

"At that finish to life
shall be it and be that
loath to life in my
own shall find it."

.. MIRIAM ..



PR 7.22
B5 B6
Accepted for India.



Be of good cheer.

*Yours Affectionately
Ethel Beadini.*

ACCEPTED FOR INDIA

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF
ETHEL BREDIN

BY
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S. Rajputana, India.

WITH INTRODUCTION BY
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of Neemuch, Central India.

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Dedicated
TO
THE MASTER
WHOM WE LOVE.



PREFACE.

THIS little book is sent out with the feeling that the story of the fragrant life and service of Ethel Bredin should be shared with others, and with the hope that the story of her joyous sacrifice will draw attention to the work for which she gave her life. My fitness for the task of writing it lies not in any qualification as a writer. Perhaps someone who has the gift will sometime tell the story in a more inspiring way. But the fitness I can plead is the opportunity I had of knowing Ethel Bredin, the love I have for her, and the conviction that the gracious Master, who immortalized Mary's gift of love, wished the story of Ethel Bredin's box of precious ointment to be made known.

My thanks are due to my fellow-missionaries who helped me by supplying photographs and to a young man of India who, touched by the story of her life and the gift of one of her Bibles to him, wished to enlarge her photo for her mother and for this sketch.

BELLE CHONE OLIVER.

April 1, 1916.



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INTRODUCTION.

MY Fellow-Missionary, Dr. Belle Choné Oliver, the writer of the sketch of Miss Bredin's life, has asked me to write an introduction. To be allowed to do so is a privilege. I claim no fitness for the task other than that of an old soldier commending for earnest consideration the life of the most recent recruit who fell before reaching the field of campaign.

I had not the pleasure of knowing Ethel Bredin, but from the sketch I learn that she had noble qualities of head and heart and a winsome personality. In imagination I put myself with those who shall read the sketch and hear their united testimony, "Whom having not seen we love." In India, under the palms, in one of God's acres a simple headstone marks the last resting-place of the mortal remains of Ethel Bredin, but her best monument will be found in the lives of those whom she inspired and who through the reading of this little volume shall yet be inspired to live wholly for the winning of the world for Christ.

The message of the book is essentially missionary, written by a missionary, about a missionary, with the hope of helping young men and women to decide to be missionaries.

Before beginning the little volume it will be helpful to have a forecast of its contents.

The object of the sketch is fourfold—

1. To share with others the fragrant memory of Ethel Bredin's beautiful life.
2. To show very briefly, by a few examples, what Indian women are capable of doing to extend Christ's Kingdom.
3. To give an idea of the great work yet to be done for India's women.
4. To inspire young men and women to follow in Ethel Bredin's footsteps in so far as she followed Christ.

1915 will be remembered as the year when the air seemed to vibrate with such expressions as "The War," "Your King and Country need you," "Enlisting for Service," "Going to the Front," etc., and brave men responded, joined

the colours, left for the front, and thousands poured out their life-blood in the great struggle of right against might.

That year Ethel Bredin also enlisted for active service at "the front" and was accepted for India.

"He who gives the sword and shield
Chooses too the battlefield,
Where we're to fight the foe."

Her dedication of herself was complete. She laid her all upon the altar for service or for sacrifice and He who called her knew what would help His work most and He accepted her sacrifice.

Her work was ended, but not finished. Were *you*, dear reader, in the homeland equally impressed with love and obedience you too would enlist to take the place of the one who has fallen. We do not read that there is any lack of volunteers for King George's Army although young men know, full well, the costly sacrifices that have been made. Would that there were a like rallying to the Royal Standard of King Jesus, dyed crimson with the life-blood of our Captain.

Very specially do I appeal to those who once volunteered. You heard a recruiting sergeant, a missionary on furlough, tell of the Captain's unfulfilled commission and of the need of soldiers at the front to take the places of those who had fallen. You yielded yourself wholly and unreservedly to God and asked Him to send you. More time had to be spent in training and you become entangled and have not yet made good your promise. "No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life that he may please him who hath chosen him to be a soldier." Are you pleasing your Captain? You cannot be if you are a "shirker." The Royal Command is "Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you and lo, I am with you alway even unto the end of the world."

MARGARET MACKELLAR.

ACCEPTED FOR INDIA.

I.

At Knowlton.

" My life, my love I give to Thee,
Thou Lamb of God, who died for me ;
Oh, may I ever faithful be,
My Saviour and my God."

(Convention Hymn, 1914.)

A MISSIONARY home on furlough from India was glad to be appointed by her Board as representative to three Summer Conferences in 1914. She had attended the Y. W. C. A. Conference at Elgin House, Muskoka, the Conference of the Missionary Education Movement at Whitby, and was now on her way to the third—the Missionary Education Movement Conference at Knowlton in Quebec Province. In the afternoon of a bright day in July she stepped aboard the train at Montreal on the last stage of her journey to Knowlton. Most of the delegates had gone up the day before, but the missionary had had a long way to travel and had been unable to reach the Conference earlier. She was sitting near the back of the car and her eyes wandered over the other passengers. Just in front of her was a middle-aged man whose clerical clothes told he was a minister. In the seat across the aisle were two young women with whom he was conversing. The one next the window had a refined, delicate, sweet face. The other was the picture of health with pink cheeks, sunny hair, eyes sparkling with good humour, and a ready smile. She seemed to radiate good cheer. She did not appear to be "making conversation" but to be really interested in what she was saying.

As time went on passengers got out or came in, but the minister and the young women continued their journey, and the missionary began to think they like herself must be going to Knowlton. She hoped they were but she was too shy to ask them.

Arriving at the Conference Station just about dark the missionary alighted, and finding her way to the back of the

station learned that there was a carriage to take delegates over to the Conference grounds. The driver asked if she was the only one going over. She replied that she thought there were others and went in search of the ladies she had seen in the train. Yes, they and the minister too were going.

The evening meeting was in progress when they arrived and they were taken quietly to the dining hall and all put together at the same table. The company introduced themselves to one another and the missionary learned that the sunny young woman was Miss Bredin and the delicate one was her friend, for whose comfort she was most thoughtful. Several days at the same table with opportunities for conversation and recreations taken together made the little company quite well acquainted.

The missionary was there on the King's business to secure recruits for the King's Army. Many a time her heart was lifted in prayer to God for guidance as to those to whom she should speak. She knew that Christ's command to pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth labourers was a promise too that God would hear and answer that prayer, and so sometimes as she knelt at her bedside alone, or in company with some one else like-minded, sometimes in the quiet of the woods, or among the little group of volunteers gathered each morning for prayer, the petition ascended. It was good to be in this missionary atmosphere at Knowlton. It was good for the young people to get away to that quiet place and hear the claims of the Kingdom presented. It was good for them to hear at the Life Service Meetings at the sunset hour how God had led others to submit their lives to Him for guidance. Under the trees, or by the lake shore, or in the tent or in the stillness of the night, decisions were made that changed the whole course of many lives. The missionary was glad to come into touch with some of these. But she longed too to know if God were not speaking to Ethel Bredin in those days, if the call were not coming to her to 'go'. She prayed and waited; God worked.

The thought of Foreign Mission service was not altogether new to Ethel Bredin. She wanted to serve God, to be specially set aside for His Service, but after much thinking she had decided that she could not take up foreign work as she had not the means to take a special training for it. She had come to Knowlton with what she thought was a firm

resolve "not to let Foreign Missions bother her peace of mind." But after the missionary's first address she found her resolution shaken. As if to answer her objection that she had not sufficient education, the missionary, in a second address, said that while a college training was desirable, yet that was not essential in a woman missionary; there was need of trained teachers and of evangelistic workers. The statement that the reason more do not volunteer for this foreign service is because they do not *care* enough, stung her, but the more she thought it over the more it seemed to her to be true. She was "all hurt inside," and lay awake at nights thinking. The appeal seemed irresistible. Yet, strange to say, she sought to avoid a personal conversation on the matter with the missionary though they had been mutually attracted from the first by that indefinable but real bond of spiritual sympathy. The missionary felt the reserve but bided her time and spoke to the King all the more about this beautiful daughter of His. She did not know then of the turmoil in the heart of the one for whom she was praying.

Almost the last day an opportunity came.

"Will you tell me some stories of the children in India so that I may tell our boys and girls at home?"

"Gladly."

And the stories were begun, the story of the little famine boy who ate the linseed poultices, of the girl who had been such a thief but was transformed by Christ, of the two orphans who lived six years in the same school and then discovered they were sisters, and of the girl so wonderfully led hundreds of miles away from her home and saved from an evil life to serve Christ. And as they talked and walked by the lake and in the park, at the sunset hour, they sat down in a little summer-house and the missionary put the question Ethel Bredin had been expecting.

"Have you ever thought of becoming a missionary?"

The quick color rose to her face, and after a moment's hesitation she asked:

"Do you think I would do for a missionary?"

"Three qualities that are most valuable in a missionary are tact, sympathy and power of leadership. I have been watching you. It seems to me you have these in a high degree. Is it not true that you have many friends, that

people come to you for help and sympathy, and that you are a leader?"

Humbly yet truthfully she acknowledged that it was so, then said:

"I do not feel I know my Bible well—not as one ought to who would teach it. But," the eyes fell and the voice was low and sweet, "I know—my God. Ever since I can remember I have loved Him."

"To know God, and to desire to make Him known to others, that is the essential thing. You have too an excellent training and experience as a teacher, and you love little children."

More conversation followed. The missionary did not press for a decision. She realized that God's spirit was working and that Ethel Bredin's honest desire was to do His will so she just asked her to think it all out to a conclusion. Then they parted. The missionary went with the crowd of delegates who left at the close of the Convention, but Ethel Bredin remained a day longer for her friend's sake.

II.

“*The Common Touch.*”

“I CANNOT say that Ethel was very different from any other good sensible girl.”

—*Ethel Bredin's Mother.*

For the missionary, Ethel Bredin's life story began at Knowlton, but she learned afterwards from Ethel herself and from others something of her life previous to that time.

It was on the thirtieth of July 1885, that another little baby girl came to the Bredin Home. As two boys and three girls had preceded her, a baby in the home was no novelty, but Grandfather and Grandmother Bredin, Father and Mother and Aunt Mary all gave her a welcome. Her brothers and sisters were not so sure about her, for she had a very much puckered up mouth which they did not think was at all pretty. But by and by the smiles the baby gave them developed a very pretty mouth and won their hearts and they accepted her as part of the family. She was named Ethel Isabel. The grandparents on both sides were North of Ireland folk and children of that stock are apt to have a bit of temper and a will of their own. The Bredin children all had, but only the first two gave their mother any trouble in bringing them up. There were soon enough of them to give each other good practice in keeping their tempers. They were a jolly crowd and there was no end of teasing. Anything like sentiment was apt to be made fun of, so their feelings were hidden away in deep, but there was an intense love for one another.

The number of children increased to nine and with a household consisting of fourteen and with all the duties that fall to a mother on a farm, Mrs. Bredin had not much time to devote to the teaching of her children, but she gave them all the time she could.

The father, too, was a busy man. From his college days he had been connected with a Volunteer regiment and for twelve years was its Commanding Officer with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. He was a public-spirited man and took a keen interest in the affairs of the country. His help and counsel were much sought by his neighbours and always

gladly given. Neither mother nor father spoke much, but their disapproval of all that was wrong, especially of falsehood, and their love of all that was pure and true, with a childlike faith in God influenced and moulded the character of their children. The children learned to love their Heavenly Father as naturally as they loved their earthly parents, and were known among the neighbours for the reality and naturalness of their religious life. They early learned to judge as to what was right and wrong and to decide many things for themselves without first going to ask their parents. Ethel had in her character a combination of sweetness and strength. She loved to please others and it grieved her if they were not happy. She herself was the happiest of all the children. She was always inclined to do what was right even if the others did laugh at her.

In due time she began to go to school. She was ambitious to excel but always rejoiced in the success of others. The school was at a distance from the house and, as there was just an hour at noon the Bredins carried their "dinner-pail." One evening Ethel volunteered to carry the pail in her sister's place in return for something her sister was to



Beside the dear old St. Lawrence.

do for her. On the way home her sister either teased her or failed to fulfil her part of the contract, so Ethel set the pail down in the road saying she would carry it no further. She met her match in her sister who was more determined than herself and of whom Aunt Mary used to say that if she fell into the water they would be sure to find her up stream. Both went home without the pail. The mother decided that Ethel

should go back for it, and she did, for her mother's word was her law. One of her sisters is authority for the statement that of all the children Ethel had her temper under the best control.

The Bredin home is on the bank of the St. Lawrence River at Woodlands, Stormont County, Ontario. It was a small place when Grandfather Bredin built it, but with an increase in the family the house had to be enlarged. It not only accommodated the Bredin family, but, in the summer months especially, the home was open to relatives and friends.

