

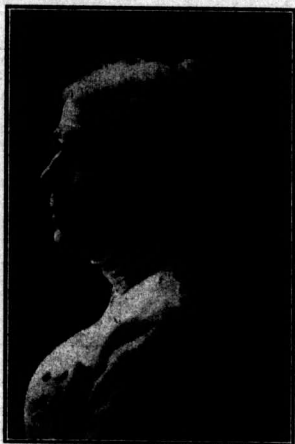
Canadian Missionary Link

Please, Miss E

XLVII

WHITBY, APRIL, 1925

No. 8



MISS MARTHA ROGERS

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AN EASTER SONG

No hint or whisper stirred the air
To tell what joy should be,
The sad disciples grieving there
Nor help nor hope could see.
Yet all the while the glad, near sun
Made ready its swift dart,
And Calvary and Easter Day,
The darkest day and brightest day,
Were just one day apart.

A song of sunshine through the rain,
Of spring across the snow,
A balm to heal the hearts of pain,
A peace surpassing woe.
Lift up your heads, ye sorrowing ones,
And be ye glad of heart,
For Calvary and Easter Day,
Earth's saddest day and gladdest day
Were just one day apart!

—Susan Coolidge.

MISS MARTHA ROGERS

During the years 1798 and 1801, a large group of families belonging to the Society of Friends, settled in the New Market Valley, near Toronto, and carved themselves out homes from the forests which covered the country. Among these Pioneers were the grandparents of one who for years has been entrenched in the hearts of Ontario Baptists, Miss Martha Rogers, whose death occurred in Toronto on January 10, 1925.

Miss Rogers was born in 1848, and for the first twenty-eight years lived with her mother, widowed early in life, at the old home-stead on Yonge Street. She was a sister of the late Samuel and Elias Rogers, and after the death of her mother, went to live with the former brother in Toronto.

During all these years she had been actively engaged in the work of the Society of Friends. In 1884, she took the position of Matron at the College in Pickering, which she held over a year. Then she became Matron of a school for immigrant girls at Niag-

ara-on-the-Lake, and after that, Matron of the Missionary College in New York City. It was about that time that the desire to become a Foreign Missionary in India grew in her heart, until at last, she applied to the English Friends' Foreign Mission Board for appointment. But, as there was no opening with them, she accepted appointment under the Baptist Foreign Mission Board of Ontario, and went to India in 1889, having the previous year joined the Bloor Street Baptist Church, of which she has been a member ever since.

With characteristic fervor, she entered into all the work which she found to do, first in Cocanada, while learning the Telugu language. Writing to the "Link" in 1891, she said: "I have been teaching, daily, Bible stories to a class that Miss Baskerville sends me, and on Sabbath I have a school in a Malapilly, two in fact, though when I started, I intended to have only one, but there was a Madigapilly near, and I thought I could gather all together, but found it impracticable. So I have schools, numbering in both places about 60 children. It is such a relief to be able to speak a few words to the people in their own language, and to give them God's word."

Later, she was transferred to Tuni,—the first single lady Missionary at that Station,—and in January, 1892, she wrote that she was beginning to feel at home and to enjoy the work on that field. She started schools for girls which, with all the discouragements incident to irregular attendance on account of the many Hindu festivals, were nevertheless continued, and as girls' schools always do, they opened homes for Miss Rogers and her Bible women. She toured the Tuni field extensively, going from village to village with her Biblewomen, or on horseback, visiting villages where Preachers were stationed. Her bungalow was always open to women who went "to see" and on one special festival occasion, in two days she had nearly five hundred visitors.

But her health was not sufficient for the work she loved, and so in 1895, with great regret in the hearts of all, she had to return to Canada. As it was deemed unwise to attempt the work in India again, she resigned from the staff, but continued to do deputation work, and during the years of 1897 and '98 many Circles were cheered and edified by visits from Miss Rogers.

As soon as her health permitted, she became Superintendent of the Y.W.C.A. Home on Elm Street. For 15 years she retained this position, and only Eternity will reveal how many young women were helped by her strong, loving personality. Shortly after her death, in his address at one of the Sunday evening meetings her Pastor, Rev. W. A. Cameron, spoke of the beauty of her character, and the very wide influence it must have exerted upon young women. The next day fourteen letters reached him from those who had been in the audience the previous evening, bearing testimony to her influence.

But though her interests have been wide and her activities in Christian work many, she has always remained deeply interested in the work of the Women's Foreign Mission Board. In January, 1915, she became the Board's Corresponding Secretary for India and Bolivia, relinquishing the office in November, 1920, because of failing strength. The memory of her friendly letters to the lady Missionaries on the field, and the warm welcome they always received to her home when they came on furlough, will remain in their hearts through life. To the end, she retained this deep interest in and love for all that pertained to the Foreign Mission work. When, finally, after long, patient months of increasing weakness, the Lord called His servant home on January tenth, on the lips of many were the words: "Foreign Missions have lost a loyal and true friend."

"Not what we give, but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare;
Who gives himself with his alms feeds three,
Himself, his hungry neighbor and Me."

—James Russell Lowell.

