

HOLIDAY NUMBER

# Canadian Missionary Link

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## AN IDEAL PRAYER

Not more of light I ask, O God  
 But eyes to see what is,  
 Not sweeter songs, but ears to hear  
 The present melodies,  
 Not more of strength, but how to use  
 The power that I possess,  
 Not more of love but skill to turn  
 A frown to a caress,  
 Not more of joy, but how to feel  
 Its kindling presence near,  
 To give to others all I have  
 Of courage and of cheer.

No other gifts, dear God, I ask,  
 But only sense to see  
 How best these precious gifts to use  
 Thou has bestowed on me ;  
 Give me all fears to dominate  
 All holy joys to know,  
 To be the friend I wish to be,  
 To speak the truth I know,  
 To love the pure, to seek the good,  
 To lift with all my might  
 All souls to dwell in harmony  
 In freedom's perfect light.

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VOL. XXXIX.

TORONTO, JULY-AUGUST, 1914.

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## A CALL TO PRAYER.

To-morrow we must go to press, and as yet the Editor has received no special message of her own for the first page. Usually there is something crowding her thoughts for utterance, driving her pen to share it with you.

To-day it is different.

True, there something that must be said—something big and burdensome—but how to express it? It was too great for her feeble pen.

Turning to one of her exchanges for suggestions, she found there what she wanted said and what she verily believes the Lord has sent us for this page this month. And so with apologies to no one, but many thanks to Miss Belle M. Brain, of New York, by whom it is conducted, we take from the Department of Best Methods in the May number of the "Missionary Review of the World" the following extracts:—

### Drawing on Unseen Resources.

"One of the most notable utterances at the recent Student Volunteer Convention at Kansas City was that of Doctor John R. Mott: "We must draw more on our unseen resources."

The convention was itself an object lesson on the power of prayer. Blessed of God as these quadrennial student gatherings have ever been, this one, the seventh since the formation of the Student Volunteer Movement, was the greatest of them all. The attendance was large and the interest was intense.

Wherein did the power of the convention lie? Not in a popular, emotional programme. "Never was a program more puritanically simple," says "The Missionary Herald." "John R. Mott can never be charged with creat-

ing or permitting any effects that stir the emotions. Not even an occasional burst of applause was permitted. It was the array of actual conditions on the fields that comprised the appeal to student life. There was no persuading; no urging to place their lives in the missionary enterprise." Yet there were many new recruits for foreign missions, and thousands of young men and women went back to their colleges with lives transformed and hearts on fire for God.

Nor was the attendance the result of advertising the programme or the speakers. "One of the remarkable features of this, compared with former Volunteer Conventions," says "The North American Student," "was the fact that little or no effort was made to advertise the names of even the most prominent speakers who were expected to be present." Nor were there announcements of the programme while the convention was in session. Every delegate had to be in his place at every session or run the risk of missing the greatest speech of the convention. Yet the hall was filled three times a day, and in the evening the number turned away at the doors increased from 1,000 on Thursday night to 3,000 at the closing session on Sunday evening.

Whence, then, did the power come? From God, through prayer. The indispensable place of prayer in all the work of the convention was emphasized at every point, and for weeks beforehand appeals were sent out for the purpose of enlisting intercessors. "Far more money was spent in asking for co-operation in prayer than in any advertising of speakers or programmes," says a leader of the Movement.

Both before and after almost every

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"O LORD, SEEK US, O, LORD, FIND US"

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session at Kansas City, little groups gathered for prayer in various parts of the convention hall, and each day cards were distributed urging the observance of the Morning Watch, so that the convention was constantly praying for itself. And by special agreement there were many praying for it in all parts of the world. In his masterly address on "The Power of Prayer," which so deeply moved the hearts of his hearers, Doctor Horton said that if he was wielding any power it was not his own. The secret of it lay in the fact that by previous agreement, at that very hour, carefully computed as to time, there was a band of praying men and women on their knees in London, pleading with God to bless the message of their pastor across the sea in this far-off city.

#### Solving Financial Problems Through Prayer.

During the past five years the Church Missionary Society has been accumulating a debt which last year amounted to \$370,000. Dismayed by the vast proportions it was assuming, a conference was called at Swanwick, England, to carefully investigate the matter and decide what to do. Not only the officers and leaders of the Society were invited, but all who had the interests of its work at heart. At the conference more time was devoted to prayer than to plans and methods. Note the result. Before the end of the year the entire debt had been wiped out and nearly \$100,000 had been added to the permanent income of the Society! Instead of the retrenchment all along the line that had seemed the only way out, great enlargement has now become possible.

At the close of 1912, the China Inland Mission found itself in sore financial straits. The income had been the smallest for sixteen years, and only by shaving salaries and postponing fur-  
 loughs was heavy debt avoided. But, true to its practice of asking God, not man, for funds, the China Inland Mis-

sion betook itself to prayer. Ere long a gift of \$50,000 from a living giver and a legacy of \$250,000 from the estate of Mr. William Borden came to their relief, and enabled them to enter upon the advance movements that had been planned.

#### The Lack of Public Prayer.

Mr. Benjamin Starr, a layman of Homer, New York, has been investigating the amount of prayer offered in the average church for the spread of the Gospel. Having recently made the rounds of a number of churches, visiting their Sunday and regular mid-week services to see what they were praying for, he gave the results of his investigations at a conference of the United Missionary Campaign at Schenectady, N.Y.

"I have found," he said, "that in the majority of churches I visited there was almost no time spent in prayer for the salvation of the world. In some of these churches there was no mention whatever of the cause of missions in the prayers. In one the whole matter was disposed of in a single petition: 'God bless the missionaries and their ministries.' The praying was all selfish. 'The Lord bless our church; our pastor; our prayer-meeting; our Sunday school; our homes; our children; our sick; our city'—all selfish. Anyone who will take time, as I did, to visit the churches and analyze the prayers, will be grieved to find how little public prayer there is for missions."

At Silver Bay, last July, the Rev. George F. Sutherland, Secretary of the Department of Missionary Education of the Methodist Church, spoke along the same line. "If the prayer we hear in public is equal to that offered in private, the total is pitifully small," he said. "And the public prayers we hear are altogether too vague. We ask God to bless the heathen and the missionaries, and stop there. But that is not praying for missions. Real praying for missions

## IN THY PATIENT CARE;

is definite and intelligent, and includes the missionaries (special ones by name), native pastors and helpers, Biblewomen, evangelists, native churches, hospitals, schools, colleges, and so on ad libitum." To this Mr. Sutherland added the following good advice: "Do not pray for all these things at one meeting. You will do well if you cover the whole ground in a year. Whatever you do, don't pray for the heathen in a lump. Take them in sections, that is, by fields or stations."

## Praying for the Heathen.

"How ought we to pray for the vast multitudes who have never heard of Christ?"

Some months ago this question was sent to "The Sunday School Times" for discussion in the department, "Questions in the Prayer Life," conducted in "The Times" by Mr. Henry W. Frost, of Philadelphia, Home Director of the China Inland Mission. Mr. Frost's consideration of it, somewhat condensed, was as follows:—

"The way to pray for the heathen, in the first place, is not to pray for them; for there are some prayers which must precede such a prayer.

"First, we are to begin with ourselves, since the following questions ought to be settled before God: Are we ourselves right with God? And if we are right, are we ready to answer our prayers for the heathen by doing all we can for them, in giving, and, if need be, in going?

"Second, we are to begin with the church at home; for the heathen will never be saved and blest unless the church is quickened and God's chosen ones in it sent forth as His witnesses.

"Third, we are to begin with the missionaries already on the field, for these are God's channels of salvation and blessing to the heathen about them, and they need constant reviving in spirit, soul, and body.

