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Canadian Missionary Link

XXXVI

WHITBY, APRIL, 1921.

No. 8

IN DUE SEASON.

If night should come and find me at my toil,
When all Life's day I had, tho' faintly, wrought,
And shallow furrows, cleft in stony soil,
Were all my labor, shall I count it naught?

If only one poor gleaner, weak of hand,
Shall pick a scanty sheaf where I have sown?
Nay, for of thee the Master doth demand

Thy work: the harvest rests with Him alone.

—Col. John McCrae.

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Canadian Missionary Link

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WHITBY, APRIL, 1921

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THE PASSING OF MRS. A. A. SCOTT

On Saturday morning, February the twenty-sixth, the long months of pain and suffering, which have been the portion of Mrs. Scott, were succeeded by rest and peace in the presence of her Master, whom she loved so well and served so faithfully.

A very beautiful funeral service was held in St. Clair Avenue Baptist Church, on Tuesday, March the 1st. The church was filled by friends and relatives, and many of the members of the General and Women's Foreign Mission Boards.

Mrs. Scott's life history was given by several who had been intimately associated with her in her various activities. It was of unique interest to hear from Dr. McTavish, the pastor for 20 years of Grosvenor Presbyterian Church, of which Mrs. Scott was once a member. He recalled Mrs. Scott as a little girl, taking prizes for faithful attendance at Sunday School; her uniting with the church upon profession of faith in Christ; and her subsequent eager participation in the work of preaching the Gospel through the Elizabeth Street Mission.

The pastor of Immanuel Church, Mr. Smith, spoke of Mrs. Scott as a member of that church. As a young woman she had as a matter of conviction, united with Immanuel Baptist Church, and was a member during her years of service in India. One who knew her as a young girl says of her: "She was the sweetest most unselfish Christian girl I ever knew." She is remembered by the members of her church as wholly consecrated to the service of Christ.

During the earliest days of the Bible Training School, Margaret Fisher, entered for study, and later graduated. Mr. McNichol, the present Principal was associated with her in the class-

room, and in work at the Elizabeth St. Mission. He spoke of Miss Fisher as an enthusiastic Bible student, and as a missionary of courage and faith. She was ready always to go into the darkest and most degraded places, without fear, if only she might help one of God's erring children to find the Light.

Mr. H. E. Stillwell, who was in India in 1904, when Mr. and Mrs. Scott first arrived, described Mrs. Scott as a vitally radiant woman. He told of her work of the first term, as head of a large boys' school of Tuni. Her utter abandonment of self in service, her tireless energy, fine motherly instincts, and the inestimable value of her unselfishness and devotion, in their influence on those boys, who were to be the future teachers and preachers, were all brought vividly before his hearers by Mr. Stillwell's earnest and sympathetic tribute.

The second term in India was described by Rev. Mr. Chute. During this term Mrs. Scott was relieved of the boys' school. Her children were in boarding school. Her heart, deprived of the natural outlet of mother love in the care of her own, seemed to widen and intensify in devotion and love. She mothered all the boys and girls of the field whom she could reach. She undertook the organization and supervision of the evangelistic schools of the Tuni field. She pursued this work with characteristic zeal. The schools were established in eighty different centres. Her strength finally gave out under this heavy strain. She, like her Master, "saved others, herself she could not save."

Beautiful was the tribute paid by Dr. Pearl Chute. Since last July, the Chutes' and Scott's have been very close neighbors at the Mission houses on Ellsworth Avenue, and Dr. Chute has rendered a service of helpfulness during all the trying days, which cannot be over-

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timated. Dr. Chute spoke of Mrs. Scott's intense love for the Telugus. Even from the day of her arrival home, she had spoken eagerly of going back to "our people." She felt sure she would return to India, and it was only at the last she realized that "God had better things in store for her." Mrs. Scott's wonderful spirit of unselfishness was undimmed throughout the time of weakness and pain. Her thought was always of others. Hers was a triumphant Christian life. Her last message to her loved ones was: "If you forget all else that I have said, remember that I was happy in serving my Master."

To all who contemplate this sweet life may there come a sense of responsibility and desire to serve, in order that the work for which it was spent may go forward with renewed vigor.

To Gilbert and Winnifred and Mr. Scott, all will wish to extend sympathy in their loss, and will pray the Heavenly Father that they may have in great measure the comfort and assurance of His very near presence.

J. D. Zavitz.

PRAYER FOR AKIDU.

Dr. H. A. Wolverton has taken charge of the medical work at Akidu, and with the greatly increased accommodation which the new hospital affords, hopes to reach a much larger proportion of the community than was possible with the former limited equipment. Let us pray that his skill in relieving physical distress may win the confidence of the people; that the daily religious services held in the hospital may carry the truth home to the hearts of the patients; that the Bible women who move around among those waiting their turn for treatment may be given wisdom in telling the gospel story; and that the hospital assistants may be as anxious to help the souls of the patients as their bodies.

The Boarding School has about 55 girls and 110 boys in attendance. The majority of these are not Christians

when they enter the school, although they come from Christian homes. Miss Hinman, who is in charge, reports a growing interest in spiritual things among the children at present. Pray that this may deepen, and that many may be won to Christ. Pray also for Miss Hinman. Pray for better equipment for the school and the hospital that the best possible results may be attained.

The Christian boys and girls from the Boarding School go into the villages and carry on Evangelistic Schools. Pray that they may conduct themselves with discretion, and that their telling of the story may lead many boys and girls to Christ.