THE UPLANDS OF LIGHT

I will lift mine eyes to the uplands of light,
Whence cometh the strength of God,
Though the road that winds over the brow
of the hill

Is marked by the chastening rod.
"Closer is He than breathing, nearer than
hands or feet,"

And the path of sorrow and suffering He
makes most strangely sweet.

I will rest my soul on the staff of God,
Which He presses into my hand,
And together we'll climb the mountains of
faith,

The bulwarks of Beulah land.
Standing on heights of gladness, with a vi-
sion longing and keen
The lifted turrets of heaven in the shining
distance are seen.

But down in the valley, where mists arise
And climbing the steep ascent,
Are weary workers, with sorrowing hearts,
And pilgrims with burdens bent.

And dwellers on the highlands are bidden to
stay their eager feet,
And bring their strength to making the Mas-
ter's work complete.

Then heaven will be the dearer, and rest at
last, when won,

Will come with a Father's blessing and the
dear Lord Christ's "Well done!" —Sel.
Note—One of Miss Rogers' favorite selec-
tions.

AFTER EASTER

I crave your pardon, that I did not know,—
But for you told me so,
Being a stranger here,—

This festival you celebrate each year
I took to be a sort of dress parade,
And fashion promenade,—
The matter of a hat, and gloves, and gown;
But for your telling me, I had not known
It had to do with linen grave-clothes laid
From the awakened Dead;
And with a napkin, folded by itself,
From the aroused Head.

—Gertrude MacGregor Moffat in
"A Book of Verses."

A MESSAGE FROM THE OPEN BOARD MEETING

There was a great feeling of thankfulness at the Foreign Mission Open Board meeting held in Walmer Road church, March the thirteenth, when our Treasurer, Mrs. Piersol, announced that with still very incomplete returns, almost all the Jubilee five thousand has come in. When all the Circles who have not yet been heard from make their returns, we feel sure that our objective will be reached. Every Circle will be happy and thankful for this blessing.

Yet there is another side which we must face. Our Treasurer pointed out that while our Jubilee fund is almost all in, the Circles have fallen behind in their gifts to our regular work about one thousand dollars. Does this mean that some of us have given to the Jubilee but have neglected our regular month by month giving? The Jubilee money is to go for some special building which will bless our mission for years to come. Our regular obligations must be met besides. This situation, with heavier estimates than last year, gave rise to the question, "How can we increase our giving as Circles?"

Several speakers told of how their circles are trying to bring in larger gifts. The points brought out were these:

1. By first, last, and all the time cultivating the prayer spirit in all our meetings remembering that "My God shall fill full every need of yours, according to His riches in glory."
 2. By always seeking new members, never ceasing from the effort to interest more givers until every woman in your church has been won to an interest in missions.
 3. Be sure to have Thankoffering meetings. Many circles have two each year, one for Home at one time and one for Foreign at the other, for instance, one in May and one in October.
 4. Continually hold before the Circle the ideal of regular and proportionate giving, using the envelope for members' dues. Always take a collection at the meeting; a good deal is gathered in in this way which would otherwise be lost.
5. Some Circles have resolved to add ten per cent, some twenty-five to help out in the matter of exchange.
 6. One told of making beautiful quilts for sale and the sale of calendars in addition to regular gifts.

Mrs. Inrig, in stirring words, pointed out that God requires us to bring all the tithes into His storehouse and until we do this, He cannot bless us. Besides praying, we must do this act of bringing our gifts, realizing that money is lent to us that we may preach with it His Gospel.

The message of this meeting to each of us is that we must be constantly awake to the urgent need of renewed effort to see that this missionary responsibility reaches more lives in order that the support our growing work needs may be freely given.

Another great opportunity with which our Board is faced is the readiness of a consecrated and gifted young woman, thoroughly equipped in every way, to go to Bolivia. She should go this year. The only way in which it may be possible to send her is that an increase in regular giving of our Circles will assure her passage and her support in the years to come. Is there not a challenge here?

J. D. Z.

LINK REPORT FOR FEBRUARY

- 276 Lists sent to Agents.
- 402 Sample copies sent.
- 483 Agents heard from (22 Y.W.)
- 70 Individuals have sent in subscriptions.
- 17 Clubs have been heard from.
- 2959 Renewals have been received.
- 233 Paid arrears (1 yr.)
- 47 Paid arrears (2 yrs.)
- 152 Reinstated.
- 478 New subscriptions.
- 4 New complimentary.
- 354 discontinued.

NET GAIN 280.
Our objective 10,000 subscribers.
Number on mailing list 7580.
WE MUST HAVE 2420 MORE NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS. EVERYBODY HELP!
EIGHT New Places on the Mailing List.
The Agents of: Rodney, Olivet Y.W., Mont-

real, Que., Port Colborne, Thurso, Que.; Mitchell Square, Niagara Falls (Jepson St.), Toronto (Todmorden).—accomplished this.

Objective Reached for NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS: Toronto (Calvary) and Edmonton, Alta., (McDonald). N. B.—The latter sent in 17 new subscriptions.