The woods and the river with boating and swimming provided plenty of recreation. The children loved to climb the trees and lie far out on the branches and rock themselves in the wind. Ethel delighted in the beauties of nature—the trees, the flowers, the ripening grain, the beautiful sunsets, but most of all the dear old St. Lawrence River. She learned to swim and to handle the oar skilfully. So near was the river that sometimes on a hot night in summer she and her sisters would go down in the middle of the night for a swim.

There was seldom a domestic servant kept in the home. The girls learned first to help their mother and then to relieve her of the house-work. In haying and harvest they often helped with the work in the fields.

Books were valued in the home. Ethel was as eager as anyone to read them, but she taught herself to lay down her book whenever she felt it right to do so and thus kept her self-control in regard to a pleasure that is too often indulged in to the neglect of duty.

Such was the atmosphere of the Bredin home that the girls all developed a desire for education. Ethel made up her mind to become a teacher. By the time she was fifteen she had learned all she could be taught at the Woodlands School, and received her Public School Leaving Certificate which entitled her to enter the second form in the High School. She attended the Morrisburg High School where she took her third and second class Teacher's Certificates. Her professional training was received at the Morrisburg Model School and at the Normal School in Ottawa.

She taught in country schools in Ontario, in both country and city in the Province of Alberta, and latterly in Toronto.

She was naturally endowed with talents that fitted her for her chosen work. Chief among these was her sympathetic

understanding love of little children.

"The child would twine
A trustful hand, unasked in thine,
And find his comfort in thy face."

Of a place where she had taught in Alber a she wrote :

"I spent a year teaching there five years ago—I get hosts of letters from my pupils there yet."

One who saw her at her work in Toronto in 1915 says :

"I went with her once to see her class of boys in the public school, fifty of them at the difficult ages of eleven to thirteen. I am a teacher and can realise what the strain of a class like that must mean ; and I am sure, from what I saw that day, that very few men even could have held those boys better. There seemed such a splendid spirit among them all, and I know she did all she could to raise their ideals to a healthy, manly outlook on life as a field of service. I have no doubt that one thing that appealed to the boys was her sense of humour and love of fun. Everybody was sure of having a good time when she was around."

At the closing exercises of the King Edward School in Toronto, she had a number of her boys repeat the different verses of Rudyard Kipling's poem "If—", and was very pleased when an old missionary present thought it the finest number on the programme. The virile spirit of it found an echo in her heart.

"If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue
Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you
If all men count with you, but none too much,
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
And—which is more—you'll be a man my Son."

For a time she taught a school near home that was in a run-down condition and had earned the reputation of making life none too happy for the teacher. A friend says : "She put her whole self into the work and there was not a home between Woodlands and Farran's Point but knew and loved her cheery, happy, loving, easy disposition. The children all loved her and she tried to get the young people in the village interested in good reading and sports that were clean and helpfu', and in a measure was successful."

It was while she was staying at home at this time that she was drawn more into Church work. She was a member of the Methodist Church, but from childhood had attended the

Woodlands Presbyterian Church which was nearer her home, and its services grew to be very dear to her. Mr. McLaren had been chosen minister of Woodlands and the three other charges connected with it. Ethel was one of his loyal helpers. She admired his earnest efforts for the spiritual uplift of the community. Mr. McLaren is no ordinary man. He is of French-Scotch parentage. He learned his alphabet when he was fourteen years of age and began the study of English at nineteen. His coming made a difference to the community especially to the young people. He induced Ethel and others to study Missions and give addresses to the other young people, and so the great need of the lands lying in darkness began to make an appeal to her. In 1914 also she attended a Conference at Knowlton.

From the notes of an address she gave at Woodlands on the Mohammedan, Buddhist and Confucian religions as compared with the Christian we copy the following :

" But there is one argument that we can put up that will not fail to convince the cleverest and severest critic of Christianity—and that evidence and argument lies in the lives of Christian men and women. And this is as much our work as sending money to propagate the gospel, to see to it that our lives are being lived in such harmony with the Christ life that the world must confess that 'there is none other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved.'

" And it is our duty especially to see to it that the boys and girls growing up in our midst may be so trained to live in Jesus that when they go out into the world their lives may be such as will silence every critic of Christ whether he be a Mohammedan, Buddhist, Confucianist or atheist."

There was one listening who saw into the future and knew that a day would come when Ethel Bredin would decide to offer her own life as an argument to the non-Christian world of the truth of the Gospel of the Son of God who gave His life a ransom for many. Meantime he watched her grow more beautiful in character, in grace, assurance and joy, and found her ever ready to help cheerfully and tactfully in every good work.

Of her with a little change it might be said as of McCheyne that three agencies shaped her into the manner of woman she became. There were the wholesome influences of her early home. There was her education and experience as a teacher. Most decisive of all was her response to the grace of God.

III.

The Decision.

"If I have God's will in my character, my life may become great and good. It may be useful and honourable, and even a monument of the sanctifying power of God. But it will only be a *life*. However great and pure it be, it can be no more than a life. And it ought to be a *mission*. There should be no such thing as a Christian life, each life should be a *mission*.

It comes to pass, therefore, that there are two great classes of people in the Christian world to-day. (1) Those who have God's will in their character. (2) Those who have God's will likewise in their career. The first are in the world to live. They have a *life*. The second are in the world to Minister. They have a *mission*."

The Ideal Life by Henry Drummond.

"More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." Who shall say how much Ethel Bredin thus did for the work in Western Canada in the autumn of 1914? During the summer the missionary sent her a copy of "Intercessors the Primary Need" by Dr. Mott and wrote :

"I am writing to you to know if you will pray for me during the months of this autumn from September till December when I shall be doing deputation work in the West. I should value your prayers more than I can tell you. I am asking a few people to help me and to help the work of Christ in this way. I mean that you should think of the work I am doing as partly yours and pray for the results you would like to see, and for me that I may be used to bring about these results. I have a great desire that this tour should mean much for the Kingdom of God. You will see that I am not asking an easy thing from you. It will mean time and strength but I very much want it."

She consented to become an intercessor. Lists of places and dates of meetings were mailed her regularly and some reports of results. A few extracts from her letters will show the interest she took in this work.

"It was interesting to hear of the different leaders you have singled out in the different places, but don't for one moment think that they are all the fruits you have of your work. I believe, that very often, maybe as a rule, the deeper, stronger natures do not yield to a new life or make that change in their lives known for a long time."

"I am reading Murray's 'With Christ in the School of Prayer.' I wonder if I can ever really have such faith as he speaks of and as Christ teaches us about. I know why you sent me Zech. 4, 6. I am guilty."

"I like to think of you when I am retiring for that is about the time you are speaking at your evening meeting. Of course I sometimes get a chance to think of you when I am teaching Geography to my class.

"I am learning some Geography as I follow your travels . . . I am waiting to hear how many you have persuaded to take up Foreign Work who are ready and willing to go next year. I know your desire and I am praying."

She sent some copies of the Gospels to be given as opportunity offered. The missionary replied:

"Thank you very much for the copies of the Gospels, Acts and Romans. I will try to use them profitably. I keep a few in my hand-bag . . . One day on the train a man in front of me was reading a book about Ingersoll. I sent up a little prayer and wished I could give him one of your little books. By and by he lay down to sleep so I took a "John" and wrote inside, "The words that I speak unto you—are life" and marked the verse where John tells the purpose of his writing and just before I got out I laid it on his window sill. It was bread cast upon the waters. Perhaps you and I will find it after many days. If not, yet it was a pleasure to cast it on the waters in obedience and hope."

Again she writes: "I came across some Golden Text books which I thought quite concise. I got one for each of the Sunday School children at home. I have an extra one which I am enclosing thinking you might send it to Jessie M. or otherwise dispose of it. I hope that man on the train gives the Gospel of John a fair test over the doctrine of Ingersoll."

(Jessie is a little girl in the West who says she wants to be a missionary some day.)

Little did Miss Bredin think when she wrote that she was praying and waiting to hear how many had been persuaded to go "next year" that she herself would be the only one for India, the answer to her own prayer. The missionary had written to her in the end of September, "Will you come?"

. . . I am so desirous for you to come and hope the road will soon lead there How nice if you could come out next fall ! ”

In reply she wrote :

“ And now I read you are a little anxious about my decision. Didn't I tell you not to be ? I never liked the “ experience meetings ” I ever attended—but for the good of my soul . . . I will make use of my early training and tell you that four years ago I came home from Calgary with the intention of staying at home a couple of years, principally to be company for Mother and to learn to know her better for I had been away from home almost steadily at school from fifteen years of age. And then I intended to offer my services to the Church for service for Christ, but I didn't “ want ” that to be Foreign Work. I think it was the fact of meeting so many Godless and Christless people everywhere I went and so many girl friends who had no solid rock to cling to that made me feel the need of more lives being wholly consecrated to His work. Then after I came home the Foreign Work with its need of strong men and women began to appeal to me very strongly, but I did not for a minute think I could be accepted for that without more schooling . . . Last fall I simply said I would think no more of it but would come to Toronto and by means of extra classes would improve my mind as best I could and then be ready for some other work as soon as I was sure I was not needed at home.

“ But your first address at Knowlton sent all my thoughts on the wind again. I wondered whether it was simply a personal fancy I had taken to you, or really a greater desire to serve Christ, and I would not give you or any one a definite answer till I could come home, be alone a while and find out.

“ Now I know I want to go to India, or, if the Board prefer, to some other country but I will give India as my choice . . .

“ I did not get a chance to talk with our Presbyterian minister before I left home so I wrote him of my intentions and asked his advice and opinion. I think I will enclose his answer to me just to let you see what a great old counsellor he is. You may reduce the flattery 50% as it is partly due to the goodness of his heart and partly to the fact that I was one. . . . who was usually ready to help him in his work.”

The letter she refers to says :

“ I have your letter. You may think you took me un-

prepared. If so you are mistaken. I have been waiting and hoping for this since the day or the evening you went home after your first address to our people here on Missions. I knew then you had experienced one of the greatest and deepest joys of your life that would lead you on to a day of decision and offer of yourself.

"Now about your fitness for Mission work. It is just like you to say you are not prepared to go on. Now no more



"My reading has usually been of the type that broadened and strengthened my Christian faith."

of that nonsense. You are fit for the Mission Field as you are to-day. You know your Bible enough to go on to learn more by teaching what you do know. I always felt that you were of my Bible class the one clear-minded and sure on the great Christian doctrines.

"You did not tell me under what Board you wish to go. You know I am not much of anything in "ism" yet I have a

fond hope that you will represent old Woodlands and perhaps some day we will be able to support you and share your work. But whatever you choose you are our own any way. (The missionary) was correct in saying that tact and heart are the first needful things in missionaries. You have that. Besides your experience in teaching is in itself a training. . . . Since you have decided that will be your life work, don't waste time. There is always a ready supply of things needful at the fountain head for willing workers."

"His letter," she wrote, "has given me more confidence. I am not so fit as he says I am, although my reading has usually been of the type that has broadened and strengthened my Christian faith. Bible reading has been a daily habit since I first learned to read, yet I read the Bible more from force of habit than from a search for knowledge and guidance. At least I know I never read it as I have these past two months . . . Yes, I wish I were ready to go next autumn but I could not see my way clear to train this year.

"I forgive you freely for making me lose so much sleep at Knowlton."

Though it does not come in chronological order, an extract from a letter written to her minister just on the eve of her departure for India, shows one of the influences that had been at work in her life.

"As in a few hours I am to leave these shores, I want to thank you for all ^{your} kindness to me and my friends. If I have been led to offer myself to Missions it is greatly due to your influence. I dare say at times you feel discouraged. It seems to me you do not know the good work you have been doing, what a change has come over us all in your short pastorate. I am the first to come out."

IV.

Accepted.

"Just as I am, young, strong and free
To be the best that I can be,
For truth and righteousness and Thee
Lord of my life, I come."

"I NEVER met anyone to whom living was so much a matter of being happy . . . Her work was a joy, her friends were a joy and her religion was a joy."

—*Said of Ethel Bredin.*

Miss Bredin's decision to be a foreign missionary brought her into a deeper, closer relationship with her God and her life was full of a new joy.

"Do you know," she writes, "I suppose you do, that every day I have to give up my will to His in matters that before I simply took into my own hands and asked nobody's opinion about. But every time I have given in I have been so glad afterwards for I find my strength greatly increased instead of weakened."

She tells of how in her work she had felt it right to submit to a re-arrangement that not only did not commend itself to her judgment but made things difficult for others. She had a fight all the next day to keep from thinking hard thoughts but Rom. 8. 28, "All things work together for good to them that love God" kept repeating itself in her mind. She says "and all at once the scales dropped and I was contented and sure that Rom. 8. 28 was true and a promise that would be fulfilled." Two days later all was changed back to her way of thinking. "Wasn't I glad I gave in!" she writes. "I was for several reasons but chiefly for the strength I had gained and the greater knowledge of God."