"Lastly, we are to begin with the native church in the midst of the heathen; for extensive and intensive evangelism depends upon the native Christians, and the work of reaching the masses will never be accomplished until prayer is offered and answered for these.

"When the soul has been exercised about such subjects as the above, then—and ideally, then only—is one prepared to be an intercessor in behalf of the heathen.

## Training in Intelligent Prayer.

In his advanced study class on China, at Silver Bay, last July, Mr. B. Carter Millikin, Secretary of the Presbyterian Department of Missionary Education, laid great stress on the importance of intelligent praying. "The crisis is on in China," he said at the opening session of the class. "We have been praying for such an awakening for years, but now that it has come we lack the intelligence to pray for it."

In order to train the class in intelligent intercession for China, one of the assignments for work at the first session was to bring in three written prayers suggested by the subject-matter of the first chapter of the text-book to be studied, "The Emergency in China," by Doctor Potts.

The next day, when the class closed with a season of prayer for China, Mr. Milliken asked the members either to read the petitions they had written out beforehand to offer spontaneous prayers based on the discussions of the class-hour. The result was a season of intercession, remarkable for its intelligence, definiteness, and fervor.

.....  
: "Mission study classes should be :  
: schools of intercession."—W. E. :  
: Doughty. :  
:.....

## BE THY LOVE BEFORE, BEHIND US,

## Methods of Conducting Services of Prayer.

Maps and Prayer.—Maps are great inspirers of prayer. At a conference of the Southern Methodist Church, held in New Orleans in 1901, it was the privilege of one of the speakers from the North to occupy a seat next to Mrs. F. Howard Taylor (nee Geraldine Guinness), of the China Inland Mission. Above the platform hung an immense map of the world, and it was a sight never to be forgotten to see that devout and earnest missionary turn her face to the map whenever there was an intermission between speakers, or a pause of any sort, and fix her gaze upon it. From the expression of her face, there could be little doubt that she had withdrawn herself from the world, and was redeeming the time by interceding with God for the redemption of the world.

Doctor Somerville, of Scotland, used to declare that a pocket atlas of the world was the best of all prayer-books, and while moderator of the Free Church Assembly in 1886, proved his assertion by a series of remarkable prayers, in which he interceded for all the nations of the earth in turn. The states and territories of the United States and the divisions of India and other non-Christian lands, together with many of the principal cities in each, were prayed for by name and with an intelligence that showed a wide grasp of the whole world-field.

At Kansas City nothing inspired more prayer than the great map of the world above the platform, showing the fields where volunteers had already gone to work of Christ. "One of the greatest moments of the convention," says "The Missionary Herald," "was when the great silence fell upon the audience, and continued for the space of twenty minutes, while Doctor Horton led us in intercession for the continents in turn—North America, South America, Asia, Africa, the Islands, Europe—ending

with his own country, Great Britain, and his own city, London." He closed with these words:—

"Gacious Father, permit us all henceforth to be intercessors for the Kingdom of God. Enroll us on that great roll of those who plead for the coming of the Kingdom with effective power. When we are separate from one another over all the countries of the world, may we constantly unite in spirit together, as we do at this moment, to plead with Thee for the coming of that Kingdom, and to exercise this united ministry of intercession through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

.....  
: "Can we not duplicate every :  
: woman working in China by a pray- :  
: ing-mate definitely set apart to the :  
: work of intercession at home?"— :  
: Mrs. Helen Barrett Montgomery, in :  
: "Helps for China's New Day." :  
: .....

## Missionary Prayer Lists.

Keeping lists of special persons and specific objects to be prayed for is one of the best aids to systematic and intelligent intercession for missions. This was one of the things especially recommended to beginners in the prayer-life by Doctor Horton at Kansas City.

It is the custom of the Rev. Ding Li Mei, the greatest evangelist in China (some say, in all the world), to keep long lists of those for whom he prays himself and whom he asks to join him in praying for others. This is one of the secrets of his marvellous power. When in China, Mr. J. Campbell White met Pastor Ding and heard of the long hours he spent in interceding for those whose names were on his lists, and of the remarkable answers that were granted to his prayers. On his return, Mr. White told his brother, Doctor W. W. White, of the New York Bible Teacher's Training School, all about it. Not long after, when Doctor White was himself in China, he, too, met Pastor Ding. In conversation with the great evangelist, he

## ROUND US EVERYWHERE:

said to him that he would like very much to have his name on one of his prayer-lists. "It is there now," was the astonishing reply. "You are No. —. I knew of the good work you are doing and wished to share in it."

At this season many of us have withdrawn from city homes and the usual "active" service to some holiday camp or summer home. For rest and recreation (let it be a real re-creation), we have betaken ourselves to the wide spaces of the country or to the spicily woods and cooling lakes. Is the time to be spent for personal and selfish indulgence, comfort and pleasure? Rather, should it not be used as a means to freshen and strengthen us—body, soul and spirit—for renewed and more effectual service? Have we any right,—being pledged servants of Christ, to use our holiday in any other way, or for any other end?

And while we are thus withdrawn from the more formal service in church, mission circle or band, what better opportunity could one ask or have given them to engage regularly and definitely in that most "active" of all service—the service of prayer, than these free days?

Is it too much to ask of our readers who are away on vacation, to set apart a definite hour each day for private prayer for our foreign mission work? And let the following facts concerning our own mission inspire your petitions:—

1. Rayagadda field, with a population of 94,000, and Sompeta field (170,000), are at present without resident missionaries.

2. Yellamanchili field (325,000) and Vizianagram field (367,000) are at present without resident men missionaries—ladies are holding the fort.

3. Our High School in Vizagapatam, with 990 pupils, burned down; \$5,000

urgently needed to purchase new buildings.

4. An open door of opportunity for us Canadian Baptists in Chile.

5. A mission in China calling us to take up work.

6. Foreign Mission Board \$30,000 in debt.

And those who know our denomination best say that without doubt we have in our hands the means of amply supplying this need.

"Lord, is it I?"

K. S. McL.

## FROM MUSKOKA.

Dear Readers.—When you receive your July-August LINK many of you will be in the cities, many at lake or sea shores, many in quiet country nooks, but none of you will be in a more beautiful or restful spot than it is your missionaries' privilege to enjoy this summer. Because this has been made possible, I wish to thank all circles, societies and individuals who have helped with their gifts. God has "abundantly supplied beyond what we asked or thought," and we look to the Giver "of every good and perfect gift" to continue to supply our needs.

I am now in Muskoka, and expect to move into the "Rest Home" next week. It is situated on Stephens Bay, the east side of Lake Muskoka, south of St. Elmo.

Will you all "continue in prayer" for the missionaries this summer, so that we may be strengthened for the work which the Master has for us to do?

Yours sincerely,

BARBARA MOULD.

Box 517, Bracebridge.

## LEST THE GOD OF THIS WORLD BLIND US.

**A HOLIDAY AT THE SERAMPORE SHRINE.**

Darjeeling, 5-5-14.

"Were you ever at Darjeeling, or at Serampore? If so, what I am about to write will not be of much interest to you. I will go on the supposition that you haven't.