The Honour List: (Every name reported on for Convention, November, 1925): Acton 4, Bentinck Ch. 5, Bognor 4, Brownsburg, Que. 2, Buckingham, Que. 18, Burlington 9, Calgary (Heath) 12, Clandeboye 14, Dalesville, Que. 7, Dunboyne 6, East Nissouri 17, Eden 5, Essex 12, Jones Falls 1, Kingsville 18, Lindsay 23, Mount Forest 10, Nanaimo, B.C. 2, Ottawa (Fourth) 40, Peterboro (Bro. Mem.) 22, Thurso, Que. 6, Toronto (Calvary) 16, Toronto (Immanuel) 37, Toronto (Indian Rd) 39, Toronto (Todmorden) 13, Vancouver, B.C. (Fairview) 6.

A NEW AGENT at Prince Albert, Sask. What a DEACON says:—"I am a Deacon in our church. I have been reading the 'Link' and wish to subscribe."

Grace L. Stone Doherty,
(Supt. Agents Link).

"THE ENTERPRISE" AGAIN.

We must not forget it—this wonderful book that belongs to Canadian Baptists.

Do you possess a copy? Have you made it your own not only by purchase but by careful reading? Have you shared it with your children by reading the most interesting bits aloud in the family circle?

Not long ago the Editor took her copy from the shelf, and turning the pages, reverently as one must, she was thrilled again by the beauty of the story told so well. She began to wonder if all who ought have shared the blessing and inspiration that must come from reading this book. For the sake of any Link readers who have not yet done so we are reproducing two pictures, Mr. and Mrs. Timpany and Mr. and Mrs. McLaurin, in each case taken before they left for India; and also some extracts from the "Enterprise" story of these pioneers.

The Enterprise is still to be obtained. It may be ordered through our Literature De-

partment. Certainly not many copies should long remain unsold.—Editor.

* * *

"Americus Timpany and his wife sailed from New York for England, to take ship again on the Copenhagen from Southampton for Madras. They set out on the eighteenth of November, 1867, and did not reach Madras until the next year was more than three months old! For their journey took them round the cape in a sailing vessel, and they experienced all the exasperating and tedious delays and set backs that attended such travel.

At last they reached Madras on April fifteenth, 1868, just six months, less eleven days, after they left New York. And then in a few days began the last stage of their long journey to Nellore, where Dr. and Mrs. Jewett awaited them, 108 miles up the east coast. Mrs. Timpany travelled in a palanquin and her husband in one of the country carts drawn by a span of oxen. They travelled by night to avoid the extreme heat of the day, for by this time it is May, the middle of the dreaded hot season. Five nights they journeyed through the bright starlight; or perhaps the wonderful Indian moon shone down upon them. Caravans of loaded carts drawn, like theirs, by oxen, passed them; buffaloes and cows with loads upon them, native police, foot passengers and droves of goats. Through dark jungles they went and past slumbering villages, with the men swathed in white sheets stretched sleeping on their cots outside, suggestive of so many corpses, till on the morning of Saturday, May ninth, they drew near to Nellore. As Mr. Timpany jogged along in his cart, sitting with his back turned in the direction they were going, he heard the men say, "The Dora (master) is coming!" And they stopped, for there was Dr. Jewett! He had come to meet them with his horse and carriage, and soon they were once more in a home, in the Mission Bungalow, where, after all their long wanderings, the heartiest welcome in the world was awaiting them.

Oh, what a welcome! The first Canadian Baptists in India! They were soon "surrounded and held by native Christians, weeping,



REV. A. V. AND JANE BATES TIMPANY

After marriage and on the eve of their departure for India.

kissing their hands and thanking their God and Saviour for another missionary." As for Dr. Jewett, he writes home thus: "A new era in the history of this mission begins with the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Timpany. We feel the warm heart of Baptists in Canada beating in unison with our own. We thank God and take courage."

* * *

At Woodstock, in the gold and crimson glory of October, (1869) they were married, John McLaurin and Mary Bates, and two

links joined together and took their places in the chain that brought us closer, ever closer, to that land once a stranger to us.

The Convention met in old historic Woodstock that year, and on the evening of October twenty-first the McLaurins' designation meeting took place.

* * *

India was so far away and so little known in those days, that amongst Mary Bates' friends there were many who thought it an atrocious thing that one so innocent and



REV. JOHN McLAURIN, D.D.
When a student at Woodstock College.

young should be allowed, much less asked, to go and live there. An anonymous letter denouncing the young man who was "enticing" (!) her, and the parents who allowed it, was received by the family, and this letter Mr. Bates answered that night from the platform. He defended himself for his action, saying it was a joy and honor unspeakable to give two daughters to the Great Cause—"and indeed," he continued, "if I were left stripped and bare of all my children, like a forest tree of its branches, I would still rejoice the more exceedingly."

More diverting were the private passages-at-arms between the bride and some unco' cautious ones. "But how can you?" said one good lady. "I should think you'd be afraid you might get among the heathen!" "Might get among the heathen" was good—the soldier might meet the enemy! And another, an indignant friend of the family, protesting, said: "It is preposterous! I wouldn't go for £1000!" But the bride only laughed and flashed out, "Neither would I!"

From "The Enterprise."



MRS. MARY BATES McLAURIN
When a student at Woodstock College.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS

I am twenty-five cents.
I am not on speaking terms with the butcher,
I am too small to buy a quart of ice cream,
I am not large enough to purchase a box of candy,
I cannot be exchanged for a gallon of gasoline,
I am too small to buy a ticket for the movie,
I am hardly fit for a tip. But—believe me,
When I go to Mission Circle I am considered SOME MONEY!

