

Canadian Missionary Link.

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No. 2

WHAT WE ARE DOING.

The Women's Board of Ontario West has a new missionary to commend to the interest and affection of the women of the Circles,—Miss Georgina McGill. She is to leave for India this autumn, and help to fill some of the many places now vacant on account of furlough. Miss McGill is a graduate of McMaster, and so has a good training for her future work. We hope to have a picture and a longer introduction to present very soon.

The time of the Women's Conventions is with us once more,—the Eastern meeting in Westmount Church, Montreal, Oct. 1st and 2nd, and the Western in College St. Church, Toronto, November 6th and 7th. These gatherings have always been fruitful in good fellowship and enthusiasm, and the planning of forward movements. There is a large body of women who know so well what these meetings mean to them, that they are sure to be there, but they would be more than willing to welcome many new ones—those who have not been one with them before, and so enlarge the circle of enthusiasts in the great cause.

This is the season of the year when the missionaries move Indianward once more. Quite a large number are turning their faces eastward this fall. Miss Hatch, Dr. Jessie Allyn, Miss Murray and Dr. Allyn's sister, who is going for a visit, sail in November, and expect to reach India about December 13th. Rev. and Mrs. Scott are expected to go also, about the end of October. Rev. R. E. Smith sails September

24th. Rev. H. B. Cross sailed on September 7th from Philadelphia. He has left his little daughter with Mrs. Cross' mother in Manitoba. From the Maritime Provinces, Mr. and Mrs. Freeman, Miss Flora Clark and three new missionaries are going.

The General Convention of Ontario and Quebec, meets October 16th-22nd in Park Church, Brantford. This annual meeting means more than any one other gathering to the life of our churches, and the women ought to ask very prayerfully, that guidance and wisdom may be given to the leaders.

Though the minutes of the July Conference in India are not here yet, a number of appointments and readjustments of missionaries and stations are known. Rev. H. B. Cross is to become principal of the McLaurin High School, Rev. A. S. Woodburne acting till his arrival. Rev. and Mrs. Dixon Smith go to Yellamanchili, Miss Corning is to take charge of the Boys' Boarding School at Samalkot, while Miss Marsh will look after the Akidu school-work during Miss Robinson's extended furlough. Miss Philpott will take Miss McLeod's place at Peddapuram during the latter's furlough next year.

An interesting sketch of the Knowlton Missionary Conference was received from Miss Cheney, Ottawa, too late for the September issue. The Conference was most successful both in numbers and enthusiasm, but there were only seven Baptists present out of a total of sixty—a very small percentage. The

programmes followed the usual and satisfactory order—classes in the morning, recreation in the afternoon, and platform meeting in the evening.

The women missionaries of the Maritime Provinces have decided to pledge \$2,000 to erect a memorial bungalow in Bimlipatam to express their appreciation of Miss Laura Peck, one of their number, who died a few months ago.

As was announced in last issue, the Memorial mission house on Howland Ave., Toronto, was sold, but two new houses are being built to take the place of the large one. They are to be ready for occupancy October 1st, when Rev. and Mrs. Chute will move into one of them. The new addresses are 103 and 105 Ellsworth Ave., Wychwood, Toronto.

MRS. HARRY E. STILLWELL.

The cablegram received early in August, announcing the death of our beloved sister, Mrs. H. E. Stillwell, saddened not only her many personal friends, but numbers of others who had learned to know and love her for her work's sake.

Mrs. Stillwell was the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Timpany, our earliest Canadian Baptist missionaries to the Telugus. She was born at Ramapatam, and was at an early age brought home to be educated. It was while in her junior year at McMaster that she met Mr. Stillwell, whom, upon the completion of his theological course in 1895, she married and accompanied to India. In 1904 they returned to Canada on furlough, and upon their return to India the following year, left their two dear children in Ontario.

Next spring, 1913, after a second term on the mission field, they were to have returned to Canada for a second period of rest. But the Heavenly Father, in His infinite wisdom and love,

has seen fit to take our dear sister to a better home than Canada, and to a more perfect rest. She had for a year or two been in poor health, and was more than once threatened with appendicitis, and so was altogether unfit for the severe strain of the past year. On August 3rd, after a brief illness following upon the exertion of removing from Samalkotta to Cocanada, both school and home, and that in India's hot season, she succumbed, and her spirit passed peacefully away at Hanamankonda, at the home of her brother, Dr. Stuart Timpany. The remains were taken to Cocanada for interment, and, after a beautiful memorial service, in the presence of a number of fellow-missionaries and many Telugu friends, were laid beside those of her father, in the English cemetery.

The above is a brief outline of a beautiful life, but gives nothing of the many joys, sorrows, anxieties, and triumphs of the varied experiences and loving, devoted service of seventeen years in a foreign land, for the sake of Him who loved us and gave Himself for us, and to whom, "there is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female," for we "are all one in Christ Jesus."

Her years on the Vuyyuru field, as wife of a touring missionary, were filled with duties of various kinds. The boarding school was her particular charge, and not only did she give hours each day to the classroom, but spent freely of her strength in the daily looking after supplies and the general oversight of all the children, to whom she was indeed a mother. In addition, she was interested in the work all over the field, and made herself familiar with the needs of the Christians from all the villages. All this, and more, coupled with the oversight of her own home, the many duties attendant on tender love for her children and con-

stant help to her husband, whose every interest was hers, combined to make her life full to overflowing, and far-reaching in influence.

During her years in Samalkotta, where the larger school of higher grade claimed the whole time of her husband, her quiet help was even more opportune, for here were students from every field in the mission, and there was none but felt the sweet influence of her personality, rich, strong, and true, like the deep, powerful current of a great river.

And as the work developed, and the High School in Cocanada became a necessity, no one realized its importance more than she. Bravely she stood by her husband, as he, at the close of his second strenuous term in India, gave the last year, while still carrying on the regular work of the seminary, to the oversight of the erection and equipment of the new buildings. Looking forward with the yearning heart of a mother separated for years from her two dearly-loved bairns, to joining them in a year's time, and in spite of feeling continually the growing physical weakness which finally rendered her unable to bear up against the last illness, she struggled silently on, and worked far beyond her frail strength in order that she might be with and sustain her husband through the months of overwork and anxiety.

And now she is not, for God has taken her. Her place is vacant, and our hearts are sad.

What words better describe her beautiful character and life than these?

"She opened her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue the law of kindness.

"She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness.

"Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her.

"Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

"Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates."

J. F. ROBINSON.

THE WOMEN THAT PUBLISH THE TIDINGS.

Palli Mary of Ramachandrapuram.

Miss Lucy M. Jones.