Not only was her relationship to God more joyous but fellowship with others in spiritual things meant more than ever before and she writes of thus "getting a different idea of the spiritual life altogether."

In November she wrote to the missionary:

"I am going to tell you a bit of news which I would not tell you just yet but I want your help if you are not too over-

burdened now. Mr. McLaren, our minister, wrote me to say that he is going to try to have my home Church put up the money to support me in India if my way leads there. I know he has a hard task before him but I don't believe it is impossible. He says my share is to pray for it and sometime, after I have made known my intentions, to address his four charges on "The Field, The Work and The Need of Workers" and the rest is to be left to him. I believe your prayers would help bring this to pass and hope you will sometimes find time to remember us. I don't want this for my own elation or only because it would be a support to me away from home, but because I believe it would be the means of increasing the interest in Missions in that district and lead some of the children (many of whom I have taught) to grow up with service for Christ as their ideal for life. Few of them have that now."

Up to this time only a few persons including her minister and the missionary knew of her decision. The latter advised her to have a confidential talk with the President of the Women's Missionary Society in Toronto before going home for Christmas, with the idea that her application might come before the Foreign Mission Committee early in 1915 and possibly her appointment be made for the autumn of that year. With characteristic humility she had not at first thought of going out so soon, but writes,

"When I looked at the matter from a human point of view I could not see much sense in thinking of going this year but when I talked with God He said He could make me ready if I were willing to let Him work through me. 'Surrender' again you see."

The missionary wrote to Mrs. Steele, the president, recommending Ethel Bredin and among other things said she considered her the finest of the volunteers she had met at the Summer Conferences.

Of the interview Miss Bredin writes :

"Mrs. Steele made an appointment with me for Monday night. I went and was glad to meet her, glad to find her so frank and so kind. . . . Mrs. Steele said that probably toward spring they might ask me to go there (to the Missionary and Deaconess' Training Home) so they might keep an eye on the life I live. She said it all depended on me and my capabilities as to when I should be sent out and that they

would like to see me often to get to know me, so I suppose I shall always have to be on my good behaviour now."

All fall and winter she had been attending lectures two nights a week at the Toronto Bible College. "They are splendid," she says, "and I know they are helping me. Besides I am doing all I can myself in the way of Bible study." Her time was very fully occupied, for she writes: "I would like to meet your other friends, but, I think, I need considerable time to myself this year, and what with my School work and relations and two young girl cousins at the Universities here to whom I must act as elder sister, I have an idea my time will be greatly taken up."

Her Christmas at home was a very happy one. "I told mother about it all and asked her opinion and as always mother said she would do all in her power to help me and that I was not to give up the idea on any account for the sake of home." Her father too was willing that she should go, and she was so glad to have talked it all over in the family circle, for very shortly after her return to Toronto she was summoned to his death-bed.

Her friend who had been to Knowlton with her was isolated at Christmas-time with chicken-pox and they could not meet, so she wrote to her fully of how she had been led and finally she said:

"I hope you will have patience till Easter time and in the meantime we'll think of and remember each other in prayer. I sent you that little book ('The Sermon in the Hospital') because I wanted you to know there was work to do here as well as in India. I am glad you went to Knowlton with me because now you understand."

In March she writes to the same friend:

"I do not forget you any day. If it were not that God is making me very humble you Woodlands people would make me very vain, but as it is all your good wishes and expressions of love, make me want more and more to fit myself better for my work that I may be more worthy of all your esteem."

After Easter she entered the Training Home as a boarder while she still continued teaching. One student says:

"I was one of her room-mates during all her three months' stay. She captured our hearts from the very first night of her arrival. She struck me as being an ideal woman to work amongst other girls and women as a foreign missionary. She

never spoke of herself that I remember except once when speaking of her desire to be a foreign missionary. All her thoughts seemed to be taken up in what she was doing for others and her spare time was much of it occupied in study to fit herself further for the life-work she had chosen.

"She made me feel that, though she never asked for confidence in words, any one could go to her in a difficulty or trouble, and be sure of strong and definite help and sympathy. I certainly found it so

"What I noticed most of all about Miss Bredin was the place that prayer held in her life. It was so real to her. Even when her days were fullest and busiest, she would waken so much earlier that she might not miss what I am sure was the secret of her beautiful consecrated life."

Sometimes it is a very difficult task for the Candidates' Committee to decide whether they should recommend a volunteer for appointment. But there was no difficulty in Ethel Bredin's case. It is a comment on their opinion of her fitness that though she had been in the Home only since Easter, on May 3rd the president of the Board wrote saying :

"It is with great pleasure that I am able to tell you that the Candidates' Committee at their meeting this afternoon agreed to recommend you to the Board for a position on their staff in India Dr. Oliver will be so rejoiced over your prospect of going back with her."

She had won all their hearts from the first and one says there were many with whom she had to do who thought she was one of the finest all-round characters that had been sent to any of our fields for a good many years.

May 14, Miss Bredin received notice of her appointment by the Executive of the Foreign Mission Committee. "I am very glad to inform you that the Executive appointed you as a missionary of our Church to Central India. Doubtless you have anticipated as much, but I send you this formal notice. May this investment which you are making of your life prove to be one that will mean very much blessing to yourself as well as blessing to the people of India and glory to the cause of our Master."

These two official letters were carefully kept and were among a small bundle of treasured ones she took with her to India.

Before going home she purchased in Toronto some things

necessary for her outfit. She had been told to get a dress suitable to wear in the evening. She bought a black silk which she laughingly called her "one extravagance." Months later one of the students who had been in the home with her and is now in the Mission Field wrote :

"I do not know if you know that when Ethel was buying her black silk dress that she bought me one the same. At that time I was not going ; I mean, I was not accepted and she said she felt she wanted to give a thank-offering that her life had been guided and that she was privileged to go out with you."

It was decided that the three who were going out to India should go by way of the Pacific owing to the danger from German submarines in the Atlantic. Connections beyond Hong Kong were a little uncertain and when it was not known what kind of boat could be secured, Miss Bredin wrote :

"Remember I don't object to going to Bombay in a tub, only I want to get there . . . I have fairly good nerve and would not hesitate to start alone to India if it were necessary or desirable but you do not know how much easier the trip has been made for me by the thought that I am to be in your company. It makes it much easier for mother also to know I am not to be going alone or with strangers."

V.

Farewell to Woodlands.

"ETHEL was your child but she belonged to us all."

—*A woman to Ethel Bredin's mother.*

The people of Woodlands rejoiced with Ethel Bredin in her appointment to India and, when at the end of June she returned home with but a few weeks to make preparations for her departure, there were many ready to help. Busy hands stitched, and every stitch was a stitch of love. Such happy little chats they had about everything. There was a fruitcake and a big cake of maple sugar for Christmas, to be shared, she said, by all who would be together on that day. The little children brought their dolls and other toys for her to take to the little children in India. She had taught them in the Mission Band and they were so interested in her lessons. She loved each one and each little heart loved her. She often used to say that when she saw these little boys and girls so interested in Missions it woke her up to a new determination to do something definite. At the last Meeting before her departure for India she gave them a talk on the life of William Carey and gave them two of his mottos, "Attempt great things for God" and "Expect great things from God."

The Bible Class presented her with a wrist-watch just the week before she left, and when she replied to the presentation one who was present says:—

"Her words seemed inspired. We all felt her going keenly and I can see her yet standing with a sweet smile on her face, telling us she thought her life-work was in India because she was stronger than some of us, and that in a way her work was easier than ours,—to live the life of a Christian among all our home people was harder than going to India, but we all had our way of making our lives tell for Jesus. She then spoke of the Knox Gospel Team who had been holding services in our Church and said she liked that part of their farewell address where they said that some one had called them "jolly good fellows," but "if we are jolly good fellows it is because we are Christians." She then told us that only in the Christ-life could we have real happiness.

Her designation services took place in St. Matthew's Church Woodlands, on the evening of July 23, as one said "amidst a storm of enthusiasm." The people were proud to be sending out from their midst one so well fitted to tell the people of India of the Saviour's love. And she was not only their own in that she was one of them, but she had entered into their lives so fully that she belonged to them all, and it was their intention still further to make her their representative, as we have already noted, by raising the money for her support.

With what feelings did Ethel Bredin come forward to be set aside for what she believed to be her special life-work? At Knowlton she had been much impressed by a testimony from personal experience as to the truth of Christ's promise in Mark 10, 29, that 'those who forsake brothers or sisters or father or mother for His sake and the gospel's shall receive hundredfold now in this time, brethren and sisters and mothers: and in the world to come eternal life.' The testimony was that new spiritual friendships and affections had been given that transcended those of nature. She was now leaving home and loved ones—yet she was to be united to them too by closer bonds than ever before, for they were all united with her, not only by nature, but in the bonds of Christ Jesus—but the call of Christ was clear and she knew He would fulfil His promise. Her heart was full of joy.

There reached her from her missionary friend that day a letter which she kept.

"My dear—what?"

"I don't think there is anything better than 'Sister' but I don't use it in the hackneyed sense, but with the realization of a spiritual bond because of our having the same Father—the Father of our Spirits. So, my dear sister, I want to be present by letter with you on the evening of your designation, a time that will mean much to you, a time to which you have looked forward, a time to which I believe you will often look back with joy.

"I have been thinking of Isaiah's vision and I have my Bible open on my knee at the sixth chapter. I have underlined the words "I saw the Lord". I remember the day last summer about a year ago when we sat in that little summer-house in the park at Knowlton and you ended up a

sentence with, "But I know my God", speaking the last words very softly. Like Isaiah you doubted your own fitness, but at last you came to the point he reached when in response to the call "Whom shall I send and who will go for us?" your glad and willing heart replied, "Here am I; send me." And He said "Go." As He said of Paul so He says to you. She "is a chosen vessel unto me, to bear my name before the Gentiles."

"My dear girl it is a great, great privilege. "Unto me", I often feel like saying, "Unto me who am less than the least of all saints is this grace given that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ."

"As the Holy Spirit came upon Jesus and upon His Apostles for special service at the beginning of their great work, so may He fill your heart to-night.

"Before you go to the service, go apart for a little quiet time with the Master that with the calmness of His Spirit you may stand before the Congregation. And may you be far more conscious of His presence than of that of any other person.

"Now I just want to remind you of the beautiful, special and shining promise of the Master to you who have heard His "Go". "Lo, I am with you always." And this is prefaced by the uplifting statement, "All power is given unto me in heaven and on earth."

"And I shall pray that other young lives may be given to the Master's Service. If possible I shall get a half-hour on Friday evening about nine o'clock and shall remember your meeting specially.

"This will be a glad, sad, proud day for your mother. God bless and strengthen her."

Dr. R. P. Mackay, the Foreign Mission Secretary, was present as the representative of the Committee. He had met Miss Bredin in Toronto and had seen her when she appeared before the Committee, but to him as he saw her among her own home folk "there came a new vision of beautiful womanhood not discovered in connection with the more public interviews." His address was very impressive to the missionary-elect, and she noted the headings in her copy of "The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life" given her as remembrance of July 23.

1. Be filled with the Spirit. 2. Be filled with knowledge of the Scriptures. 3. Empty yourself. 4. Be sure of the future—rest on the promises.

Doubtless to the people the most impressive sermon was the glad young Missionary herself. Writing of the meeting she said "Was it not good of Dr. Mackay to come to my designation? The people were greatly impressed with the service. Two young men fully decided that night to enter the University this autumn to train for the ministry, and two young girls, a teacher and a nurse whispered to me that they would follow me. I am so glad. The people were more than kind to me. I hope all their kindness was only an indication of their love for Christ."

It was some days after her designation before she left home. Her friend who was at Knowlton gives us two little glimpses of her at the last. "I went out to bid Ethel good-bye Saturday evening (she left here Monday morning and I felt I wanted a few minutes alone with her which I could not have Sunday at Church) and found her washing her hair. I helped her to dry it and we had such a nice chat. Jessie, one of her school-girls in whom she was very much interested and in whose home she lived a year, while she taught in our section, had passed her Junior Leaving Entrance to Normal Examination (she had failed before) and I brought the news of her success. "Now", Ethel said, "I can go to India happy, I did want Jessie to get her examination before I went." Then afterwards she told Jessie, who loved her dearly, "I knew Jessie you would pass for I prayed for you every day this year."

"This is how Ethel came into our lives around here.

"The last Sunday she was here she was bidding every one good-bye and I had to go back into the Church for something and on coming out met her giving one last look. Too full to speak I put my arm around her for a minute and kissed her good-bye. That was my farewell."