Pray for Miss Selman as she tours with her Bible women among the villages. She has requested that we pray especially for three women who are preparing for service.

Akidu has 3000 native Christians. The oversight of this throng is a great responsibility for Dr. Wolverton in addition to his medical work. Many of them are fairly well off, owning farms of their own, and should make substantial contributions to the financial support of the churches of which they are members. Pray that an army of consecrated workers may be raised up from these churches, who will be a power for good throughout the whole Mission.

Pray for Mr. and Mrs. Chute who are in Canada resting, that health may be restored, and that they may be able to make satisfactory provision for their children, when they are ready to return to their work for the fourth term.

A.G.G.B.

Mrs. J. G. Brown, 109 Oakwood Ave., Toronto, wishes us to state that she has still a few copies of "Among the Telugus" for 1920. Those responsible for the preparation of Circle programs will find these a great help. Secure them while the reports are fresh. Thirty cents by mail.

FOREIGN MAIL BAG

October 30, 1920.

A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE FROM TUNI,

Tuni Godavery Dist., India
January 19, 1921.

Dear Link:

You receive many communications, and so do I. From a sense of fellow-feeling, I send you herein a copy of two, which are but samples of what come to me daily:

1. "Dear Madam,—I request your Honor to please give three days' leave to A. Jacob as his father suffering with feavour. He is the only son to him, He request me to request this matter with your honour, with salams.

Yours obediently servant,
N. B. John."

2. "Respected Madam,—Ch. Samuel and G. Gabriel write to me to request you to grant them permission home on some sater-day. There fore I am to say as I am in favour of it if they can be granted. The boys that ran to Bombay have returned discouragously but safely. no sooner an apportunity permits me I am longing to see our boys once more, hope and pray that your work may have good progress with many loving salams. Yours very faithfully and obedient servant,

A. B. Mamkyam."

You understand, don't you, "Link," that with one hundred and seventy-five sons, I am a modern version of the old woman who had so many children she didn't know what to do? And when every week from fifteen to twenty of such messages come, I assure you I certainly don't know what to do, so it generally ends in my not doing anything.

"Link," did you ever have the mumps? We have a terrible kind here now. Talk about swelled heads, there seems to be no limit to the size we can get here! I sincerely hope, dear "Link," that the malady will not catch you.

Yours with great concern,
J. F. Robinson.

One of the happy things of furlough is meeting many old friends, and another is making lots of new ones. It means so much to us on our return to get letters from the boys and girls, as well as from the grown ups, and not only letters, but the parcels of cards and bags, scrap-books, pins and needles, and so many useful things. Last year was such a hard one for our poor people, and as Xmas time drew near it was nice to think of the bags and other things put away in my trunk, but my heart longed for real helpful things, cloths, rice, and such like! So I asked our Father to put it into the heart of some who might be thinking of buying a Xmas present for me, to send me the money instead, and He did.

And now I am going to tell you a little about our Xmas doings that you may see how useful all your gifts were. The very day some money came from home I went at once to the bazaar and bought a lot of cloth to make up into little shirts and pants for the boys, shirts and jackets for the girls, and also some garments for the older folks. Then our cripple tailor got busy, and soon we had a lot of garments ready for Xmas. He made such good use of the scraps given me from piece-bags at home that all the wee babies in the homes of our workers, and others also, are enjoying the comfort of a nice little shirt, not of one color always, tis true, but this does not spoil it in the eyes of the mothers by any means. As the parcels with your various love-gifts came from you dear ones, my mouth was filled with laughter, and I felt like a truly Santa Claus, and you would not wonder if you could have seen my trunks and cupboards those days. For several mornings of one week we had the teachers of the Evangelistic Schools in and near Tuni bring their

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children to the compound that we might examine them and give them their treat before the workers came in for their meeting. When our boys and girls came home from school for their holidays, I called on them for help to put parched peas in the small bags and count out Picture-Post cards. Then we took our Evangelistic School roll and counted out bags and cards accordingly, and tied them up in parcels. To each parcel we added a bag in which we had put some needles and pins and a small doll. These bags were for the workers' wives, and with them went a piece of print for a jacket for herself and a garment for one of her children. Besides these and a scrapbook, a picture card was picked out for each of the day-schools, and some things for prizes for them. How I wish you could all have been with us the afternoon these were given out! Most of the furniture was cleared out of the large room of the Elliot Bungalow, and all these parcels placed on the dining table, at one end of which we placed the Victrola. After prayer some Telugu hymn records were put on the Victrola, and how our people did enjoy them! Before the parcels were given out, Cornelius spoke so nicely, telling them to think how wonderful it was that this year God had sent so many things for them, and given me strength to get them ready, and urged all to be grateful and happy. How happy I was to give out these things that link up you over in Canada with hundreds of Telugu boys and girls.

Before the workers scattered to their homes we were able to give the seven pastors money to buy rice enough to give a measure to each member of their churches on Xmas morning, and so they carried home cheer for all.

Here in Tuni we had our Annual Thank-Offering at the Xmas service, and our church was crowded. It was good to see the new Christians come with their gifts, and to find that although this had been such a hard year, the offering was more than double that of last year. And 187 were baptized on our Tuni field during the year. Ellen Priest.

"A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE."

