

# Canadian Missionary Link.

Published in the interests of the Baptist Foreign Missionary Societies of Canada.

VOL. XXXVII.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1912.

No. 6

## YOUR AMBITION.

An editorial note in one of our exchanges tells of a church which, in celebrating its diamond jubilee, was surprised to learn how few ministers and missionaries had come from its ranks through all these years. A band of women in the church have grouped themselves together, under the name, "The Mothers of the Temple," to pray and work that mothers and fathers may be led to influence their children towards the direct service of God. This brings before us what has come to be a problem in our own country. There is a lack of young men for the ministry, and a lack of young women for the missionary field, and for the many avenues of Christian service now open to them. And why is there such inadequate supply? Certainly not because the opportunities are limited. There is continually going up the cry of pastorless churches, and the insistent urging of missionaries, home and foreign, for helpers. In the women's work the departments of direct Christian service are increasing in number all the time—the missionary field, the Y. W. C. A. in its rapid development and many branches, the deaconess' vocation, the district nursing, the teaching profession in home and foreign mission schools, and so on. There is no lack of avenues of service.

The solution so often put forward is that the opportunities in business and professional life for both men and women, are so many and so promising that they tempt the young person choosing a life-work to enter them rather than service which does not receive such ready and visible returns. No doubt this is true, but there is something behind it. Where did the boy or girl gain his or her estimate of what was "success"? Who gave him the idea that money and influence in business and professional life was the "consummation devoutly to be wished"? In nine cases out of ten, does not the influence of the home, the thought and aim of the parents, do this?

Sometimes this influence may be unconsciously exerted by the parents and,

of course, is not less harmful for being so. But it is not so terrible as the avowed opposition in many homes to the thought of any one of the children entering Christian work. Have we not all heard mothers and fathers who claimed to be Christians say, "Oh, I hope none of the boys will go into the ministry." "Oh, I hope my daughter will not feel called to give herself up to missionary work. Surely she can do good work somewhere else."

And why is all this? Why do they speak so? Because the life of the minister and Christian worker is hard; because there is little chance to "get ahead in the world," that is, being interpreted, to make money; because they have to deal with the inevitable "cranks" and numberless discouragements, and so on. But, there is another reason that goes deeper than all these. These fathers and mothers have surely lost hold of the significance of "The things which are seen are temporal; the things which are unseen are eternal." Let the difficulties all be granted, is it not a supremely grand thing to spend one's whole life in leading men and women to God, and in bringing them closer to the Divine ideal? Is it not a vastly better thing than building houses and barns, "doing well," "making rich," and even giving to help the work of God? In saying this, we do not mean in the slightest to belittle the calling of any man or woman—provided he or she is called. That is the point. If one has decided on any other calling because he believes it to be his duty, he is not only doing right to enter it, but would be wrong to try and enter any other work. But it is not of those we speak. It is of those whose vision has not been that of duty, who have chosen or have influenced others' choice from less worthy reasons.

It is quite true that each person is called to some work, and that each work is a noble work when dignified by a consecrated service, but it is also true the minister, the missionary, the Y. M. C. A. leader, the evangelistic teacher, the editor of the religious paper, those who give themselves to directing the affairs

**TREASURER'S STATEMENT**

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

Receipts from Oct. 1st to Dec. 1st (inclusive.)

## From Circles—

Montreal 1st Church, \$10.00; Beebe Plain, \$3.00; Kingston 1st Church, \$6.50; Plum Hollow, \$5.00; Montreal Olivet, \$15.25; Ormond, \$2.75; Kenmore, \$5.00; St. Andrew's East, \$2.00; Brookville 1st Church, \$3.50; Rockland (thank-offering), \$40.00; Dixville (support Bible woman), \$6.00; Thurso (\$10.00 Miss Hatch's Mission), \$13.00. Total \$112.00.

## From Bands—

Olivet, Montreal (support boy), \$10.00; Dixville, \$8.00; Westmount (support girl), \$10.00; Delta (support Multa Chilkamma), \$5.00. Total, \$33.00.

## From Sundries—

Collection taken at convention, Ottawa, \$18.99; Thank-offering from a friend, \$5.00; Mrs. Hopton, Montreal, \$30.00; Mrs. J. H. Ramsay, \$3.80; Members of Dixville, \$1.25; Jenny McArthur estate, \$29.25; Friend for Valluru School, \$39.00. Total \$126.99.

Total from Circles, \$112.00; Total from Bands, \$33.00; Total from Sundries, \$126.99. Total, \$271.99.

JESSIE OHMAN, Treas.

1212 Greene Ave.,  
Westmount.

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

**TREASURER'S REPORT,  
NOVEMBER, 1911.**

**RECEIPTS.**

## From Circles—

Toronto, Elim (for "Venkamma"), \$9; Kincardine (thank-offering), \$7.50; Freulton, \$4; Toronto, Century (thank-offering \$6), \$8; Collingwood, \$5; Toronto, Roncesvalles (thank-offering \$3), \$3.92; Welland, \$2; Jaffa, 80c; Tupper-

ville Union (for Dr. Hulet), \$6.25; Bracebridge, \$4.18; Simcoe, Y. L., \$5; Toronto, Bloor St. Y. L., \$9.93; St. George (for Dr. Hulet), \$8; Eberts, \$5; Port Arthur, \$10; Toronto, College St. (thank-offering), \$10.33; Bothwell (thank-offering), \$3; Delhi (thank-offering), \$9.50; Aurora, \$4; Woodstock, Oxford St. (thank-offering \$9.15), \$15.50; St. Catharines, Queen St. Y. L. (for Ch. Krompamma \$17), \$31; Peterborough, Park St. (thank-offering), \$2.15; York Mills (thank-offering), \$12.75; Pine Grove, \$1.35; Tillsonburg (thank-offering), \$9.92; Mount Forest (thank-offering), \$5; Toronto, Immanuel (thank-offering), \$12.07. Total, \$205.15.

## From Bands—

Haileybury, \$2; Collingwood, \$1.50; Essex, \$2; London, South, for Bible-woman, \$25; Wingham (for "S. Ruth"), \$8.50; Scotland (for "M. Susan"), \$17; Petrolia (for Cocanada Dormitory), \$15; St. Mary's (for student), \$10. Total, \$81.

## From Sundries—

Toronto, Western Ch. S. S., for Lepers, \$3.47; Toronto, Indian Rd. Y. L. B. C., for Edia Alice, \$4.25; Bracebridge, children (sale of post cards), \$1.30; Hamilton Convention collection, \$81.64; Toronto, Steadfast Builders (thank-offering for Rama work), \$80; A Sympathizer, for Lepers, \$20; Toronto, Indian Rd. Y. L. B. C., for Lepers, \$2. Interest on account, \$35.45. Total, \$228.11. Total receipts, \$514.26.

**DISBURSEMENTS.**

By General Treasurer, \$882.17; Cash Book and Ledger, \$2.63; Treasurer's expenses, \$20.83; Directors' expenses, \$22.22; Caretaker (Convention), \$2.50; Exchange, 15c; Rev. R. Smith (Convention expenses), \$3; P. R. Wilson Co. (350 Treasurer's Reports \$4.50, 300 Corresponding Secretary's Reports \$6.50, \$11; Postage for Foreign Corresponding Secretary, 75c. Total disbursements, \$949.50.

Total receipts since October 21st, 1911, \$772.43. Total disbursements since October 21st, 1911, \$949.50.

MARIE C. CAMPBELL,

Treasurer.

MRS. GLENN H. CAMPBELL,  
113 Balmoral Ave., Toronto.

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of the Kingdom, and others of like occupation have more and better opportunities of doing direct work for God than any other class, and it ought to be and is a supreme honor to be called to any one of these places. No other consideration ought to weigh for a moment with the individual, and with the home. The conditions accompanying the work may not be ideal, but that is not the responsibility of the one called, and that is not what he or those who have influenced him must answer for.

Surely our Baptist homes might well swing back to the old ambition of the homes of the Motherland—to have at least one child directly consecrated to God's service; to see that this service is placed before the boy and girl as the highest possible; and to pray that the entering of such service may be the privilege of one here and another there.

#### MISSIONARY NEWS.

It is evident that while the Bible is a closed book to such vast numbers of Roman Catholics, there are large numbers and growing numbers eager for the word of God. A congress of Romanists was recently closed in Paris, whose object was the promotion of spirituality among Catholic families. They avowedly aim to have the Bible read in schools and catechism classes, to have public reading of the Bible at all masses without a sermon, and to present Bibles to those who are confirmed or married. This is surely a good movement, and "as the entrance of Thy word giveth light," it is sure to result in good.

From Eastern Turkey comes this somewhat amusing example of desire for education, and with it a desire for life on a higher level. The extract is from the letter of one of the missionaries of the A. B. C. F. M.:—

"One of our new boys is from a small village two days away. He came on foot, bringing three liras (\$13.20) and this interesting tale. His father and brothers desired to seek their fortunes elsewhere. So giving Hanna three liras to buy a wife and set himself up in business, they left for parts unknown. But Hanna, preferring an education to a wife, at least for the present, brought his entire capital to apply toward his school expenses, and is diligently studying his 'alif-bey's' and multiplication tables."