The last days were precious ones with her mother. Mother and daughter had grown nearer and more intimate in their relations during the last months. Ethel often spoke of her mother with admiration and one could see how deeply love for her mother had entered into the moulding of her character. "Mother" was all she could say as they parted, but there was a heart full of love in the word.

VI.

"A Fragrance of Christ."

"DR. GRIFFITH THOMAS is good at every lecture. He told one night of a woman who had rescued and cared for a girl from the slums of London. When the girl was dying the woman spoke to her of God and the girl said 'I have found it easy to think of God since I knew you.' The story gave me a jar when I wondered what impression people get of God from what they see of my life."

From one of Ethel Bredin's letters.

"I can imagine her reading all I have said and looking up with a smile to say, 'It was not I but Christ' so indeed it was, but He certainly found a very clear channel in her."

From one of her friends.

After a brief visit to her brothers and a sister in Alberta, Miss Bredin reached Victoria on the morning of August 20, a date to which she had been looking forward for some weeks as the date of her sailing on the "Yokohama Maru" for China, *en route* to India. Her companions in travel were Miss Ethel Glendinning, who was returning to India after her first furlough and the missionary whom she had met at Knowlton, the writer of this sketch.

I had boarded the steamer at Seattle, so I was there to welcome the others at Victoria. I wonder why it is we remember one picture when a hundred others are forgotten. If I am ever aboard the "Yokohama" again I can go to the place where Miss Bredin stood that day, leaning against the railing of the upper deck. Her outward appearance pleased the eye, the simple becoming hat, the neat tailored skirt and silk blouse, the sensible shoes, but one did not think of these but of herself. She was a tall well-proportioned girl, fair complexioned and with regular well-formed features. No picture does her justice. It does not show her beautiful coloring nor the changing expression of her face. It was the soul-beauty reflected in her face that made her most attractive. "The King's daughter" was "all glorious within." God made the flowers sweet and beautiful, but none so beautiful as the human flowers are meant to be. Somehow I associate her with fresh pink roses.

A number of friends had come down to speed the little party on their way, and among them Mrs. Steele, who was visiting in Vancouver and Victoria and who had Miss Bredin with her that last day. Almost the last words the new missionary spoke to her were: "I hope Mrs. Steele that your expectations for me will not be disappointed."

The gong sounded warning visitors to go ashore. The last farewells were said, the ropes were loosened and the ship moved off. Handkerchiefs were waved in farewell as long as they could be seen. Then the missionary party began to settle down to get acquainted with the ship and the passengers in whose company they were to be for some weeks. The ship was a small one of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha Line with accommodation for a good many steerage but for only 28 cabin passengers. It carried a heavy cargo and rode low in the water, and was very steady for so small a vessel. There were 26 cabin passengers, half being missionaries. The Pacific, most of the way across, was not true to its name. The skies were nearly always gray and there was more or less fog. But there was no gloom for the little missionary party so glad to be on their way to India. Even sea-sickness was treated as a joke.

"Talk about a rest-cure, this is great," Miss Bredin wrote, "We have such good times reading together, we are now reading "Amarilly of Clothes-line Alley" also "The Manhood of the Master." "The Christian's Secret of a Happy Life," and each day we have a chapter from "With Christ in the School of Prayer."

Before I give an account of our voyage I want you to see Miss Bredin as she appeared to a few of her fellow-passengers, strangers to us at the beginning of our journey.

One writes:

"I felt especially drawn to Miss Bredin from the very beginning of our voyage across the Pacific, and before the voyage was over I loved her very much and enjoyed being with her. She was so bright and happy and always bearing about with her the Spirit of Christ. She was indeed a lovely sweet spirit."

Another says:

"I missed her bright sweet face after we left you. I remember my first walk with her. It was on our first Sabbath morning out from Seattle. Although I had not learned

her name, she was so wholesome, frank and cheery my heart just went out to her without hesitation.

She seemed to have so many of the qualifications of a good missionary. I observed that 'saving sense of humour' which all of us should have. It seemed to me she wasted not one moment of time, always busy studying, whether language or devotional books. Still when the time for recreation came she played with her might. I think a sweet serious earnestness must have marked her devotional life."

"You remember one old gentleman thought her 'too good-looking to be a missionary.'"

A lady, with us on the latter part of our voyage, after speaking of the beauty of face and of character she saw in Miss Bredin, writes :

"Before I had met you three, one morning as Miss Bredin and Miss Glendinning stood on the edge of the deck looking out over the sea, I sat on my deck-chair studying them, and it seemed to me I had never seen a face before with virtue so marked upon it as it was on Miss Bredin's.

"How often I look backward to the evening spent in your cabin when we all bowed together in prayer after Miss Glendinning had read the chapter in Andrew Murray's 'School of Prayer.' At the time I was impressed with the spirit of humility, unselfishness and consecration Miss Bredin manifested in her manner and the wording of her prayer. There was a sweet child-like simplicity in her life that can only come from a personal acquaintance with our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

Our voyage from Victoria to Bombay lasted over seven weeks. We grew to like the regularity of our life on board ship, and as for enjoyment we all agreed we had never spent a happier time on a journey. The first stage was from Victoria to Yokohama, lasting fifteen days. We were not once in sight of land and rarely saw another ship. Breakfast was at 8-30 but Miss Bredin was usually out on deck before that. She never skimped her time for prayer in the morning and usually carried with her on deck her copy of "Daily Light," a beautiful collection of Bible verses that has given comfort and inspiration to many a missionary. She probably memorized some of the verses. She more than once spoke of her regret that she had not memorized more as a child.

I began to give her lessons in Hindustani on our first day

out and I found her as eager to acquire knowledge as I was to impart it to her. It was a pleasure to teach her. After breakfast in the morning putting one of the deck tables in a quiet corner, she would draw up a chair and sit down with her books before her. It is a picture I cherish—the head bent over the book, the golden hair flying in the wind, the earnest face, the pink cheeks. In the latter part of the voyage the decks were crowded and she then was a familiar figure at one of the writing desks in the beautiful recreation room of the "Yasaka Maru." She made good progress at the language. We were using Dr. Cumming's Manual, a phonetic and inductive method. I was so pleased with it and with her progress that I asked her if she would demonstrate the method with me before our Women's Council shortly after our arrival in India. After a little hesitation she consented to the proposal—I think to please me. It was a surprise to me that when she was ill she replied in Hindustani to questions as to her health and even after she had become delirious she asked an Indian woman for hot water, using the correct Hindustani words, though in speaking to others she used the regular English words.

After lunch we usually had our daily chapter of "With Christ" followed by a time of prayer. Her prayers were always marked by a spirit of humility. There were no stock phrases. She hated anything like cant. I think she never forgot to pray about the great war. She had a cousin a chaplain in the army and her youngest brother was expecting to go, and has since joined the Princess Patricia's Regiment. And then we always prayed much for the Council meeting for it was to be in time for it that we had started from Canada so early. There were important decisions to be made, affecting us each and all, so we thought. But most of all there was the breathing of an earnest desire to know God better and the surrender of heart and life to Him for service for His Kingdom.

An afternoon sleep followed from which the tea-bell at half-past three usually aroused us. Lessons, reading, games filled in the rest of the day till evening.

I have already mentioned some of the books we were reading. I found in the Ship's Library a number of missionary books, donated by the Mission Boards of North America. Among them was a copy of "India's Problem,

Krishna or Christ." It was a delight to read it with Miss Bredin. She was eager to learn all she could about the religions and the women of India and what was needed in one who would be a missionary there. Fortunately she had with her a dictionary that a friend, knowing she needed one, had given her too late to put in her packing-box and so it had to go in her steamer trunk. There were difficult words in "India's Problem" and we soon grew into the way of challenging each other as to meanings or pronunciations, and referring to the dictionary.

Her favourite chapters in "The Manhood of the Master," were "The Master's Self-Restraint" and "The Master's Joy". I think these appealed to her because she had so much of both these qualities herself.

"None but a joyful soul loves children as Jesus did and finds in their artless and care-free company a solace and a delight. None but a joyful soul loves nature as Jesus did, watching the changing weather signals of an evening sky in summer, or considering the lilies, how they grow, more beautiful than Solomon in all his glory. None but a joyful soul could have shed over his teaching, as serious teaching as there is in the world's history, such spontaneous play of good humour as Jesus uses When Jesus deals with people who are sick, sinful, wretched, his common exclamation is 'Be of good cheer.' Even after he has left the earth, Paul dreaming of him, hears him say as though it were his characteristic utterance, 'Be of good cheer.'"

A booklet called "The Life that Wins" published by the *Sunday School Times*, was often in Miss Bredin's hands and I afterwards found three copies of it among her things. She said she wished her minister at home would sometimes read a thing like that from the pulpit. "Torch-Bearers of the Faith" by Smellie and Farrar's "Life of Paul" were others she dipped into. She and I read together, and she greatly admired, that strong essay "Decision of Character" by Foster which Dr. John R. Mott says did so much to form his mental habits. She had a good deal of decision of character but with none of the hardness so often seen in a certain type of person.

It was an unwritten law that there should be neither writing nor reading done in the evenings. Miss Bredin would sometimes walk Miss Glendinning and me tired in turns. She

said she always needed a great deal of exercise. She was so strong and vigorous and had such a springy step, that there never was any suggestion of weariness. Then we would draw up our long steamer-chairs under the dim, deck lights and have the most delightful time of all the day. Sometimes we sang. Miss Bredin could not sing but she had a musical soul. She had taken lessons for some time from a skilled teacher in Toronto, because she wanted to be able to do more to help her pupils, but at the end of the time she could sing just one song, and only with her teacher, I think that was, "The National Anthem." But what was accomplished proved that more could be done and she intended to persevere. Her favourite hymn was "Jesus Lover of my soul", and she also liked "Day is Dying in the West." She asked for a copy of,

" Heaven above is softer blue,
 Earth around is sweeter green,
 Something lives in every hue
 Christless eyes have never seen,
 Birds with gladder songs o'erflow
 Flowers with deeper beauty shine,
 Since I know, as now I know,
 I am His, and He is mine."

In those delightful evenings there was time and inclination for heart-to-heart talks that were not possible in the day-time. In the interchange of thought we experienced the joy Tennyson speaks of,

" And what delights can equal those
 That stir the spirit's inner deeps,
 When one who loves and knows not reaps
 A truth from one who loves and knows."

Sometimes we talked of the work to which we were looking forward, or of some of India's great women, or may be of books that had been an inspiration to us. She was fond of talking of her boys whom she had taught in Toronto, of her home community and her hopes for the young people. She told me of one and another in whom she was interested, who intended to become missionaries, and of others for whom she was praying. And, best of all, sometimes we talked of Him, whom having not seen, we loved and in whom we rejoiced, and found that joy increased in fellowship one with another in Him. In my experience there are not many

Christians with whom one can talk of Christ as of a mutual friend. But Ethel Bredin was one such. She had a longing for a greater realization of God's presence. One day, sitting on the side of her berth, she read us a piece from one of Mott's addresses concerning this. She kept this piece in her Bible. The concluding sentences were "You are groping not for something that is trying to elude you. Christ is not seeking to dodge men. Believe me, He is more anxious to burst upon us as a great reality than any of us are to have Him do so. And if we resolve to make Him a reality, endeavouring by prayer and practice to do our part, our eyes will not be holden, and we shall realize that He is beside us."

One day as we were walking she asked me to tell her of my prayer life. She asked me if I thought that wishes were prayers. I said I had not thought so, but of course real prayers had wishes behind them. She said God had granted a great many of her wishes that she had really never voiced in prayer. Since then I have read in Fosdick's "The Meaning of Prayer" the chapter on "Prayer as Dominant Desire." He quotes Mrs. Browning's words, "Every *wish*, with God, is a prayer." And indeed Paul assures us that God is "able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or *think*."

Another time we were talking of God's dealings with us and I said that times of trial were often times of greatest growth. She said that she felt she grew most in times of joy.

I asked her if she had ever passed through that experience so common to those who go forward in the spiritual life, the passing through a time of conscious surrender of all to God in a new way. She said that this had come to her when she faced the question of offering herself for Foreign Mission work. She wanted to serve God, but she wanted to serve Him at home. But when she had yielded that point she yielded all. She sometimes spoke of how clearly God had led her after that. In her humility she thought herself unworthy of the great work of a missionary and said that she would like to have had more preparation. "But," I said, "you do not feel you have made a mistake in coming this year." "Oh no, I am quite sure I was guided and I am perfectly happy." It was only that, to her, as to McCheyne, it was a 'constant personal amazement that she should have been chosen to publish the word of reconciliation.'

One day when we had our Bibles together on deck I pointed

to Phil. 4:8: "Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honourable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report, if there be any virtue and if there be any praise, think on these things."