On Thursday, October 21st, 1920, at about four p.m., had you been at Pier A. of the C.P.R. docks, Vancouver, you would have seen your missionary party, consisting of Rev. H. B. and Mrs. Cross, Miss Kathleen, Rev. A. W. Matheson, Miss Munro, and the writer, taking farewell of their friends gathered there. We had gone through all the red tape of having our passports examined in turn by the Immigration Officer, the Chinese Consul and the Japanese Consul. We had each experienced waiting in a long line till the baggage officer was ready to take our checks and look after our trunks. We had each interviewed the man at the freight department, and there had parted with another dole of our good Canadian cash. We had attended to having our balances turned into some form of Travellers' cheques. We had been farewelled at the First Baptist Church the evening before, and surely after all these processes we should be ready to go.

I wish you might all at least see "The Empress of Asia." The large lounge—a homey living-room with sofas, pictures, comfortable chairs, a piano and even a coal-grate fire. The dear little writing room with its pink-shaded lights, and its double desks, and a fire-place, too. The large dining-room, equally well fitted out. The cosy cabins, with electric grate fires and convenient wardrobes. Some idea of the size of the ship may be gained from the fact that six and a half times round the deck make a mile.

About sixty missionaries, representing many countries and denominations were on board. A very well-attended meeting was held one Sunday afternoon, when three short addresses were given on Japan, China and India, respectively.

After ten days' voyage, we arrived early one morning in the harbor of Yokohama. As the clouds gradually lifted we had a really good view of the pride of Japan—Fuji. A trip in the electric railway brought us to Tokyo. The city was en fete, for the consecration of a new temple in honor of an Em-

peror long since dead. The streets were decorated with continuous strings of flags and paper lanterns. Street cars, entirely covered with artificial flowers, occasionally passed by. Then the annual chrysanthemum show was on. One could scarcely imagine such variety of form and color, and such size and perfection. On each plant one flower only had been allowed to develop. Some blossoms with their long soft curly petals reminded one of most beautiful ostrich plumes.

Yes, we had heard of the smiling, bowing, polite Japanese, but, speaking for myself, we had not fully realized it. It occurred to me as unfortunate that we Canadians do not take a little more time just to be courteous. If one were to mistake civilization for Christianization Japan might be thought to require little more mission aid, but we had been warned not to make that mistake.

Our next stop was Manila. Its foliage made us realize we were truly back in the East. Within the new modern American city stands the old walled Spanish town with its narrow streets and strange dark old cathedrals. In Manila we saw wonderful embroidery and very fine panama and hemp hats. We were not at all sorry to get away from the hot moist atmosphere which proved especially uncomfortable at the docks.

In a couple of days we were back in a cooler clime and had reached Hong Kong. Here we made our adieux to the Asia. We soon discovered that we were due to sail, after four days, by the "Dilwara." The time spent in this part was most enjoyable. We had a couple of trips up and down the wonderful Incline Railway. Here we had our first experience in riding in a Sedan chair, and found it not at all unpleasant. Silk and many Oriental novelties seemed so cheap comparatively, that holding our purse strings tight was a great problem.

The dull, rainy day on which we left Hong Kong was prophetic of the kind of journey we were to experience from there on. Second-class on an old "British India" tub is anything but desirable.

There was some kind of steering gear at our end of the boat that kept up such a rumbling noise day and night, that one had to fairly shout in order to be heard. The dining-salon, flanked on either side as it was by bath-rooms and cabins was not a place to tempt the appetite. Day by day the number at meals grew less. Miss Munro and I won the distinction of being the only two ladies who did not miss answering the gong.

More and more like India seemed Singapore. The delight when we came across a money-changer with whom we could converse in the beloved Telugu! Some of us had a fine motor-ride through rubber and cocoanut plantations and through the beautiful Botanical Gardens. The purchase of some delicious pine-apples helped us out on the rest of our journey, when intense heat, unpleasant odors, rough seas and close quarters, made travel—not a dream—but a nightmare. "We have solid comfort in our beds!" remarked one gentleman. Those mattresses for solidity! And the pillows—I smell them yet.

All troubles passed, we reached Colombo November 29th, having, in point of time, made quite a record journey. Floods in South India had washed out the railway in three places, so we were delayed a week before proceeding to our stations.

It is nothing short of wonderful to be back again. The work has progressed splendidly. I feel most unequal to it. I never needed your prayers more. "Who will come over and help us?"

S. Hinman.

The ability of God is beyond our prayers, beyond our largest prayers! I have been thinking of some of the petitions that have entered into my supplications innumerable times. What have I asked for? I have asked for a cupful, and the ocean remains! I have asked for a sun-beam, and the sun abides! My best asking falls immeasurably short of my Father's giving; it is beyond all that we can ask.—J. H. Jowett.

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THE YOUNG WOMEN

RAMACHANDRAPURAM

By Miss S. Isabel Hatch.

For what is Ramachandrapuram noted? The answer in the schools is: "For its Asylum or Homes for the Lepers." But friends in Canada may answer: "For many good things." Some of these, with the leper work, the writer hopes to bring to the remembrance of our readers.

Noted For Its Fertility.

Ramachandrapuram mission-field, comprising 125 villages with a population of about 180,000, is noted for its fertile rice fields. It lies to the south-west of Co-canada, the Madras-Calcutta Railway line and the Samalkot Canal running along near its northern border and the Bank Canal and the Godavari River making its south-west and southern boundary. There are two boats, the "Elizabeth" and the "Robert Delahey," but no mission motors here. So much for this fertile region which, when famine comes, oft-times serves as a granary for almost all of the immense Godavari District. The fertility is the result of irrigation from the Godavari River.