Encouraging news from Mexico is that the new President of the Republic is confessedly Protestant in his sympathies, and so a bright day seems to be dawning for Mexican missions. Teachers, preachers and evangelists of ability and thorough training are much needed.

Very closely akin to missionary work are the anti-alcohol exhibitions which are being held in very many towns of Switzerland, Italy and Germany. In one German town alone 3,717 school children attended, 4,708 soldiers were sent by their officers, the officials of the city government, the railway employees, besides thousands of the general public were seen. 106 lectures were given on the effects of alcohol, etc., and much illustrative material shown.

The mountaineers of the Appalachian range, said to be three million in number, have, as many know, been left out in the progress of civilization and learning. It is only lately that schools are springing up for them here and there. One of these is a Baptist Institute at Oneida, Ky., with nearly four hundred pupils, and more and more pleading for entrance. They tell us that these mountain boys and girls will come forty miles, sometimes on foot, sometimes on horseback, with their little bag containing one change of raiment, all to get a "chance to learn things." When, as so often happens, the dormitories are full to overflowing and they are turned away, the disappointment is tragic, and the "fetched-in women," as they call the women teachers, often take them into their own rooms. The school has five departments—normal, agricultural, primary, Kindergarten and domestic science.

Italy, which stands for Papal power to most of us, is being sown with Baptist seed, and is bearing fruit, sometimes abundantly. One of the missionaries of the Southern States Baptists reports a hundred baptisms on his field for last year, and many more requesting it. The Italian Baptists of that southern part of Italy have just been holding a convention, which was marked by wonderful enthusiasm and liberality. There is a seminary at work, too, training the young people in our faith. These facts open to us the vast opportunities before us on all hands as Baptists, and ought

to inspire us to more enthusiastic propagation of the Gospel as we understand it.

Sometimes we are inclined to believe that our work in foreign lands touches only the depressed classes, and while we may be glad to help them, we wish some of the mighty, some of the noble, might rally to our ranks. It will be encouraging to any who think thus to read of these influential Christian laymen in China. There is one official of high rank recently baptized who now supports twenty preachers at an expense of \$7,000 annually. Another is a doctor in Kankow, who carries on a hospital where 50,000 patients are treated each year, and whose work is known in many provinces. Still another is a principal of a great educational institution in Tientsin, and is also a social reformer fighting foot-binding and kindred abuses. And still another is director of the Y. M. C. A. in Tientsin, which is about to erect a large building, to which one wealthy convert has given \$13,000. It may be that "not many mighty, not many noble" are called, but when they are, they can and do accomplish a great work.

The Baptist World Alliance has not come any too soon. We need a world consciousness, for we find our people everywhere. In Rio de Janeiro we now have four churches. One is trying to erect a building to seat 1,500. The Bible Class here numbers 150. These people publish a paper of their own, and have in connection with their work a school with 236 students. Surely they are a bright light in the darkness of Romanism.

It seems as if Prague, in Bohemia, were intended to be the centre of a great religious movement in Europe in the near future. In 1915 will be celebrated the five hundredth anniversary of the martyrdom of John Huss, and it is said that all Bohemia is getting ready for it. Men everywhere are turning from the Roman Church with eagerness, and it looks as if a rich harvest were awaiting the reapers in this field.

Siam is becoming rapidly a progressive, modern country, and in so doing is becoming a better field for Christian work. Bangkok, the capital, has a

population of 700,000. English is the court language, the King is eager to try reform, and his chief adviser is a Chicago man. Buddhism is the national religion, but it is fast losing its hold, and the missionaries already there see a fruitful field opening up before them.

We of the Christian faith are not the only ones who have missionaries, and who are trying to propagate their religion. The Mormons report over 2,000 missionaries on the field, scattered over nearly every country of the earth. In Scandinavia alone, where our Baptist principles have seemed to meet the needs so thoroughly, they report 50,000 conversions, and the emigration of 3,500 of the "saints" to Utah.

The plans for a great Hindu university in India, to be situated at Benares, have been in the making for some time, and now we have the announcement of a Mohammedan university to be established in Calcutta. The Government is to grant a charter and \$32,000 a year.

We have grown accustomed to the fact of infant marriages in India, and perhaps they have lost something of their horror for us, but, simply to read the figures revealed by the last census, brings a realization of what this awful custom means. There are 2,273,245 wives under the age of ten, 243,592 under five, and 10,507 baby wives under one year of age. Every one of these babies and little children will be a widow if the husband should die, and will suffer the terrible fate of the Hindu widow, a fate which is still almost inevitable, though there are some breaks in the darkness.

South America is running a race with North America in the matter of immigration. Chili and Brazil and the Argentine are perhaps the States receiving the greater part of the foreign increase. Among the immigrants to Chili and Brazil are Japanese, and more than 15,000 of them are to be found along the coast. About 1,500 come yearly to Chili. They are treated with greater favor there than in North America. There they may buy land and exploit mines, their children are educated free of charge, and they may become naturalized in two years.

Russia is very much before us these days as a ripened field for a harvest of conversions. The opportunities are simply limitless. In St. Petersburg alone we have four Baptist churches, German, Estonian, Lettish and Swedish. . . .e are much hampered, however, by not owning one single house of worship. Mr. Fetter, who came in the first place to be minister of the Lettish church, but who is really the great Protestant evangelist of the city, has been endeavoring to provide against this handicap by erecting a great Baptist tabernacle. Within the last few weeks a cable came to Toronto, saying work had to be stopped on it, because funds were exhausted. Every delay means loss in our work, because there is now no place which will begin to accommodate the people who want to come and hear the good news.

Much fear is felt that the disturbed conditions of China may militate against Christian mission work. While it is true that at present missionary effort is very much at a standstill, and many missionaries have found it necessary to leave their stations, Dr. Harlan P. Beach is authority for the opinion that in the end this movement is not likely to react against Christianity. On the other hand, he thinks the revolution will make enlarged demands on missions. He says: "A republic or a limited constitutional monarchy means a great increase in intelligence, that is, of mission schools."

Korea has been, and still is, a wonder to the Christian world—to see a whole nation apparently coming from darkness to light. But even now a crisis is at hand in that country. Material development has come, and the people have discovered "not only a spiritual world, but a material one" also, and they are becoming much interested in the latter. There is less evident interest in the Gospel than ten years ago, and the missionary does not occupy such a place of authority as he did. Many Korean pastors and teachers, well-equipped for their work, have arisen, and the missionary is not the only court of appeal. But while this is all true, and it is a period of crisis, it only means that the nation is awakening, and if the new energies are turned in the right direction, a strong people will be the result.

Arabia as a mission field is making progress. After gaining permission from the Turkish officials, students from the University of Michigan, whom someone has called "modern Arabian Knights," are going to establish a high school at Busrah, which it is hoped may develop into a university. In addition to the usual subjects, the Bible is to be compulsory in every course. It is expected that early in this year there will be at work two engineers, two doctors and two women teachers.

Figures do not look interesting, but they are sometimes very illuminating. The Moravians, that people wonderful for their missionary enthusiasm, maintain 154 foreign missionary stations, with 155 outstations, 187 missionaries and 37 deaconesses and 347 mission schools. Their work is found in America, Africa, Asia and Australia. And the whole denomination doing this work numbers scarcely 40,000 people.

#### THE SABBATH IN INDIA.

Dear Link: Are you ready for chapter two? On Sunday morning I went to a village some two miles away to visit a Sunday school. Do not think of a building with benches or chairs and such like as you connect with the word Sunday school. Our meeting place was a small open space between some leaf-roofed small houses. Very near by was a big earthen vessel, over which skins are hung up and prepared for sale. A mat woven of strips of palm leaf was spread on the ground for the scholars to sit on, and a block of wood was my seat. The teacher sat on a low wooden stool. You would have been interested to hear the children answer as he questioned them about the Bible story he had told them the last time. It was about Jesus stilling the storm on the sea. After the children's lesson there was a meeting for the few Christians and several who say they want to be Christians. Not one of them can read, and we had none of the helpful surroundings conducive to worship, but still His presence was our portion, and as we talked of what He undertook to do for us when He came into this world, our surroundings did not affect us much. "Where'er we seek Thee, Thou art found." In the afternoon we had a meeting at the bungalow. We must

make our own Sunday; there is nothing about us to help in observing it. Think of this as you pray for the Christians out here. They have never seen a Sunday such as you have been used to from childhood.

It is the weekly market day in Tuni, and as that is the big town, people come in from all the small villages round about for their week's supplies. This means a noisy day for us, as we are right on the main road. Then it's hard for our Christians to keep the Sabbath day as they should. That is the day to get the week's supplies, and also to sell any produce they have.

So as you pray for the Christians here remember these things, and do all you can to guard our precious Canadian Sabbath.

Your loving fellow-worker,  
ELLEN PRIEST.

Tuni, India.

### THE BETROTHAL.

Miss S. I. Hatch.