"That verse," I said, "reminds me of you."

"It is a verse I often read, and I try to practise it," she said. It was a day or two before that I had spoken of a certain person standing near and said, "I think that man has such a bad face." "Don't think about it then," was her quick reply.

Miss Bredin's ordinary expression was one of cheerfulness with a sparkle of humour in her eyes. She was often teasing us all. She was such a good reader of character that one of her sallies would sometimes reveal that she had "sized up" a person pretty well and was poking fun. I fancy in this way she could give a suggestion or reproof, apparently in jest but wholly in earnest. One day after a remark of mine about teasing, she took the first opportunity to ask me if I thought she had hurt anyone by her teasing and made me promise to tell her if I ever thought that she did.

Among the questions submitted to candidates applying for appointment as missionaries is one to this effect:—"Are you able to live peaceably with others?" Miss Bredin had written as her answer, "I was brought up in a family of nine." She was amused at what occurred shortly before she left when this question was being discussed in her presence. A member of the Women's Board who was present remarked: "One candidate had the impudence to answer that she was brought up in a family of nine!"

Miss Bredin did not reveal that *she* was the one had given the answer.

"Well," said someone else, "what would you do supposing a candidate should answer that she could not get on with others?"

"We would not send her."

"And do you ladies always get on peaceably with one another at your Board Meetings?"

We do not remember the rest of the conversation.

At Kobe, Miss Bredin had friends in the Canadian Methodist Mission, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong and Mr. and Mrs. Bates. We all had a delightful afternoon and evening with them,

and Miss Bredin remained with them the two days we were in port. She enjoyed her visit very much and had the pleasure of a swim in the Pacific Ocean. A cousin of the Armstrong children from Miss Bredin's Mission Band at Woodlands, wrote afterwards to India concerning this visit.

"Aunt Ketha wrote me about your visiting her. I know you would like Aunt Ketha, she is always so jolly and cheerful. She said that she enjoyed your visit with them very much and that the cousins were all delighted with you. I guess the children like you, Miss Bredin, wherever you go. I am sure the little Hindu boys and girls will like you too when you get working among them."

At Shanghai, Mrs. MacGillivray of our Mission came down to the boat and carried us all off for the day. Under the guidance of herself and Dr. MacGillivray we had a most interesting time seeing some of the mission work done in that great metropolis of the East. Dr. and Mrs. MacGillivray are both engaged in translation work. We were much interested in Mrs. MacGillivray's new work, the publication of a monthly paper in Chinese for children. Mrs. MacGillivray has since written that they remember with joy the time Miss Bredin spent in their home. They recollect how bright and joyous she was and how loving was her interest in their little daughter and her school and lessons. "This," says Mrs. MacGillivray, "impressed me very much and I saw in her a love for young people that would enable her to do great things for her Master with the young people of India."

A second day was spent in Shanghai and as we were going to be too late for lunch on the ship, we had a "Dutch Treat" of ice cream, and three cakes of chocolate which we carried back with us. At this time Miss Bredin told us that it was more than a year since she had bought any candy. Shortly after the outbreak of the war her mother and she had agreed that they would deny themselves by buying no candy for a year. I think she was fond of candy. Her chocolate disappeared first. Miss Glendinning and I kept bringing ours out at times for weeks and offering her some, while she teased us and expressed surprise that we could keep ours so long.

On our arrival in Hong Kong we hoped to meet some of our missionaries from Kong Moon, but owing to wrong information given them by the Steamship Company as to

the time of arrival of our boat, they were not at the wharf and we all had a laugh later when Dr. Jessie McBean and Miss Reid found us at the Police Station! But in these troublous times every one who goes to Hong Kong must visit the Police Station in person, to get a permit to leave the port. We went up the river that night to Kong Moon and spent two delightful days visiting our missionaries there. Miss Langrill, being the latest arrival among the ladies, was the 'baby' of the Mission. She and Miss Bredin were not unlike and were mutually attracted. As we were sitting on the verandah at 'he McDonalds' in the evening, we heard a burst of laughter from their direction. Miss Langrill had been telling Miss Bredin about the grand response from the Scottish Manses to the call for volunteers and ended up her speech with,

"Dear old Scotland!"

"Hurrah for Ireland!" was Miss Bredin's quick reply.

Miss Langrill says:

"From the moment I met Miss Bredin she quite won my heart. I have rarely before met with such an attractive personality. . . . One of the things I noticed most about her was her manner towards the Chinese. She was grateful for the slightest attention and was interested in them and, as is always the case, it called forth from them a similar interest in her. This made me feel how readily she would win her way into the hearts and affection of the people of India. . . .

"I was impressed by her perfect faith and trust and by her humble spirit. She was conscious that she did not know all she should know to be a missionary, but she felt that God had called her and she was sure that He would give her wisdom and knowledge sufficient for her needs."

Robb McDonald remembers how on the trip down the river to Hong Kong Miss Bredin took him on her lap and told him stories.

At Hong Kong, we left the little "Yokohama Maru" with regret and on September 23, embarked on the "Yasaka Maru," a beautiful new steamer of the same line, plying between Japan and London. This steamer was torpedoed and sunk in the Mediterranean on her return trip.

We resumed again our reading and studies. We had begun the study of Hebrews at Miss Glendinning's request that I would share some of what I had learned at Dr. Whyte's

Bible Teachers' Training School in New York. Miss Bredin expressed her pleasure when we began this and said she had wanted some systematic Bible study, but had not wished to be the one to ask for it. She gave generous time each day to the preparation of her lesson.

A little more time was now allotted to writing letters. She was not given to writing long descriptive letters. She told us her mother used to say when she left home, "Now don't be writing letters when you should be doing something else."

She did not like to take time in the day from her studies and sleep and recreation, so she began to deny herself sometimes a little of the social evening hour we had always spent on deck. Though we missed her bright company we are glad now she did send those messages to so many of her friends and to the boys and girls in the homeland.

The visit to Kong Moon and talks with Mrs. McDonald whom Miss Bredin had met at Knowlton in 1914, had stirred up old memories. Ethel Bredin was shy about speaking of her feelings as most deep natures are, but soon after we left Hong Kong, she told me in words very precious that God had allowed me to become to her a *real* sister as part of the fulfilment of His promise to her at Knowlton. (Mark 10 : 29, 30).

It was soon after that I gave her as a special verse for herself and marked it in her Bible, "Thanks be unto God, which always leadeth us in triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest through us the savour of His knowledge in every place" 2 Cor 2. 14. In the following verse Weymouth uses the expression "For we are a *fragrance of Christ* grateful to God." Ethel Bredin was indeed that.

Singapore was the first port we stopped at after leaving Hong Kong. We reached there October 1st. Before that I had begun to notice that Miss Bredin was not looking just as well as usual. She declared there was nothing wrong with her but what could be set right by more exercise, and she thought she was feeling a little languid because of the heat, for we were now in tropical seas. When we went ashore at Singapore I got some medicine, and she submitted to rules and regulations regarding her diet, not without some argument as to the harmlessness of cake. But she adhered rigidly to orders so that Miss Glendinning who was

coaxing her to indulge in a little of some forbidden food, declared that she too, if she fell into the water, as her Aunt Mary had said, would be found upstream. She was proud of her good health and strong body, admired people who were "game" and despised "quitters" so it was not in her nature to give in to her feelings.

At Colombo we had to take ship for Bombay and had the better part of two days to spare for sight-seeing.

When in Ceylon one often thinks of the old hymn.

" What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Where every prospect pleases
And"

We do not fancy it is a popular hymn in the Island. But it is true that "every prospect pleases". One of the favourite trips is to take a run up to Kandy on the railway. There is the Temple of the Tooth, where a tooth of Buddha, several inches long, is enshrined. A little lake nestles among the hills like a lovely gem. Near by are the world-famous Paradenia Botanical Gardens. I had been in Ceylon before, but Miss Glendinning and Miss Bredin decided to take the run up to Kandy, stay over night there and return the next morning. It was only by getting up early that they could see the Gardens. In the soft, still, dewy air of the morning they drove round the lake and out to the Gardens and, as the sun rose, saw what to Miss Bredin was one of the most enchantingly beautiful sights she had ever seen in her life.

The steamer from Colombo to Bombay was the British Mail S.S. "Arabia" of the P. & O. Line sailing from Australia to London but calling at Bombay. It was rather crowded in the Second Class, and we were not able to secure accommodation together. We had no steamer chairs with us as the Japanese Line had provided them. We could not have our usual quiet times for study, reading and prayer. Besides the heat was trying and Miss Bredin confessed that her head did not feel as clear as usual. We were only to be on board for three days and two nights so we did not mind these things.

Miss Bredin spent a good deal of time writing letters and postcards for the mail. In a letter written the night before we landed she told her sister of each day being spent in language study and in Bible study and said she could not imagine

a more enjoyable way of spending a voyage. Before we went below that night we sought a quiet spot on deck and found a place to sit on the box covering part of the steering gear. There we sat for a while talking of the voyage now almost over and there was a tinge of sadness to think that soon our ways must part. Before going down we had prayer together in which our hearts mingled in thanksgiving to our loving Heavenly Father, and as our custom was on Saturday nights we remembered our Home Church, the Missionary Training Home and the work of our Women's Missionary Society and Foreign Mission Committee. We had prayed for these together for so many weeks that I told her—and she was pleased—that I would remember Woodlands, as I remembered my own Church.

Ethel Bredin's minister wrote me when he heard my estimate of her, as given after I met her at Knowlton. "I perceive that you are a reader of persons." Seven weeks of the closest fellowship only served to deepen first impressions and to confirm me in the opinion that she possessed qualities that put her in the front ranks of volunteers for missionary service. Her humility has been mentioned by several. She was popular, and much praised, but possessed that quality of superior souls "capacity to discount the praise of men and to set their hearts singly on pleasing God." She had a maturity and steadiness of character beyond her years, a dauntless courage that was never rash, and a cheerful infectious optimism.

I have already referred to her own testimony as to the expansion of her spiritual nature after her yielding her will to God for direction as to her life work. I think that fellowship such as we had on the journey would not have been possible before that change, and was probably in some respects, unique in her experience. It delighted her, and more than once she said "This has been like a little bit of heaven." Once she added "I think there must be something hard to come after such a happy time." Perhaps the happy time was the preparation. But what the "something hard" was neither of us had guessed.

VII.

Some Women that Publish the Tidings.

"It is in the ancient land of India that we see the deepest degradation of womanhood, a degradation that inheres in the very religious standards of the people."

From "Western Women in Eastern Lands"

In the Christian religion,

"THERE is neither male nor female: for ye are all one in Christ Jesus."

—Paul.

We landed at the Ballard Pier, Bombay, on the morning of October 10th. While we were waiting for the arrival of our luggage a lady stepped up to us and asked us if we were missionaries and if we had a place in which to stay. We told her we had wired for accommodation to the Y. W. C. A. Home. We had told Miss Bredin that missionaries could be recognized by their appearance and she remarked after this lady left us.

"I wonder if I look like a missionary already."

We spent a quiet afternoon at the Y. W. C. A., and in the evening we went to the United Free Church where the quiet and reverence of the service impressed and refreshed us all very much. There had been no service on the boat after we left Japan. The preacher was the Rev. Mr. Robertson of Poona, a missionary of the United Free Church. Little did we think that before two weeks had passed he would offer prayer at the grave of one of our number. His text that night was "For their sakes I sanctify myself." He spoke of the Master's work in training the small band of men who were afterwards to preach His Gospel. It might seem that He was limiting Himself, but he was really reproducing His character in them and fitting them to do the wider work that was in His plan. I told Miss Bredin I thought it was a good sermon for her to hear on her arrival in India, for our work is not so much to preach ourselves as to train others to do it. There are some who feel they must be out among the people telling the Gospel story themselves, and who think they are limiting their usefulness if their strength and time are given to training a comparatively small company of workers. But the Master did not think so.

It is a very pleasing custom in our Mission in India to send letters of welcome to greet new missionaries at the port of landing. None of our missionaries in Central India had seen Miss Bredin but as we are all of one household, the "household of faith," they welcomed her gladly as a member of the family. One letter that amused this youngest member of our Mission had this in it :

"You are just as interesting as though you were two feet long with a red face and your eyes not open yet. I hope you are a very good baby."

And from the same :

"It is not so much the work of our hands but the work of our spirits and not what we say but what we radiate. May the Angel of God's Presence be with you and keep you."

Another that pleased her was this :

"My dear little sister in Christ Jesus ;

A sister's welcome into the great wide, needy Harvest Field, into the greatest work that ever offered itself to ardent souls, into the work dear to the heart of our Master and Lord, the work committed to His trusted friends.