—Adapted from The Canadian Baptist.

"Under many flags" is a fine story book for juniors, being well told stories of 8 great missionaries, including Mary Slessor and Cyrus Hamlin. See list of books on back of Link.

We are giving you, in the Young Women's Section, another of Margaret Apple-garth's inimitable stories, "When Caste Flew Out of the Doorway." Be sure to read it.

Our Work Abroad

FROM NEW YORK TO LA PAZ

Mary E. Plummer

Arriving at Pier 33, Brooklyn, N.Y., at 10.30 a.m., October 2nd, we paid for excess baggage and climbed the gangway. Soon we descended to room 16 to find over seventy letters awaiting us, some of them not to be opened until Mr. Plummer's birthday. They were surely very much appreciated. At 12.15 a.m. the moorings were cast, and we moved out, aided by a naval band. We indulged at lunch, but did not see the dining-room again for several days, as we started rolling immediately on leaving New York, and besides we were rather tired. The first day we went above deck sports were being arranged, and we signed up to participate. From then on we were very well and able to enjoy the flying fish in the warm Caribbean, the sights of the canal and West Coast, and have a splendid rest.

Cristobal was the first port at which we stopped, and as we were to be there for a few hours, we went ashore to see the town. A line of old-fashioned carriages were waiting by the dock. We took one but forgot that it was correct to bargain about the rate and paid too much. On arriving at the shops we found them to be full of Chinese merchandise, sold largely by Hindus. We walked along the narrow streets overhung by balconies and looked in the windows; but that was not sufficient to please the shopkeepers. At every store they came out and told us how much nicer everything was within, what a variety they had to offer, that we did not need to spend much, and so on.

We got up on deck the next morning to find ourselves slipping slowly through very placid water to the first locks of the Panama Canal. It was beautiful. A mixed chorus of bird music came from the thick tropical vegetation on the shore. The rainy season was just drawing to a close and everything was fresh and exceptionally green. Now and then a bright yellow butterfly drifted languidly by, but as you have probably heard, there are no insects to speak of in the canal zone. Soon we entered a lock, another ship crept up behind us, and the gate swung to. The water came bubbling up from the bottom and

in six minutes we were raised the thirty feet. On the Atlantic side there were three locks in succession, then came a lovely artificially constructed lake. This was dotted with many park-like islands. It was a very peaceful scene, even to the negroes resting diligently on the banks. After about five hours' run and three more locks we anchored at Balboa. Here we again went ashore with our table companion, a Roman Catholic, with whom we had several talks about Roman Catholicism. Although a well read, intelligent man, he left his brains out of religious matters and blindly accepted what was told him, living in constant fear, for he told us that no one can know that he is saved until his dying moment. How happy we felt that our religion is one of love and certainty of salvation.

Going down the Pacific coast we were often in sight of land, but a very different continent than that to which we were accustomed. Mile after mile of bleak, sandy hills rose gracefully from the sea. During the daytime they were not very attractive, but when the reflection of the lovely tropical sunset fell on them it was a lovely scene. Daily now we stopped at some small port, a visitation that caused excitement not only to the natives, but to us, for nowhere south of the Panama did the ship dock, but it was unloaded by means of scows brought out by natives, also numbers of bright blue rowboats came out for the privilege of carrying the passengers' hand baggage. We always enjoyed watching these men come on board. As soon as the signal was given, with one accord they all sprang for the ship's stairway. It was a constant surprise to us that no one fell in; though hats, oars, rudders and so on floated away, their owners always managed to keep dry. The unloading was another interesting event to watch. There is a very strong Union down here that prevents the men of the ship from unloading, so men from each port gaily come aboard for this excitement. Everything was swung overboard by a derrick into a waiting barge. In only two cases did we see boxes that did not hit in the right place, but fortunately they floated, so all was well. The policy of these "longshoremen" does not permit all to work at the same time. One or

two could generally be spied resting in one end of the barge while the rest of the crew worked in the other. As we were at Lima quite a time, we went ashore and visited one of the most famous cathedrals in South America; in this place an obliging native showed us around, giving us a glimpse of Pizarro's moth-eaten bones and telling us much about the church, in Spanish, which we unfortunately missed; however, our friend knew a little English as we discovered when we parted. Instead of saying good-bye it was "Vun dollar!" Lima is a busy town, the narrow streets swarm with donkey carts, Fords, other cars and Fifth Ave. busses. There is a curious mixture of North American civilization and South American plain existence.

A few days after we left here we were very happy to arrive at Arica, our port. Mr. Strong from Tacna took us to his home to wait for the train for La Paz. Here we had our first Spanish services. As none of them played the piano I helped out the best I could, and we generally came out together, as the tunes were familiar, and thanks to my little Spanish I could recognize a few words.

Monday we left for La Paz on quite a prepossessing train. By the way, as it only leaves once a week its going must be recognized, so a band played us out! We suffered a bit from "sorroche" or mountain sickness on the train, but felt much better after having some strong coffee, and were able to enjoy the descent into La Paz. Here the railroad swerves ever downward over shifting sand hills. Previously the road has had to be continuously repaired, as it was constantly being washed out, but now they are going to build another road on the other side of the valley, where the road bed will be a trifle more stationary. The view is beautiful as one sinks into La Paz. Far below is the city of grey and terracotta-colored roofs, all around are hills and valleys of grey streaked with brown and orange, with here and there a clump of flowers. The scene is also brightened by the costumes of the Indian women as they trot about looking after animals.