The Christians in this field, numbering twenty-five years ago, some 300, gathered in three churches, now number 1800 in nine churches, surely a noted growth. The work in the churches has been so well organized by Mr. Stillwell, now in charge, that each church brings in its quota of new members by the end of every year. For some time back all worked for, and prayed for, and sought out the lost sheep to the number of 100 each year, but last year 266 were baptized, so the aim this year may be 300 converts.

Mr. Stillwell has what may be called an Association of some thirty Pastors, teachers and colporteurs, which meets once a month, the Missionary with the Pastors being the Executive Committee. Many important questions are discussed and decided by them. Each Pastor has

associated with him, the teachers in his parish, so-called, and they work together for their different church centres. Although as yet only one church fully supports its own Pastor, giving to many other objects as well, each church raises its own funds, making its own disbursements, has its thank-offering meetings, disciplines its members and so on. But always the missionary's special guidance is needed, especially for the thank-offering meetings, and the cases of serious discipline. In this way these nine churches are growing in numbers, in strength, in independence, in benevolence and in progressive propaganda, a very fertile work. The women's work in the churches is supplementary to the above. Where, twenty-five years ago there was only one Bible Woman, there are now seventeen, besides nineteen or twenty Sunday-School workers. These women workers, in addition to their visits to the caste homes, assist the Pastors and teachers in having every Christian woman and child learn fresh portions of Scripture each year.

A great impetus has been given to the work among the women by the Lace Industry, begun so well by Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Gunn, and now cared for by the Lady Missionaries. There are over one hundred workers, and these are greatly encouraged in their Bible study, are trained in habits of cleanliness, neatness, and regular church attendance, besides being made in many cases efficient helpers in all this aggressive church work.

Noted For Its Caste Converts.

The school for caste children, opened about twenty-two years ago, had a somewhat precarious existence in the early days, dropping sometimes down to only five or six in attendance, but is now flourishing under the constant care and attention of Miss Jones, and her intensely interested and devoted staff of

teachers. Its strength is 120, notwithstanding a rival Government school numbering 60 or 70 pupils. But even in those early days the fruit appeared, as two of the earliest pupils, with their mother, who had first learned of the Saviour from her daughters, have all acknowledged Him and been baptized in His name. One girl who had learned so well the many precious Bible stories, married and went away. Through the influence of her husband's people, she showed in her visits home, great indifference to the Word. Later, she lost her father, her elder brother and her husband, but she found Jesus as her Saviour. She is now the wife of a Christian teacher in a neighboring mission. Since then, the father and mother of two of the children, and also the conductress have been baptized. Many a dear girl has learned to love Jesus here, while not a few have passed into the Beyond testifying to their faith in their Redeemer, while over the field caste women converts have come from six different vilages.

Noted for Its Literary Men and Women.

Mrs. Joshee is the gifted author of three different pamphlets. Her translation into choice Telugu of the "Story of Sir Launfal" has been published by the Christian Literature Society. She is also Editor of the Religious Dept. of the Women's Telugu magazine.

Pastor Prakasan has written much verse, and his poetic rendering of the story of Job, has been widely read and appreciated, while his story of the life of G. Nathaniel, a prominent Telugu preacher and poet, shows what he can do as a biographer. The late Pastor David transposed many portions of the Scripture into Telugu verse and rhythm, setting them to Telugu airs which are very popular in many places. One of our caste converts, the sweet singer Suramma, has composed three hymns, some of which she herself has published, and distributed broad-cast. It is a great attraction to other caste women as they visit Suramma in her home to hear her sing in her own words the praises of the

Saviour Jesus. In these songs she brings in incidents of her own life and recounts some of her own experiences. These are exceedingly popular. The great hymn-writer, Nathaniel, belonged to our field; though connected with another mission, his family have joined ours, his hymns are found in almost every Telugu hymn-book of whatever church. Palli John wrote a metrical life of Christ, which has been recited and sung with drums, cymbals and to other instruments at many a wayside meeting, and at many a gathering of Christians who will sit far into the night, listening spellbound to some of these lovely melodies.

Noted For Its Leper Work.

Of the direct work, little need be said, as that has been enlarged on elsewhere. Hence these items only. In the 21 years over 1000 of these poor forsaken destitute ones have found a refuge, and of these, nearly 400 have accepted Christ as the Saviour of their souls. Three kept in the Observation Ward have gone out well and strong, and are now studying in different schools, preparing themselves for useful service, while one other is well and happily married. Eight from the untainted Home have become mission-workers.

Of indirect work, as affecting the whole field, there is much to say. The fine rows of buildings, the gardens and orchards surrounding these Leper homes, situated as they are on the beautifully shaded winding avenue; that is on the high road leading from the town, are a constant object-lesson, and proclaim daily the love of Christ to all the passers-by. Of those who have been saved there are Brahmans, Sudras and Pan-chamas. Under certain restrictions, their relatives are allowed to come and see them, and these carry back the word to far distant vilages, where, in many cases, neither missionary, preacher nor Bible Woman have ever been, and so among all classes the Word is having free course and is being glorified. It has resulted many a time that an easy entrance has been found into hitherto un-

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known homes, simply because of the leper work. The friendliness of all the people to the Gospel message is simply marvelous.

Noted For Its Indigenous Christian Work.