The young man and the young woman had only had one glimpse of each other when negotiations for their betrothal and marriage were begun between the elders on both sides. The ceremony of betrothal was to take place at our bungalow, the little hut her people lived in being quite too small to accommodate the distinguished guests. Much writing back and forth was needed before everything could be arranged. The groom's party had to scurry around to get enough money to buy the jewel for the engagement token, and for the engagement trousseau for the fiancée. Letters had to be written to the Cocanada missionary to give Shantamma leave for the week-end, and also to the Samalkota missionary to allow Shantamma's brother to bring her, as a young woman must not travel so far alone. I also had to plan my tours to be in on the appointed day.

The day arrived. Shantamma and her brother came; the meal was prepared for the coming guests in her house. I was ready at the bungalow. The groom's party, his father, his elder brother, his two sisters, his sister's husband and two of his friends all arrived. They brought the beautiful skirt, the quaka, the packet, the sister's jewel in lieu of the jewel that was not quite finished, all was complete, but—there was no groom!

"Why," said I, "what has happened? where is he?"

"It is not customary with us for the groom to come to the engagement," they answered. "He will come to the marriage."

"Well," I said, "I am glad to know he is coming to the marriage, but they must get acquainted, and this is the time to do so. They haven't even spoken one word to each other as yet. This will never do."

So here we were in a dilemma. These elders could not stay longer; the groom was a long distance away. The betrothal ceremony must have the presence of the elders, groom or no groom.

Finally I had to compromise by letting them perform the ceremony, the taking and giving of presents and of promises, the two parties partaking of a meal together, etc., but with the understanding that it would not be considered final till the groom had come himself and claimed her with her consent as his affianced bride. This was done.

They were engaged in September, kept up a lively correspondence, and were married the following January at the bridegroom's house. But I was never so near like being at a play of "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out.

With all these weddings, of course, there are entertainments, and many vie with each other in contributing to the amusement of the guests. After one of the weddings, one of our women came in to ask us for a copy of the new wedding hymn, as she was on her way to a wedding in Cocanada, and she wanted it sung there. We said we had none, but she insisted, said that Pastor — had been singing it. Then we remembered. It seems Pastor —, falling very ill, and thinking he was about to pass away, had composed a new hymn, a most touching, but most doleful lament over his shortcomings and failings. This, he had desired, might be sung if the end came, at his home, in the church, and at his grave. It was really very pathetic, set to a sad tune in a minor key. Now, Pastor —, we are glad to say, recovered, and when he was asked to sing at these weddings, this was the hymn he sang, it being his newest. There may be a time for everything, but weddings seemed hardly the time for this hymn. However, this was the hymn that was asked for, and it was called "The Wedding Hymn."

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### THE BETROTHAL.

Miss S. I. Hatch.

The young man and the young woman had only had one glimpse of each other when negotiations for their betrothal and marriage were begun between the elders on both sides. The ceremony of betrothal was to take place at our bungalow, the little hut her people lived in being quite too small to accommodate the distinguished guests. Much writing back and forth was needed before everything could be arranged. The groom's party had to scurry around to get enough money to buy the jewel for the engagement token, and for the engagement trousseau for the fiancée. Letters had to be written to the Cocanada missionary to give Shantamma leave for the week-end, and also to the Samalkota missionary to allow Shantamma's brother to bring her, as a young woman must not travel so far alone. I also had to plan my tours to be in on the appointed day.

The day arrived. Shantamma and her brother came; the meal was prepared for the coming guests in her house. I was ready at the bungalow. The groom's party, his father, his elder brother, his two sisters, his sister's husband and two of his friends all arrived. They brought the beautiful skirt, the quaka, the packet, the sister's jewel in lieu of the jewel that was not quite finished, all was complete, but—there was no groom!

"Why," said I. "what has happened? where is he?"

"It is not customary with us for the groom to come to the engagement," they answered. "He will come to the marriage."

"Well," I said, "I am glad to know he is coming to the marriage, but they must get acquainted, and this is the time to do so. They haven't even spoken one word to each other as yet. This will never do."

So here we were in a dilemma. These elders could not stay longer; the groom was a long distance away. The betrothal ceremony must have the presence of the elders, groom or no groom.

Finally I had to compromise by letting them perform the ceremony, the taking and giving of presents and of promises, the two parties partaking of a meal together, etc., but with the understanding that it would not be considered final till the groom had come himself and claimed her with her consent as his affianced bride. This was done.

They were engaged in September, kept up a lively correspondence, and were married the following January at the bridegroom's house. But I was never so near like being at a play of "Hamlet" with Hamlet left out.

With all these weddings, of course, there are entertainments, and many vie with each other in contributing to the amusement of the guests. After one of the weddings, one of our women came in to ask us for a copy of the new wedding hymn, as she was on her way to a wedding in Cocanada, and she wanted it sung there. We said we had none, but she insisted, said that Pastor — had been singing it. Then we remembered. It seems Pastor —, falling very ill, and thinking he was about to pass away, had composed a new hymn, a most touching, but most doleful lament over his shortcomings and failings. This, he had desired, might be sung if the end came, at his home, in the church, and at his grave. It was really very pathetic, set to a sad tune in a minor key. Now, Pastor —, we are glad to say, recovered, and when he was asked to sing at these weddings, this was the hymn he sang, it being his newest. There may be a time for everything, but weddings seemed hardly the time for this hymn. However, this was the hymn that was asked for, and it was called "The Wedding Hymn."

**OPENING OF THE NURSES' HOME.**

Unlike the ladies of high rank in English society, the Ranee of Pithapuram was unknown to her people, and up to the time of the opening of the new Nurses' Home a few days ago had never been seen at any public function. Her life is lived in the utmost seclusion, as is the custom of her people, and no man outside of her own immediate family is allowed to look upon her. Consequently the guests present were women who were mostly from the high caste families of the town.

The grounds were arranged with an enclosure so that the verandah formed a platform, on which the Ranee sat, that she might be seen by all present. The place was gay with flowers, flags and bright decorations, and the women in their many-colored silk clothes and jewels made a truly Eastern picture. The most interesting personage present was the little Rajah, whose advent a year ago was the occasion for the gift of the Nurses' Home by his mother, the Ranee.

The Ranee, although very young, is most gracious and thoughtful, and though she leads such a secluded life, it is a most unselfish one. She cares for the poor, and interests herself in those who are sick and needy. Her true mother-heart is shown by her joy in her little son, the future Rajah, whose happy smile and baby ways would win even the hardest heart.

The idea is very prevalent at home that India's women are most unattractive, uneducated and degraded, but no one who looked upon the bright, intelligent and even refined faces of the women that day could think that they are all so. It is true the lower caste and out-caste women are degraded, but many of the high caste women are cultured and refined. "The one thing needful" is still lacking in their lives, however, and we would pray for them especially that they may receive the Christ, as their influence would mean so much.

The building was opened by Mrs. Sathianadhan, a Master of Arts of Madras University. It is built of stone, and consists of one large room for the English nurse, and rooms behind, enclosing a large courtyard, to accommodate twenty nurses in training.

This home is only a small part of the Ranee's gifts to the Pithapuram Hospi-

tal, but it is a most acceptable one, and our hearts are filled with gratitude to Him from whom cometh every good gift.

Anita Bensen.

Pithapuram, Dec. 12, 1911.

**THE LINK.**

"The women that publish the tidings are a great host."—Psalm 68: 11, R.V.  
We thank thee, Lord, that in this age  
Thou dost employ the printed page

To lead all minds to think;  
And we commend to Thee in prayer  
The women who Thy truth declare  
By sending forth The Link.

As those who place Thy kingdom first,  
For larger progress may they thirst,  
And from Thy fulness drink;  
To those who serve in distant lands  
And those who here uphold their hands  
Give blessing through The Link.

Bless all at home who freely give,  
And all who in Thy service live  
For those on ruin's brink;  
Gird all Thy workers with Thy might,  
And fill with wisdom, truth and light  
Each issue of The Link.

—T. Watson.

Iona Station, Ont.

**OUR VISIT TO AKIDU.**

Mrs. James Byrie.

Being able to secure but one state-room in the train, we had to improvise sleeping quarters by hanging a sheet along the centre of the compartment. There are but two seats in each of these compartments, and they are placed lengthwise of the car. They are wide, covered with leather, and make very comfortable beds. Above each of these is a shelf used as an upper berth.

These compartments are furnished with electric light, fans, lavatory, and, in some instances, a bathroom. Travelers are under the necessity of providing their own soap and towels. In addition to this, throughout India, they must also furnish themselves with all bedding requirements. In our case, these consisted of thin quilted mattresses (which roused up in small space) blankets, pillows, pillow slips, and sheets, all being neatly tied in a cover of oilcloth.

At Colombo we had secured a Christian boy as our attendant, the so-called

"boy" being a man of mature years. One of his duties was the care of our beds. Joseph was indispensable throughout our trip in India, and we became very much attached to him.

Finding it impossible at all times to secure satisfactory meals whilst en route, we provided ourselves with lunch baskets containing, in addition to the necessary granite dishes and table appointments, a plentiful supply of provisions, such as butter, cream, tongue, jam and biscuits, all in tins, while four Thermos bottles furnished the hot water for tea and dish washing. This water, for sanitary reasons, Joseph insisted upon seeing boiled. This picnic style of meal we found much more enjoyable than many of those furnished by inferior hotels and station restaurants.