We soon found ourselves in La Paz and were more than happy to see good Canadian faces looking through the car window at us,—the Wintemutes and Miss Palmer. The

latter has already found a great deal to do and is going to be a great asset to the work here. The Wintemutes took us first to their ever-open home, then to see the new church which is to be dedicated next Sunday, the first Protestant church in La Paz to have such a service. Naturally great preparations are going on for this event. Mr. Plummer is to have the honor of preaching at the English service in the morning. We are so happy to be here for this, and to be able to stay with the Wintemutes for a time, till we get a start at the language.

The second night after our arrival a welcome meeting was tendered us in Mr. Wintemute's church. It was a large gathering and very interesting. Several girls recited, gesticulating very freely, little children sang "Jesus Wants Me for a Sunbeam," in Spanish of course, and four men welcomed us in a flowery and lengthy manner; then we spoke, Mr. Wintemute interpreting. It was the first time either of us had spoken through an interpreter, and it was funny. I did not know whether to speak loudly to everyone, or just to Mr. Wintemute. The result was a compromise. Then the hymn books were collected and counted, the benediction pronounced, and we went home.

I am sure you will thank God with us for the missionary nurse, Miss Palmer. We feel that she is going to be such a blessing down here. She is eagerly planning for her hospital room at the farm, which will be started after our house is finished.

And now thank you again for all your kindness to us, for your love and prayers; we like to think of the happy time we spent with you. God be with you and bless you abundantly.
—Western Baptist.

EXTRACT FROM A PRIVATE LETTER FROM DR. COOK Written in January

I want to tell you about that Betrothal ceremony I was present at at Dr. Joshee's. I was very much interested. It was held on Sunday and I suppose there were about twenty people present. The bridegroom and several men had come the day before, and stayed in town somewhere. When we arrived at the house, they were all gathered solemnly in



DR. COOK

one room. The Pastor occupied the chief place with Dr. Joshee at one side. The Pastor read the 45th psalm and had prayer. The bride was not present at all! The Pastor asked who was the speaker for the party and one man rose (not the bridegroom—this is where "the friend of the bridegroom" has a real place) and said he was. The Pastor asked what he had come for, and he answered (in Telugu—interpreted for us) "to ask for — as wife for —". The Pastor asked what he had brought and several of the ladies went out, and brought in his gifts to the bride: a beautiful gold pendant, a ring, bracelets, three beautiful silk saris, three pieces of cloth for jackets, and trays with fruit and sweet cakes. These were passed over to Dr. Joshee to meet with his approval,

then to Miss Hatch. As Dr. Joshee's Mother, she had to approve of the gifts also. Dr. Joshee asked the spokesman of the bridegroom's finances, and how much he would give the bride as a wedding dowry, etc. When he said he was satisfied, Miss Hatch took the jewels and cloth in to the bride, to see if she would accept them. Her acceptance of course was her significance of her willingness for the betrothal to proceed. Miss Hatch came out and said she accepted them of her own free will, and brought the gifts for the bridegroom: a Bible, a beautiful copy of "The Imitation of Christ" and another book, similar to "a Daily Light." The marriage day was then discussed, and set (no reference to the wishes of the bride in this). The Pastor and Miss Hatch led in prayer and the ceremony was concluded.

We then had an Indian meal, curries, eaten from a leaf plate, with fruit and sweets. We, Miss Hatch, Miss Jones, Miss Munro and I, ate with the men. The women sat down afterward. The bride-to-be came out and sat with the women, dressed in the loveliest of her new saris, a pale mauve and gold one. All the women were beautifully dressed in silk saris and looked lovely. The bride never raised her eyes and had nothing whatever to say to the bridegroom."

A Toronto friend of Dr. Cook has kindly let us use this interesting description of a Betrothal. She has also let us have the picture of Dr. Cook in her newly purchased topee taken on board the boat, at Suez.—Ed.

FROM MISS ARCHIBALD

Chicacole, India, Jan. 19, 1925.

My Dear Ones: Well, we wondered how we would ever get through the Christmas functions as we were never so late in returning from tour. On the 23rd was the Rally for the Evangelistic schools. The 20 flags of red and blue muslin had to be made; the various schools to be examined and the prizes selected and the candy and parched grain bought and the little bags filled. The Tedfords and Eatons came in from Palkonda (27 miles) for the day. Mr. Tedford gave the children a nice talk. Was it not grand to hear them sing in unison the hymn, "We

would see Jesus." What a change! Twenty-five years ago the children would come with tousled hair but now the parents have learned to adorn them for this Festival. All the benches had been taken out of the church and the walls adorned with paper chains and gay balloons and streamers. It was glorious to see the children troop in, twenty schools with banners waving and every child's mouth was stretched to the widest grin as the hand was raised to the forehead when calling out a hearty "Salaam." The Girls' school went through the "Daily Dozen" as the gramophone played. Two little beauties sang so sweetly that they received an encore. The blind girl could sing hymn after hymn.