Palli Mary was born of out-caste heathen parents. Though they owned some land and were, in consequence, not poor, they had none of the rights which belong to the caste people, but were allowed to work in the fields and to care for the cattle of their more fortunate fellow-villagers. As there was no school for the out-castes, Mary grew up quite ignorant.

When a very little girl, she was married, but continued to live with her parents until the age of thirteen, when she was sent to her husband. It was in her husband's village, Kaleru, that Mary first heard the Gospel story from a Christian man, who was teaching in a village a few miles distant. During some of his occasional visits to Mary's home, she heard him speak, but could not understand his message. Later on, when a Baptist teacher from Nalluru, a couple of miles away, came to Kaleru, she listened to him and began to understand. At the time that her eldest child, a boy of five, became sick and died, in spite of offerings given to idols, Mary craved for real comfort, which she could not find in her religion. Just then, Miss Hatch visited the village and reached Mary's heart by the Gospel message. When Miss Hatch went to the homes of the women, who said they would believe, Mary invited her to go to her home, and, as the missionary prayed, the mother's faith became fixed. Her husband had known about Christian teaching, but was afraid to accept it, lest he could not stop swearing, or make a living if he kept Sunday. However, he gained courage at this time, and one Sunday, when his wife was unable to walk to Church, he was baptized. She received

the ordinance the next week. From the time of Miss Hutch's visit, the teacher from Nallura visited the village each Sunday, and Mary learned only a sentence of the Lord's Prayer each time.

It was after their conversion that husband and wife learned to read. They were then the parents of three children; two others had died. The husband brought home one or two letters on a scrap of paper, and painted them on a board, so that he would be able to study while busy with his carpentry. Mary took the opportunity of learning the letters by writing them in the ashes while she was at her cooking. She learned to form all the letters before she learned their sounds. Although her husband was much slower than herself, he gave her every encouragement. When a Christian school was opened in Kaleru, she sent her two eldest girls and attended herself, whenever there was no field work. By studying when opportunities came, she completed the first and second Readers in a couple of years. During this time, she learned Bible lessons and told them to all whom she could. After a dozen whom she had taught, had been baptized, Miss Hutch sent her to the Canada Boarding School for six months, to study and become a Bible woman.

About nine years ago, Mary was given her first work in a village. There several Christians had gone back to Hinduism. After only one year, however, her house was burned, and she returned to Kaleru. After this, she went to Malapadu, where she remained three years, and was the means of bringing back to Christianity three families. Two other families, also, confessed Christ. Here, several caste women learned from her. Four years later, one of these women sang one of the hymns she had then learned, though no teacher had visited her in the interim. For four years, Mary worked

again in Kaleru, where she was listened to by caste-women, although she had been a cooly-woman in that very village.

During this time she toured with the missionary a great deal. Owing to her unfailing politeness, caste homes open to her readily. Her quickness in comprehending new truths, and her skill in presenting these through homely illustration, and in simple terms, make her almost invaluable to a new missionary. In her hands Bible stories become real, and I have seen women tremble as she told of Christ's sufferings on Calvary.

Two years ago, Mary and her husband, with Kantamma, a widowed daughter, and a trained teacher, were sent to Angara, a new and large village, where were only five Christians, and those very ignorant. Kantamma teaches, but it is Mary who gathers and holds the children. She is alive to every opportunity, and has taught hymns, portions of Scripture, or Bible stories, to the school-children, their older sisters, this or that group of mothers, and opened up many homes in the Caste part of this large town, steeped in idolatry and superstition, and boasting of its many temples. This dear woman has shed many tears over the sin and ignorance of Angara. She prays, and longs for its redemption. With her mind filled with truths from the Old and New Testament, she labors for its salvation. Will you not become her fellow-laborers for Angara?

"Give me these links: First, sense of need; second, desire to get; third, belief that, though He withhold for a while, He loves to be asked; and fourth, belief that asking will obtain—give me these links, and the chain will reach from earth to heaven, bringing all heaven down to me, or bearing me up into heaven.—Dr. Guthrie.

A LETTER FROM VUYURU.

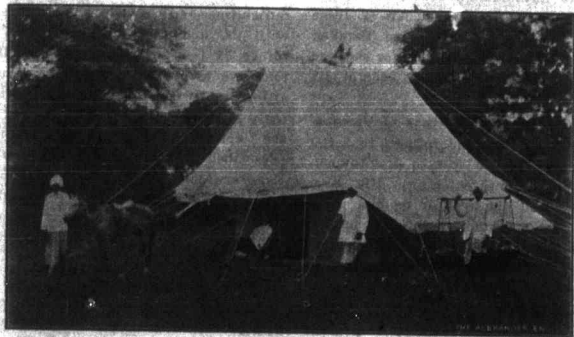
Dear Link,—I thought this letter written by my Bible-women in Vuyuru, might interest you. It shows their own intense interest in the work and how they appreciate the fact that although now so far away, I am still deeply interested in every detail of it—even down to the vagaries of the "crazy pony," who is such an important factor in the touring, that his conduct is of more than ordinary account! The villages they mention are, of course, ones that we have visited together many a time and oft, and they know

supply. I hope in English the translation conveys to the reader something of the life and spirit it breathes in Telugu.

K. S. McLaurin.

To the presence of our loving "mother," Miss McLaurin, your children, K. Amelia, J. Simtosham, P. Mariamma, and the new Bible-woman, C. Kantamma, with many salaams and greetings, write as follows:—

Amma, by the grace of God and your prayers of faith, we are thus far well, and trust that you are the same. But a few days ago we heard that a great sorrow had befallen you. As soon as



MISSIONARIES IN CAMP.

that I know the conditions in each one as I would those of my own home. Many a time have we mourned together over coldness and hardness of heart; or rejoiced over signs of life and growth! Always have we prayed and praised together.

I have interpolated explanatory remarks of my own, here and there, in brackets. Otherwise the letter is translated word for word, leaving out no allusions which might seem trival were it not for the "local color" they

we returned from tour, the Missammams told us of your father's death, and we are very grieved. We are praying for your comfort.

On the 3rd of February, we started on the "big tour." (We always called it that, because we didn't come home for about two months.) And because we didn't go there last year, we went first to Medur. There, not only did the Caste women listen well, but they learned, gladly, verses and hymns. We had meetings with the Christian women, too,

and they pledged half a cent monthly. (This for the Women's Helpmeet Society dues. The members support a Bible woman.) Not only these women but in every village the Christian women, gladly promised, some, two cents a month, some one, and some half a cent. They did it with joy, when we went and exhorted them.

Some caste women learned the Beatitudes, the Lord's Prayer, and hymns. When we went to Kordali with Miss Zimmerman, they listened gladly without making any trouble at all. (A village where we could hardly get a hearing at all when I went.) When we went to Ratnamma's house, she listened quietly, while we spoke of Jesus Christ's love, for which we thanked God—(and well they might, for she was the worst of all, and used to keep others from listening.)