We went out to Serampore from Calcutta, leaving at 10 a.m., and returned that evening about 7 o'clock (the distance is only about 12 miles). We had no difficulty in finding the place. "Serampore College" was enough to make our carriage driver know where we wished to go, and as soon as we got into the carriage we were hurried along at a terrific speed through the queerest little winding streets, at times almost in the gutters at the sides, then within a hairsbreadth of the loitering, unoffending passengers in the road who seemed to regard the intrusion as a necessary part of their fate and scrambled confusedly out from the reach of the ponies' feet. In a few minutes' time we drew up before a palatial-looking building, the portico of which is supported on immense high pillars, very like a government house. Just near are other buildings in connection with the College, the homes of the professors, quarters for the students, etc. We had sent word to Dr. Howells, the principal, that we would come, so that he was all ready to show us all about the buildings. The hostel for the students is new, and one or two houses for the teachers; all the rest are the original ones built by Carey and his two associates, Messrs. Marshman and Ward. The English cannot claim the honor of befriending these missionaries, but the Danish King, Christian, who allowed them to settle at Serampore, which was then a Danish colony. It was only when the English discovered their worth and the material advantage they could be to them that they befriended and employed them. With the

salaries thus obtained and by strict economy in the housekeeping by Mrs. Marshman, they were able to erect the immense and pretentious-looking buildings which shall for many years yet to come stand as a living memorial of their consecration and faith. At that time they were the possessors of an extensive strip of land stretching along the bank of the Hoogly River, which is a branch as you know of the sacred Ganges. But the home people short-sightedly and faithlessly sold about half of it to a jute company. Now adjoining the college and its mission church, and, in fact, almost surrounding these, are the buildings of this industry, with all its attendant noise and dirt. Since the college has become an Interdenominational Theological College, including Arts, more ground is imperative, but how to secure it is a great problem to its present promoters. The small town, with its miserable, tumble-down huts, is in close proximity, and spoils the otherwise ideal site.

Facing the College, on the other side of the river, are beautiful villas and magnificent homes, reminding one of a lovely home summer resort. The College proper, as I mentioned above, is a noble-looking building, quite in keeping with the spirit of its builders. Off the main entrance on either side are winding staircases, the bannisters of which are of brass, the gift of King Christian. Each rod, they say, is worth about \$30. In the large assembly hall the walls are adorned with pictures of the Danish Kings, Christian and Frederick, and their wives, and one of Marshman, but not one of Carey. Only below in the chapel room, where the pulpit and the chairs of these men are kept, there is a small painting of Carey and his pundit.

There are fourteen class-rooms above and below, and in the library just beneath the assembly hall are the large book cases, containing all the transla-

## LEST HE SPEAK US FAIR,

tions and the books used for the same, made by these men, principally by Carey.

The translations of the Bible into the different languages and the books used in connection with them number over 500. What a prodigious worker Carey was, and what a colossal mind he possessed! Portions of the Bible into 42 different languages, the New Testament into 26, and the whole Bible into 12, stand us as a living testimony of his almost inconceivable ability and his abounding faith in the Scriptures. Besides all these, Carey's Grammar and Sanskrit, and his Bengali dictionary are being used to-day as authorities by modern lexicons. And among all these books is Robert Morrison's Chinese Bible, which had to be brought over to Serampore to be printed, as no press existed at that time in China. These men had also the great honor of introducing the steam engine into India. The engine used in connection with their press being the very first one in the country. Before all these wonderful accomplishments we stand awed and humbled. How puny and oh! how insignificant all our efforts seem in comparison! If only our vision is broadened and our faith deepened, then shall the day not have been spent in vain!

We then visited the Mission Chapel, which served originally as the second dwelling place of this trio and their wives, the first being a vacated tavern, now extinct. Later this same building was occupied for a short time by Judson, and while there his little girl was laid to rest in the cemetery made sacred by the earthly remains of the above-mentioned sainted man.

Before visiting the cemetery Dr. Howell took us out to a knoll overlooking the river some distance to the right of the College, upon whose eminence stands what was originally a house for distilling rum. Later it became a Buddhist temple. After that it was used by

the sainted Henry Martyn as a place for prayer and devotional study. Quite recently, during the Viceroyalty of Lord Curzon, at whose instigation many buildings of historical interest all over India were restored and put into repair, this was repaired also, and within on the wall a tablet inserted, on which are inscribed the words, "Sacred to the memory of Henry Martyn, who died in 1806." As we stood gazing at it we noticed several defacing marks, and these, Dr. Howells told us, were made by some Hindoos at the time of the Swadeshi (Nationalist) movement in 1907, just 50 years from the time of the Mutiny. Otherwise it has been beautifully preserved, and its snow-white top rises like a signal, anticipating the ultimate triumph of that man's petitions before the Throne of Grace. We were reminded of Prayer-Meeting Hill at Ongole, and many other noted places of prayer, not least the Garden of Gethsemane. "On Olive's brow the suffering Saviour prays alone." Would that there were more of such places. Then would "He see of the travail of His soul, and be satisfied!"

From this place we went to the cemetery. Carey, when asked what he wished written on his tombstone, said they might write, "A guilty, vile and helpless worm, on Thy kind arms I fall."

On the same tombstone are inscriptions to his first and second wives. The second wife was a Danish lady of high birth, a real helpmate to him in all his endeavors.

The tombs of Marshman and Ward are somewhat apart, to the right, and in front. We tread softly. If the earthly career of these men were so worthy, what, indeed, would be their state in glory? Twilight was fast falling; we were loath, very loath to leave. What a day! One never to be forgotten, and, coming as it did on Miss Zimmerman's birthday, and the day after mine, it will always be a memorable time to us."

(From a private letter from Dr. Hulet.)

## LEST HE FORGE A CHAIN TO BIND US,

## WHERE FAITH GROWS STRONG.

From the depths of my joy I look up to  
the heights of my old despair,  
And out of the sunlit valley I cry to  
my God—Art Thou there?

Art Thou there, that hast care for the  
hearing of all men's case that be?

Art Thou there? O hark to the weak-  
ling was made when Thou madest me!

By the perilous peaks, by the cold  
black tops I wandered and wept;  
Into the holes of the rock that is  
fringe of Thy mantle I crept;

There in the storm, Thy breath, and  
under the shadow, Thy face,

I was safe, I believed, I had faith in  
Thy ultimate purpose and grace.

Thou hast lifted me down to a land  
where the sunshine is gold on the  
stream;

Thou hast filled my measure with pleas-  
ure, and bodied my daringest  
dream;

But Pride Thou hast made my com-  
panion to whisper—"Who's done  
this but you,

You, alone by your merit and will?"—  
and I think that the word is true.

The wind is a balm on my cheek, and  
I joy in a cloudless sky;

Like manna Thy benefits fall; I  
gather, am proud, and deny;

Thy oil on my head, and Thy wine on  
my lip—hal the glory is mine!

But Thy scourge on my shoulder, I  
know that the blow and the buffet  
are Thine.

Pinck me, O God, from the plain,  
and lift me again to the height,

That in darkness and wrack and des-  
pair I may bend to Thy will and  
Thy might,

I may find again faith and believe, I  
may crouch in Thy shadow and  
see

Glimmer out from the night of Thy  
wrack the star of Thy purpose  
for me.

—W. A. MacKenzie.