In the morning, we were met by Mr. Chute, who conducted us to his houseboat close at hand, and with him we started on our thirty-mile trip by canal and river to Akidu. These houseboats are very comfortable, and contain sitting room, bath room, and kitchen, the sitting room being curtained at night into bedrooms. This boat was drawn by four coolies assisted at times by a sail. These coolies were changed every ten or fifteen miles; the wages received being one cent a mile each, no allowance being made for the walk back.

The journey occupied about twenty hours, and passed through fertile country, the Palmyra palm and other tropical trees being particularly beautiful. By day we passed many villages and saw numerous native scenes of interest:—men in their bright and picturesque costumes carrying upon poles across their shoulders baskets containing brass cooking utensils, fruit, etc., in many instances intended as wedding gifts, while palanquin bearers with doleful song carried their passengers from village to village.

The night was one long to be remembered, the moon being at the full, and it was almost as light as day. We sat on deck very late, unwilling to take ourselves away from a scene so beautiful.

Although our boat arrived at Akidu about half past four o'clock in the morning, we did not waken until seven and found ourselves anchored at our Mission compound. Mr. Chute escorted us to his bungalow, there to meet Mrs. Chute. Unnecessary to say, the meeting was mutually delightful. While

at breakfast Miss Selman and Miss Robinson called to extend their welcome.

Naturally, all were anxious that we should see the work of the Mission. Our first visit was to the scholars in their class rooms, afterwards to their dormitories, which are very plain but clean, the only furnishing being a box for their belongings and a mat on the floor for a bed. The rooms have no windows, light being admitted through the doorway by day, whilst a little taper lamp made of tin (costing half a cent), set in a niche in the wall does duty at night. Their housekeeping arrangements are very simple. One cannot but feel that life there has its compensations for, whilst their meals are plain, domestic help problems are almost unknown. The scholars prepare their own food, which consists of rice, sometimes curry added.

To remove the husk from the rice, it is placed in a cavity in a stone set in the floor. Four of the children gather around and, with a heavy pole, each pound to the music of a familiar tune. As a great deal of the rice jumps out, they simply push it back with their bare feet. To us this may not appear very appetizing, but they seemed to enjoy it none the less. The whole operation takes more than an hour, and doubtless gives an appetite where such is needed.

Noon having arrived, we accepted an invitation from Misses Selman and Robinson to take lunch with them at their home, the Jennie McArthur Bungalow. It was a great pleasure for us to find our missionaries here, as in all stations, so comfortably settled. The intense heat makes it necessary that they should have substantial buildings with high ceilings, thick walls and spacious verandahs.

Having rested the hottest part of the day, we were afterwards taken to the chapel to our workers, native Christians, and the school children. Some of the people had walked 30 miles to meet us, a few of the women having walked miles carrying a baby and leading another child by the hand.

Addresses of welcome in English and Telugu were read by two of our native workers, another singing a song in Telugu, in which we figured as the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. James Ryrie. Six little girls then gave a motion song of welcome in English, ending by placing garlands composed of everlasting flowers, marigolds, and squares of camphor around our necks. The love which

prompted the kind act was much more appreciated than the odor of marigolds and camphor. At the close of the meeting the people swarmed about us with their salaams and smiles. It would have been a great delight to have been able to speak to them in their own language rather than through an interpreter. Many told us they had been praying for our safety since we left home, and would continue to do so throughout our journey.

In this field there are two thousand Christians with eight churches, three of them not only maintain their own work, but support evangelists. One can understand how the missionaries become attached to their work notwithstanding the disadvantages under which they labor.

At the close of these exercises the ladies took me to a caste village. We visited two of the houses. The women received us in a friendly manner, spreading mats for us to sit on. They took great delight in showing their jewelry, which consists largely of bracelets and necklets, and represents their wealth. For safety this is always carried on their person. I was warned not to offer to shake hands or touch these women even with my clothes.

We also visited an outcaste village. It was a pleasure to see how glad the women were to see our missionaries. Their homes, which are little better than huts, contain two or three rooms, and are almost destitute of furniture, their brass vessels for cooking, in which they take great pride, being the chief feature.

Leaving there, we went to a weaver's village. In India each trade is a separate caste. Here, too, it was a great satisfaction to find our missionaries so well received.

The weaving is done in a very primitive way. A part of the mud floor is excavated, the weaver sitting on the edge in front of the loom, which is set in the hole. Although the weaver caste is a low one, they are none the less careful to avoid contamination, as we experienced. In walking toward the loom, I happened to touch some wearing apparel hanging on a rope stretched across the room. To prevent a repetition of this, the woman snatched them out of harm's way. These weavers are a poor looking class, but not so wretched looking that they cannot despise a lot of

other castes. This caste problem seems to be the cause of the country.

Our last visit was to Mrs. Chute's hospital which, I am sorry to say, is not as well furnished as it should be. There were not many inside patients, but quite a number had gathered about the door for treatment for their various ailments.

This medical work appealed to us as one of the best means of reaching the people, for, in ministering to their bodily complaints, the missionaries are afforded an excellent opportunity of preaching the gospel to them. The need of such work has caused our missionary society to establish a dispensary in connection with each of its mission stations. The wisdom of this will be appreciated when we bear in mind the great scarcity of reliable medical men, in one instance, at least, our mission dispensary being the only such help within six hundred square miles of densely populated country. In this particular field, Mr. Woodburn told us he had extracted over eleven hundred teeth free of charge. For those who can afford to pay it, a nominal charge is made for medical service, which, while it helps slightly in defraying the expenses of the work, encourages the people to be self-reliant and independent.

This visit brought us to the close of a very busy and most interesting day. After dinner at night with Mr. and Mrs. Chute, in their home, Miss Selman and Miss Robinson being with us, we knelt together in prayer, Mr. Chute commanding us to the Divine care as we went upon our way.

This we did with a deep love in our hearts for these simple and affectionate native children in the faith, and in increased admiration for those devoted workers who, amidst much discouragement, are succeeding in extending the Kingdom of our Lord in far away India.

#### TATIKA LAKSHMIDEVAMMA.

The scene of our story is Shankhavaram, an important village on the Tuni field, with its usual number of temples, and a population of about 3,000, divided among many different castes.

Though often visited by your missionaries and receiving regular Gospel preaching from a native evangelist stationed in Jaggaipetta, only a mile away, it had long resisted the Gospel message, but during the past few years

the hearts of a number have been opening to the Gospel, and one of the number is a young girl, Tatika Lakshmiddevamma.

For some years now she has been much before us in thought and prayer, for she is a bright girl; life seemed full of promise of usefulness if given the opportunity.

When a child, her parents allowed her to attend the school in the village, but when she began to learn to read, they began to fear if she learned to read, she would read Christian books, and to use the common expression, "get down" to the Christian religion for the Hindu speaks of any one who embraces Christianity as stepping down to a lower level, or outcastes, so they took her from school. She, however, was not thus easily to be turned aside, but sought out the preacher in her village, and from him learned to read and also attended the Sunday School conducted by the village worker.

From him she learned more of a Saviour's love, and took Jesus as her Saviour and asked for baptism.

She was an only child, and the parent love could not give her up to this new religion without a struggle, and so although she sought the missionary and asked for baptism, she was told that she must have the consent of her parents, for she was under age. She had to wait for about two years, but during that time she prayed and worked for the conversion of her parents, or at least, their consent to her baptism, and at length her father was won over to a friendly attitude towards Christianity, and consented to let his daughter be baptized and be sent to Cocanada.

One day in July, 1910, our bright young Christian was baptized in a beautiful pond about a mile from Tuni, while all present joined in singing in Telugu, the good old hymn.

"I am not ashamed to own my Lord."

She then went on to Cocanada boarding school, and was there for some months, and proved herself to be a diligent student, but she took ill with Beri Beri.

This disease is very treacherous, difficult to treat, and much dreaded by the people, and although all was done for her that could be done at the school, she had to be sent to our Pithapuram

hospital, where she received every care by Dr. Allyn.

Imagine the difficult position in which those four parents were placed.

Personally, her father was now friendly toward Christianity, and not unwilling to trust his daughter to the care of the missionary; but all the relations being heathens, crowded around them, and said that as this trouble had come upon them because they had allowed the daughter to go to a Christian school. The father strongly resisted, but the mother, in league with the heathen relatives, formed a plot to steal her away,



ONE OF THE TEMPLES.

and notwithstanding the vigilance of those in charge, watching their opportunity, pounced upon her and carried her off to a place of hiding, and later on to her own village.

Her health had in the meantime so far improved that the danger had passed, and in a short time she was again being used in her home for the Master.

From the story of this young life, you

can gather only in a very small way, some of the many difficulties which surround the lives of most, who would make a public confession.

The desire which is uppermost in the life of Tatika Lakshmidivamma is, that she may be a worker for Jesus.

She, a girl of eighteen years, in consequence of becoming a Christian, has been disowned by the man to whom she was married in infancy, and thus is free, but owing to the prevailing sentiment against girls remaining unmarried, she is in a position of peculiar difficulty. As you see what the struggle has been and still is, do ask for her that she may be used for her Master in her home with her father and mother, and in her village among her heathen relatives, and that in God's own time and way, that she may be fitted for a life of larger service. Pray also for many such as she, who have not yet had the courage to face the difficulties and make open confession of Christ.