When we went this year to Vemansipilly, where they had refused to listen to you and troubled you so (not to mention abuse and threatening!) Miss Zimmerman and the rest of us had much fear. But we went, casting our burden on the Lord, and by His grace the men met us, and after conversing with us first, gave us leave to speak to the women. They listened to us humbly and earnestly, and asked us to come again. When we said we would, they begged us to come to their village (fourteen or fifteen miles from Vuyyuru!) once a month! Thereupon we gave God great praise. (But who will go to them, and many more just as eager, once a month, while our little force of workers is occupied in touring the field?)

This year we saw a new village. No one had ever gone there before. Its name is Eelachetiavanedibba. Only one Christian lives there. He, Abraham, with his wife, Sarah—only one family. All the rest are Yanadis (a sort of gipsy tribe) and fishers. This village is twelve miles from Pedda-

palam, our furthest out-station on the Vuyyuru field, about thirty-five miles from Vuyyuru. The sea is only two miles from there, and we saw the sea, too. We went to that village without Miss Zimmerman.

While the Missamma garu and we were out on tour together, the pony gave a great deal of trouble—it would not go (!) Nevertheless the Missamma walked with us to some villages—some days that crazy horse would go all right.

Telugu is "coming" (their idiom for getting a language) to Miss Zimmerman well, now; and for this we are praising God. This was her first tour. Nevertheless, she put up with all the difficulties and hardships right along with us, and toured. Being kept in safety by God's grace all through this tour, we arrived at home in Vuyyuru again on April 3rd, and we came thus early off tour in order to be present at the opening of the new hospital (described in the July-August Link.) Everyone asked for you on tour. Seeing Miss Zimmerman, they would think it was you, and would say, "Do you remember us? You came to our village—are you well?" So then Miss Zimmerman would say, "I am not that Missamma; she has gone to her own village." The ones who knew you well would say, "When is that tall Missamma coming back?" (These would be the caste women—they hardly ever conquered my name.) In this big tour we visited the following churches: Meduri, Srerangapuram, Bordagunta, Challaipalle, A vanigadda, Peddapalem, and Kishkindapalem, and visited and taught in every village around there.

At the time of writing this letter, we are preparing books for the lists of names and collections for the different Helpmeet Societies on the field. Miss Zimmerman is taking great pains in this work. In 1911 our Vuyyuru Helpmeet Societies raised only (about)

\$11.00, while the Akidu societies raised \$23.00. We hope that with God's blessing, we will have more collections this year. Next year (1913) the Association meets in Bordagunta.

Miss Hulet is working very hard in the hospital. God has given us a new hospital. We thank Him for it. Miss Hulet has secured a nurse from Pithapuram.

Our children are in the boarding school. Krupavarti (Amelia's girl), has passed fourth class. I, K. Amelia, find it very hard to educate my children, and would like my salary raised. My land did not yield this year, and so it is hard. We are very sorry you have not written us lately. (A letter is now on the way.) And we look for a letter from you. Please do not forget to pray for us, and for our children. Up to the present we have been cared for. Pray that we may serve God with zeal and power. Miss Zimmerman is sending Martha, (who has been training and studying in the Vuyyuru boarding school for four or five years), and Mariamma, the new Biblewoman, to Co-canada (for special training). We send our loving greetings to you. Please give our loving salaams to your mother. Our children send you kisses. P. Mariamma has a cough sometimes. Just now by God's blessing, she is better.

K. Amelia.

From a book edited by Confucius is clipped the following:

"A wise man builds up the walls of a city,

But a wise woman overthrows it.

Admirable may be the wise woman,

But she is no better than an owl."

THE McLAURIN HIGH SCHOOL

Miss Laura J. Craig.

The McLaurin High School, built with Canadian money and on co-Canadian soil, as the headmaster wittily remarked, was opened on Dominion Day—a fitting celebration. At a quarter to eight, the Assembly Hall was well filled with delighted and expectant pupils. On the platform sat Rev. H. E. Stillwell, the principal, Rev. A. S. Woodburne, who is carrying much of Mr. Stillwell's work at present, and Mr. Palmer, the headmaster. Along the wall, and just below the platform, were ranged the Telugu teachers; and on the other side were the girl-students and myself. Half the hall was occupied by boys of the first three years, on the floor, in Oriental style; the other by the senior students, who enjoyed the dignity of chairs. After reading of the Scriptures and prayer, at the end of which all joined in the Lord's prayer, the roll was called, and then the headmaster proposed three cheers for Canada, and the same for Mr. Stillwell.

The Assembly Hall, in which we meet for prayer, and roll-call twice a day, is a large, fine room, on the second storey. On both sides, doors open out on a balcony, and at each end are two classrooms, occupied by the highest forms. Down stairs are the remaining class rooms, offices, the science room, and the library with a collection of over seven hundred and fifty books. A small building beside the school is used for the Theological Department. On the other side is the principal's bungalow. Near by, and in full view of the bungalow, are the boys' dormitories, a one-storey building of seventeen rooms, built around three sides of a courtyard. The High School itself with its vantage of two storeys, and built of stone, is the most imposing building in the compound. Beside the entrance is the slab bearing the inscription,

This corner-stone was laid by the Rev. Elmore Harris, D.D., of Toronto, Canada, on November 23rd, 1911.

"Christ in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." And this text is, I believe, set forth in the classes.

Not only have Christian boys and young men from all over the Mission, taken advantage of the opportunity of coming to this school, but many Hindus, also, have come. The only other high school in town is the Rajah's college nearby. But the Hindu students were generally dissatisfied, because they imagined that the boys belonging to the Brahma-Somaj were being shown partiality; consequently, when a new school was opened, they gladly left the college. About half the students enrolled are Hindus, many of whom are caste people. But, in spite of caste, it is not an uncommon sight to see a Hindu and Christian seated side by side. At present, there are over three hundred pupils enrolled, twelve of whom are girls. Like girls all over the world, they do not seem to mind the presence of boys and men who far outnumber them. In fact, when I asked one girl how she was enjoying the school, she replied with a smile, "Very happy, madam." Some of these "fair co-eds," to quote a favorite Canadian phrase, have homes in town; the rest board at Miss Pratt's school, and are chaperoned to and from school by an old woman. During school hours, they are supposed to be chaperoned by the English teacher, but appear to be able to look after themselves—perhaps because of the rule that the boys are not to speak to them without permission.

Although the school includes classes from the Fourth Class to the Fifth Form, we are taking only the first two years of High School work, for the Fourth Form, in the Indian secondary

school, is equivalent to the First Form in the Canadian High School. Next year, we hope to have a Sixth Form as well.