On the 24th Mr. and Mrs. Tasker (Gauce) arrived from Darjeeling. That was the night of the Christmas tree. Such a big one was placed in the large hospital room. Mrs. Eaton and I had great delight in making it pretty for the wee ones. While we were doing this the young men were cooking the rice and curry. They had dug out holes in the ground for fireplaces. At six p.m. we all sat down on the floor and ate with our fingers the rice and curry which had been placed on the leaf plates. It was rather difficult for some to sit so long cross-legged and our European guests occasionally missed their mouth as they tried to eat in Indian style.

My! how all enjoyed the Christmas tree and the appearance of Santa Claus. We had other young men masked but the one who wore the mask advertising the San Marto coffee gave the most fun. I was glad I brought from Canada these hallowe'en masks and things to make the occasion one of surprise and joyousness. The girls from the Boarding School gave a dialogue and sang so sweetly. Altogether about 100 were present and every one received something—the poor a cloth, the men a calendar or handkerchief or book, and the women a yard of cotton to make a jacket and each little girl received a dress from home and each boy a sweater. Christmas day was begun by the children singing carols at the door about five o'clock in the morning. How they did sing! Then there was the service in the Church and the thank offering and in the afternoon were the sports

on the hospital compound. Mrs. Tasker, our own Miss Gauce, purchased and presented the prizes for the races and the other skilful feats. Mr. and Mrs. Gibson and Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah came in from Calingapatam. Newton and Lester Eaton are the most charming boys I ever saw and they indeed had a good Christmas time even if there was no snow or snippy air.

Was this all? No, on the next day we went the 17 miles to Calingapatam to attend the Prizegiving of our two Girls' schools. Printed notices had been sent to all the chief people of the town. Mr. Gibson had about twenty flags strung up so the compound looked very gay. Chairs and benches had been arranged outside for the men while the women visitors sat inside the big room where the passengers who go to Rangoon are accustomed to wait. Calingapatam is a town of 5000, by the sea, and Mr. Gibson is head of the British India S.S. Company there. How well the children performed the flag and other drills as well as the marching. When we came to give the prizes we held out a rag doll, a scrap book and little china toy. Do you know the rag doll was always refused. They prefer china or a nice "gazu bomma" (glass doll). I even held up a huge cotton doll but no child would take it. Those little five cent dolls and figures were much preferred so I hope some of you my readers will ask T. Eaton Company, Toronto, to send me some of their five cent dolls to make the children happy next Christmas.

Now home again, then off to Conference at Cocanada, an eight hours journey by train. Here we met all the missionaries and had a time of sweet fellowship. It was great to hear the returning and new missionaries tell of their experiences at home and also it was interesting yet sad to hear the farewell speeches of Mr. and Mrs. Craig and Miss Baskerville who are retiring.

The most difficult time of all was that concerned with the location of workers. So many places vacant and so few to fill them! Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that He may send forth MEN into the harvest field." Pray oh pray—the need is most urgent in your Telugu Mission for MEN called of God to take charge of the long neglected fields.

Then we attended the Telugu Association at Vizianagram. Miss F. Clarke entertained 20 missionaries. It was delightful the concert she arranged. She invited all the Europeans who are engaged in the jute factory and in the S.S. Company. Solos and reading and Madame J. Wax works—yes, Charlie Chaplin and the Flapper and Britannia, etc., were introduced. But the refreshments, I could hardly believe my eyes and taste—delicious ice cream. It is great to be in Vizianagram where there is sanitation and water works and ice cream.

Now at home for work but we cannot go on tour just yet as the governor and his lady and retinue of ten arrive on the 23rd. Chicacole has never to my knowledge been visited by such a personage, so you should see the preparation. Even every old wall is being whitewashed and best of all the roads are being put in order. It will be a delight now to go the ten miles to the railway station in the Ford car. So thanks to the Governor for coming. Now if his coming would only reduce the price of petrol we would be glad. We are paying 2 rupees a gallon (64c). Too much, is it not, when we want to use the car so much and only have so much to run it on. Every morn at six a.m. we are off to a village. Oh what a help it is and now that the roads are about in order after the cyclone we are enjoying it more and more and praise God for this means of **quadrupling** our efficiency. Yes, seven miles out there are two Christian families living in heathen darkness. How good to go out and try to inspire them to let their light shine for Jesus as they trade and farm. Out in another direction is a village where there is **only** one Christian. He learned in Rangoon and brought home his big Telugu Bible and hymn book. He has been used in leading his relatives to appreciate the Christian religion. How glad we are to shoot out to that village occasionally and help this one lonely soul to lead his people to the feet of Jesus. Oh yes, I praise God for the car every day as I cannot walk as heretofore or stand the rides in the springless ox cart. I want you still to pray that my driver may fully consecrate himself to Christ. His wife told me tonight that he goes off to sleep before they have family prayers. I want him

to fulfil all the conditions of a spirit filled life and give up every known sin as he could be such a power if he had a full mind to testify to the hundreds who come around to see the car. He has an interesting personality and the people will listen to his testimony.

Yes, I am thoroughly happy and adjusted to the work again and we are looking forward to a glorious time in the work of winning souls for Jesus. We see signs of **NEW LIFE** in various places and thank God and take courage.