"I often wonder what He thinks of our work. I am sure He must often be grieved by our dulness, our lack of comprehension of the greatness of the task, of the grandeur of the plan. The thought that keeps sounding in my ear is "to please Him," just to please Him, just to make Him glad, just to bring joy to the heart that sorrowed for us.

"Dear fellow-servant, I have been praying for five evangelists to be sent out. You are the only one, the answer to my prayer, and I want to say that the Lord can do the work of five through you if you will but give Him the chance. Remember Gideon's band and be strong. I thank God for you and pray that He may be glorified in and through you."

This was from a friend of whom I had spoken to her and she handed it to me to read with the remark,

"I don't wonder that you love her."

As our Women's Council Meeting had been postponed to November 6th on account of the first year language examinations and as none of us could be appointed to our stations till it met, we decided instead of going direct to Central India, to visit a few other places and see some of the work

of other Missions. I was anxious specially that Miss Bredin should have this opportunity on her arrival in India and she was enthusiastic about it. We planned to visit Poona, Kedgaon and Ahmednagar.

We spent Monday and Tuesday in Bombay chiefly in shopping but taking time to show Miss Bredin over that beautiful part of Bombay, Malabar Hill, and the Blind School of the American Mission. Miss Bredin sent a cable to her mother on Monday to say she had arrived safely. These were strenuous days after our inactivity on the boat, but Miss Bredin did not complain of weariness and her spirits never seemed to flag.

On Wednesday morning we were up early to get the train for Poona. We had several hours ride through beautiful mountain scenery and as the rainy season was just at an end everything was in fresh green. A little girl in our compartment, a very quiet wee thing, who had recently been ill, looked into Miss Bredin's face and fell in love with her and spent quite a while sitting in her lap.

On our arrival in Poona at noon, we drove to the Missionary Home where we were to spend the night, left our luggage, and started out to visit a few of the interesting Missions. We drove first to see Miss Susie Sorabji who is in charge of St. Helena's High School and two vernacular schools. As we had not previously announced our coming, Miss Sorabji had an engagement that prevented her taking us over her High School, but as we sat for a few minutes in conversation with her she told us something of her work. For the benefit of readers to whom Miss Sorabji's name may not be familiar, let me say that she is a member of a remarkable family. Her father, formerly a Parsee, became a follower of Christ when he was a young man. Her mother was of Hindu origin and received an excellent education in Christian schools. All the children were highly gifted. Miss Cornelia took a law course in England and has the unique distinction of being the only woman lawyer in India. Her service is given, under Government, to the zenana ladies in Bengal. Miss Alice took a course in medicine and a few years ago married Dr. Theodore Pennell, the noted missionary of the Church of England, who worked on the Afghan Frontier. Mrs. Pennell is still carrying on work there. Miss Susie devoted herself to educational work and has a wide influence

among the leaders of the movement for the education of the girls and women of India. She was about to leave, she told us, for a visit to the Begum of Bhopal (the only woman ruler in India) on business connected with the advancement of education for women.

It was in 1884 that Miss Sorabji's mother gathered together seven little ragged children in the bazaar one morning and bringing them home began a class on her verandah. In a week the school had grown so popular that it became necessary to hire a house for its accommodation. This was the beginning of the Marathi School which now has a roll call of 175. The Urdu School (for Mohammedans) was opened a few years later. When buildings of their own were urgently needed Miss Sorabji paid a visit to America to raise funds. There was a ready response to her appeal and many children, amongst them Ex-President Roosevelt's little daughter Ethel, have their share in the present buildings. Mrs. Shepherd (née Helen Gould) of New York gave funds for the erection of the High School which is named in her honour, St. Helena's.

I told Miss Sorabji, that when I was visiting the Water Street Mission in New York a few years ago, the Assistant Superintendent, a college graduate, himself rescued through the Mission, had told me he was particularly interested in India, because his wife had been converted through an address delivered by Miss Sorabji at Northfield.

St. Helena's High School has 200 pupils and stands for the education of the whole nature—spiritual, intellectual and physical. If examination results are a criterion the School is eminently successful. In the last report there is a record of 27 candidates sent up for public examinations and *no* failures.

Miss Sorabji devotes herself to teaching in the High School for five hours each day besides superintending the bazaar schools.

Leaving Miss Sorabji, we visited St. Margaret's Hospital of the Church of Scotland Mission. It was established about twenty-five years ago. Dr. C. Rose Greenfield is in charge of it at present. Though a very busy woman, Dr. Greenfield was gracious and unhurried in her manner and showed us over her wards which were full to overflowing. Over three hundred little babies were born in Hospital in the year. Think

of what a boon such a Hospital is to the suffering women of India of whom it is said that 25 per cent. lose their lives because of lack of proper care! A new operating room is being built but Dr. Greenfield has been doing major operations with great success in very cramped quarters. Miss McInnes is in charge of the nursing department. She said afterwards that Miss Bredin looked to her so well that she "might have taken a lease of life."

But Miss Bredin was not feeling well. She had taken no breakfast that morning but a cup of coffee, and said she felt nauseated. When we called next at the Hospital of the United Free Church, she sat in the carriage instead of coming round with us, and when we returned we found her asleep. It was evident she was not well, and her face looked flushed, but she would not consent to omitting the one other call we had planned to make on Soonderbai Powar. And I am glad we did not omit this, for it gave her such pleasure that she referred to it several times afterwards and to the face of Soonderbai so full of character, a face that shone with an inward light.

We found Soonderbai sitting in an arm-chair on the verandah in front of her little bungalow. She was a prisoner in the chair because of rheumatism. It was evening now, between five and six, and the school day was over, and the missionary in charge had gone out. Soonderbai expressed her regrets, but we had no regrets as it meant far more for us to spend half an hour in conversation with her than to see the School. I knew a little of her history and had already told Miss Bredin.

Her father Ramchander Powar, when in quest of an English education was brought in contact with Christians and heard and accepted the good news when he was a lad of nineteen. This meant for him a complete separation from his family, and it broke his mother's heart. After vainly endeavouring to get an interview with his girl-wife, the young man applied to the British magistrate who ordered the relatives to bring her into Court. Much to the surprise of her relatives she declared her decision to join her husband. Soondarbai was the eldest child, and once when she was a baby and was at the point of death, her mother told the Lord that if He would spare the life of her child she would dedicate her to His service. It was not until, in her girlhood, Soonderbai felt the call to

work among the women of India, that her mother told her of her dedication to God's service. After spending some years in school and zenana work and seven years working with her



Soonderbai Powar.

friend Pandita Ramabai, Soonderbai thought she would withdraw and, living quietly with her three adopted daughters, devote herself to zenana visiting and translation work.

Time and again God seemed to be calling her to open a school for girls, but she resisted chiefly because she shrank from the responsibility of training them. Two high caste Hindu girls were brought to her by their relatives, and she had to choose between taking them in, and answering to God for their souls if she refused to do so. Then God's message came to her so clearly that she could no longer resist. "On a certain Sunday," she writes, "I heard a preacher say 'There are some Christians who want to do the will of God, and they try to do so, but they do not want responsible or hard work. They say 'O Lord, I am weak I cannot do this work or that work, so please do not ask me to do it,' and at the same time they say they want to do the will of God. They are selfish Christians, they want an easy time, but if they get responsible and difficult work, they should know it is a privilege and go on doing it, trusting in the Lord and in His strength.'"

"My conscience was pricking me all the time. I found myself guilty and selfish. . . . While listening to the sermon my heart melted, there and then I repented with tears, and cried 'Lord do not let me be selfish, if it is Thy will that I should open a Girls' School, guide me and open the way for me' . . . I prayed and laid my will aside, and surrendered myself wholly to the Lord. Oh! how happy and light I felt."

And God did lead her. She has had as many as 100 to 120 girls in the Home at one time. The story of how God provided for all is as interesting as that of God's provision for Geo. Muller's orphans. Sometimes they did not know where the next meal was to come from—but it always came. God has given Soonderbai wonderful success in the training of girls. The 50 or 60 girls she has sent out as trained Bible-women have given satisfaction to the missionaries to whom they were sent. She has had great success with girls who were difficult to manage, sometimes sent to her from other schools. She understands so well how to take them and besides she has that quiet, strong, Christian character that her reliance on God has so developed that even a few words from her, or even her very presence, make an impression on a girl. I wish I had space to tell you the stories she told us which I wanted Miss Bredin to hear, for she was looking forward too, to training Hindustani girls for Christ. Once, after we had been there about 20 minutes, I turned to her

to ask her if she would like to go, as she was feeling unwell, but she would not have the visit cut short, so we stayed a little longer.

When I wrote later to Soonderbai to ask her if I might tell something of her work in this sketch, she told me she had heard of Miss Bredin's illness and had been praying for her.

"Write about my work," she says, "if you think it will be an example to the Indian Christians and encouragement to the home people to see what missionaries have done and are doing in India and if it is entirely for His glory . . . For my education and my spiritual growth I thank missionaries who helped me . . . If I am in trouble or difficulties or sorrows I never pray that the Lord will take them away from me but I pray 'O, Lord, come with me and carry me through.' He taught me to pray so."

Soonderbai's school is called The Zenana Bible Training Home. She has now three European missionaries associated with her, and besides the training of the girls, evangelistic work is done in the villages and in the zenanas of Poona.

VIII.

“*Something Hard.*”

“Put any burden upon me, O Lord, only sustain me; send me anywhere, only go with me; sever any tie but that which binds me to Thy service and to Thy heart.”

“Now I further saw, that betwixt them and the gate was a river; but there was no bridge to go over and the river was very deep. At the sight therefore of this river the pilgrims were much stunned. But the men that went with them said, You must go through or you cannot come at the gate.”

—*Pilgrim's Progress.*

WE got back to the Missionary Home about six. Miss Bredin decided to go right to bed. The kind ladies in charge of the Home, Miss Bristol and Miss Dempster, had given up their own room to us and they did everything possible to help us to make Miss Bredin comfortable. On the wall of the room was the text, “Himself bare our sicknesses.” When I read this to Miss Bredin she said, “What we have to bear is nothing compared with what He suffered for us.”

She was fully persuaded herself that she was suffering from a bilious attack, such as she had once or twice had at home, and that she would recover in a couple of days. She blamed herself and said that she should have been more careful, that she would take care in future so that God would not have to teach her this lesson again. We *hoped* it was only a bilious attack but as we had planned to remain but one night in Poona, I felt we must be prepared if necessary for a longer stay, so next morning early I sent a note to Dr. Greenfield asking her to call and consult with me. It was arranged that if Miss Bredin's fever still continued we should go next day (Friday) to Dr. Greenfield's home and that if, in a few days we should conclude that the illness was likely to be of some duration, we could then have Miss Bredin removed to the European department of the Sassoon Hospital near by. We had typhoid fever in mind from the first.

Miss Glendinning was loath to go to visit Pandita Ramabai's work alone, but Miss Bredin and I persuaded her to go on as arrangements had already been made. Kedgaon is only a short distance on the railway from Poona and one can go and return in a day. We had been talking of Pandita Rama-

bai on the ship and Miss Bredin knew something of her life-story and was disappointed that she could not go to see her ;



Pandita Ramabai with her only daughter, Manoramabai.

but her disappointment was lessened when she heard from Miss Glendinning on her return that, though she had seen

the work, she had not seen Ramabai herself. There are so many visitors that it is impossible for her to see them all, but Miss Glendinning brought us back each a beautiful sample of the embroidery and drawn-thread work done there and a copy of "A Testimony" by the Pandita.

Had Ramabai lived in Old Testament times she would have had a high place among the faith heroes whose record is written in Hebrews. By faith, after fruitless years of seeking amid great hardships, when she saw the True Light she left Hinduism for Christianity. By faith she followed on till she knew the Lord Himself. By faith, hearing the call to help the despised widows of India, she began her great work of rescue. By faith, when the great famine came she gathered in starving women and children. By faith she still continues her work at Mukti (lit. "Salvation").

In "A Testimony" she tells how she read the inspiring books, "The Story of the China Inland Mission," "The Lord's Dealings with George Muller" and the life of John G. Paton, and was greatly impressed with the experiences of the three great men of these books. "I wondered," she says "after reading their lives, if it were not possible to trust the Lord in India as in other countries. I wished very much that there were some missions founded in this country, which would be a testimony to the Lord's faithfulness to His people, and the truthfulness of what the Bible says in a practical way Then the Lord said to me, 'Why don't you begin to do this yourself instead of wishing for others to do it? How easy it is for anyone to wish that some one else would do a difficult thing, instead of doing it himself.' I was greatly rebuked by the still small voice which spoke to me" "At the end of 1896 when the great famine came on this country I was led by the Lord to step forward and start new work, trusting Him for both temporal and spiritual blessings. I can testify with all my heart that I have always found the Lord faithful. 'Faithful is He that calleth you.' This golden text has been written with the life blood of Christ on my heart."