There is the medical work, and there is the Kotipalli work, to which latter, a parallel can scarcely be found. Perhaps very few have realized that besides the loving ministry to the poor afflicted leper, all other patients have the opportunity of seeking medical aid in a Christian hospital, and of finding relief from their multitudinous aches and pains. Very few may know that in this hospital where Dr. Joshee is in full charge, some 6000 or so are helped every year, and among these are found all classes, from the rich Brahman, man or woman, to the poorest outcaste, or that in this hospital, which is no charge whatever on mission funds, or on leper-mission resources, some two-thirds or more of these patients are given free treatment, the richer patients giving enough to meet the expenses, and that with some of the margins that have been over, several wards have been built, and a Dispensary opened at Kotipalli, twelve miles away, where last year 4000 patients were treated.

This work in Kotipalli has, with God's blessing, opened up marvellously. It was the centre of Bigoted Brahmanism, and is, with the other villages near, a part of the Vizianagram estate. Until this indigenous work was begun, there were no Christians in the score or so of these villages.

It is held to be such a sacred city, that no Christian or outcaste was allowed to walk on its sacred streets; its waters, the meeting of the Godavari river with the tides of the sea, are so sacred that in one bath, if given by a Brahman, who for a few cents will pronounce over him the holy mantrams (charms), the pilgrim may be cleansed of 10,000,000 sins. Hence the name "Kotipalli" the 10,000,000 town." Into this strong-hold, Dr. Joshee was called, and because of his successful treatment of the son of a high official of the Maha Rajah, he was given

the free and permanent lease of the building, suitable for Dispensary, situated right on the same tank where their very sacred temple stands. While the Christian medical assistant there is giving plasters and ointments and loving treatment to the wounds and bruises and putrefying sores of the poor of every class who come to him, speaking at the same time of the soul's physician, he may look across to the other side, and see bathing in front of the holy temple the haughty Brahman making his many genuflections to the rising or risen Sun in the vain hope of purifying his soul from its pollutions.

Besides the Dispensary building, Dr. Joshee was given the deed of a lot near by on which a schoolroom has been built, called the Randall bungalow from a legacy privately donated. School work and evangelistic work have for some time been kept up from the profits of the lace industry, an indigenous work. Converts have come from three villages where there were none before, and an independent church may be formed in the near future. Christians may now walk anywhere in any of the streets of this sacred town, and the Christian doctors are more than welcomed into the homes of the highest and the most orthodox. Indeed, it was chiefly because of a petition from the town, headed by a prominent Brahmin there, that there was secured for the Dispensary a considerable grant for medicines each year. Massey, the assistant, studied in our mission schools up to the matriculation, but was given the rest of his medical training by Dr. and Mrs. Joshee, with a fraction of needed help from outside. Neither of these good doctors receive salaries for their medical work, which is really home mission work, Dr. Massey and his wife being the home missionaries in Kotipalli and surrounding towns. Mrs. Joshee is also the very capable and efficient Honorary Supervisor of the Dr. Philips Home.

Through this almost altogether indigenous work, the status of the Christians has been raised, those engaged in

it are held in high honor, and the Kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ has been extended. Miss Jones and the writer, are co-workers with those who are carrying it on.

Noted For Its Esprit de Corps.

There is a Ramachandrapuram Boys' Brigade. The boys try to uphold the dignity and worth of their own field while in High School and in Seminary, and during holiday times provide treats of various kinds for the different churches. The girls, too, have distinguished themselves by a high standing in the boarding school. A Christian father and mother on this field, quite illiterate, have nine children. The mother, earnest, devoted and enthusiastic, with the mere pittance of wages, has brought up this large family, sending them to mission boarding schools as soon as old enough. Now, two of her daughters are married, one being the very acceptable head-mistress in the Caste Girls' School of a neighboring mission; two have just finished their normal training; the oldest son is the efficient Head-Master of Miss Robinson's advanced school in Samalkot; the second son is the Pastor teacher at Kaleru, one of the most important Pastorates of the nine here; while the other three are still studying. Ramachandrapuram owes much to the mother of this family.

Now, how many of our missionaries and because of them how many of our readers, have had a share in this grand and glorious work? The missionaries may be named, but only in Heaven are the names written of all those who by their faith, their tears, their prayers and their alms have made this work, which God grant may be only the harbinger of brighter and more glorious days to come.

There have been three missionary families who have succeeded each other in permanent work here since the field became a separate one in 1892. Rev. and Mrs. A. M. McLeod, Rev. and Mrs. J. E. Davis, Rev. and Mrs. J. R. Stillwell, and two single ladies, the writer and Miss L. M. Jones. Mr. McLeod, under

whom the work advanced greatly, built the Mission bungalow, the late Mr. Davis, whose inspired words first suggested the Leper-work, built the Mission Chapel, and Mr. Stillwell, under whose guiding hand the work is so splendidly organized, built "Woodside," the ladies' bungalow, with funds provided from Ontario, and from the women of the West. Under the inspiration of Dr. Hulet, who spent a short time here while studying Telugu, systematic Bible teaching among the Christian women was begun, and the splendid medical work, while Miss McGill helped also for a short time in the development of the Caste Girls' School.

The writer, going to India in 1886, began her work in Ramachandrapuram on New Year's Day, 1895, and so has celebrated her silver anniversary there. She testifies to her great joy in the workers and the work, which she has gladly shared with them all.

Miss Lucy M. Jones, arriving in 1908, has given herself unreservedly to her Bible Women's work, the Caste Girls' School, the Touring, the care of the sick, the aged, and the orphans, and to many other tasks too numerous to mention.