Yours in the Love of Christ,
Mabel E. Archibald.

Who are the women that are not interested in bargains? Look at the list on the back of this Link, for real worth while bargains.

A dollar invested in a book, who can tell the result? See the list from The Literature Department.

"I went out to India having specialized in philosophy and hoping to be an evangelist. I end by being a missionary farmer" says Mr. Higginbottom in his book "The Gospel and the Plow". Read the book, see list on back of this Link, for prices.

You will want some of the books listed by the Literature Department. In many cases there is only one book under each title. Moral—**ORDER NOW.**

TO OUR MISSIONARIES.

We are grateful to those among you who from time to time supply us with inspiring messages for our Link readers. We could use many more letters and sketches of interesting incidents and characters from our own fields. We know you are always overburdened and weary with the thronging daily duties. We feel guilty to suggest that you do one thing more. Yet there is surely great profit in letting the Home Constituency know what its missionaries are doing. For just in proportion as the people at home can be made to see what the missionary sees and knows what he knows they will come to feel as he feels. Then prayer will be more definite and earnest, and giving more enthusiastic and generous.

Will you not send us some word about your work? —Editor.

Among The Circles

NOTES FROM THE OPEN MEETING OF THE BOARD

Some time ago the question came before the Board as to whether it would not be beneficial to our work to hold an open meeting of the Board monthly. After thoughtful consideration the conclusion reached was that as the audiences at such meetings would be composed largely of women from Toronto, and, in view of the many opportunities afforded us in this city of hearing outstanding inspirational and missionary speakers, it would be unwise to add another to the already long list of regular meetings. At the same time it was felt that we might, with profit to the work and to the workers, come together occasionally in an open meeting of the Board for inspiration and information.

Such a meeting was held in Walmer Road Church on Friday, March 13th, convening at 10.30 a.m., with the President, Mrs. Albert Matthews, presiding.

Looking about the audience one could see not only a large number of interested women from Toronto, but representatives from New Toronto, Mimico, Birchcliff, Stouffville, Willowdale, Richmond Hill, Jefferson, Georgetown, Bracebridge, Peterborough, Niagara Falls, and a splendid delegation from Hamilton. There may have been others from outside of Toronto whom the Secretary missed seeing.

We are not so far removed in point of time, from our great Convention in Walmer Rd. Church as to have forgotten the quality and the full measure of the hospitality of the women of this church. It was not only manifested once again in all their thoughtful preparations for the comfort and happiness of those present, but it was felt in the atmosphere and it ministered largely to the success of the meeting expressing as it did our oneness in Christ as to fellowship and purpose.

The morning was spent in hearing from the officers and the conveners of committees their reports of the work done last quarter, and all of them were encouraging. The Supt. of "Link" Agents is still adding names to her subscription list, and has every confidence that those "wonderful agents" will not grow weary in well-doing before those 2419 missing sub-

scribers are found and our 'ten thousand' objective reached.

The Literature Dept. report is always of interest. Here is the first paragraph, "It is said that business is like a wheel-barrow, it needs pushing to make it go. Your Secretary feels this more and more. Of course pushing will make it go, but go where? In what direction? Your prayers and co-operation are the handles by which this can be pushed, and pushed in the right direction." The remainder of the report shows that your prayers and co-operation have not been withheld during the past quarter, for the work of the Literature Dept. has been going in the right direction. The total sales for the quarter ending January 15, amount to \$492.16.

Mrs. Dengate and Mrs. McLean, who have charge of the work of sending the boxes to the missionaries in India and Bolivia, are getting ready for this year's boxes. In the April issue of the "Link" Mrs. McLean will have instructions as to what things are most suitable to send to Bolivia. In the February and March "Links" are lists of things suitable to send to India. Information as to the time these things are to be sent will be given in our paper.

From the Mission Homes' Committee we learned that there is urgent need for comfortable beds for these Homes. If every Circle would set apart one month in the year, preferably June, in which to take an offering for this work, there would be sufficient funds to provide for these and other smaller necessities.

We learned from our representatives on the different Girls' Work Boards, that our missionary programme is being promoted through the Canadian Girls in Training organizations.

The Convener of the Furlough Committee, Mrs. W. R. Henderson, asks that the constituency do not make too heavy demands on our Missionary, Miss Robinson. While her health is much improved, she must not be asked to speak in public too frequently.

An announcement by Mrs. Stillwell on behalf of the Candidate Committee, that Miss Janet Holmes is our missionary elect to Bolivia, to go this Fall if at all possible, will mean much more to you when I add that Miss Holmes is the daughter of an honored member of our Board, Mrs. Geo. Holmes, who has given many

years of service to the work. Our missionary-elect is also a grand-daughter of the late Dr. Thomas of Jarvis St. Church. But we are not sending her to Bolivia on the reputation of her parents and grandparents great as that is, only for what she herself is. She is one of the finest equipped young women who has ever made application to the Board and her spirituality and consecration excel her scholarship. She is needed in Bolivia, and the Board feels that the Lord Himself has selected this young woman. The money to send and support her He has put into the possession of the women of our constituency. Let us release it at His call and prosper His purpose.

