as possible with the Secretary of Supplies in its Association stating the probable nature and amount of its proposed contribution.

Canada Central Association—Mrs. Farquharson, 20 Wellington St., Brockville.

Ottawa—Mrs. A. M. Kennedy, Horwick Place, Ottawa.

Eastern and Grande Ligne Asso.—Miss E. Bentley, 910 St. Catherine Street W., Montreal.

In paragraph relating to suggestions for these boxes in March Link an error has occurred.

Please read shirts made from stocking tops.

One of our missionaries requests bows made of bright colored muslin with a strong hairpin attached.

Quilts measuring 2 yds., 12 inches by 48 or 50 inches are acceptable.

Don't fail to notice. **All articles must be sent by June 1st.**

### NEW SUBSCRIBERS FOR LINK

Let us remember that our Society is looking for 200 new subscribers before the Jubilee Convention in October.

Have you found one?

### NEW CIRCLE

A new Circle has been organized at St. Paul's Church, (Bilingual), Montreal. This is a matter for rejoicing and we wish them all success and joy in their efforts.

### FIRST CHURCH WOMEN'S MISSIONARY AND CHURCH UNION

The work of the women of the First Baptist Church of Montreal (the amalgamated Olivet and First churches) has been organized under the name "Women's Missionary and Church Union." The different branches of the work are:

The Mission Circle, which holds two monthly meetings, one for a missionary programme and one for the business of the organization.

A Young Women's Circle, to which a member of the older Circle is appointed as Counsellor.

(Continued on page 386)



## Circle Members of Eastern Ontario and Quebec

### A Word in Season Concerning Our Treasury

According to the report of our Treasurer, for the first five months of the Convention year (from October 1, 1925, to March 1, 1926), we find we are facing a **shortage** of \$1300.00.

A startling statement—at first sight, yes—but when we consider the large increase in our estimates, due principally to exchange and Miss Murray's passage, it is not so alarming after all.

While the situation is serious, there is no need for discouragement—we **must not know discouragement**—for have we not “embarked on an adventure in faith” confident that with determined effort, believing prayer and sacrificial giving we shall be able to overtake this shortage, meet our monthly and all other obligations, and reach our objective of \$9136.00, the largest estimate we have ever attempted; but none too large; for is not this our **Year of Jubilee?**

Circle Members, are you ready to respond to this call for earnest work, believing prayer and sacrificial giving?

**“Be strong!**

**We are not here to play, to dream, to drift,**

**We have hard work to do and loads to lift.**

**Shun not the struggle; face it. 'Tis God's gift.”**

May we remind you again that contributions from Circles and individuals for Miss Murray's passage and exchange will be greatly appreciated? Some Circles have already contributed to exchange; will yours be next?

**Are the blotters, sent out by our Board, being used  
and kept in sight as daily reminders of our needs?**

# Canadian Missionary Link

Editor—Mrs. Thos. Trotter, 95 St. George St., Toronto 5, 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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## EASTERN SOCIETY

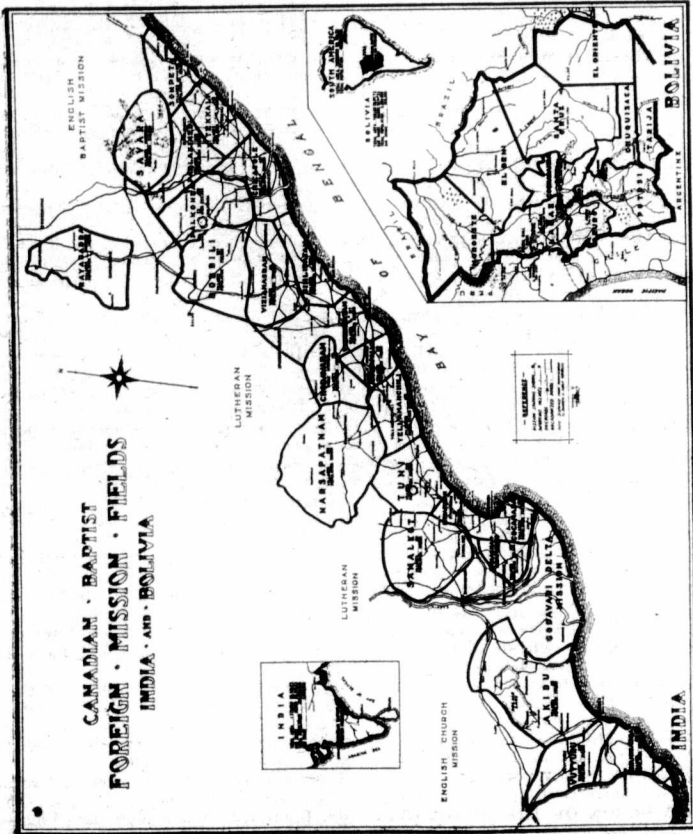
(Continued from page 384)

A Social Service department which consists of a sewing meeting once a week in the morning and a Mothers' meeting once a week in the afternoon. The sewing meetings were started last winter by the ladies of Olivet and have done and are doing splendid work in providing clothing for those in need.