1800 Christians, but still 180,000 to be reached. The more workers and the more organizations, the more are Missionaries needed, for if the driver be absent, the machine stands still. There are a few Indian workers who are leaders, but until there are many more, let the missionaries be multiplied.

As before intimated, by means of canals and "baby" canals, by large locks, of which there are ten on the various canals on this field, by weirs, drop-gates and aqueducts, it is the waters of the great and glorious Godavari that fertilize and enrich the lands around all these villages and towns. So, by means of its precious messages sent by ten missionaries or more, Canadians and Indians, by the various medical workers, by pastors, preachers and teachers, colporteurs, Bible women and others, may the great and glorious Gospel of our blessed God and Saviour Jesus Christ, save and enrich the lives of the men, women and children of this great "taluk!"

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OUR MISSION BANDS

JUST A WORD OR TWO.

Of course I couldn't stop at one word or even two, when once I got started, but my message will be brief this time.

Reports from the different Band Leaders are coming in fine, and I am so happy to feel the strength of this army of splendid workers among the boys and girls of our Convention.

Several new Mission Bands have been organized during the past year, while several others have been re-organized under new leadership. One very encouraging feature noted, is the fact that young women, some of them still in their teens, are becoming interested in Mission Band work and making a splendid contribution to the life and interest of the Band.

For their Easter meeting, the Talbot St. Baptist Church Mission Band, London, is preparing an Exercise on the work of Dr. Jessie and Miss Laura Allyn, at Pithapuram Hospital. This exercise will be available when you read this, and I am hoping that every Mission Band, especially in Middlesex and Lambton Association, will use it. Miss Laura Allyn is being supported by the Association named, and the Band mentioned above always have a "special offering" at their Easter meeting for this purpose.

Remember our Mission Band slogan:
—“A Mission Band in Every Church in the Convention in FIVE YEARS!”

LETTER FROM MISS McLAURIN.

Avanigadda, Kistna Dist., India
December 15, 1920.

Dear Girls and Boys:

I have lately received some S. S. Picture Rolls marked "From Hespeler Sunday School," and "From Indian Road Sunday School," but with no address given, to which I might write to acknowledge receipt and express my thanks. So now will the boys and girls who sent me those pictures please take my "thank-you" through you. We are

always glad of these pictures. Everywhere I go on tour I see hanging up in schools and chapels the pictures sent out by you. And the Sunday School girls and boys learn the stories.

Last year when I was out on tour, camping among the villages I used to have a roll hanging up in my tent opposite the front door, and many a time have I looked up from my work to see a passer-by squatting quickly in front of the tent, looking at the picture. As soon as I looked up they would ask what that picture was, and either the Biblewoman or I would tell them. Often others would come along, see us and stop to listen. Quite a little group would gather, and one picture after another be shown, and so in this way many a wayfarer who might otherwise have had no opportunity, heard the story we have come all the way to India to tell. Those who could read would get some tracts to take home, and even those who couldn't read would often ask for them, saying they would get somebody who could read them to them.

Some of the very prettiest pictures there tell the best stories, like "The Prodigal Son," "The Healing of the Paralytic," or "The Ten Virgins." These I keep to show and talk about at our Rallies.

The pretty bags and Scrapbooks you have made and sent to me by the dozen, I have given away as prizes to the children who have learned New Testament stories and verses of Scripture. There are still some left—but we are ready for more, please! Perhaps you know that my time for furlough has come, and I am coming home to Canada to see you in the spring, but Mrs. Cross is here to go on with my work, and I know she will be ever so glad to get the scrapbooks and bags. Only this morning I got a nice box of scrap-books from Canada with no address enclosed, but as I had a letter from Vernon a few days ago saying they were sending a box, perhaps this is the one.

If so, thank you, Vernon. Your scrap-books are specially nice, because they have so many colored pictures of children and people in them. The Indian children like them so much better than pictures of court houses or parliament buildings, or English mottoes. Our little boys and girls love to gloat over these pictures of strange little white children and tell stories to themselves about them, I suppose, like children—the wide world over.

When Mrs. Cross came she brought me some nice bags from the Olivet Mission Band, Calgary, given to her for me by Mrs. McConnell, an old friend of ours. Thank you, Olivet. These parcels are just in time for our Christmas S. S. Rally next Sunday. I was examining Mariamma's School of about forty caste children this morning, to find out who would get prizes. Quite a lot will, as they know lots of stories. And what do you think? They have finished the book of New Testament Stories, and will want to be started on something else. The one story the children knew better than any other in Mariamma's Sunday School, was the story of Paul and Silas in jail. They thought it very wonderful that Paul and Silas should be so happily singing hymns out loud in jail at midnight, and it was, wasn't it? I asked them what they thought was the reason, and they said: "Because they trusted God." They sang such a pretty Telugu hymn called "The Cradle Song," that Mariamma had taught them. It is set to a swinging sort of tune, and tells about the birth of Jesus. You could just imagine someone swinging a cradle and singing the hymn to baby to soothe him—and put him to sleep. There are three specially nice girls in that Sunday School who know the stories better than anybody else. The Bible-woman goes to their place every week to teach them, besides what they learn in Sunday School. They do seem to love to learn about Jesus, and they know the Lord's Prayer, too, and say they use it when they pray at night before they go to bed.