## CALLING IN CHINA.

Dr. Harriett Allyn gives some viva-  
cious impressions of a newcomer in Cen-  
tosa. "England was lovely, Germany  
quaint and interesting, Moscow like a  
city of the Middle Ages, but for pure,  
unadulterated queerness China takes the  
prize! We are in a suburb, and the  
farms are right across the canal. You  
should see the perilous path one must  
follow in walking. The fields are sunk  
about three feet below the path, and  
completely filled with water, in which  
the plants grow like weeds. The path  
is sometimes two feet wide, very un-  
even, and in it you may meet a man  
carrying by a pole across his should-  
ers about half a ton of hay. We went  
to see a woman who is one of the river  
people. There are thousands of people  
living in tiny "house-boats." Near the  
shore are tiny houses built on stilts. We  
walked out across a narrow plank to  
one little house, passed it on another  
plank, dropped down a foot or so to  
another, accomplished the turning of a  
corner at the same time, nearly fright-  
ened into fits two cats tied by strings  
to the premises, and then crawled into  
the front door, doubled up like jack-  
knives, because the door was two feet  
high, and likewise two feet above the  
"veranda plank." One room filled the  
house, five feet by ten, maybe. It may  
have been four feet high; we did not  
attempt to stand up! The woman hospi-  
tably presented a three-inch-high stool  
for a chair. You might say that I sat  
in the bedroom, for the close proximity  
of the bedding; there was no bed. In  
the same manner Dr. Hackett sat in  
the kitchen, for her corner held the  
bowls, the infinitesimal stove, and a  
spoon or two. Miss Stockton was in  
the chapel, behind her, paper figure,  
burning incense sticks, etc., proclaimed  
the shrine. When we departed, two  
women from the intervening houses held  
a bamboo pole across the space between

## LEST HE BAIT A SNARE.

the last house and the shore as a railing for the clumsy foreigners, who might otherwise have no more poise than to fall off a perfectly good plank into the water!

In the midst of the call I heard a board rattle down behind me, and turned to see where the neighbors had pulled out the board window between the huts in order to have a look. Curiosity is a polite art in China; it is considered a compliment! Only uninteresting things get no notice, you know! On the way back a water buffalo had an idea of coming out to meet us on a plank on which we were crossing a wide canal. I think the beast failed to grasp the idea that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time. We were somewhat agitated, but a valiant policeman seized him by the horns and caused him to "wait for the ladies."

The other day Dr. Hackett observed a boy taking a partial bath in the tub where the live fish swim in front of a shop. By the way, I have been wondering how the poorer women get a bath, for they live decidedly in the public eye, and would be scandalized to death to let their collar-bones be seen. They can go about with trousers rolled half-way to their hips, but they must wear a collar and long sleeves! Behold, the other day a woman on a boat wanted to bathe. She had on a black shawm and trousers, their usual costume. She went to the side of the boat, drew up a pail of water, dashed its frigid contents down her collar, and, still within the shawm, proceeded to rub and scrub with the shawm itself. This done, she drew another pailful and cast its contents at her trousers, using them as a wash-cloth in like manner. How she dried off history fails to relate. All very neat and tidy!"

## A HOLIDAY IN KASHMIR.

"Who hath not heard of the land of Kashmir,  
With its roses the brightest that earth ever gave,  
Its temples and grottos and fountains as clear  
As the love lighted eyes that hang over the wave."

It was my privilege to spend a few weeks in this beautiful land, and the Editor has asked me to give you a glimpse of what I saw.

I left Palkonda one Monday, and reached Rawal Pindi Saturday morning. From here our party started the following Monday into Kashmir. Srinagar, the capital, was our destination, which we reached at the close of another seven days' travel. So it was just two weeks from the time I left Palkonda until I reached Srinagar (not travelling Sundays, and visiting one day en route), and yet people tell us that India is "a small country at the south of Asia."

Srinagar is 196 miles distant from the railroad at Rawal Pindi, and is connected with it by a good cart road—good, that is, in its normal condition, but excessively bad after heavy rain, when at places the whole mountain side slides down with the road into the Jhelum River, but instead of going all the way to Srinagar by road, our party took a houseboat, and a dunga at Baramula, which is 162 miles from Rawal Pindi. This, though slower, is much more comfortable and enjoyable.

A visitor going into Kashmir is impressed by the grandeur of the scenery. Bernier voices my experience when he says: "In truth, the kingdom surpasses in beauty all my warmest imagination had anticipated." For days we had been steadily ascending the valley of the Jhelum, with its river continually dashing past us, a strong, impetuous stream, now being used in generating electric power, and in irrigating millions



## TURN NOT FROM US, CALL TO MIND US.

of acres in the plains below. Gradually the narrow valley opens out, the enclosing hills widen apart as the rushing torrent becomes a placid, navigable river, and there the famous Kashmir valley lies disclosed, while on the far side stretches the great range of snowy mountains which bound Kashmir on the north.

This country is full of places of interest. The gardens are a source of continual delight. At Nasim there is a series of glorious chenar trees crossing at right angles, and each avenue about 300 yards in length. The Dal Lake is in front, with its waters so still and so clear that the reflection of the surrounding mountains is seen as in a polished mirror. The lotus beds are an additional attraction. The flowers of delicate shades float on the water in hundreds. In the Achibal gardens a little river comes gushing out of the mountain side, and the garden is arranged with a straight line of waterfalls. Here chenar, walnut, mulberry and fruit trees abound.

The famous spring (a great tank) of Bawan is sacred to Vishnu. It is full of fish, fed by Brahmins, and hundreds rush to catch the bread thrown into the water. Here I saw hundreds of devotees coming and going to the sacred cave of Amarnath, 3,000 feet high, where a frozen spring is the object of worship.

I took only one trip up the mountains. This was to Sonamary, the source of the Sind River. From here there is a magnificent panorama of snow-clad peaks. I climbed 11,000 feet up one, and assure you it was a pleasing sensation to run down the snowy mountain side after not having had my feet on snowy ground for several years.

Not only the scenery, but the people add a peculiar interest to the country. The women are renowned for their beauty, with clear-cut features and dark eyes, but withal they are not attractive,

for they are dirty and untidy in their apparel. Men and women wear the same style of unbecoming clothing, without shape, grace, or color. It is surprising how a people so careless in their own appearance can put forth such beautiful work as is found in the Kashmir shawls, rugs, etc.

The population of Kashmir is over 3,000,000, and apart from the city of Srinagar and vicinity, I saw no mission work. One's heart aches for the millions who still sit in darkness, and wonder when this kingdom also shall become "the kingdom of our Lord." At this time many of us are away in the country at the lakes or the seashore, but let us not forget to pray "Thy Kingdom Come."

BERTHA MOULD.

## AN INVALID'S WORK FOR MISSIONS.

Miss Lizzie Johnson, of Casey, Illinois, an invalid and an intense sufferer for 25 years, has raised over \$16,000 by the making and selling of book-marks. This money has supported in foreign lands native Christian workers, who have given an aggregate of a century and a quarter of service. Bishop Frank W. Warne, of the Methodist Episcopal Church in India, recently sent word that he has decided to apply the Lizzie Johnson memorial gift of \$3,800, forwarded to him by her surviving sister, to the erection of a church in Cawnpore, Northwest India, where the congregation has outgrown the building in which it worships. This church is entirely self-supporting, and all the members have been enlisted in the every-member canvass for the new church found to supplement the Johnson gift. Several members are pledging more than a month's salary; and the girls in the Cawnpore school have raised nearly \$35 by their own handiwork.—Miss. Rev. of the World.

## FIND, EMBRACE US, BEAR;

**A HOLIDAY AT KODAIKANAL.**

Off for "Kodai!" Twenty-four miles by houseboat or ox-cart, three hundred odd down to Madras by the East Coast Railway, then after half a day's shopping in the southern metropolis, off again by the South Indian Railway three hundred more to the nearest station for the Palnai Hills (at the southern extremity of the Western Ghats), then a jaunt of thirty miles by ox-cart again to "The Tope," the point where the road begins its ascent to the beautiful hill-town twelve miles beyond—it is a hot, tedious, uncomfortable journey, but bright with anticipation! Heat, noise, dust, glaring sunlight, weariness of body, all combine to intensify the enjoyment of the peace, greenness and fresh beauty of the hills. As one follows the hill path up those last twelve miles of the journey, carried in a canvas chair by four stout coolies, the green trees, the singing birds, the very coolness of the air, and higher up the scent of the eucalyptus trees, give a sensation of rest, and tears come to the eyes, as the blessed promise of renewed bodily vigor and joy of living steals over one. Up, up the winding road swing the coolies, and with the melodious chant, "Hungogan!" make at a dash the last few curving stretches of the way, until one is deposited in front of a hospitable door and welcomed in true "home" fashion by some gone up perchance a few weeks before, and we realize again the joy of being with white people! And behold, Kodai life has begun!