Most of the English in the three highest forms is entrusted to me. Even in this short time, I must confess that I have been overwhelmed at my lack of knowledge, for it is often no easy task to explain in English that all the pupils can understand, the meaning of a word that is continually used, and, therefore, seldom explained. But, taking into consideration that these pupils are taught not only a foreign language, but in that same language, I am often surprised at the readiness with which they grasp my meaning. Sometimes, to prove that they understand me, they give the Telugu equivalent. Great insight was shown by one pupil, who defined "prime minister" as "chief complementor of the king."

The formal opening of the building was not held until the evening of July 12th, when the missionaries and Christian boys assembled to listen to several addresses, a Telugu poem composed specially for the occasion, and some music. Mr. Palmer and Mr. Abraham, head of the Theological Department, spoke, beside some of the missionaries. A unique feature of the programme was the presentation to the school of the Bible used by the late, beloved Rev. John McLaurin, D.D., in honor of whom the school has been named. It was presented by his son, the Rev. John McLaurin, and accepted on behalf of the school, by the Rev. H. E. Stillwell.

The future of the High School looks exceedingly bright, for already, had we the rooms and the teachers, we could enroll many more students. Could you who have helped in any way to erect and support this school, visit Cocanada and stand at the doors of the Assembly Hall or class rooms with others who

have been drawn by the friendly curiosity of the East, and see for yourselves what your gifts and prayers are doing, you would be glad to have had a share in this work.

Cocanada, July 17th, 1912.

COURAGEOUS CONFIDENCE.

Psalm 56:3, 11.

When Israel's great psalmist was moved to explain,

The path he so patiently trod,
He gave to all ages that sacred refrain
Which tells of the goodness of God.
He knew that the Guardian by whom
he was led,

Was gracious and faithful and just;
And therefore with joyous assurance he said,

"When I am afraid I will trust."

And those who are burdened with sorrows and cares,

When trials and hardships abound,
May have that strong courage which never despairs,
Which in the great psalmist was found.

For he who is ready his Lord to obey,
Has armour that carries no rust;
And strong in the strength of his Lord
he can say,

"When I am afraid I will trust."

And He who is calling His servants to press

That work which appeals for their aid,

Is ready to honor and strengthen and bless,

The heroes who are not afraid.

And He who makes fountains of healing to spring,

Gives beauty for ashes and dust;
He causes the soul of each hero to sing,

"I will not be fearful but trust."

—T. Watson,

Iona Station, Ont., 1912.

MISSIONARY NEWS.

Turkey with its four years' old constitution, has not made the progress a good many hoped. And yet, as the Missionary Review says, there are many advances to be noted. There is freedom of thought and freedom of speech, as witnessed by the many political clubs. There is to a large extent freedom of the press, where there was none before. And what seems to be much valued by those concerned, there is freedom of travel. It is quite possible that the outside world was looking for too much change in a short period.

The McAll Mission of France, which has been the means of so much good work, celebrated in June last, its fortieth anniversary. The very delightful way of doing it was by dedicating a splendid new building provided by the American branch. It is in eastern Paris, cost £20,000, and has two assembly halls, class rooms, club rooms, playground, gymnasium, roof garden, and evangelist's quarters.

What better work is being done than that by the Bible societies? The American society has just sent away seven tons of Bibles, and not one printed in English. They were in Spanish, Portuguese, and a number of Indian dialects, and were destined for South America. The Quechua Indians of Peru and Bolivia, in which, of course, we feel an especial interest, and of which there are 1,500,000, have now many books of the New Testament printed in their language. Preparations are being made to overtake the great work there will soon be to do for the sailors passing through the Panama Canal. What that work will be, may be guessed when even now 1,500 new ships are being built for the canal business.

How much do most of us know about our Eskimo fellow-Canadians, who live in Greenland, Labrador and towards and in Alaska! Though comparatively little is said about them, they have not been neglected. In the north of Labrador alone, there are about 1,300 of them. All these are professing Christians, and many of the others in different parts of the north. Many of them are educated—they are civilized, truthful, honest and happy, and have been well instructed in many trades, and in better methods of hunting and fishing. The Labrador section is so peaceable that there is not one policeman or even justice of the peace living in the whole country.

The Mormon authorities practice the adage, "Eternal vigilance is the price of success." It is estimated that there are 2,000 Mormon missionaries at work in our own country, and other English-speaking countries. 1,000 new missionaries are sent out each year, each missionary working for two years, and they average two or three converts each a year, which means four or five thousand annually going over to this false doctrine. Their resources seem to be limitless, and they can count apparently on absolute devotion from their people. This menace is very near to us, and we would do well to adopt "eternal vigilance," also.

A remarkable gathering took place in Beirut, Syria, a few months ago. The Greek Patriarch, of Antioch, visited the city and invited representatives of all the religious sects to a dinner. There were invited Greek Catholics, Roman Catholics, Armenians, Maronites, Syrians, Protestants, Moslems, Druses and Jews. All came but the Jewish Rabbi. Differences were sunk for the time, and good feeling prevailed. It was surely a curious gathering.

We have been searching for a new woman doctor for our work in India for some time. And our mission is only one of all the missions in feeling the pressing need. There are 150,000,000 women in India, and the great majority of these cannot, and will not, have attendance from any but a woman. One can only imagine all the ills which must be among this vast number of women,—and in all India to-day, there are approximately only 400 women doctors to meet the need.

What would be most unusual and somewhat startling in a home church, has taken place for the first time in China. A woman has been appointed a deacon of a Congregational Church in Canton. She is Miss Lem, a medical doctor. Will the practice become popular?

CASTE.

Miss May Curtis.

What is caste? Lord Kelvin said. "What is electricity? We know that electricity exists. We are conscious of its presence in the way of light, heat, sound, but we do not know what it is." Nothing could more perfectly illustrate caste. You cannot live long in a conservative part of India, in close contact with its people, without being conscious of its presence. If you come in conflict with it, it manifests itself in a flash of opposition, the hot rage of persecution, the roar of the tumult of the crowd. But try to define it and you find, you cannot do it. It is not merely birth, class, a code of rules, though it includes all these. It is a force, an energy. There is spirit in it, essence hidden as the invisible essence which we call electricity.

We need only look at what it does. A few months ago a boy of twelve

resolved to be a Christian. His clan, 8,000 strong, were enraged. There was a riot in the streets—in the house the poison cup was ready. Better death than loss of caste.

In another town a boy took his stand and was baptized, thus breaking caste. His caste men got hold of him, and next time he was seen he was a raving lunatic.