MARGARET FISHER SCOTT.

48 Howland Ave., Toronto.

#### CIRCLE NEWS.

Olivet, Montreal.—We are pleased to report an increased attendance at our Circle meetings, often double that of former years, and we feel it is the result of having brighter programmes, keeping strictly to our closing time, and having the social half-hour at the close, when tea is served. This time for social intercourse adds very much to the interest of our meetings, and helps us make the acquaintance of the strangers, who are always coming to our church. This fall we had our annual meetings first, then our thank-offering, at which a sister from from the Anglican Church told us something of their work. At our last meeting our topic was, "World-wide Work." We were fortunate in being able to procure a lady missionary just home from Kong Mow, South China. Miss Hague read a paper on World-wide Missions, which was much enjoyed. A short talk was given on "The beginnings of Baptist work in Russia," by Mrs. A. E. Pater-son. G. P.

Brampton.—The Mission Circle held their thank-offering service on Thursday, Nov. 2nd, at the home of Mrs. McIntyre, and was well attended. The

president, Mrs. Deeves, presided, reading for Scripture lesson the 96th Psalm.

The programme consisted of papers given by the members on thanksgiving, and the reasons for thanksgiving, which were very helpful as well as interesting. The offering amounting to \$6.45. Refreshments were served and a social time spent.

M. Adams, Sec.

Strathroy.—Our Circle met the last Tuesday in September for our fall term. The gathering took the form of a rally. In May we distributed Link cards; there were ten links joined together in each card. Each link cost 10 cents, or at least nothing below 10 cents, but as much above as the givers liked. They were brought in to this meeting, and we realized from them almost \$36, which was quite an inspiration, and there was little expense in connection with them.

On the last Thursday of November, we held our annual thank-offering. Mrs. Kenniwan, of the Presbyterian Church, and Mrs. Graham, of the Methodist Church, gave splendid addresses. The offering was almost \$25. We, the Circle, are making our pastor's wife, Mrs. McLachlin, a life member of the Foreign Society. Our meetings are well attended; we are taking up missionary work in the different countries that are opening up to receive the Gospel.

Mary E. Campbell, Sec.

East Toronto.—The eleventh annual thank-offering of the East Toronto Circle was held in the church on the last Wednesday evening in October.

The president, Mrs. Marler, presided. Mr. Arthur Richards, one of our church members, who sings, "always only" for his King, sang words of helpfulness. Mr. Kimoff gave us a very interesting account of our work among the Bulgarians and Macedonians in our own city. His address was delivered with much earnestness, and we felt that our good missionary, Mr. Kolesnikoff, has in Mr. Kimoff a true helper in the work of Foreign Missions at our door.

We had prayed earnestly that the meeting might be a great blessing to our members, and that they would offer willingly unto the Lord. Our prayers were answered. The Spirit's power was felt throughout the meeting, and the

offering was the best we have been privileged to give, being \$77.54, which we have divided equally between Home and Foreign Missions. Sec.

Victoria Ave., Hamilton.—The annual thank-offering meeting in connection with our Mission Circle, was held Nov. 16th, at the home of the president, Mrs. H. Sherk. Quite a number of our ladies attended this meeting. Mrs. Braught, vice-president, presided. Our pastor, Mr. Allen, gave an excellent address on "An idea of the responsibility of this Province," which every one thoroughly enjoyed.

The offering was taken, which amounted to \$15.47. Mr. Allen closed with prayer, after which a social half-hour was spent.

We are realizing more and more our responsibilities and our privileges in this great work for our Master.

N. Appleford, Sec.

Ridgetown.—The annual thank-offering service of the Ridgetown Mission Circle, was held on Nov. 27th, the twenty-fifth anniversary of its organization. Two of the charter members, Mrs. Watterworth and Mrs. Yocom, were present. The meeting was held at the parsonage, where over thirty ladies gathered. After an interesting programme of reading and solos, an address by the pastor, and a paper by the Secretary, tea was served, and a social hour enjoyed. The gifts which were brought in the little bags amounted to about \$14.35.

Blanche Watterworth, Sec.

Sarnia Township.—On the evening of November 29th, we held our annual thank-offering meeting. We had with us Mrs. Taylor, our directress, who gave us a few words on associational work. We also had Miss Murray, our returned missionary from India, who gave us a very interesting talk on her work and the people of India. She had also with her a number of curios and some native costumes.

We had several selections of music and a few recitations, which in all made a very interesting and instructive meeting.

Thank-offering, \$12.00.

Mrs. Wood, Sec.

Westmount, Montreal.—On Sunday, Dec. 17th, the Mission Band held its session with the Sunday School, the officers of the Band occupying seats on the platform with the superintendent of the Sunday School.

The first item on the programme was "Bible Responses to Missionary Questions," asked by the superintendent and replied to by the assembly. This was followed by "The World's Children for Jesus," sung by a small maiden. Mrs. Osborne, a missionary from Gravanone, India, was present, accompanied by Maryamma, a little, outcaste girl with a sweet smile and a soft, melodious voice, who sang "Jesus Loves Me," in English, and "We Have no Other Saviour But Jesus," in her own tongue.

Mrs. Osborne said that it was eighteen years since she first went to India, and that she loves her work because she loves Jesus. She told how the children come to her home, and of the awful poverty and misery of the people, the horrors of the modern Juggernaut, and the cruel suffering of the children of India. Once, after telling her story of Mary's rescue, and that the cents given by children here had helped to make her what she is, a boy in the audience, pointing to Mary, said, "Why, I never thought a cent could do that."

A hymn was sung by girls and boys' classes attending, after which Miss Olive Farmer recited "The Widows of India," which led Mrs. Osborne to relate some of the dreadful features of widowhood in that country.

A hymn was sung and a most interesting and useful Band meeting was brought to a close. A collection amounted to over \$9.00. Sec.

St. George St., St. Catharines.—Under the auspices and leadership of our assistant director, Mrs. Wismer, a band of earnest missionary women has been organized as a Mission Circle at the George St. Mission, St. Catharines. Let us remember very kindly and sympathetically in our prayers, this latest addition to our ranks.

R. Hendry, Director.

## BOLIVIA

### COUNTRY AND PEOPLE.

Mrs. C. N. Mitchell.

940,000 square miles. Every altitude, every scenery, every climate, every production!

"Bolivia," says a Bolivian, "is a land of contrasts." The traveller ascends from the coast via La Paz or Oruro, and from the heated tropical regions his train winds spirally upwards, sometimes surrounded by barren mountain tops and plains, less often winding about fertile green valleys, set as oases in the monotonous waste of these bare Andes. The air gets thinner and colder. Mountain sickness overtakes him. Nevertheless, he enjoys the sensation of sailing over Titicaca, a lake suspended, as it were, over two miles in the air. Now

for its rareness in the midst of unrelieved monotony.

Oruro is more prosaic, and lies bare and grey at the base of brown hills and on the edge of windy pampa. Not a tree, nor a blade of grass, scarcely a bush, but relieving notes of contrast in the zinc and red tiled roofs and bright-colored walls of the adobe houses. Town house-cleaning, throughout Bolivia, comes once a year, and every house must receive a fresh coat of color before the sixth of August, the national holiday. Our street then dons a fine fresh rainbow effect. The mission house clothes itself in mode-  
trimmings. Don Juan, to our left, dis-



NATIVE SHOP IN BOLIVIA.

he comes to the pampas, or elevated prairies, vast, arid, cold, silent, and in the midst of one of these huge pampas there happens unexpectedly, marvelously—LaPaz. Our traveller finds himself suddenly at the edge of a great basin, that dips steeply on every side, and in this hollow, midst actual trees and lovely greenness, nestles this quaint city. Behind rises Illimani, one of the highest of the Andean peaks, snow-capped, stately, beautiful, fitting background to a scene the more wonderful

plays walls of bright green; Dona Asunta, to our right, inclines to yellow; others prefer sky blue, pink, purple and even orange. Not all offend the eye, however, Banks and public buildings and many houses show harmony on the outside, as well as taste and comfort within.

One sees and hears signs of mining industries. LaPaz, Oruro, Potosi and vicinities contribute gold, silver, tin, salt and copper. Busy trains show commercial activity. "But what," says



our traveller, "does one find to eat in such a barren mountain-top country?" So he pays a visit to the Oruro market; there he finds almost every grain, fruit, vegetable and other staple that he knows, and some that he doesn't know. Where do they come from? He continues his journey and finds out.

It travels upwards again to over 16,000 feet. No vegetation there! Then down and down, warmer and softer winds, rivers, valleys, grain, apples, peaches, strawberries, pears, our own vegetables, fat cattle, pigs and sheep. Then more heat, more trees, dense vegetation, perhaps the rubber country or the land of the orange, mango, banana and sugar cane. He even finds petroleum down here, and crosses the border into another republic, reflecting on the future greatness of this land of unlimited resources.

The population is more or less 2,000,000. In the interior are supposed to be over forty tribes of Indians, each with a distinct dialect. We hear and know little of these tribes, so I shall refer to the people of the exterior, where our work lies.