The first few days are spent in rest, and one is content to sit quietly on the verandah and let the peace and loveliness of the scene fill the soul. The gentle slopes on every hand, clothed in trees of vivid green (not thick with a six months' coating of dust, like those just left on the scorching plains below) are a veritable balm to the spirit. Cradled in the centre lies the lake—Kodai's special charm—while on the slopes

everywhere, on the upper, middle and lower lake roads and on others running off unexpectedly around charming recesses in the hills, nestle the houses behind sheltering foliage, each house a harbor of rest for a number of Europeans fled, like ourselves, to the hills, to escape the worst of India's fiery heat. Though Kodai is several hundreds of miles south from our Telugu mission field, an altitude of seven thousand feet makes it decidedly cool, and at nights even cold.

Then begin the walks. Oh, the joy of being able just to walk, and speak English to one's companions, and be comfortably cool! Out from town, over the hills, lead the bridge paths, and away from the town, around and over the hills follow we. Many charming spots call, and day after day, week after week, we answer, paying our grateful respects to them in turn. Silver Cascades, Bear Shola (wood), Fairy Falls, Cooker's Walk, Pombar Woods, and others. But the favorite picnic place is Pillar Rocks, a wonderful formation, where one approaches on the level from the plateau of the hills and finds that the plateau is buttressed, so to speak, by a group of three tremendous "pillars," rising hundreds of feet sheer from the valley beneath. An ideal place for a picnic this, the mysterious pillars being full of surprises in their recesses and caverns, the most wonderful of all being the yawning cave and tunnel called the "chimney," through which it is the ambition of every newcomer to crawl!

And what delightful friendships are formed here! From Canada, the United States of America, England, Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Germany, Russia, Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, and other countries, God's children, representing all denominations, have come to India with the blessed Gospel story. And up here, one season or another, one meets them and learns to know and love them. What can equal such friendship?

## BE THY LOVE BEFORE, BEHIND US,

All strangers in a strange land, all there with a common purpose, the message of salvation from a common Father to those, his "other sheep,"—oh, yes, sweet is such fellowship!

Every season a Convention for the deepening of spiritual life is held, also a Conference of all the missionaries in the "hill station" for the discussion of questions of general interest in methods, etc. And in praise, exhortation, and prayer we gather together and are inspired and strengthened anew.

But a change has come in the weather. Rains are more frequent, and one day comes the word that the "monsoon has broken" on the plains. As this means the great rains of the year and consequently cooler weather down there, nearly the entire population of the town does its packing and prepares for flight. Down the hill and away we go for another year of "attempting great things for God." And lo! our holiday has become but another of the "beautiful pictures of memory," and Kodai has become for the next nine months a "deserted village!"

JANET F. ROBINSON.

## NOTES.

The Little Mission Barrel reports \$23.00 this month, and will keep open all summer!

Miss Jones reached her home in Toronto, and at the time of writing is at Owen Sound, where she has been addressing the Association. Miss Jones, although very tired, is well, and we earnestly hope for her a most happy and restful furlough amongst us. Many of us will want to see her at our Circle meetings, and hear her voice. But first must come well-deserved rest, and plenty of it.

We have received news from Ramachandrapuram of the dedication of the Bell Hospital, the contribution of several friends, the first donors being the two Misses Bell, of Sewickley, Penn.; at which time the Christians of the field took occasion to say farewell to Miss Jones. An address was presented, to which Miss Jones responded, closing her remarks by having all present repeat the following verse with her: "I commend you to God and the Word of His grace, which is able to build you up and give you an inheritance among them which are sanctified."



"Good-bye to Kodai."

## ROUND US, EVERYWHERE."

## ANSWERED PRAYER.

He asked for strength that he might achieve. He was made weak that he might obey.

He asked for health that he might do greater things. He was given infirmity that he might do better things.

He asked for riches that he might be happy. He was given poverty that he might be wise.

He asked for power that he might en-  
pay the praise of men. He was given  
weakness that he might feel the need of  
God.

He asked for all things that he might  
enjoy life. He was given life that he  
might enjoy all things. He was given  
nothing he asked for, more than he  
hoped for.

His prayer is unanswered. He is most  
blest.—From the Congregationalist.

## WHAT YOU CAN DO.

"Will you not pray for us? Each day  
we need

Your prayers, for oft the way is rough  
and long,

And our lips falter and forget their  
song,

As we proclaim the Word men will not  
heed.

"Pray, pray for us! We are but vessels  
frail;

The world's appalling need would  
crush us down,

Save that in vision we behold the  
crown

Upon His brow who shall at length pre-  
vail."

—Selected.

"Folded hands are ever weary,  
Selfish hearts are seldom gay;  
Life for thee hath many duties,  
Active be, then, while you may."

## A HOLIDAY AT HOME.

"My! isn't it hot! How my temples  
throb! The air is like a furnace seven  
times heated! That's right, boy, put  
down the tatties (screens) to keep  
out the glare, and shut the wicker  
doors. Pull, punkah, pull!" The  
wet towel on my head soon gets  
dry, and the sheet attached to  
the punkah soon needs to be soused  
again. From 10 until 3 p.m. the heat is  
almost unbearable, and in the noon hour  
as we recline one almost pants for  
breath. The punkahs are good, too—to  
a long board suspended from the ceiling  
pleated cloth, 18 inches wide, is tacked.  
A rope attached to the board passes out  
a hole in the wall over a pulley, and the  
punkah puller sits outside. Its swish  
back and forth causes a circulation all  
through the room, but it is a circulation  
of hot air. However, one knows very  
readily when the punkah man has gone  
asleep—one of the best ways of disturb-  
ing his slumbers is to silently steal out  
and throw some water on his so-called  
holy tuft of hair.

At 3 p.m. Draw up the tatties, boy.  
What does it look like outside? Not a  
leaf on the trees—oh, yes! see that big  
Flame of the Forest tree by the gate—in  
the hottest weather it has the brightest  
red flowers. There is not a blade of green  
grass to be seen—the whole land is  
parched and baked—great cracks appear  
as a result of the shrinkage from the  
heat.

Look out from the back verandah—  
the river has disappeared, and the peo-  
ple are bending over holes made in the  
sand, and are scooping out the water to  
quench their thirst. At this time the  
tanks often go dry, and cholera and  
other diseases result from drinking  
filthy liquid.

Oh! for some iced water! Yes, if we  
send to the station, nine miles distant,  
it may be bought on the train. But the  
water we drink is not too bad—it is  
brought from a well two miles away,

## "SO SHALL I KEEP

then boiled and filtered and poured in an earthen jar—around this a wet towel is wrapped, and by placing it in the wind the water is kept comparatively cool.

No, we do not go out and sit on the grass in the cool of the evenings—there is no grass, and the thermometer does not drop in India as it does in Canada after a very hot day—and then there are too many innumerable living creeping things to allow one to sit on the ground—we feel far safer sitting on the high stone steps of our verandah.