In another part of the field a low-caste man and his wife partly believed. The village soothsayer warned them, "their 'father's god would be angry.'" They didn't heed, but went on, and suddenly their baby died. This was too much for their faith, and both went back to idolatry. A few years after their eldest child began to learn, and the mother's faith revived. The soothsayer and her husband reminded her of the babe, but she was brave, and let the child learn. Then her cow died suddenly. "Did we not tell you," so they said. She was staggered at first, but then became more earnest in faith. So the soothsayer threatened worse. A caste meeting was called to determine what could be done with this woman. The husband attended this meeting, and was treated to some rice and curry. He became violently ill on his way home, and died. The relatives said the woman was the cause of her husband's death, and took her only son from her. They gave her two weeks to mourn and return to her god. Then, finding her mind fixed on Christ, sent her to Burmah. This surely shows the power of caste, of the cruelty that would hound a poor woman down, and send her bereft of all she loved into exile. And when you remember the caste was "low," which they took such infinite pains to guard, you can imagine what the scorn and hate would be if the caste were higher or high.

Look at caste in another way—its power in the common things of life.

For example, take a kitchen and the operations of cooking. The kitchen in every Indian household is a kind of sanctuary or holy ground. The mere glance of a man of inferior caste makes the greatest delicacies uneatable. If such a glance happens to fall on the family supplies, during the cooking operations, when the ceremonial purity of the water used is a matter of almost life or death to every member of the household, the whole repast has to be thrown away, as if poisoned. Food thus polluted would taint the souls as well as the bodies of the eaters. If one were to break the caste by Baptism, she could take no part in the cooking,—her presence, her shadow, above all, her touch, would be simply pollution.

If a merchant becomes a Christian, no one will buy his goods. If a weaver, no one will buy his cloth. If a dyer, no one will buy his thread. If a jeweller, no one will employ him.

Every particular occupation in life represents a particular caste. Thus it can be understood how matters are complicated. A man wants to become a Christian, say from the blacksmith or carpenter caste. As a Christian he loses his trade, and has been trained to no other. A lad of the brassworker caste, once came to the conclusion that Christianity is the true religion. His father was not strong, he had to support his mother, little brothers and sisters. If he became a Christian, no one would buy his vessels, no one would sell him brass, and he knew only inherited trade. This makes work in India difficult. One little lad where the missionary visited had suffered for months, had hardly slept. The missionary begged them to take him to the hospital, but they said to go to the hospital was against their caste. Then she pleaded to let her take him and try to ease the pain, but they said if he died away from home, it would dis-

grace their caste. The little lad lay moaning and crying from some eye trouble. They told him to cry softly or they would put more medicine in. It was found out the medicine was raw pepper mixed with alum. So they could only pray for the good Shepherd to come and take the child.

Is not caste a cruel thing? To most of us caste is only a name. To those of India it is unspeakably strong, unmercifully cruel, and yet it is in their part of their very being. It is the strongest foe to the gospel of Christ on Hindu fields of India.

Wyecombe, Ont.

A paper read at Langton Mission Circle.

THE "BIG TOUR."

Miss C. M. Zimmerman.

There were so many interesting incidents connected with my first long tour, that I often wish I could sit down with you and talk about them. There was one new village of Y—— which we visited. The Bible-woman told me they had tried to enter it three years before, but they had not been allowed to do so. We were moving our tent to another centre and intended visiting one or two places on the way. This village was one. Before entering, we asked God once more to allow us to enter, and our prayer was answered. The men folk were not very gracious, but after much talking, we received permission to sit on the verandah of one of the largest houses in the village. The men sat at a little distance to hear what we had to say to their women; but one by one they came nearer as our little Santoshamma poured out her soul to those women who had never heard before. For two hours we talked and sang, and then rose to go. Can you imagine our joy when the head of the family turned and said: "Come again; come once a month. As we turned to

leave that home, a man who had been a silent listener while we talked, asked me to come to his house. Gladly we followed him to the far side of the village. The women of his house came and listened well. After four or five hours, we left the village feeling that God had indeed been talking to those people, and wishing that we could do as they had invited us to do. How often that oft-repeated sentence rings in my ear, "Come again; come every month."

That same day we were passing through the village of C——, and stopped at the house of a Kams family. A very large crowd gathered to listen. During the singing of the first hymn, I was looking around and noticed that women were peeping through the small windows in a wall which surrounded a large Brahmin residence. Presently a Brahmin widow appeared. She was leaning over the wall. She had heard from the lady missionary many times, but wanted to hear more. She talked intelligently about the "new religion." A Kams man in the audience was taking part in the conversation, which became rather lively, to say the least. He said he had never sinned, so had no need of the Saviour of whom we talked.

The widow whose life had been full of sorrow, was seeking for something better. Before we left, she said, "I do believe this Jesus is our Saviour." Then she darted down behind the wall. We may never see her again. Pray that she may find Him to be her Saviour indeed.

I would like to ask for special prayer for these dozens of caste women on the Vyyuru field: women who are interested and yet are so bound by caste. God alone can break the bonds that tie them down.

Another day we had spent in the village of K——. The women were

glad to see us. They had remembered many things which they had heard year after year. Two women had told their friends of the Saviour, who gave His life for us all, and they wanted to hear more. When Rutnamma saw us coming she quickly put away her curry stuff, washed her hands and went to call her friends. Then she seated herself, and was ready to listen.

Her intelligent questions and answers caused us to thank our Father once more for the message of Salvation which giveth light wherever it goes. That Light we believe is shining in Rutnamma's heart, and she is letting it shine for Him in her own village.

From her home we went to another house, where Blind Pitchamma lived. She sat very quietly while the teaching went on. The text was Matt. 5-3, which was explained by telling the story of "the Pharisee and Publican."

I had been watching Pitchamma. She was clean and neat. Her white hair was neatly combed, but especially did I notice the light that shone in her face, as she said, "Please say that verse again." She repeated the words carefully and slowly, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven." Then folding her hands and lifting her sightless eyes to Heaven, she prayed, "Oh, God be merciful to me a sinner." "I will pray that prayer every day; I want to go to see Heaven; I want to go there. Oh, show me the way!"

It was getting dark; we had to go back to the tent. I was tired, but that was a day to remember. Surely our blind Pitchamma has had the eyes of her soul opened. Surely she shall see the King in His beauty, and the land that is (not) very far off." Pray as you never have before for the women on the Vuyuru field.

MEMORY VERSES.

(To be Studied.)

WHAT HAVE WE DONE TO-DAY?

We shall do so much in the years to come.

But what have we done to-day?

We shall give our gold in a princely sum,

But what did we give to-day?

We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,

We shall speak the words of love and cheer;

But what did we speak to-day?

We shall be so kind in the after while,
But what have we been to-day?

We shall bring to each lonely life a smile,

But what have we brought to-day?