The Mothers' meeting was organized some years ago by two or three of the ladies of Olivet. It has been carried on faithfully by half a dozen devoted women and the help given to scores of their sisters less fortunate than they will never be fully realized this side of eternity. This department is fulfilling bravely the "Inasmuch as." It has for the first time been included in the Women's work of the church, and this step will be a great help and encouragement to the few who have almost single handed "carried on" so faithfully for years.

Then there is an afternoon sewing meeting held for work for Foreign and Home Mission boxes.

Another department of our work is the study class where the mission book of the year, at present Mrs. Montgomery's "Prayer and Missions," is read and discussed. The most important part of this meeting is its half hour of prayer, when the few women gathered together who believe in the power of prayer plead with God for a deepening of their own Christian lives, for complete surrender to and an infilling by the Holy Spirit of God, so that power may touch the lives of all with whom they come in contact and may touch and awaken in the lives of the women of the church a greater love for their Lord and a deeper sense of their responsibility in His service, His work entrusted to us. Pray that God will bless the efforts of this band of praying women in their class of "Prayer Missions."



# From the Literature Department

66 Bloor Street West (Side Entrance)

Hours—9.30 to 1 and 2 to 5.30

Phone—Randolph 8577F.

This month we will list the Plays, Dramas, Exercises, etc., for Young Women and Women.

- A LITTLE MAID WHO WENT INTO ALL THE WORLD** is for two young women, one of whom is telling the other how she can go into all the world even though she stays at home ..... 6c.
- AUNT POLLY JOINS THE MISSIONARY SOCIETY**, a rather humorous presentation telling how Aunt Polly really becomes convinced of the worthwhileness of missionary work ..... 5c.
- \* **A BRAHMIN MARRIAGE**, shows the scene of a wedding as it is done in Brahmin circles. .... 12c.
- THE CHALLENGE OF THE CROSS** is a splendid consecration exercise for 6 characters and an invisible singer or choir ..... 25c.
- DOLLARS AND DIANA**, a titling exercise, requiring three characters, one of whom is a nurse just off duty, planning how she shall spend her cheque ..... 6c.
- \* **DREAM WITH A MISSION**, as its name indicates, this dream had a purpose, and its mission was fulfilled. .... 12c.
- COLOR BLIND**, one of Miss Applegarth's plays, is for 3 adults and a number of children. Time, about 40 minutes ..... 20c.
- HOW THE W.M.F.M.S. WON THE YOUNG LADIES**, tells how some girls were convinced that they should join the W.M.S. .... 5c.
- HOW NOT TO DO IT** is a humorous scene of how some societies (not yours, of course) misconduct their meetings. 10 characters. Time, about 30 minutes ..... 5c.
- IF THEY ONLY KNEW**, an excellent play for 12 characters, telling of the pathetic failure of a Biblewoman in India because some girls here "did not know" ..... 12c.
- LIGHTING UP INDIA** is an educative exercise about the 10 southern stations of our mission in India, requiring 11 characters. GOOD ..... 5c.
- NOT EXEMPT**, a stewardship play for 15 characters, 9 of whom present reasons why they should be exempt from tithing, but are pronounced not exempt by the Judge. Foreign women introduced. About 25 minutes ..... 15c.
- \* **NO ROOM**, adapted by Mrs. Jackson, of Listowel, is for three adults and a number of children for whom there is not room in a school in India ..... 6c.
- ONE DAY IN PITHAPURAM HOSPITAL**, for 4 girls and 1 child. .5 for 15c., or 1 for 5c.
- THE PILL BOTTLE**, an excellent medical missionary play, 4 men, 20 women or girls, time about 1½ hours. .... \$2.90 per dozen or 1 for 25c.
- RING OF RAMA KRISHNIAH** is a stewardship play, scenes, Canada and India, 21 characters; time, 45 minutes ..... 30c.
- TIRED OF MISSIONS**. Some girls say they are tired of missionary societies, but their leader shows them by scenes from several foreign countries, how much missions is needed ..... 12c.
- TWO MASTERS**, tells of the conversion to missions of a woman who tried to serve two masters, and the call of a young woman to the mission field ..... 15c.
- VOICES OF THE WOMEN**, tells of the call of conscience and the women of foreign lands, to a Christian woman who does not believe in missions ..... 10c.
- CONVERSION OF THE HONORABLE MRS. LING** tells how a high class Chinese lady was led to accept Christ by her Christian daughter-in-law. Requires 1 to 1½ hours ..... 40c.
- THANKSGIVING ANN** is a good Tithing or Thankoffering dialogue ..... 2c.
- LISTS OF MATERIAL IN OUR DEPARTMENT CAN BE HAD ON APPLICATION**  
The three marked with an asterisk (\*) are new ones.  
We have costumes to rent for most of these plays, and a little leaflet, "Oriental Costumes and how to make them" ..... for 5c.