"What is the use of spending the hot weather on the plains?" one says. "Why not fly to the lovely hills, where the flowers bloom and the cooling breezes blow?" Every missionary would prefer for the work's sake to stay on the plains, for it is then that the people in the villages have little work, and are free to concentrate all their thoughts on the message that one brings. It is, also, one of the best times to come into close touch with the Christians, to have Bible classes for them, to teach them lacework and sewing and other good things. In the early morn one can go out to the Evangelistic schools—this is a time when there is no mud or cold to lessen the attendance of these outside schools, and the dear little brownies enjoy the heat. In the hot weather the people from the villages we have visited often come to the Mission House "to see," and hear, and take away with them a supply of tracts and other good booklets to read. In the evenings, especially on moonlight nights, it is an ideal time to get all the people in a street or village together to hear the blessed Gospel, and their pleasure is increased when the gramophone or magic lantern is used. The missionary who spends the hot season on the plains will, I am sure, not have much of a holiday, as there are so many unique opportunities for service. So when one's nerves and mind and body and spirit are all worn out and one feels as if they could not stand much more, the only wise and safe thing to do is to flee to the hills, where there is no temptation to give out, but where there is every opportunity to regain and store up strength for future service.

MABEL E. ARCHIBALD.

Wolfville, May 15, 1914.

## FOR THE HAMMOCK.

The exigencies of foreign travel seem to have somewhat various and unexpected effects upon our representatives in the field. Listen to this, manufactured by two of our most sedate and sober-minded, under the inspiration of a cart trip to the mission station mentioned.—

"Hitch two oxen to your bundy  
Any other day but Sunday,  
Over black cotton soil and river sand,  
And through the fields of paddy  
We will go to Avagaddy,  
Where the sea breezes blow to beat the band."

\* An accommodation in spelling and pronunciation to rhyme with "paddy."

Query: Who can tell what "paddy" is? Could you draw a "bundy"?

And this:—

A cheerful, though seasick, missionary writes from the Pacific to the Woman's Missionary Friend (Methodist):

"How Balboa named this ocean,  
That I cannot understand—  
But he must have made the error  
When he stood upon dry land.  
Why he called it the Pacific  
Is a mystery to me;  
If he'd dubbed it the Terrific  
Far more suitable 't would be.

"When my five years' term is over  
And I homeward turn my gait,  
Do you think I'll cross this ocean?  
Nay—I go by Bering Strait!"

A certain millionaire did not approve of foreign missions. One Sunday at church, when the collection was being taken up for these missions, the collector approached the millionaire and held out the collection box. The millionaire shook his head.

"I never give to missions," he whispered.

"Then take something out of the box, sir," whispered the collector, the money is for the heathen."—(Pittsburg Chronicle.)

(Puzzle—Find the "heathen.")

## FOREVER IN MY HEART ONE SILENT SPACE,

## NEWS FROM CIRCLES

**Winchester.**—The ladies of the Women's Mission Circle of the Baptist Church held their regular meeting at the home of Mrs. Chambers on Thursday afternoon, May 7th, with a good representation of members and a number of visitors. After the usual programme, an address was read by Mrs. Chambers to Mrs. Blanche, who is leaving for Ottawa in a short time. The presentation was made by Evelyn Cheney.

## ADDRESS.

Dear Mrs. Blanche:—

We, the officers and members of the Women's Mission Circle of the Winchester Baptist Church, desire to express out deep regret at your removal from our midst. We have invariably found in you a most efficient worker in all the varied activities of our church. During a long period you have faithfully and with much success performed the arduous duties of teacher in our Sabbath School, and in any way you could serve the church of your choice you were always ready to confront your best services and faithfully perform any duties assigned you. As you filled the different offices of our Circle, we always found you at your post.

We ask you, on behalf of the Circle, to accept this Certificate of a Life Membership in the Women's Foreign Missionary Society as a token of our esteem and affection.

Wishing you all prosperity and success in your new home, and praying that the abundant blessing of our Father in Heaven may rest on you and yours, we are yours in the Faith of the Gospel.

Signed, on behalf of the Circle:

MRS. J. W. McCORMICK,  
President.  
ANNIE CHENEY,  
Secretary.

Mrs. Blanche was taken by surprise, but thanked the ladies of the Circle in a few well-chosen words.

The meeting closed by singing "God Be With You Till We Meet Again."

**London, Kensel Park Mission.**—At the Association at Strathroy, 1913, Mrs. Taylor (our Director) was asked to visit us and organize a Circle. We had a Band, but no Circle. She came the first Friday in February, and although it was a stormy day, she organized a

Circle with eight members. Seven signed for both Home and Foreign, and one for Home only. One has since joined for Home, now making nine members. We meet the first Tuesday afternoon in each month, in the homes of our members. After the sessions we have been having a cup of tea, a sandwich and a piece of cake.

Our meetings are well attended, and all are anxious to do all they can. The following officers were elected on the day of organizing: President, Mrs. Laskey, 15 Johnston Ave., London; Vice-President, Mrs. Thos. Fortnes, St. James Park P.O.; Secretary, Mrs. A. Thompsen, St. James Park P.O.; Treasurer, Mrs. Perkins, St. James Park O., London; Treasurer of Incidental Expense, Mrs. Brown, St. James Park P.O., London.

We are looking forward to more earnest service for the Master till our Mission will be, as is so often prayed, "A life-saving station." May we be kept by the grace of God, faithful, "the lower lights burning," and the Master depending on us.

MRS. F. A. LASKEY.

**Dunnville.**—The Young Ladies' Auxiliary met in the schoolroom of the church on Thursday evening, May 28th, and elected the following officers for the coming year, viz., Superintendent, Mrs. Robt. Bradford; President, Miss Aches Forrester; Secretary-Treasurer, Miss Clara Gillap; Pianist, Miss Myrtle Foster.

Committees: Floral, Miss Facer; Membership, Miss Ethel Smith; Music, Miss Percy Bush.

Last year the Auxiliary raised \$25.00 for missions. This year we hope to support a girl student at Timpany School, Coacoanda, also increase our home mission offerings 50 per cent.

CLARA GILLAP, Secretary.

## WOMAN'S WORK.

Of the 2,084 foreign students registered in American colleges, technical schools and universities last year, 879 came from Asia. China sent 438, Japan 263, India 102, and others came from Korea, Persia, Turkey, Ceylon, Siam, and the Straits Settlements.

## A LITTLE SACRED SPOT OF LONELINESS.

## ASSOCIATIONAL NOTICES.

Niagara and Hamilton.—The Circles and Bands of this Association met in Port Colborne on June 2nd. Mr. Turnbull, of Port Colborne, assisted by Mrs. Widdicombe, of Welland, conducted the devotional exercises. Mrs. Spencer gave the delegates a hearty welcome to the church and homes of Port Colborne Baptists, to which the President, Mrs. W. H. Cline, of Hamilton, aptly responded, saying the perfection of arrangements and hospitable welcome in the homes had already told us what Mrs. Spencer so kindly expressed.

As the Circles and Bands responded to the roll call, many helpful suggestions were given, and all entered heartily into the discussion which followed, led by the President, on "Ways and means of improvement in all missionary work." Mission Study Books, Missionary Anniversaries, Special Prayer Meetings, Missionary At-Homes, and Missionary Bulletin Boards. "How to turn time and effort into money" was also considered, Missionary Concert, Star Cards, a mile of coppers, and other suggestions were freely discussed.

The Director's report showed a slight increase in the gifts of the Circles, but a decided falling off in the Bands. A more spiritual, prayerful, missionary zeal pervaded the reports, and marked a year of progress.

Mrs. Wm. Raithby, of Dunnville, conducted a very helpful prayer service, followed by a sweetly rendered solo by Miss Pearl Roek, of Port Colborne.

Miss Freeland, of Toronto, gave a well planned and splendidly delivered address in the interests of Band leaders. We must ourselves be interested,—we must have a decided interest in children,—we must possess all the missionary knowledge we possibly can,—we must plan to interest the children in such knowledge, prayer and hard work must ever be emphasized.