We shall give to truth a grander birth,
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,
We shall feed the hungering souls of earth;

But whom have we fed to-day?

We shall reap such joys in the bye-and-bye,

But what have we sown to-day?

We shall build us mansions in the sky,
But what have we built to-day?

'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask,
But here and now do we do our task?
Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask,
"What have we done to-day?"—Ex.

The only women who are exempt from foot binding in China are the Hakkas and the women of the imperial palace. All the rest go upon crippled feet. One little child who belonged to a very good family was obliged by being betrothed into another rich family to have her feet bound exceedingly small. The mother was a heathen, the father a Christian. Her mother sent for a woman who was very skilful in the matter, and the feet of the poor child were bound with a long Jinen bandage so tightly and in such a way that the bones of the feet were broken. The poor little child was in an agony of pain, and besought her mother to be released, but she only scolded her. To her father the child said, "I am suffering so much, do take me up in your arms." He took the little one up and then asked him to "pray to Jesus that she might go to the ladies' school where children's feet were unbound." Her father did pray to Jesus to soothe the agony of the little child, and tenderly walked up and down the room with her in his arms. Presently he felt her head fall heavily on his shoulder, and when he looked at the little face, he saw that the eyes were closed and that the Lord Jesus had taken the spirit to be with Him. This is only one case of many.—"Gist."

Youths' Department

THE BOY WHO CARRIED THE MESSAGE.

(During the Boxer rebellion in 1900, when missionaries and other foreigners were prisoners in Peking, and the outside world supposed all were slain, a Sunday-school boy, sheltered in the British Legation to save his life, was chosen to carry a message to our army at Tientsin, which brought rescue.)

When the century was dawning
And of peace and hope we sang,
Then in China old and hoary,
Hate and bitterness upsprang.
Thousands joined to drive the Chris-
tians
Once and always from the land;
And the cry, "Kill, kill the Chris-
tians!"
Sudden rose on every hand.

You remember the strange story—
What in old Peking befell
When the gates shut in our workers,
And all "foreigners" as well—
And the world outside was sure,
Such the silence and the dread,
That the Christians had been conquer-
ed
And were numbered with the dead.

But those living prisoners waited
For the help that did not come;
Waited for the sound of cannon
And the beat of friendly drum.
Had their friends forgotten? Was the
World unmindful of their fate?
Surely troops must soon relieve them,
Soon, or help would be too late.
Could they send a pleading message?
Eighty miles the word must go
For in Tientsin were the soldiers
While between was massed the foe.

Then a Chinese boy came forward—
He would risk his life to save
Those who taught him "Jesus' doc-
trine,"
Which to him such courage gave.
Silently the night closed round them;
O'er the wall so high and grim
Cautiously the boy was lowered,
Prayers and blessings following him.
"Come to us soon or we must die."
This the message that he bore,
Written close on slip of paper
Hidden in the garb he wore.

So he started on his journey.
More than once the lad was caught,—
Boxers searched him, beat him sorely,
Tried to drown him but could not,
For a hat'd Divine was leading
Through the darkness, through the day;
Guarding him who bore the message
From the perils all the way.

Weary, faint, he reached the soldiers
With the message,—that brave boy!
And at length found one who read it
With surprise and shout of joy;
"Those we mourned as dead, are
living!"
Through the ranks was borne the cry
And like one man rose the soldiers
Dangers ready to defy.

"On to Peking! to the rescue!"
Not a moment then to waste;
Through the cruel, hostile country
Marched the men with eager haste,
You remember how they levelled
Walls and gates of old Peking,—
How they freed those "praying Chris-
tians"
While the world was wondering.

But where'er you tell the story
In a tone of pride and joy,
Don't forget who bore the message,—
That heroic Chinese boy!

—L. A. S. in Miss. Monthly.

MISSION BAND.

LESSON VII.

I. Scripture Topic—Pride and Humility—Luke 18:9-14.

Following the lesson talk, read this story from the pen of our missionary, Miss Murray. As an illustration of Hindoo pride, and of God's wondrous grace, it will not soon be forgotten. "God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble" (James 3:6).

Narayana was our Telugu teacher. He was a proud, proud Brahmin. Like the Pharisee in our lesson, he was proud of his high birth, proud of his bathings, and fastings, and other good works, and looked down upon those of lower castes. Especially did he treat with contempt the poor out-castes and Christians whom he met at our bungalow, when he came to teach us our Telugu lesson. He would guard his garments carefully lest he come in contact with these despised people or they with him, and would grow quite angry if any of them touched even his shoes, which, according to Hindoo custom, he always removed and left outside the door when he entered the house.

Every day we read with him of Jesus Christ from the Gospel, but to him it was just another lesson. He was a Brahmin, and not a poor sinner, "as other men are," and did not need a Saviour. It seemed that in vain we talked with him, and prayed for him. His heart did not soften. That was in 1894. I saw him again in 1908, fourteen years later. He was much changed outwardly. His hair, once jet-black, was quite gray. His body was lean, and he had quite the appearance of an old man.

He had been teaching missionaries the Telugu language, and reading the Bible with them, almost ever since, but his heart had not changed. It was even harder than before. Indeed, one missionary told me that she had made

up her mind never again to speak to him about Christ or salvation, unless he desired it. Shortly after, Narayana fell sick, and was in great need. The missionaries knew nothing of it, but God put it into the hearts of two of them—one, the lady just referred to, the other a nurse—to go to see him. Of course, they did all they could for his body, but never once spoke to him about his soul. They just prayed about that. Then it was that he began to think, Why did these missionaries come to him when he needed them so badly? He had not called them. Who sent them? And why should they of another country, and of another race, care for him in this way? What was the secret? Surely God had sent them, and this was the love of Christ. His hard heart melted. All the pride disappeared like ice and snow before the sun. Calling the missionaries, he confessed to them his faith in Christ. Imagine their joy! He lived to witness for Christ for about two weeks, then God took him to Himself, out of the hard, unsympathetic Hindoo world.

Hindoo friends claimed his body, which they burned according to their rites and ceremonies, but God's servants rejoiced that Narayana's spirit was with the Saviour, whose love had won his heart.

II. "A Child's Prayer," recited by one or more members of the S. S. primary department.

Lord, teach a little child to pray,
 And oh! accept my prayer;
 Thou can'st hear all the words I say
 For thou art everywhere.
 A little sparrow cannot fall
 Unnoticed, Lord, by Thee;
 And though I am so young and small,
 Thou dost take care of me.
 Teach me to do what'er is right
 And when I sin, forgive.
 And make it still my chief delight
 To serve Thee while I live.

III. In Lesson IV., Section II., there was a short note concerning India's present government. And Band members naturally are asking, "But how did the British become the rulers of India?" Let us try to make a short summary of a long, long story. For further study see Hunter's "Brief History of the Indian People."