"I am spared all trouble and care" she writes, "casting my burden upon the Lord. There are over 1,500 people living here: we are not rich, nor great, but we are happy, getting our daily bread directly from the loving hands of our Heavenly Father, having not a pice (farthing) over and above

our daily necessities ; having no banking account anywhere, no endowment or income from any earthly source but depending altogether on our Father God, we have nothing to fear from anybody, nothing to lose, and nothing to regret. The Lord is our Inexhaustible Treasure."

I have written at length of these three women that you may see what a wonderful work God can do through the women of India who are called, chosen and faithful, and that you may see how worth while it is to give a life to the work of winning more of India's daughters to follow the Light of the World.

In that quiet evening, in the dim light of the sick-room after Miss Glendinning's return, we sang together once again, Miss Bristol taking the alto, Miss Bredin's favourite hymn, "Jesus, Lover of my soul."

"Thou, O Christ, art all I want
More than all in Thee I find."

and

"Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee,
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity."

As the hymn was finished Miss Bredin remarked:

"There is nothing much better than that."

That evening in our reading from "Daily Light" were the comforting words, "My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus. Be content with such things as ye have for He hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."

Next day Miss Bredin was carefully removed to Dr. Greenfield's and, as it seemed best, Miss Glendinning continued her journey up to Indore, Central India. We had acquainted the friends there with the news of Miss Bredin's illness and they were praying that, if it were God's will, her life might be spared.

Early in her illness she said, "I am glad it is I who am ill and not either you or Miss Glendinning."

"Do you remember," she said at another time, "that I said on the boat that there was something hard to come?"

"Yes," I replied, "but you said you grew most in times of joy."

"But," she answered, "we need the hard times to toughen the growth."

It was her great desire to glorify God in her illness. She was most grateful for all that was done for her, very desirous not to give any trouble. She was much concerned that I should not miss our Council Meeting and tried to make me promise to go up to Central India for it whether she was better or not by that time. But I refused and assured her that I would not leave her while she was ill.

I wrote a letter to her mother telling her all about the illness up to Saturday, the 16th and I took it upon myself to say that if she received no cable message before the letter reached her, she would know her daughter was better. It was with difficulty I could persuade Ethel to allow me to send her mother any word of her illness. "We never told mother the hard things till they were over" she said. When she grew worse and I suggested sending her mother a cable she entreated me to wait till the crisis was past, saying "It will be less of a shock for mother to get the news by letter."

After the first day we never attempted any lengthy reading. Fever and head-ache were bad from the first and her mind was too tired for concentrated thought. She expressed a regret that she could not keep her thoughts from wandering when she wished to pray. But we had a few verses from the Bible and prayer. One day as I knelt beside her bed, holding her hand in mine I prayed something like this:

"Our Father, we are glad that we know that Thou art our Father. We know Thou art love, and Thou hast all wisdom. We do not know why Thou hast allowed this illness to come but we trust Thee, and now, in the darkness, we want to assure Thee of our loving confidence in Thee. We know that Thou doest all things well. We believe Thy word that all things work together for our good and nothing shall by any means hurt us and it is our desire to glorify Thee now."

At the end she pressed my hand and said, "You have said exactly what was in my heart."

As I tucked in her mosquito curtain round her bed and made her comfortable for the night she said she was sorry she was giving me so much trouble. I told her that it was no trouble, that I loved her all the more since she was helpless

and I could wait on her and that she must take it all as naturally from me as if I were her sister.

"You have indeed been more than a sister for you have cared for me spiritually too" and again, "I did not think at Knowlton that you would have liked me . . . loved me as you do."

Early next morning she greeted me with,

"Good morning, sister!"

Of the tender intimacy of those days I shall not write more. My heart ached as I thought of her mother and sisters in the homeland who would so gladly have been in my place and prayed God that I might in a measure help to fulfil His promise to His child, that I might be sister, mother, friend to her who had given up all for Christ's sake. I count it one of the greatest privileges of my life to have had such intimate fellowship with one who stood so near the King and to have had that fellowship with her such a little while before she saw the King in His beauty, face to face.

I do not think that she was lonely.

One day she said,

"I find strange fancies come into my head when I shut my eyes, and while I am yet sane, I want to tell you that I am perfectly calm and at rest."

Our mail was forwarded from Central India and there were a number of letters for her—one from her mother. "You will have to be my secretary and read mother's letter to me. The rest will have to wait."

On Monday the Civil Surgeon in charge of the Sassoon Hospital saw her and she was removed there under his care. I spent the night at the Hospital. The nursing was no longer in my hands. I returned in the morning to Dr. Greenfield's to the empty room, and my heart was oppressed with the feeling that she would not recover. As I prayed there seemed no promise of God on which I could get a sure footing. I thought of the fifth commandment with its promise of long life to those who honour father and mother but against that would come "He asked life of thee and thou gavest it him, even length of days, forever and ever."

In the afternoon I took some fresh pink rosebuds and went to the Hospital. A sweet smile lit up the dear girl's face. I put the rosebuds near her, in her hands, and on her gown. Before I left we read of the Father's care for

the birds and flowers—and those were last messages she had from His Word. She had been slightly delirious since the day before, but that night became so much worse that I had to be called from Dr. Greenfield's. She was perfectly quiet after my arrival, and thereafter I spent the night watches beside her. Dr. Greenfield came with me to pray at her bedside in the Hospital. We could but say "Thy will be done. It is better than ours. We trust in Thy love and wisdom."

One evening as I was walking to the Hospital I saw a dark cloud with a beautifully marked edge of silver, and a glow behind it that assured me that the other side was glorious. Ah, I thought, that is like this trial. It looks so dark now, but there must be a "silver lining."

We moved Miss Bredin back to Dr. Greenfield's before the end—the evening before. I think she thought she had come home. She murmured "mother" but we could not catch what she said. Some other precious words she said to me. At midnight—perhaps she was dreaming of the war, in quite a clear voice she said, "Britain! Britain has won!"

In the morning the grey shadows gathered and Dr. Greenfield came to watch with me. We knelt one on either side. No voice could reach her now. She was going from us and just then our hearts did not rise above the grief of the parting. For her what joy! But as yet our hearts were full of tears. As she entered into the glory we bowed before God in gratitude for her life, and her joyous sacrifice, and in prayer for those she loved in the homeland, and asked that the life so gladly given might do more for the women and children of India than her service here could have done. "Father into Thy hands we commend her Spirit."

How soon she had reached the end of her promise, "And in the world to come, eternal life."

In the afternoon of the same day we had a service at the house. It was conducted by Dr. Youngson, the venerable missionary of the Church of Scotland, and was attended by most of the missionaries of Poona. We sang again her hymn

"Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high,
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide
Till the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last."

Dr. Youngson read from the Bible, Christ's call to the weary, and some of the beautifully comforting words of John fourteen, and some of the triumphant words of first Corinthians fifteen. "O death, where is thy sting? O death, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." Prayer was offered and the dear ones in the homeland, especially the mother, were remembered.

At the same hour a service was being held in Indore.

Three missionaries and an Indian Christian carried the coffin to the hearse and to the grave. There we sang "For ever with the Lord" and Mr. Robertson offered prayer. Dr. Greenfield, whose kindness through all these days I can never forget, with me held the band as the coffin was lowered into the grave. There in the light of the setting sun we waited till the grave was filled in and placing on it the flowers provided by loving hands, we left the mortal remains of Ethel Bredin to await the trumpet call when the dead in Christ shall arise to meet their Lord in the air.

IX.

“With Christ.”

“Now I saw in my dream that these two men went in at the gate: and lo! as they entered they were transfigured, and they had raiment put upon them that shone like gold. There were also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave them to them; the harps to praise withal and the crowns in token of honour. Then I heard in my dream that all the bells of the city rang for joy, and that it was said unto them, ‘Enter ye into the joy of your Lord.’” I also heard the men themselves, that they sang with a loud voice, saying, ‘Blessing and honour and glory and power, be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.’”

“Now just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them and, behold the city shone like the sun: the streets also were paved with gold: and in them walked many men, with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps to sing praise withal. And after that they shut up the gates, which, when I had seen, I wished myself among them.”

—*Pilgrim's Progress.*

As we drove away from the cemetery, Dr. Greenfield said we must try to think of her in the joy into which she had entered. The sun had just set, and presently we came to a turn in the road from which we could get a full view of it. How shall I describe that scene or tell what it meant to me? The sky was shining gold, and the clouds were not pink, but transparent gold, clear, yet with cloudy outlines without one tinge of grey. They were like gates between which one could look on into and, in fancy, beyond the clear gold behind. And against this shining sky on a distant hill-top were the towers of the Temple of Parbattee, like the palaces of the Celestial City. As a child I had loved to watch the sunset and to fancy I could get a peep into Heaven. But now it seemed to me, through the most glorious golden sunset I had ever seen, that I got a vision of the reflection of the glory into which Ethel Bredin's spirit had entered and a voice seemed to be saying in my heart, “What she is seeing is more glorious than this.” And I thought perhaps—was it fancy? but it would be just like a thing she would do—that she had asked the loving Saviour, when the first glad welcomes were over, to let me know how joyous she was in the Gloryland, where she sees the Lord Jesus face to face and rejoices “with joy unspeakable and full of glory.”

Since I joy in her joy. She is not dead to me and I have learned in a new way the meaning of “the communion of saints” and the oneness of the Church visible and invisible.

the body of Christ. I remember that she is one of "the cloud of witnesses" who watch us as we try to run the race set before us and it is a stimulus to purity of heart and earnestness of endeavour.

"O blest communion! fellowship divine!

We feebly struggle, they in glory shine,
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine,
Hallelujah!

The golden evening brightens in the west;
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes their rest
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest,
Hallelujah!

From earth's wide bounds, from oceans farthest coast,
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,
Singing to Father, Son and Holy Ghost,
Hallelujah!"

The Council Meeting at which Miss Bredin had expected to be present, was held in Rutlam in November. The first Meeting of the Women's Council, and also part of a joint meeting of the Men's and Women's Council in the evening were given to hearing of the life and service of Miss Bredin. Deep regret was felt that she had not been permitted to work among us, nor even to see the field where she had hoped to labour, but it was felt that God had accepted her offering for the women and children of Central India to work out His great plan for the extension of His Kingdom. We remembered at the same time, Cassels Buchanan, son of our missionary Dr. Buchanan, who had died in England, before he was permitted to go to the front. Some one had written to Dr. Buchanan, "It was the King's order, and we have nothing to say."

So we cannot murmur at God's dealings in taking Ethel Bredin, Nay, rather, we say "It is well", and we believe that there will be abundant fruit.

"Who plucked the flower?" asked the gardener,

"The Master", replied the servant, and the gardener held his peace."

EXCEPT a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die it abideth alone. *John 12. 24.*

THAT I may know Him, and the power of his resurrection, *Phil. 3. 20.*

HAVING a desire to depart and to be with Christ. *Phil. 1. 23.*

ENTER thou into the joy of thy Lord. *Matt. 25. 21.*

LOOKING unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith *Heb. 12. 2.*

I WILL that they also whom thou hast given me be with me
where I am. *John 17, 24.*

SERVING God day and night. *Acts 26, 7.*

ALWAYS abounding in the work of the Lord. *Cor. 15, 58.*

BECAUSE I live ye shall live also. *John 14, 19.*

EVEN unto them I will give an everlasting name. *Isa. 56, 5.*

LOVED with an everlasting love. *Jer. 31, 3.*

BLESSED are the pure in heart for they shall see God. *Mat. 5, 8.*

REJOICE evermore. *1 Theo. 88 5, 16.*

EVERLASTING joy shall be upon their head. *Isa. 51, 11.*

DRAW me, we will run after thee. *Song of Solomon. 1, 4.*

IFOUND Him whom my soul loveth. *Song of Solomon. 3, 4.*

NOW unto Him that is able to present you faultless
before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy.

Jude 24.

(Acrostic by Miss Glendinning.)

“ And doubtless unto her is given
A life that bears immortal fruit,
In these high offices that suit,
The full-grown energies of heaven.”

X.

Why ?

"THE most puzzling question which comes to Christian people at a time of great sorrow is why? We look back to find what precedes our experience to learn the reason which God had in letting us have it. The best reasons for God's greatest deeds, so far as we know them, lie after the deeds themselves. In the case of the greatest sorrow the world has ever known the reason for it followed it. There is no adequate explanation for the death of Christ in any of the events which preceded it. The redemption of the world which is so steadily following it is the only adequate explanation."

—*The Conversation at a Sorrow.*

"I am the first to come out. Do you know I have a feeling that others will soon offer for missions. The spirit is there. This has been seeding summer, harvest will come Don't be anxious about me. I have given all to Christ and I am perfectly happy."