The Spanish descendants of Old World Conquerors, speaking the mother tongue, are the politicians, officials, large storekeepers and professional men. The Quechua and Aymara Indians, both more or less connected with the old Inca empire, speaking each his own tongue, are principally the small farmers and farm laborers. The Cholos, or half-breeds, a mixture of Spanish and Indian, speaking both Spanish and Indian, are the artisans and small shopkeepers and servants.

Each class adopts its own dress, and for want of space I shall refer to the women's dress alone. A *señorita* drapes about her head and shoulders a lace scarf, or silky black shawl. This head-dress is most becoming to her voluptuous style of beauty, but hats and street costumes are a matter of development, and since the country is opening up, many now wear European costume, except to church, where hats are not allowed. The Chola costume is impressive. No tight skirts there! Her "pollera" measures from six to ten yards, is not gored, but shirred with many shirings below the waist line, is made of silk, plush or cashmere, and does not reach the ankles, revealing several inches of white embroidery of the white

underskirts below. I know no article of clothing so useful as this "pollera." Marcelina, little imp of ten, stole a ride on the train, hidden behind the ample folds of one. They serve as face towels, dish wipers and handkerchiefs, and owing to their width, a Chola can do a number at once and save luggage when travelling. But she is not all "pollera." A round Panama hat, long dangling earrings, a tight basque hidden by a silk-embroidered shawl of fine cashmere, fancy stockings and long French-heeled tan or white kid boots, and Miss Chola takes up the width of the sidewalk as she swings along. She invests in change of raiment rather than real estate. Styles never change, and her outfits do not become old-fashioned. An Indian woman dresses similarly, with some variations and less sumptuousness.

This caste is non-hereditary. An Indian became President of Bolivia. Some are senators and rich mine owners. A Chola with money emancipates from Choladom and dons Spanish dress. Our neighbor, old toothless Dona Maria, is an Indian, who volubly shouts Quechua at us, and knows no word of Spanish. She must have mated with a Chola, for her daughter, Dona Asunta, dresses with buxom Chola elegance, speaks Spanish, is mistress of a small shop and a snug little property. She evidently lived with a professional man, for her daughter in turn affects "Manta," or head-dress, and assumes the languid air and graces of a *señorita*.

All the women have sweet, soft voices. The manners of a better class lady are charming. In her home she loads you with attention. You must eat a meal of from eight to ten courses, are urged to drink more kinds of wine than you knew existed. Her salon is sumptuous, her patio filled with flowers and singing canaries, and she chats with you often in French or English instead of Spanish. Her polish may be a veneer in lieu of intelligence. She perhaps lies freely as she talks. In religion she is a fanatic, and her domestic life not always virtuous—but that belongs to another article. I am writing now more of externals, not of vices and their remedy, but I cannot close without referring to the Bolivian custom of always deferring until *Manana* (to-morrow) what should be done to-day.

You order a table from a carpenter, and advance him money to buy the material. This you do grudgingly, because custom demands it. He promises the

table for "La semana entrante" (next week). He promptly gets drunk on the money and accepts advances for other jobs. Next week comes. He promises to start the table "Manana" (to-morrow). No table, Still "Manana." You wear your breath out reasoning with him. You give up your table. Perhaps a year later Don Carpintero appears at your door with your forgotten table, serene, polite and smiling, as if you had not many times wasted your vocabulary on his exasperating person.

So you have Bolivia, some of its people, and a few of its customs. May you see a little more plainly the circumstances surrounding our work that I may tell you later of the need for that work.

#### WHAT WE ARE DOING.

In this issue is an article on our work in Bolivia, written by Mrs. Mitchell. Mrs. Mitchell has kindly consented to follow this with two other articles, which with this one, will give very welcome information and provide help for our Circles, regarding the Bolivian Mission. We hope that Circle leaders will file these letters for future use, and that they will use them instead of asking personal letters from Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, which involve much labor and must needs be largely repetition.

The tour of Miss Robinson through the West has been very much appreciated, and it is expected will be productive of much good in increasing enthusiasm, in spreading information and in improved organization. The tour has been shortened somewhat by the need of rest for Miss Robinson herself.

Word from Mrs. W. F. Armsstrong, of Rangoon, Burma, who is so well-known among us, is always welcome. The Bible School which she and her family have founded, is doing good work, and the interest in that and in the open-air services for Bible-reading, has increased wonderfully. The latter are held from 4 p.m. every Saturday and Sunday, and the languages used are Telugu, Tamil and Hindustani. When she wrote, thirty-four Hindustani had given in their names as studying the Bible,—twenty-two being Hindoos and the rest Mohau-medans.

The recent union of the Maritime work with our own makes it interesting to know of their staff of workers. They have eleven married missionaries, and seventeen women missionaries, making a total of thirty-nine, as compared with our forty-seven in India. In addition to this, we have four married missionaries in Bolivia.

Vizagapatam is the first station we share with the Maritime Board,—our Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Smith are going there to work with Mr. Higgins and Miss Blackadar. \$2,000.00 has been given by the Maritime Women's Board to build a home for Miss Blackadar.

Here is one glimpse of the coming to Christ in India from a letter of Miss Archibald's in "Tidings": "The wife of that new Caste convert, (auntie wrote to the Maritime Baptist about) has not come yet. I went out to Culingu on a special trip to try to get her. The wife is only 15 or 16 years of age, is handsome and clever. Her mother is determined to marry her to a wealthy man, but the girl loves her husband, although he is a Christian. Please tell the sisters to continue to pray for this young wife that she may escape the plots of her mother and join her Christian husband in due time. He is a continual joy. He says, "Even if I lose all, I have Christ—peace—salvation!"

The opening of the Nurses' Home at Pithapuram, an account of which appears in this issue, was to be followed in a few days by the opening of the new Women's Hospital, the chief part of the Ranees' first gift. Dr. Allyn laid a few days before, the corner-stone of the Rest House for friends of the patients, which is also a gift from the ruling family.

Our missionaries all arrived safely in India on December 7th, making a party of seven, to be met at Samalkot. They went on to Cocanada, where each house had its guests,—the Timpany School, Miss Folsom; the Harris Bungalow, Miss Pratt and Miss Hinman; the Olivet Bungalow, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Smith, and of course, Mr. and Mrs. Craig had their daughters at their home.

This is a note from Dr. Allyn about the opening of the Nurses' Home, which Mrs. Bensen tells of:—

"Well, December 5th was the big day of last week, and we have been getting ready for it for a long time. It was the day of the opening of the Nurses' Home. I wish you could have seen it. The Ranees did us the honor of attending, and there were about 150 Hindu ladies and almost as many children, besides about 15 gentlemen, amongst whom were the Rajah, his private secretary, dewan, assistant-dewan, medical attendant, veterinary surgeon, and some of his friends. About two dozen of the Rajah's servants lined the road as guards when the motor drew up.

It was in a temporary enclosure that the 200 women and children were seated on benches for the ceremony and to receive the Ranees, whose little toe even must not be seen by a man. The verandah was our platform. The gentlemen were screened off from the ladies on the front verandah. H. H. The Ranees, arrived shortly after 4 p.m., and the ladies rose to receive her. Mrs. Sathanadhan, M.A., opened the building, and afterwards we served candy and betel nut and cake and tea to all who would partake. You know, it used to be defilement to touch us even. That has largely gone in these days of enlightenment, but to eat food touched by us in the presence of outcasts like we are, is still a sin to the Hindu. Yesterday, those gentlemen all took the candy made by us, and most of their wives did too, when I told them their husbands had done so, and what was more than all, a good many of them took the cakes with eggs. My fried cakes everyone of them, went, and it is a positive sin for a Hindu to take animal food. Do not think we were trying to get them to do these things contrary to their conscience, not that. They all knew these things were made by us, or probably made by our servants, whom they wouldn't touch, even the hem of their garments. They all knew this, but they took them and most of them knew that we use eggs in our cakes.

They do not care, and there is the great hope for us, for they are losing their faith in caste. I believe we did more on that day to break down caste, than days and days of preaching could do. We had two Christian songs and prayer. My! but it was a success from

man's standpoint, and I trust it was registered in heaven as a help. Just think, it was the first time the Ranees has been outside the fort in Pithapuram. She goes away to Madras, but she has never attended any function here in Pithapuram, and the Rajah felt he had made a great advance. As our invitations read—"To meet H. H. The Ranees," other gosha women came out of their purdahs too. What a day!"

#### BOARD NOTICES.

As the regular business meeting of the Board of the W. B. F. M. S. of Eastern Ontario and Quebec, is to be held on March 8th, the Circles and Bands of the above society are earnestly requested to send in as much money as possible before that date to the Treasurer, Mrs. N. Ohman, 1212 Greene Avenue, Westmount.

If any young woman of the Baptist denomination is looking forward to medical work in India, the Women's Foreign Mission Board of Ontario West will be glad to have her communicate with them through the Foreign Secretary, Mrs. R. W. Angus, 42 Howland Avenue, Toronto. The Treasurer, Mrs. G. H. Campbell, 113 Balmoral Avenue, Toronto, has been authorized to open a fund towards the support of a medical missionary, and will be pleased to receive contributions. Frances L. Firstbrook, President; Bessie M. Pugsley, Recording Secretary.