In the sixteenth century, when the English first went to India, their only desire was to trade with the people. From 1500 to 1600, the Portuguese held a monopoly of Oriental trade. The Dutch were masters of the seas in the seventeenth century, and they also came from the East laden with spices, ivory, pearl, and other rich treasures. Do you wonder that the English longed to share this wealth? A few English merchants took the six-months' journey round the Cape of Good Hope, but this all proved too hazardous a scheme. Finally, a company was organized in 1600, which received a royal charter from Queen Elizabeth. It became known as the British East India Company. There were 125 shareholders, and £70,000 capital. At first, the Company simply bought saleable articles to dispose of in England. As business increased, settlements were formed, and factories built. Some land was purchased, such as Madras, which was their first-territorial possession. Here they built Fort St. George.

India was divided into many kingdoms, some powerful, others petty, and ruled by chiefs, who frequently warred with each other. For protection of property, the Company has a police force, then a small standing army. These native princes sought their aid in war, and, in exchange, would give special trading privileges in their territory, and also possession of certain sections of land. The Company gradually assumed political power, and in 1699 de-

termined to gain more land, so as to be able to resist the oppression of the powerful Moguls and Marathas. "A Governor-General and Admiral of India," was appointed.

But ruling-power in any land is not easily attained. It is so often won at the point of the sword, and men wade to victory through rivers of blood. In 1746, war broke out with the French, and the dream of a French-Indian empire came to an end in a few years. When Lord Clive led his men to victory in the battle of Plassey in 1757, British history in the East may be said to have truly begun. Native kingdoms, one after another, acknowledged the superiority of British arms. Before the end of the eighteenth century, British power was felt all over the Southern Peninsula, and the treaty of Lucknow in 1801 extended it into Northern India. The Sikh war in 1845 and 1849, gave the Punjab to the British. What was the relation of the East India Company and the Parliament all these years? The Regulating Act of 1773 gave definite political powers to the Company. Pitt's Indian Bill in 1784 founded the Board of Control in England. The renewed charter of 1813 compelled the Company to work for India's good government. The last renewal of charter in 1853, was made for no term of years, but just for so long as would suit the Parliament's wishes. Then in 1857 the great Indian Mutiny, or Sepoy Rebellion, broke out in India. There was a reign of terror, and the fighting did not wholly subside for eighteen months. This mutiny sealed the fate of the Company after an existence of two and one-half centuries. Henceforth, the administration was in the hands of the British Crown. To-day all India is ruled by this power, except a small French possession in the south, a little strip on the west coast belonging to Portugal, and three native

independent states—Nepal, Sikkim, and Bhutan.

In 1877 at the durbar in Delhi, Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India. In 1902, there was a durbar for King Edward VII. King George and Queen Mary heard the proclamation in person, before 100,000 people, December 12th, 1911. And has great Britain been a benefactor? Rustom Rustom Yee, editor and proprietor of a powerful newspaper in western India, and prominent in Oriental affairs, in religion a Parsee, is visiting America for the first time. His opinion is that British occupation is a blessing. The postal service, the telegraphic system, irrigation, commerce and peace he assigns as results of their presence. He says: "Even the sternest critics of the English, among the classes, would fight tooth and nail for her, if there was danger of invasion from Russia, or any other country."

SARAH STUART BARBER.

THE SCHOOL-GIRL'S VISIT.

Dear Link: This morning when the church service was almost completed, and the Christians were making their monthly offering, we had an interesting visit. Ten of our little Caste School girls, looking fair and pretty, and dressed in clean skirts and bright jackets, came to the church door. I asked one of the eldest, Sathemma, a girl in the third class, why they had come. She said there had been no rain, so last week in their homes and in school they had prayed that God would send the rain. He heard their prayer, and sent two heavy showers. So to show their gratitude they each came, bringing a thank-offering.

They sang a hymn for the church people, made their offering, and after joining with us in prayer for more rain, left. May God save these little ones, and through them many of their people.

The lack of rain is causing much suffering. In Ramachandrapuram itself, 300 houses were burnt down during the hot season, and in nearby villages fire has destroyed some large sections. Since returning from our holidays we have been besieged by people needing help. Until the rains come, many can get no work, and until new crops come, the price of rice, which has almost doubled, will not decrease.

As I write, I hear the hacking cough of one of our Biblewomen. She was only taken on to the work this year, and two months after developed consumption. She is a wife and mother, and if she receives the home-call, they will miss her very much.

Yours sincerely,

LUCY M. JONES.

THANKSGIVING DAY—OCT. 21.

"The best thing that hearts that are thankful can do
Is this: To make thankful some other hearts, too;
For lives that are grateful and sunny and glad
Should carry their sunshine to lives that are sad,
For children who have all they want and to spare
Their good things with poor little children to share—
For this will bring blessing, and this is the way
To show we are thankful on Thanksgiving Day."

—The Missionary Helper.

WOMEN'S CONVENTION OF ONTARIO WEST, 1912.

The annual convention of the Women's Home and Foreign Missionary Societies of Ontario West will be held in the College Street Baptist Church, Toronto, on November 6 and 7.

The annual meeting of the Foreign Society will be held on November 6.

Delegates.

The Constitution of each society permits the following:

"Each Circle is entitled to two delegates for a membership of twenty or less; for each additional twenty, one delegate. These delegates must be full members of the society—that is, life members or contributors of at least one dollar a year. All are invited to attend the meetings, and may take part in the discussions, but only delegates, officers and members of the Board are entitled to vote."

BESSIE M. PUGSLEY,
Recording Secretary.

RAILWAY CERTIFICATES FOR CONVENTION.

Railway certificates may be obtained from agents at starting points on purchasing a full rate (one way) ticket. If delegates travel over two lines of railway it will be necessary to obtain certificates from each railway. These tickets are only good for use three days before and three days after the meetings close (Sunday not counted) if the delegates go and return by the same line.

An agent for the railway will come to the church to sign certificates, when a fee of twenty-five cents will be required to be paid by each delegate.

M. C. STARK.

BOARD MEETING.

The quarterly meeting of the W. B. F. M. Board was held at 27 North Street, Friday, September 13th, at 2 p.m. The President occupied the chair, and conducted the devotional exercises. Twenty-eight members were present. The minutes of the quarter were read and approved.

Miss Moyle reported that sufficient funds have been raised by private subscription to erect a suitable memorial stone in honor of Miss Simpson. Several of the Board members spoke in appreciative terms of the work and influence of Miss Simpson, and also of Mrs. Stillwell, who has so recently passed away.

Miss Georgina McGill, B.A., (McMaster, 1911), expects to sail with Miss Hatch this fall, and will engage in teaching instead of taking a medical course, as was first suggested.