We have thirty-seven Sunday Schools now on our field and about 800 scholars. These Sunday Schools are scattered in as many villages, almost, all over the field—only here in Avanigadda town there are three. There are hundreds and hundreds, yes, many thousands of children left who never go to Sunday School at all. What shall we do about them? We haven't nearly enough teachers to teach them all—oh, how I wish we had! Perhaps you will remember about them in your prayers, for they are on my mind a good deal of the time.

Mr. and Mrs. Cross and Kathleen came last Friday, and weren't we glad to see them! I was just tired of being all alone in this big bungalow, built for us by the Toronto Sunday School children six years ago. It does seem so nice to hear people moving about and speaking in the other rooms. They were tired when they got here, for though the station is only six miles away, it takes a long time to come that six miles. First we have to come three miles over an extremely bumpy road in horse-jutkas. A "jutka" is a long cart, covered, with no springs, and you just sit on the floor of it with your feet spread out in front of you (if there's room), or doubled up with your knees under your chin (like a jack-knife) if there isn't; you hang on for dear life while the pony tears along, and your poor head bumps against the top and sides of the cover. It would be a lot worse if you didn't wear a topee—being hard it takes the bumps and saves your head. Then at the end of three miles you reach a canal, and so you get out of the jutka and cross the canal on a ferry. You walk about a quarter of a mile and reach the river—the Kistna, which is the northern boundary of the Avanigadda field. The river is over a mile wide, but at this time of the year there is more sand than water in it, and in the middle of it a big island. We walk through the sand and climb on to the ferry-boat, which has big paddle-wheels. Lots of other people, Indians, get on the boat with bundles of straw, baskets of

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grain, and parcels of all sorts. The Brahmins, proud and careful of their caste, sit at one end and won't let any low caste person come anywhere near them. They don't like us too near them because they know we don't mind touching the outcastes, and because we would just as soon, we go and sit near the poor people whom the Brahmins despise. When everybody and their bundles are on, the ferry man collects his fares, and off we go. The wheels are worked by a big iron rod turned by hand, and the boat moves off slowly. We soon get to the big island in the middle, where we all scramble out and walk again another quarter or half a mile to the other channel. Here another boat comes and takes us over the bit of water and sets us on the other shore. We all climb out and walk through more sand. When we reach the other shore little Bob and the shabby comfy old buggy are waiting for us, and we drive the last two miles home—very thankful to get to the end. I had two chairs fastened to long poles, something like the sedan chairs they use in China, so that four men could carry each chair with the poles on their shoulders, and sent these to meet Mrs. Cross and Kathleen at the canal—way back there where we left the jutkas, you remember?—and so they didn't have to walk through the sand, but rode in chairs. Kathleen thought it was great fun coming by jutka, chair, boat and buggy to Avanigadda. I hope you do, too. When will you come? Do send me word beforehand and give us time to arrange everything, and then you will find waiting to greet you, Pastor Abraham at the station, the chairs at the canal, the ferry boat at the river, Bob on the side with the comfy shabby old buggy, and at the pretty red brick Mission bungalow in Avanigadda.

K. S. McLaurin.

P.S.—Don't forget to bring the bags (pretty colored ones) and scrapbooks, with you, will you? All right.—K.S. Mc.

MISSION CIRCLES.

London—Talbot Street:

The very much postponed thank-offer-

ing meeting of the Talbot Street Mission Circle was held on January 4th, at eight p.m. The Rev. James McKay, of New St. James Presbyterian Church, was the special speaker of the evening. The offering was \$237.57. Out of that, three Life Memberships, two Home and one Foreign, were made.

M. Brown,
Press Correspondent

Stayner:

The Women's Society here has had another successful year, although we have lost by removals several valuable members, the work still goes on. At our annual meeting in January, we made two more life members, Mrs. Denne, who has been our President ever since the re-organization of the W. S. was made a member of the Home Mission Society, and Mrs. George Tebby, another faithful and untiring worker was made a member of the Foreign Missionary Society. After the regular business of the meeting, the remainder of the session was given over to prayer for Divine Blessing on the coming conference at Collingwood, and many took part.

Mary Lamont,
Secretary.

Hamilton:

A Mission Circle was organized in Hughson Street Baptist Church in January, with 11 members. We meet the last Wednesday of every month in the Sunday School room.

The following were elected to office for 1921.

President—Mrs. Wodell.

Vice-President—Mrs. Brown.

Secretary—Mrs. Hines.

Treasurer—Mrs. Hull.

Agent for "Visitor and Link"—Mrs. Chadwick.

We have already 17 new subscribers to the "Link" and 3 renewals, and 19 to the "Visitor," and are endeavoring to get more. In February we had 18 present at our meeting. A good program had been arranged, and the meeting altogether proved a very helpful and profitable one.

Edith M. Hines, Secretary.

FIRST QUARTERLY REPORT OF
THE W.B.F.M.S.

February 21, 1921.

During December the Board sustained a great loss when Miss G. B. Alexander was called home. It was said that her attitude in life seemed to be a prayer for India. Her sweet sympathy and helpfulness will be greatly missed among her associates.

Dr. Webb interviewed the Board with reference to the Educational programme for Canadian Girls. He asked that a committee be appointed to confer with committees of other Boards so that the duplication and overlapping may be discovered and the work planned and carried out with full efficiency. Miss Namsmith, Mrs. Marshall and Mrs. Ralph Hooper, were appointed.

Miss Clara Hellyer, now at the Dr. White Training School, has been recommended to the General Board for appointment as missionary to India.