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

##### TREASURER'S REPORT.

December, 1911.

##### RECEIPTS.

From Circles—

Brantford, Park Church (thank-offering \$15), \$20.30; Woodstock, First Church (thank-offering), \$14.33; Fort William (life membership, Miss Agnes Sproule), \$25; Fonthill (thank-offering), \$6.05; Port Elgin (student), \$4.25; Atwood, \$12.85; Toronto, Ossington Ave., \$32.28; Haldimand (thank-offering

\$2.15), \$3; Toronto, Waverly Rd (for "Julia"), \$20; Hamilton, Stanley Ave. Y. L. ("G. Verramma"), \$7.50; Peterborough, Murray St. (thank-offering), \$22.12; Owen Sound (thank-offering \$7), \$10; Brantford, First (for Miss McLeod), \$50; Toronto, Dovecourt Rd. (thank-offering), \$42.38; Guelph Y. L. (for "E. Kantamma" \$1.75, thank-offering \$2.25), \$4; St. Catharines, Queen St. (for Lepers \$2, for Biblewomen \$50), \$58; Belleville (thank-offering \$5), \$18; Strathroy (life membership, Mrs. J. D. McLachlan \$25), \$23.50; Parkhill, \$2.15; Sparia (thank-offering \$7.50), \$9.46; Toronto, Walmer Rd. (thank-offering \$35.15), \$71.85; Sarnia Township (thank-offering \$6), \$7; Delhi, \$5; Simcoe (thank-offering for Christmas gift for Christmas gift), \$5; Kingsville (thank-offering), \$6.50; Wingham, \$3; Warton, \$6; Lindsay (thank-offering), \$6.75; Toronto, College St., \$11.30; Eglington, \$5; London, Egerton St. (thank-offering), \$11; Galt (thank-offering \$6.56), \$9.81; London, Talbot St. (thank-offering \$35.15), \$57.15; Midland (thank-offering), \$8.50; Glamis, \$6; Uxbridge, \$5; Cobourg (thank-offering \$4.25), \$5.40; St. Mary's, \$2; London South, \$18.08; Brampton, \$2.50; Petrolia (for New Medical Missionary \$20, for Cocanada School Class Rooms \$20), \$40; Wallaceburg, \$11.50; Wallaceburg Y.L., \$10; Brantford, Calvary (thank-offering \$9), \$17.50; New Sarum, \$4; Gilmour Memorial (thank-offering \$3.75), \$11; Windsor (thank-offering \$10.25), \$15; Toronto, Jarvis St. (for Lepers, \$1), \$77.90; Beachville, \$9.25; Stratford (thank-offering \$18.75), \$23.80; Georgetown (thank-offering), \$5.90; Toronto, Annette St., \$4; Gravenhurst (thank-offering \$8.25), \$13.25; Markham, Second, \$5; Toronto, Western Church (thank-offering \$12.50, Lepers 25c), \$23.10. Total from Circles, \$937.56.

#### From Bands—

Toronto, Jarvis St. (Sunbeam), \$4.50; Baddow, for "Bura Veeramma," \$17; Toronto, College St., for "K. Yesudas," \$10; Cheltenham (life membership Miss Gladys Frank), \$10; Brantford, First Church (life membership, Miss Elsie Whitehead), \$10; Waterloo

(for Appama \$5), life memberships, Miss Helen Duncombe, Miss Helen Duguid, Harold Squire, \$38.72; Port Arthur (for student), \$4.25. Total from Bands, \$94.47.

#### From Sundries—

Mrs. John Hooper (life membership, Miss Hazel Hooper), \$25; "Mission to Lepers" (towards Miss Hatch's fur-lough expenses), \$183.70; Salford, F. M. S., \$1.80; Mrs. A. B. Hatcher, for "P. Rebecca," \$25; "B. C.," per Mrs. McLeod, for New Medical Missionary, \$1; "Friends" (Manitoba), \$7; Kingsville, B. Y. P. U., for student, \$4; Mrs. Tingly, for "P. Veeramma," \$25. Total from Sundries, \$272.50.

#### DISBURSEMENTS.

By cheque to General Treasurer: On estimate for India, \$1,016.66; fur-lough allowance, \$33.34; to complete payment on last year's special estimate of \$525 for Cocanada Dormitories, \$91.62. Extras: Lepers, \$25.47; Leper Venkamma, \$9; Christmas gifts, \$10. Total, \$1,186.09. Expenses: P. R. Wilson Printing Co., for extra pages in the Link, \$48.50; Treasurer's expenses, \$20.83; Grand & Toy, mailing tubes, \$1.50; Miss Hatch, Convention expenses, \$3.65; exchange on cheque, 15c; literature account, postage and circulars, \$6. Total, \$80.63.

Total receipts for December, \$1,304.53.

Total disbursements for December, \$1,266.72.

Total receipts since October 21st, 1911, \$2,073.96.

Total disbursements since October 21st, 1911, \$2,216.22.

Note.—In checking last year's cash book, I note that in March, 1911, Chatham Central Church has been credited with \$20 (life membership account), instead of Chatham William St. Church.

MARIE C. CAMPBELL,

Treasurer.

MRS. GLENN H. CAMPBELL,

113 Balmoral Ave., Toronto.

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

## MISS PRIEST'S LETTER.

Dear boys and girls,—Here is a "really, truly" story. So many people, big and little, are coming to me these days to get medicine put in their sore eyes. Sometimes they are very red and sore, then I put in some medicine that burns very much for a while. If they are not too bad, there is an easier medicine we use.

One morning, a man brought his little girl of about 8 years of age. Poor wee girlie, how I hated to put that burning medicine into those sore eyes, but it was the best thing to do. She was so brave about it; but as she went away she stumbled along. Her father didn't offer to take her hand, and one of our women scolded him. In the evening when he brought her, he had a small stick in his hand, and after the medicine was dropped in and I said to him, "Poor little girlie, take hold of her hand and help her," he just held out the stick for her to catch hold of the other end! There were several people waiting near, and I did not take time to find out why he did not take her hand; but the next morning when I asked him, the reason came out. My hand was touching any one who came, never minding caste, and so when it touched her, she was defiled, and he must not touch her! I talked to him very plainly for awhile. If you could have seen the dirty eyes and faces of the children he brought and expected me to touch, you would have thought that I was the one to be defiled! Poor man, there's so many like him, who are much afraid of touching others, and yet are not afraid to lie and deceive and be unkind.

He evidently felt a little ashamed, for he took the smaller girl up in his arms after I had scolded him.

Your loving friend,

ELLEN PRIEST.

To the Band Leaders:—

Dear fellow-workers,—There have come many requests for studies for our Mission Bands, and, as best we could in letters and with parcels of literature, we have aided the program work. Now the "Link" offers to the Band secretaries of Eastern and Western Societies, two

pages each month. Outline studies on India will begin in March. These lessons are not exhaustive, they are merely suggestive. Please use them. Then tell us if you find them helpful. Tell us if they are not so. Give us the benefit of your experience. Send any suggestions, any new ideas. Pray, that as we all study together, our increasing knowledge may mean increasing interest.

SARAH STUART BARBER.

## A MESSAGE FROM MRS. RAMSAY.

Dear Band Members,—When this letter reaches you, we shall have entered on the new year of 1912. May it be to you a year of much happiness and of service for your Master.

The old year is gone with its good and its many sad failures; this new year is before us with its fresh resolves, and its noble purposes.

To some the thought will come: Is it worth while? we are such a small Band, we can do so little, and there are no visible results.

Away up in a mountain top a tiny stream begins to trickle down, its little drops sparkling in the sunshine, soon another rivulet joins it, then another, and another, until a great stream flows through the lowlands, gladdening, fertilizing and making beautiful. So the work of our lonely Bands, seemingly small and of not much value, is going forward, ever broadening and increasing in power and influence. Here in Akida or Vuyyuru, is a little girl being taught, through your effort, to become a good and useful woman, to know that her idols are vain, and that Jesus Christ is her living, loving Saviour. Soon she is chosen to go on to Coeanada High School where she will train, in order to become a Bible-woman, who will then go out to teach her own people the good news of everlasting life. Another returns to her home, gives those around her the lesson she has learned, brightening other lives and giving new hope to their darkened spirits. The little stream has broadened, and is making beautiful all about it.

I wonder if, in any of our Bands, there is some boy who will, this year, hear the call of his God to take the Gospel to India, or to Bolivia, or to those in heathen darkness in our own land. Is some girl looking to the day when she shall bid farewell to home and loved

ones, because she loves her Saviour more than father, mother, or kindred? Someone says, "I cannot go, but I can help another, and I can give up something to help a little heathen child to learn her liberty in Christ Jesus."

I fear that there are many in our Bands who do not know the names of our most noted mission stations, nor even the word Telugu, who are our missionaries in India, or in South America, or where our Home Mission churches are.