The Programme Committee are rapidly completing their plans for the convention, and it is expected that those attending the sessions will find them most interesting.

Mrs. Glenn H. Campbell reported an increase over 1911 in extras and specials of \$573.88, and in regular contributions \$848.29.

The Recording Secretary presented her resignation, which was accepted, and Miss Etta M. Pugsley, B.A., was appointed to the office.

The Link Editor reported satisfactory conditions.

The meeting then adjourned with prayer by Mrs. Firstbrook.

BESSIE M. PUGSLEY,
Recording Secretary.

BILLETING NOTICE.

Circle secretaries are asked to send names of delegates wishing entertainment, to Mrs. J. G. Brown, 857 1/2 Manning Ave., Toronto, by November 1st. Circles are entitled to send two dele-

gates for every twenty or less, and one more for every additional twenty or fraction.

Delegates arriving at the Union Station should take a Bathurst car and transfer to a College or Carlton going west. Convention church is at the corner of College and Palmerston Boulevard.

NOTICE TO CIRCLES.

A number of the Circles outside Toronto have been asking Mrs. Chute to go and address meetings. Mrs. Chute wishes to say that it is quite impossible for her to go out of the city on account of her home duties.

It would be only the part of kindness for Circles to take this intimation and save Mrs. Chute the time and effort necessary to write and refuse requests.

NOTICE TO TREASURERS OF ONTARIO WEST.

Treasurers of Circles, Bands and other organizations are reminded that their books should close on October 15th, and that all money then on hand for Foreign Missions should be forwarded promptly to reach the Treasurer, Mrs. Glenn H. Campbell, 113 Balmoral Ave., on or before October 20th, in order to be reported at Convention this year.

WESTERN CONVENTION PROGRAMME.

The programme for the sessions of Foreign Mission day at the Convention to be held on the 6th and 7th of November, in the College Street Church, Toronto, is expected to be as follows:—

In the morning, after the opening devotional exercises, an address of welcome will be given, to which Mrs. Firstbrook, the President, will reply. The Annual Reports, which are always so full of interest and inspiration, will be

read, thus giving an opportunity to hear how the work has been progressing during the year. Of great interest to all will be an address on Band Work, by Mrs. Bowyer, of Brantford.

The afternoon session will begin with a prayer service, after which the Corresponding Secretary's report will be read. Then will follow addresses by Miss Ryerse, returned missionary from India, and Miss Alexander, who has recently returned from a visit to our mission stations in India.

The evening session promises to be most interesting, the speakers being Mrs. Chute, M.D., who will tell of her work in India, and Rev. W. A. Cameron, of Bloor Street Baptist Church, Toronto.

There will be suitable music at all the sessions, and it is hoped that the spirit of prayer and praise will pervade all the meetings.

ELIZABETH DENOVAN.

THANK-OFFERING.

Again the Home and Foreign Boards unite in requesting the Circles of Ontario West to set aside one meeting at this season of the year as a Thank-offering Service.

We, as women, have so many things for which to be thankful. Into each life has come some blessing. It may be joy, or peace, or quiet happiness, or mayhap the patience to bear suffering. All of us have received many benefits through the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ. Can we not, at this time, which has been set aside for us, bring some joyful token of our thankfulness into the Lord's Treasury in order to send forth the news of that gospel that has done so much for us.

CARRIE H. HOLMAN,

Pres. W. B. H. M. Sec. Ont. W.

FRANCES L. FIRSTBROOK,

Pres. W. B. F. M. S. of Ont. W.

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

TREASURER'S REPORT.

August, 1912.

Circles—

Toronto, Christie St., \$5; Scotland, \$5.50; Fort William, \$4.75; Thamesville, \$2; Barrie, \$6.25; Chatham, Central, \$2.50; Toronto, Immanuel, \$50; Tillsonburg, \$5; Hamilton, Wentworth, \$4.50; Tapperville, \$6.25; East Toronto, \$11; Fullarton, \$5; Wingham, \$5; Sarnia Township, \$1.60; Courtland, \$6; Wheatley, \$3.13; Tiverton, \$10; London, Egerston St., \$6.03. Total from Circles, \$139.51.

Bands—

Toronto, Myrtle Ave., for student, \$17; Forest, \$6; Toronto, Parkdale, for student, \$17; Port Arthur (for student \$4.25, Bolivia \$4), \$8.25; Haldimand, \$1. Total from Bands, \$49.25.

From Sundries—

Proceeds of sale of Miss Hatch's booklet (additional), \$25.33.

Disbursements—

By cheque to General Treasurer, on regular estimates for India, \$811.91; furlough, \$66.67, and \$41.67. Extra—Lepers, \$5.05; Treasurer's expenses, \$20.83. exchange, 30c.

Total receipts for August, \$214.09. Total disbursements, \$946.43. Total receipts since October 21st, 1911, \$10,577.73. Total disbursements since October 21st, 1911, \$10,960.66.

MARIE C. CAMPBELL,

Treasurer.

MRS. GLENN H. CAMPBELL,

113 Balmoral Ave., Toronto.

CIRCLE AND BAND NEWS.

Talbot St., London.—On September 5th the ladies of the Talbot St. Mission Circles held their annual rally. We were favored, indeed, in having with us Rev. C. C. McLaurin and Mrs. Mc-

Laurin, who gave splendid addresses on the work in the great Northwest. Tea was served, and a social half hour spent. We are looking forward to a bright year spent in the Master's service.

MRS. J. B. CAMPBELL,

Press Corr.

Weston.—Our annual business meeting of the Mission Circle took place at our September meeting, and we go forward in this year's work with renewed interest. By prayer and love we hope to accomplish that which He pleaseth. We invited representatives from the other Missionary Societies of the town to be present to hear Miss Alexander, who has recently returned from India, speak to us. Miss Alexander truly gave us a treat, and by her talk and the curios which she brought with her, the meeting was most interesting and profitable. We feel got nearer to the missionary's life, her work, hardships and trials, and we know that what they need most from us at home is prayer. Let us "Continue instant in prayer."

ETHEL L. MASTER, Sec.

Norfolk Association.—The last week of August was a red letter week in Norfolk County, for then Miss Hatch visited us, a treat which was thoroughly enjoyed.

Rallies were held at four centres, and a large number of the Circles and Bands were thus reached. Members of the Bands had been previously drilled in a list of questions and answers on our work in India prepared by Miss Hatch. Contests were held, resulting in pen-nants being awarded to Boston, Villa Nova and Tabernacle Bands. Miss Hatch's addresses were listened to with intense interest, and we are looking for renewed interest in our Circle and Band work as a result of her visit.

S. M. PEARCE, Director.