New appointments for the quarter were as follows:

Secy. Mission Bands—Mrs. N. Mills, London. Asst. Secretaries—Miss Fanny Laine, Toronto; Mrs. Harry Smith, Toronto.

Supt. of Bureau of Literature—Miss Edith Dale, Toronto.

Temporary Office of the Bureau now—473 Palmerston Blvd.

Mrs. W. H. Pettit has given over the managership of the "Link" to Mrs. J.C. Doherty, Supt. of Agents, and has retained the Treasurership only.

Mrs. Campbell, Treasurer, reports an advance in both regular and special giving, but calls attention to the fact that nothing has been offered towards the Building Fund.

The late Miss Alexander, in her will, left the Foreign Society \$200.

An additional \$250.00 was voted to the Cocanada Boarding School so that Miss Craig would be able to invest in rice when the price was low.

Miss McGill, our missionary on furlough, is taking a course at Dr. White's Training School.

Publication Committee report that new literature has been obtained for the Bureau, and Miss Dale informs us that two Missionary Magazines have been donated, which may be read at the office or loaned to those wishing to read them.

Our new Band Leader, Mrs. Mills, states her pleasure in the work, and that letters from the different Bands show interest, enthusiasm and promise of growth. A Band in Paris has been organized. She thinks our motto should be "A Mission Band in Every Church in the Convention in five years."

Foreign Mission reports have been sent to the Circle Presidents whose addresses could be obtained. Those not receiving a report should send in their names and addresses.

Mrs. Davies, jr., has been appointed to place in the "Link" the prayer topics for May and June.

There has been an unusually large attendance of members during the last quarter.

Jessie S. Bigwood,
Rec. Secretary.

EASTERN SOCIETY.

Those who have followed our work with interest no doubt have wondered why nothing has been said since convention regarding the Akidu wall.

We were eager at that time to fill this long-felt need which Miss Hinman brought before us so vividly. Since then, it has been decided by Conference in India to locate a central boarding school for girls at Vuyyuru for the Kistna District, and a similar school for boys at Akidu.

This means that all the girls from the Akidu, Vuyyuru, and Avanigadda fields will go to school in Vuyyuru, and that the wall is just as much an urgent need as before—only it will be at Vuyyuru.

I hear some one say "Why is it necessary to have a wall around the girls' dormitories?" Why? Do you know that not only is this a very high stone wall, but there is also a door or gate, and whenever the girls are in their com-

Canadian Missionary Link

Editor—Mrs. Thomas Trotter, 95 St. George St., Toronto, Ont.

All matter for publication should be sent to the Editor.

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50c. a year in advance.

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pound the door is kept locked. This is made necessary by conditions in India, which make it unsafe for young girls to be left unprotected even in their own school yard.

How thankful we should be that our daughters may walk about in absolute safety, with the protection which has been thrown around them by the knowledge and love of Christ. I wonder if we appreciate this as one of the blessings of living in a Christian country!

Last year was called "a wonderful year," and when we look on our fields in India and realize the result of the work of our small band of missionaries, we are lost in "wonder, love and praise." How little our part really costs us, and yet our Father is accepting and blessing our offering, as His dear Son did the leaves and the few small fishes when He fed the multitude. A great miracle is going on to-day on our fields. Think of Vuyuru alone with 278 baptisms during the past quarter. Thus far we have

not been called on for exchange, but that does not mean that the full amount of our Budget will not be required, for the wall will cost about \$1000 more, owing to the larger compound. Dormitory room, and accommodation for the lady missionary in charge of the school are among the requirements of the near future.

I watched some great ski jumpers recently, when the competitors, not content with the honors they had won, tried to break their own records. This one man, by great effort, was successful in doing, amid tremendous applause. We had a splendid year in 1920, but not content with past victories, let us try to break our own record, and by greater effort than ever before, strive to interest others, and by our prayers, our gifts and service, seek to bind the whole world "about the feet of God."

Affectionately your President,

Ethel C. Ayer.

Did You Watch for This Space This Month?

HERE IT IS.

You are most cordially invited to come

to the LITERATURE DEPARTMENT at 473 PALMERSTON BLVD. to see our stock and make your selections. We will be glad to serve you in any way we can, but we think we have some things that you will want which you did not know we had, therefore, COME AND SEE THEM.

For instance, did you know that in our LITERATURE DEPARTMENT we had pictures of your missionaries, including over 25 new ones (1c. each, 85c. set)? COME AND GET ACQUAINTED with the faces of your missionaries, especially the one for whom you are to pray.

Did you know that two excellent magazines, "The Missionary Review of the World" and "Missions," as well as the last "Among the Telugus," had been put in our DEPARTMENT at 473 PALMERSTON BLVD. for reference or for loaning? These will be invaluable for assistance in getting up programmes, etc. They will be there from month to month. COME AND SEE THEM.

Did you know that we had copies of that beautiful little poem on the cover of the February "Link"? You want that, do you not? We have that and several others like it (2c.).

Did you know that we had splendid leaflets on Prayer, Giving, Mission Circle, Y.W. and Band Work? Yes, of course you did, but COME AND SEE IF YOU DO NOT WANT SOME OF THEM.

We have other things that you would like to see, we are sure, so please accept the invitation of your LITERATURE DEPARTMENT and COME TO VISIT IT at 473 Palmerston. If you cannot come, telephone to Coll. 3810 or write. We will be glad to do our best for you. 473 PALMERSTON BLVD.