—*From Ethel Bredin's letter to her Minister.*

"If you do not receive a cable before you get this letter, you will know that Ethel is better" was the message that had been sent to Mrs. Bredin, October 16, from India. Wishing to carry out as far as possible Ethel's wishes that her mother should be spared anxiety we delayed the cable until about the time the first letter would arrive. But only a loving Father could have arranged it, so that on November 16, just about *two hours* after Mr. McLaren had broken the news to Mrs. Bredin the letter was put into her hands. It was a terrible shock but in the midst of her sorrow the brave mother was able to say, "I do know that God doeth all things well I can truly say I am glad she went and am so thankful that I never tried to prevent her going." A sister wrote: "Mother's heart is sore for the disappointed missionaries, yet we have faith that this is God's way of fulfilling Ethel's intense desire to help bring Christ to the people of India. Somehow it seems fitting that her body is resting there, not here."

When the news of Ethel Bredin's death was known many letters from her girl friends came to the mother, and all with the same testimony that their lives were better for her touch. "I caught from her some enthusiasm for the Master's work

and a greater realization of the personal responsibility each one should feel for it." The Knox College Gospel Team write: "It seems such a very short time ago since we were at her Designation Service, and well do we remember our impression of how nobly and resolutely she was responding to the call of her Master. We knew her only for a short time and yet so often we spoke of her calm, resolute, fixed purpose: of how she was not taking the step hastily but with the one desire of having her life tell for Jesus. We have thought of her many times since then and prayed for her. . . . Her work can never die. Her influence on us as a Gospel Team who only knew her for a short time is evidence in small degree of what her influence was in the world about her, and now she brings forth fruit an hundred fold because she so nobly gave her life. The coming years will only reveal the depth of her sacrifice and its influence on her fellows."

Her minister writes:—

"You may, like all of us, have asked why one so well-equipped on the border of the battle-field was not permitted to even see her field of labour. We know all is well with Ethel. Her work was done and well done. She thought, and we believed, her work was to be *in* India. Her work was *for* India. Her mission was here, and her death in India is the seal of her mission in old Woodlands. When Ethel began her work here the missionary spirit in these congregations was about as low as could be . . . We have increased 100 % every year since and another year we will do better. This was to a large extent Ethel's work. No mere preaching could do it. She did it by offering herself and now she is dead she has by her death made her appeal felt more deeply in our hearts. Her life and her death speak to us. She says "I have done all I could with joy. What are you going to do?" Since last summer four of our young people . . . have signified their desire to go to the Mission Field. You see the prayer of that lovely friend of yours "(for five evangelists)" may be nearer being answered than you think. Ethel's death has made a deeper impression than her life. Who knows but that God will answer that way. If so that would be for Ethel a joy for ever as she loved dearly these young people."

On the last Sunday in November there gathered in St.

Matthew's Church a much larger audience than had been at the Designation Service. The whole community turned out to do honour to the memory of one loved and admired by all. Many people could not even find standing-room. The Women's Missionary Society, and the dear children of the Mission Band (now called after her) sat as mourners.

The minister with difficulty controlled himself as he spoke to the weeping congregation from Rom. 8. 28. "All things work together for good to them that love God." May I give you his closing words?

"I want a monument for Ethel—don't think me odd—I want a monument for Ethel, not cold marble or lifeless granite not a name chiselled by human hand with cold steel. I pray that He who holds the Universe and His saints in the hollow of His hand may from His own altar take fire and burn into our heart of hearts the name of one of his lovely daughters, that her life, her sacrifice, and service may ever inspire us to better service. Britain's answer to Edith Cavell's death is 60,000 recruits in one day. A lonely grave in far-a-way India, lonely brave hearts, her sisters, in the name of Christ our Lord call us to fill up her place. Who will go?"

Miss Bredin's fellow-teachers, on the staff of the King Edward School, Toronto, had a photograph of her enlarged, and it was unveiled at a memorial service held December 9th. The teachers, the girls of the basket-ball team for whom she had so often acted as chaperone, the boys she had taught, the Inspector, and other friends from the Deaconess' Home, Mrs. Steele, and the Rev. A. B. Winchester, Miss Bredin's City Minister, were present. Mrs. Steele unveiled the picture and spoke a few words regarding the steps taken by Miss Bredin to enter the work. She was very much overcome and thus spoke with difficulty.

The Inspector and the Principal followed with an appreciation of Miss Bredin and her work, and then Mr. Winchester spoke of the beautiful traits he had seen in her character.

Her boys are fond of the picture. One said, "Oh, look at her hair, isn't it lovely?" Another "See, she is smiling!" and a third said "She was always smiling."

Thirty-five of the boys had written letters to her for Christmas. *She* did not read them, but one who did, saw how the boys counted on her individual, loving interest in them and their work. When, after her death, one day their teacher

asked them to write about what they wanted to be, one wrote "I want to be a missionary."

Writing to her mother the Principal said: "Though she was not permitted to teach the heathen in India, she has left an impress on the lives of the boys of her class, the influence of which can only be summed up in Eternity. I feel sure that many of the boys of her class, touched by the sweetness and devotion of her life will be inspired to a life of sacrifice and uplift for the benefit of mankind."

"We live in deeds, not years, in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial,
We should count time by heart-throbs,
He, most lives who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

Judged by this standard Miss Bredin had lived long. Mrs. Steele writes:

"At the meeting of the Women's Board in Toronto after the news of Miss Bredin's death was read Miss Inglis led us in prayer. She has such a wealth of scripture in her mind that her prayers become so rich and uplifting; and her faith is strong. She asked two or three times that *ten* might be raised up to take the place of the one who has fallen. May God grant it so that India may sooner be won for Christ. . . ."

I am so glad I was able to have Miss Bredin with us in Victoria all the last day in Canada. It is such a pleasant memory and almost her last words to me before we said good-bye were, "I hope Mrs. Steele that your expectations for me will not be disappointed." Well, they have been for I was looking forward to her years of service in India and to seeing her when she would come home on furlough; but no disappointment as to her character, no indeed, and I hope some of these thirty-five scholars who wrote her Christmas letters will follow in her steps and that her influence over them and over her home congregation will be fruitful in results."

XI.

Moving Pictures.

"But when He saw the multitudes, He was moved with compassion for them, because they were distressed and scattered, as sheep not having a shepherd. Then saith He unto His disciples, The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few. Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest that He send forth labourers into His harvest."

—*Mat.* 9, 36—38.

I often wish we could show you some moving pictures of the people amongst whom we work in India. If these are not shown you with the rapidity of a cinematograph I trust that in another way they may be moving pictures—that they may *move* you, as the sight of the multitudes moved our Master. If we have His heart of compassion they surely will.

Look at our Missionary Nurse with a handful of young India. Her heart's desire is to have a fortune

I. left her so that she may found a Babies' Home. In



1—Her heart's desire is to found a Babies' Home.

her lap is a child of a deformed woman that was brought into the world by a Cæsarian section done in one of our Hospitals. On her left is everybody's pet Ummedi (*lit.* "Hope"), an abandoned child, who was left with us when she was three days old and weighed 2 lbs. 5 oz. You can guess why we called her 'Hope.' On the right is Massih Dan ("Christ's gift"), the motherless child of Christian parents, with the Hospital "Teddy Bear," that the Nurse prayed for and got with a donation of five rupees given specially for it a few days after.

But we know that we foreigners, so few in number, are here specially to train others to work for India. In our three Hospitals (we are soon to have four) Indian women are being trained and next you see one of them at her work of washing the wounds of a patient. Had I space I could tell you of many brought to the Healer of souls through the Medical missionary work. We and our helpers gave 66,650 treatments in the year to 25,918 patients.



II—Washing the wounds.

And you have heard of the women in the Zenanas of India.

One, the wife of a noble, recently said to me, "We

live in a well; we are used to their confinement and are loath to give it up, but it is no more natural for them than it is for a bird to be caged, or for a person to be kept in a dungeon. Who will set them free? Our picture shows two Mohammedan women of whom a young missionary writes: "The first time G. and I tried zenana visiting last year we went to their house. They asked endless questions especially with regard to our matrimonial prospects. A very sweet gentle girl listened to everything we had to say."



III—Two Mohammedan Women.

Do you know there are millions of people in IV. India who think it a sin to kill a fly, a mosquito or even a louse, and take the greatest pains to avoid doing so? Here are two Jain women with covered mouths lest an insect should inadvertently come to an untimely end. They carry too a duster, to clear off any place where they wish to sit down. They consider it very meritorious to drink the dirty water from the washing of cooking vessels. Don't they remind you of the Pharisees who



IV—Jain women.



V.—Ruth making pillow-lace.

left out of count the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy and faith?

We had planned to have a picture of one of the little girls from a day school for non-Christians, of which we have many. The girls can only attend school till they are about eleven or twelve. Then they enter upon the serious duties of life as wives. Not a few have learned to know Jesus in our schools.

Ruth is the child of Christian parents

V. who were rescued in the famine.

Pillow-lace is one of the industries taught in the Orphanage at Neemuch.



VI—" But still within the little children's eyes
Seems something, something that replies."

"Orphanage" is a misnomer now for the more than 250 girls who were there after the famine, are nearly all in homes of their own, and their children have come as boarders to take their mothers' places.

I am sorry I have no picture from our Girls' High School and Boarding School at Indore which has so outgrown its quarters that a large new building to cost over $\text{₹. } 25,000$ is soon to be erected.

It need hardly be said that these dear little ones are the children of Christian parents. It is easy to love VI. them. And there might be thousands more who would have the chance of knowing the friend of little children if there were more young women who heard the Master's call to go and tell the good news.

This is a Hindu girl, smiling for the occasion, who learns scripture verses at the Dispensary, VII. as a good many do. They are given prizes for learning.

There are thousands of the aboriginal tribes called Bhils in Central India and neighbouring States. The Bhil VIII. is a child of nature. You would love him. He has been neglected and oppressed and has become a sort of Ishmael.

But his day is coming. Already in one part of our Field hundreds have become followers of Christ.



VII—A Hindu girl who learns Scripture verses.



VIII—The First School for Bhil Children in Banswara commonly called "The Bhil Academy."

This picture shows the beginnings of a school in Banswara. The very name 'school' would have scared the children at first but now there are about 40 coming between work hours, and many of them have learned new ways of living as well as something of the three "R's."

Our Women's Bungalow in Banswara is not finished yet.



IX — Not afraid, now.

You see here some who are helping to build it
 IX. The little boy on the right almost looks as if he still thought nobody loved him. He is Thanio. I wish I could tell you the story of that little imp who was first seen amusing himself by crushing the finger of his younger brother with a stone. But Somebody loved him and his soul expanded. He will go a long way now to get a caress, and no matter how dirty he is, nor how clean and white Somebody's dress is, he presses up close to her at the evening song-service.

Taklibai is the woman, almost scared out of her wits when she first saw the missionaries, but now their staunch friend, regular attendant at church. Her face is good to see. All girls are married in India—unless they are deformed, as Taklibai, who feels her disgrace (?). But one day when she learned that the missionary had not been married either, she took her hands between her own and said with delight, "Then you are like me." And her load was lightened. The children are her nephews and niece. The boy in the

middle already reads the third book in Hindi. Don't blame us for employing child labour. There's no law against it here, and if these children were not employed by us they would be by others. But *we* give them a full day's wages and 2½ hours schooling out of their work time. In their homes Christian hymns are taking the place of vile songs and Christian teaching the place of superstition.

A group of women workers, all girls saved from the famine and trained for work, is the last picture

X. Two Bible women, two teachers, and two medical workers.

On the cover you will see little Miriam, the child of Christian parents with one of the dolls that the children of



X.—Trained workers.

Canada sent to the children of India. I wonder if some day instead of sending dolls, some of the children will come themselves.

We have, in our little part of India where no other Protestant mission is at work, a Christian community of something less than 4,000, a non-Christian population of nearly 3,000,000, opportunities for workers on every side, calls for women doctors, teachers and evangelists. It was here Ethel Bredin hoped to use her splendid talents and experience. Why did she cross the ocean to be buried in India? Was it not to draw the eyes of others to look on the needs of this land?

More than forty years ago a nurse was on her way out to India as a missionary. On the way, by mistake, she took an overdose of medicine that resulted in her death. So much was she beloved by her fellow-nurses at Guy's Hospital, London, that they published a little sketch of her life. A copy fell into the hands of a young doctor at the Hospital and he passed it on to his sister saying, "Perhaps this would interest one of your Bible-class girls." She read it, and offered herself for India and is still working for God there.

Will you read and pass this on to others? There are many prayers behind it that God will use it to call young men and women to see their opportunity of helping in the winning of a nation to serve Him. What you do with the book may affect the lives of hundreds. As you lay it down will you go to the Master and say, "Lord what wilt Thou have me to do?"