"Some factors that help in the religious education of our women," by Mrs. Huddleston, of St. Catharines, brought out some thoughtful points why women

should train themselves for the best work in the Master's Kingdom. The help gained by attendance at Moulton College, the careful reading of the Canadian Baptist and of our LINK and Visitor, were especially referred to. Master Clark Mackie represented Port Colborne Band by a recitation.

The addresses in the evening by Mrs. Holman on Home Missions, and Mrs. Firstbrook, on Foreign Missions, were especially instructive and inspiring, and closed a successful annual meeting.

Mrs. O. C. Grey, of Niagara Falls, very ably assisted as Secretary for the day.

MRS. J. H. HENDRY, Director.

Walkerton.—The twenty-seventh annual meeting of Circles and Bands of the Walkerton Association met with the church at Goderich, June 2nd, 1914.

A business meeting of delegates was opened at 1 Oa.m. In response to the Roll, encouraging reports were received from eleven Circles and five Bands, a new Circle at Kenilworth being among the number. The Directors' report stated that \$401.93 had been raised for Missions. Mrs. Moor, of Toronto, gave a helpful talk in the interests of the LINK and Visitor. The afternoon session opened at 2.00 o'clock with a prayer and praise service, conducted by the President. Mrs. J. H. Marshall, on behalf of the Goderich ladies, welcomed the delegates.

"Home Missions" was presented by Mrs. G. C. Boek, of Walkerton, and "Foreign Missions" by Mrs. J. G. Brown, of Toronto. Both were interesting and helpful addresses and much enjoyed by all present. Solos from Mrs. Dingman and Miss Effie Cook were also much appreciated. The newly appointed officers are: President, Mrs. J. J. Cook, Mount Forest; Vice-President, Mrs. J. H. Marshall, Goderich; Director, Miss Ruby Stovel, Mt. Forest; Assistant Director, Miss Edna McKechnie, Walkerton.

R. M. STOVEL, Director.

Guelph.—The Women's meetings of the Guelph Association were held in the Baptist Church, Stratford, on Tuesday, June 9th, 1914. The morning session was devoted to the business of the Association.

## WHERE TO SET UP

The Director's report showed 19 Circles, 2 Young Ladies' Societies, and 15 Bands, 1 new Circle and 3 new Bands having been organized during the year. The Circles show an increase to their offerings, but we regret to report a decrease in the offerings of the Bands, and the Director urged that this be made up before October.

The Circle delegates gave encouraging reports of their work. We would make special mention of New Dundee, reported by Mrs. Morton, a Circle organized two years ago, with 15 members, and now has a membership of 43, each one paying \$2.00 a year.

The afternoon session was opened with devotional exercises by Mrs. Weland, of Galt, after which Mrs. Merry, on behalf of the Stratford people, extended a warm welcome to the delegates.

A conference on Circle work was conducted by Mrs. Lillie, of Toronto, and many helpful suggestions were given as to how to increase both the membership and contributions. Personal work among the women of the church is necessary.

Mrs. Tyler, of Preston, spoke for the LINK.

The President, Mrs. R. D. Lang, led a prayer service, of which the theme was "being ready for the call of the Master by being busy at the work the Master would have us do."

Mrs. John Lillie gave a most interesting account of her trip through New Ontario.

Rev. A. S. Woodburne, of India, then spoke on the work in India, and mentioned the different hindrances to the progress of the work, dwelling particularly on the inadequate forces. The only way to overtake the task is to educate the Christian Church to the fact that work in India pays as an investment. Statistics do not measure the influence of Christianity.

The Stratford Girls' Band gave a dialogue entitled "How Aunt Polly Joined the Mission Circle," which was thoroughly enjoyed by all present.

The officers for the coming year are: President, Mrs. R. D. Lang, Berlin; Vice-President, Mrs. W. H. Merry, Stratford; Director, Miss G. H. Day, foot, Georgetown; Assistant Director, Mrs. Morton, New Dundee.

S. W. LANG, Secretary.

## EASTERN CONVENTION.

The Annual Convention of our Society will occur on Oct. 6, 1914, in the First Church, Ottawa. Will all the Circles and Bands take notice?

Of late years, the number of delegates from the smaller Circles has been growing less and less, and the officers of the Society are much discouraged at the large percentage of our women who let this opportunity pass, year after year, of becoming more useful to their Circle, better acquainted with the work, and more inspired for service by mingling together with the officers and leaders who bear all the responsibility, and need the encouragement and support of the rank and file.

Then, too, the absentee delegate never shares with us the pleasure of personal acquaintance with the returned missionaries, one of whom is generally with us, and whose presence is always our greatest inspiration.

This year we are specially favored in the promise of an address from Rev. H. E. Stillwell, and no Baptist woman can afford to neglect this occasion of hearing from one whose ripe and varied experience with the Telugus makes him one of our foremost missionaries.

We are asking special prayer for our finances. Can we not help to answer our prayers by beginning at once to make this whole work a more vital and more personal matter than ever before with every woman throughout our convention?

Pray, Give, and Come to Ottawa.

COR. SEC.

## Singing the Lord's Song.

Describing the state of affairs in his neighborhood, the testimony of Rev. C. E. Parker (Vikarabad, India) is: "A few years ago, throughout this district, a Christian song could not be heard, unless sung by a Christian worker, or some little children, here and there, who had been taught. To-day, all along the roads the people are singing praises to God, and the old, obscene songs are given up. The men are singing at the well; the women singing at the mill; the farmers singing in the fields. A few years ago, you heard very few people praying. To-day from thousands of hearts and lips is going up the prayer: 'O, Jesus Christ, have favor on me, remember me, and save me from sin!'"

## THE MEMORY OF THY CROSS

## A CALL.

"Wider and wider yet  
The gates of the nations swing:  
Clearer and clearer still  
The wonderful prophecies ring;  
Go forth, ye hosts of the living God,  
And conquer the earth for your King."

**WOMAN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN  
MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF  
ONTARIO (WEST).**

**TREASURER'S REPORT FOR MAY,  
1914.**

## RECEIPTS.

## From Circles—

Courtland, \$3.10; Rodney, \$8.50; Blenheim, \$3.00; Brantford Calvary, St. George (Union Circle collection), \$6.00; St. George Y. L. (Life Membership account, \$8.10); \$9.25; Hartford, \$4.50; Boston, \$13.00; Round Plains, \$13.00; Brantford, Shenstone Memorial (Life Membership account, \$8.00), \$23.00; Glamis, \$3.00; Kenora, \$3.50; Vittoria, \$5.00; Toronto, Ossington Ave. Y. L., \$2.50; Eberts, \$5.00; Toronto, Walmer Rd., \$35.70; North Bay, \$4.00; St. Thomas Y. L. (thank-offering, \$4.50), \$9.58; Ingersoll, \$25.00; Haliburton, \$4.00; Simcoe, \$10.00; Toronto, Jarvis St. (Miss Priest's Bungalow, \$53.00; additional thank-offering, \$2.87), \$118.20; St. Thomas, Fifth Ave. (thank-offering), \$6.40; St. Thomas, Centre St. (thank-offering), \$11.30; Sault Ste. Marie, \$15.00; Claremont, \$15.00; Toronto, College St. (per Miss Hazel Hooper, for Miss Priest's Bungalow, \$5.00; additional thank-offering, \$1.00), \$15.65; Kenilworth, \$5.70; Bothwell, \$4.10; Tillsonburg, \$3.50; Thamesville, \$6.54; Gilmour Memorial, \$9.10. Total from Circles, \$403.12.