If you have not a map of our Telugu field, and cannot induce one of your numbers to draw and paint one for you, then buy one from a special fund collected for the purpose. Every Band can have a map showing pictures of our mission homes, and groups of workers and pupils, for these may be cut from magazines and pasted on Bristol-board ready to hang on the wall of your school-room. Below you will find a copy of a programme prepared and successfully carried through by the young leaders of the Westmount Mission Band, but for most Bands, I would suggest that more time be given to our own fields, especially our Home Missions. A day could be well spent with the life and work of Madame Scott, our Grande-Ligne city missionary. Madame Feller's life and its wonderful results, Mr. Mc-Faul's life and work in the Ottawa Valley, and our Home Missionary work. I have been asked for books with suitable music, etc., for Bands. The Bureau of Literature, Miss F. Dakin, 380 Victoria Ave., Westmount, can supply with all that is required, for a small sum. To you, faithful Band workers, who are leading in Christ's army, take courage, be prayerful, patient, painstaking, and remember that "Our Lord designs and we must weave, and in the weaving our hands touch His."

#### PROGRAMME.

November—Mite-box exercises and distribution. December—Christmas in India. January—Child-life in India. February—Child-life in China. March—Questions and Answers—Africa. April—Child-life in the Pacific Islands. May—Child-life in Japan. June—Review.

PAULINE RAMSAY,  
Supt. Bands,  
East. Ontario and Quebec.

#### QUEER WASHERS.

My boys and girls know what a washing-day in Canada is like too well to need any description.

One of our missionaries in India has just sent me a post-card for my album called, "The Industrious Dhoby." It shows the queer way clothes are washed in Madras. Just in the edge of the ocean or bay are a number of large flat stones. Beside each one stands a Hindu fully dressed for the occasion in turban and loin-cloth. He has gone around collecting soiled clothing from white people, until he has as large a bundle on his back as he can carry. This burden is placed on the sand beside his stone, and the articles taken out one by one, white dress, shirts and various other articles. Holding one up high in the air, he splashes it into the water, then dashes it on the stone. No pearline or even a bar of soap is necessary for his washing. Buttons fly off or get broken on the stone, seams burst, holes appear in every thin place, yet this queer washer keeps on dashing the fine garments against the stone washing-board. Then he wrings them out, puts them out on the sand to dry, or fastens them with thorns or spikes to his drying-line. After they are ironed in a way better not seen or described, they are returned in neat-looking piles at so many rupees a hundred.

You rejoice in the fresh supply of clean clothes, for in such a hot land, one must change their clothing often. Alas, things are not always what they seem! A man may jump out of his cool bath, grasping a towel to find it torn from top to bottom, only the fringe and edges as they were before being dashed on the stone. Buttons may be gone from the most inconvenient places; and one officer tells us that a long tear in his trousers had been so carefully gummed together, that it was not noticed by him until the heat of the day melted the gum. "Just wait until the dhoby comes for my clothes next week!" thought the angry officer. Nothing is easier for the natives of India than to find excuses for their misdeeds. This man said he had been called away to attend a wedding, and his brother had done the washing for him that day. It should never happen again. Sometimes the stone does not do its cleansing according to your ideas, and the garments

have to be returned for a second splashing and dashing.

Our missionaries do not tell us about these little trials of their patience, but they must often wish for a real Canadian washing-day, with all its conveniences.

There are many queer things in India not often reported in missionary papers, and if our good editor approves, "Sister Belle" will introduce the boys and girls who read the Link, to a few of them in this New Year, 1912. It will make you all appreciate your homes in this Canada of ours, and sympathize more with Canadian missionaries in India. If we think of them oftener, our love, sympathy and prayers will cross over the ocean to them, and our pennies drop into the mite-box for the Mission Band.

SISTER BELLE.

22 Melgund Ave., Ottawa.

### A PROOF OF LOVE.

By Anne Porter Johnson.

In a little village in India a young missionary lay on her bed, moaning and tossing with the deadly fever. The servants, with trembling voices, spoke softly to one another:

"Will the missionary's God heal the Little Miss Sahiba?" asked one, looking for a word of hope from the others.

Perhaps He is angry with us, and will take her away to His heaven," suggested another, sobbing.

"Oh," wailed another, "the Little Miss Sahiba suffers great pain."

The physician, with trained eyes, watched intently the sick woman. At length the pain ceased, she grew calm, and, looking up into his face, said with a smile, "Doctor, I'm better now."

The physician stepped into the next room. "Miss Connor, the pain is gone now, but she cannot live. You must tell her. You have been so much together in your work—you will do it so much better than I," urged the doctor.

It was not so hard, only a word, and the Little Miss Sahiba understood. "It is all right, Margaret," she said calmly.

All day long Miss Connor was troubled. Clearly some one must ask the Little Miss Sahiba her wishes in regard to the resting place for her tired body. They were miles away from the beautiful little cemetery in which the precious bodies of many of the missionaries had been laid away.

"I cannot, I cannot ask her—that. It is too hard," said Miss Connor. She looked appealingly around the little group of grief-stricken servants. "Is there not some one, some one else, who will?" she pleaded.

In a corner of the room sat Bua, one of the native women. She arose, and taking Miss Connor's hand in hers for a moment, softly entered the sick woman's room, and sat down beside the bed.

The group outside waited. Miss Connor, weary to the verge of collapse, leaned her head on the back of the chair, closed her eyes, and prayed that God would guide the native woman in her words.

When Bua came out, she looked at Miss Connor in puzzled silence. Her mind seemed to be studying something that she could not comprehend. Her face was like the face of one who had seen a vision so strange as to confuse and amaze the beholder.

"I never knew before!" she murmured over and over. "I never knew before!"

"What is it, Bua?" asked Miss Connor.

"Oh, the Little Miss Sahiba wants to be buried here, right among the black people—her people. She calls us her people," replied Bua, softly, struggling with her feelings. "She says it so far down to the missionary's cemetery, and anyway, she would rather rest among us."

"I—I thought so," replied Miss Connor, her heart aching at the thought of the lonely grave so far away from friends and home-folks.

"I believe it now," continued the native woman.

"Believe what, Bua?"

"I believe that the missionaries really love us," said Bua, simply. "You said you did, but I never believed you would leave your homes in the Far-off America, just because you wanted to help the poor, black people of India. I said it was for the money, or to find favor with your God, so that He would give you a high place in His Heaven, or to atone for some sin, but I never believed it was for love. But the Little Miss Sahiba wants to sleep among us, and now I know she loves us. Yes, it is true," she continued musingly. "The white Little Miss Sahiba wants to be

laid away among her black people. I know it now! 'Sae loves us.'"

"She loves us," the other servants whispered to one another, as Bua spread the strange request of the missionary. "We know it now!"

"The Little Miss Sahiba loved us," they say proudly, when they pause at her grave in the native cemetery, "and so we love and worship her God."—Missions.

### WONDERFUL WALL-PAPER.

My walls are very dirty; I must have new paper," said a Japanese cake-seller to herself, as she looked around her shop before starting on an errand.

The little woman went on her way, carefully considering ways and means, and wondering for now small a sum she could make her walls look fresh and bright, so that the cake-shop might become more attractive.

As she passed a book-shop she caught sight of a heap of waste paper which had been thrown aside.

"The very thing for my shop!" said Mrs. Uno; "and I need not spend any money."

With care she collected the pile, carried it home, and sorted it out. Then she discovered that there was a book with scattered leaves, but nearly all were so clean that she decided they would be the most suitable covering for the walls of the cake-shop. So, with great patience, Mrs. Uno decorated her walls with printed paper, and when it was done, she felt that her labor had not been in vain, for did not those white printed pages make her shop look more attractive than ever before?

Yes, certainly the walls did look fresher and brighter, but Mrs. Uno could not see half their brightness. The very light of heaven was reflected there, for the leaves she had used were from a Bible, and the walls of the little shop were proclaiming wonderful stories of God's love to man.

One evening the old lady's grandson came in and having a little time on his hands, he began to read the printing on the wall-paper.

Mrs. Uno listened with astonishment as the boy read on, for she had never heard anything so wonderful or beautiful before.

As time went on she became so much interested that she would often ask her customers to read to her. At last a young man asked her if she was a Christian, and, finding she was not, he took her to a church where she heard the message from the wall-paper more fully explained. She became a Christian, and now not only do the walls of the cake-shop tell of the things of the kingdom, but the old woman carefully puts a tract into every bag of cakes, so that all her customers may share in the good news which first came to her soul from the wall-paper.—By Elinor M. Rice in World-Wide.

### IN EVERY LAND.

In the land of ice and snow  
Lives the little Eskimo;  
Dress of skin  
Fur-side in,  
Keeps him warm from head to toe.

Running wild in blazing sun  
Plays the little African;  
Not a thread,  
From his head,  
Wears this little black-skinned one.

Far away, o'er distant seas,  
Dwells the little Japanese;  
Silken gown  
Falls way down,  
Far below his yellow knees.

On the sweeping prairie wide,  
Does the Indian child abide;  
Beads in rows,  
Buckskin clothes,  
Serve his copper skin to hide.

In the crowded city street,  
Poorest child of all we meet—  
Feet all bare,  
Rags to wear,  
Homeless, friendless, naught to eat.

Now, to all these children dear,  
Let us send a word of cheer;  
Tell them how  
Jesus now  
Waits with love to draw them near.

Of our plenty let us send  
News of Him, the children's friend;  
That from sin  
We may win  
Souls to serve Him to the end.

—World-Wide.