## From Bands—

London, Egerton St., \$3.00; Waterford (Student, \$4.25), \$6.75; Vittoria (K. Manikyamma), \$3.50; Springford

(Student), \$7.00; Boston, \$6.75; Grimsby (Student), \$9.00; Stratford Boy's (Student), \$17.00; Hartford, \$2.00; Glamis, \$2.35; North Middleton, \$1.00; Lindsay, \$7.87; Caledonia, \$5.50; Round Plains, \$3.00; Toronto, Walmer Rd. (Life Membership, Miss Kate McLaurin), \$10.00; Toronto, Walmer Rd., \$8.76; Tillsonburg, \$3.72; Brantford, Park, \$14.25; Chatham, William St. (Student), \$8.85; Forest, \$5.50; Claremont, per Student, \$17.00. Total from Bands, \$140.82.

## From Sundries—

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Brown (Bible woman), \$10.00; Miss M. Sinclair (R. Deenama), \$17.00; Mrs. Wm. Craig (Tuni Bungalow, \$15.00; Muskoka Furnishing Fund, \$10.00), \$25.00; "A Friend" (Miss Priest's Bungalow), \$1.00; Editor's Mission Barrel (Miss Priest's Bungalow), \$52.65; Mrs. W. F. Trowbill (Bible woman), \$17.00; "A Friend," \$25.00; Miss M. Mann (Leper), \$2.00; Bloomsburg Y. L. Club (Miss Priest's Bungalow, \$4.00), \$7.00; East Toronto Y. L. B. C., per Biblewoman, \$25.00. Total from sundries, \$181.65.

## DISBURSEMENTS.

To General Treasurer, recurring estimates, \$946.08; Furlough, Miss McLeod, \$33.34; Extras, Lepers, \$6.66; Bolivia, \$5.00; Leper, Venkamma, \$8.00; Special for Miss Priest's Bungalow, \$300.00; to the Treasurer, \$20.83; Exchange, \$5e.; P. R. Wilson, 1000 postcards and printing, \$11.50; special cards, \$3.00; Balance Muskoka Furnishing Fund, transferred to Mrs. H. H. Lloyd, \$147.46.

Total receipts for May, \$697.57.

Total disbursements for May, \$1,482.32.

Total receipts since Oct. 21st, 1913, \$9,345.99.

Total disbursements since Oct. 21st, 1913, \$9,062.43.

MARIE C. CAMPBELL,

Treasurer.

Mrs. Glen H. Campbell,  
113 Balmoral Ave., Toronto.

## A LITTLE, QUIET GARDEN, SACRED STILL

## Young People's Department.

## WHAT ONE BOY DID.

Good morning, Boys and Girls! Any room for an old friend among you? It is a long time since we have had a chat in the columns of the LINK, but you have had so many friends writing lessons for you to study last winter that you did not need me. There was a story in World-Wide recently about a little boy named Ojun San, a scholar in one of the kindergartens of Japan. His mother told the teacher that he was trying hard to get his father to stop smoking and drinking sake (a drink that makes people drunk). She said, "He just keeps at him all the time, so he has no peace with his pipe or drink. No, smoking is not very nice. I don't like it myself, so I do not smoke; but I am interested to see which will give up first, Ojun San or his father." The teacher looked at the little face turned up to hers, anxious, troubled, and very serious, and said, "You won't give up, I know, Ojun San! Kep on asking your father to give up the drink and tobacco." And the wee boy was sure that he would.

Wonder if all our boys and girls in Canada are equally anxious to see their fathers and big brothers free from such bad habits! What a good thing it would be if the dollars now spent for whiskey and tobacco would be consecrated to the Foreign Mission treasury! Then we would not have to face such a big deficit, but all our energies could be put forth in opening up new work among the hungry multitudes of India and Bolivia. But we must not leave all the sacrifices for the big people to make! How many of our boys and girls will walk (if they live in a city) and put their street car fares in the mission

barrel? Or how many will deny themselves candy, gum, or ice cream, and let the money go towards keeping our dear missionaries free from anxiety about their food or clothes, as they represent us in far-off India, or down south in Bolivia? It made my heart sad to see how many of those who know Jesus Christ who have forgotten the great need of our mission fields this year, and used their money for things that they really did not need. The treasurer and members of the Board cannot send money for the missionaries unless we help, every one of us who know how much we have received more than our little brothers and sisters in heathen lands. Remember, it is "for Jesus' sake," and that will make our little sacrifices easy, for He loved us, and gave Himself for us.

If your schoolmates do not attend Mission Band, just do a little mission work yourselves at home or at school, and try to get all the boys and girls interested in this great work of winning the children in heathen lands for Christ our King.

May God give you success in all you attempt for Him!

SISTER BELLE,

56 William St., Kingston, Ont.

## MISSION BAND CORNER.

Miss Ruth Philpott writes: "I am sure you would be delighted with the little Sunday School children. I have now eleven different schools among the caste children of Samalkot, with an attendance of about three hundred. About one-half of these schools have been newly started this year, so, of course, the children have not yet made much

## TO VISIONS OF THY SORROW AND THY LOVE."

progress. Perhaps you can understand a little of the difficulty of teaching these little ones. They come to us dirty, ignorant and wild, and have absolutely no idea of who God is, or where He is, and, of course, they have never even heard the name, Jesus Christ. It takes hours even to teach them to say the name. Then they have such wrong ideas of everything; they have been taught that it is clever to steal and to lie, and it takes so long for them to understand that it is a sin. We have five little words: 'Do not lie,' 'Do not steal,' 'Do not bow to idols,' 'Do not quarrel,' 'Do not drink liquor,' one word for each little finger. It is a sight worth seeing when perhaps fifty of these naked little restless ones gather around, and, holding up dirty little fingers, shout out at the top of their voices the word pertaining thereto. After I have said it over so often that I feel sure even the most stupid must have learned, I will ask each one separately. I think, without exception, always one or more tell me just the opposite to what I have taught. It takes patience, but it is well worth it. My most interesting school is among the Brahmin children. There are over fifty, and we hold our class just at the temple door. They are much more intelligent than the other caste children, and are so eager to learn. Already they have learned three hymns, the Ten Commandments, several Bible stories about Christ, and many of them can answer from thirty to fifty questions of the Catechism. This is our newest and most promising class. I should be so glad to receive Sunday School primary picture lesson cards from Canada. They please the children more than anything else, and are a great incentive to them to attend and to study well."

## RECITATION—"THE BEST SHE KNEW."

There was a little Hindu girl  
 Se was about so tall (measuring)  
 Each morning she had rice to eat,  
 But didn't eat it all.

Oh, no! She took a little out,  
 About so much, I think (holding out  
 hand)  
 And gave it to a wooden god  
 That couldn't eat nor drink.

She laid it down before his face,  
 And said a little prayer (clasping  
 hands)  
 The idol could not see nor hear,  
 For her he did not care.

She did the very best she knew,  
 'Twas what her mother taught her;  
 She thought the idol old and grim  
 Could help her little daughter.

I want that little Hindu girl  
 To love our Lord in glory (looking  
 up),  
 And I'll do all I can to help  
 Send her "the old, old story."

## THE MAHARAJAH AND THE BIBLE.

The late Maharajah of Travancore had the reputation of being one of the most learned of all modern Hindu princes. Although he himself never accepted Christianity, yet he said these striking words about the Bible: "Where do the English people get their knowledge, intelligence, cleverness, and power? It is their Bible that gives it to them; and now they bring it to us, translate it into our language, and say, 'Take it, read it, examine it, and see if it is not good.' Of one thing I am convinced, that, do with it what we will, oppose it as we may, it is the Christian's Bible that will sooner or later work out the regeneration of our land."—Bible in the World.

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