Mrs. Harold Firstbrook, Secretary for Students and Biblewomen, reports that there are 20 students in the Cocanada Boarding School whose support is unprovided for. It takes \$20 a year to support a student in this school.

There are 91 Biblewomen working on the different fields under the missionaries, and the support for 19 of these at \$35 a year for each is not yet provided.

The President announced that the late Miss Martha Rogers who for many years served the Society, part of the time as its missionary in India, and afterwards as a member of the Board, had bequeathed five thousand dollars to the Society to build and equip a Rest Home on the Hills in India for lady missionaries.

Miss Moyle, who has been associated with Miss Rogers during the time she served on the Board,—thirty-one years—told of Miss Rogers' hope for many years that such a Home would in some way be provided, and in her thought the lady missionaries of our Women's Boards both in the East and in the West were always included. Consequently the following motion was carried unanimously, moved by Miss Moyle and seconded by Mrs. Hooper:—

"Believing it to be in accordance with Miss Rogers' desire that the Rest Home in India, provided for in her will, should be available for the lady missionaries of the other provinces when it is not fully occupied by the lady missionaries of the Ontario West Society, we gladly extend to the lady missionaries of the other Women's Boards both in the East and the West the privileges of the Rest Home under these conditions, and

ask that Conference in India be informed to this effect.

Following these reports the Treasurer conducted a conference on our financial situation presenting also the total amount received to date on our Jubilee Objective through the "Might and Mercy Boxes." With several Circles yet to be heard from we are less than \$300.00 short of our objective, and it is confidently expected that the full amount of \$5000 will be realized. It was with great joy and thanksgiving that this report was received.

The Treasurer then impressed the importance of giving serious consideration to our regular estimates for this year, as they are much larger than last year. Added to this increased budget is the fact that exchange has risen to 10 per cent. Representatives from several of the Toronto Circles and Young Women's Circles told of how their circles had planned to meet this increase.

We were inspired when the representative from First Ave. Circle reported that the members of her Circle had decided to increase their giving twenty-five per cent. This they did knowing that they must also help finance a new church building to replace the one destroyed by fire about a month ago. Other suggestions were (1) increasing the Circle membership (2) each member paying the exchange on her own gifts (3) making useful articles and turning the proceeds from their sale into the Circle Treasury (4) Selling Bible Calendars and giving the profits to the Circle Treasury (5) and last, but very important, prayer that every woman may see her responsibility in this matter, of giving to the Lord's work, and give according to her means. The Secretary stressed the fact of Stewardship in all things, and emphasized (Malachi 3: 10) that God has promised to send the blessing when we acknowledge His ownership of the money we have by bringing the tithes into the storehouse.

The afternoon session opened with a prayer service conducted by the President. Portions from Psalm 17 and Deut. 32 were read, and special reference made to verses nine and ten. The Lord's portion is His people, they are His inheritance. We should strive to see that His

inheritance is in some measure worthy of Him. Prayer was offered for our pastors and churches, our Sunday Schools and colleges, for the discouraged servants of the Lord, for the needs on our mission fields presented in the letters from some of our missionaries and read to us by Mrs. Stillwell.

Miss Moyle and Mrs. Lillie paid tribute to the memory of the late Miss Martha Rogers. She was a woman of great faith, and as a result she was a woman of prevailing prayer.

Mrs. Stillwell and Mrs. Pettit, who attended the Foreign Missions' Conference in Washington, gave brief messages touching on some of the addresses given at the Conference.

In his address which followed Mr. Stillwell, by request, touched on some of the difficult problems in the work in India with which the General Board has had to deal. One of these was the closing of the Vizagapatam High School. When the Board took over from the London Missionary Society this school it was self-supporting, apart from the salary of the missionary on that field who did some teaching in the school. A native Christian was at that time the Principal of the school, but when he died there was no other native Christian who could be found to take his place, so the missionary on the field had to take charge. There were very few Christian pupils in the school, and fewer Christian teachers, and it was found that what Bible teaching was done by the Christian teachers was crushed out by the native Hindu teachers higher up. Last year a cyclone came along and destroyed a large part of the school, necessitating the spending of several thousand dollars for repairs. At this critical juncture the Board took the whole matter of the school into consideration and the conclusion arrived at was that the amount of money needed for repairs to this school if spent on more directly evangelistic work, would bring greater returns.

Another problem was the Theological Seminary at Ramapatam. Because of the difficult financial situation which the American Baptists are facing at the present time, they are unable to provide their share of the money needed to build and carry on this Union Theological Seminary, and as there is no very immedi-

ate prospect of their being able to do so, the Canadian Baptists for the present have discontinued negotiations for Union.

The matter of Exchange was also touched upon. To-day we must pay $3\frac{1}{2}$ cents more on every rupee.

Miss Farnell spoke to us on the work that the Bible Women's Training School is doing in India. She told of the reasons for beginning the school, the great need for trained Bible women. The school is in charge of Miss Eaton, who is greatly beloved and respected by all. Miss Farnell asked prayer that she and the other missionaries might be guided in their selection of native Christians to send to the school for training.

This very interesting and profitable day was closed with prayer, and the women as they dispersed remarked to each other "It has been good to be here."

E. M. Inrig, Secretary.

REPORT OF DISTRICT RALLY OF MISSION CIRCLES AND BANDS AT KINGSVILLE, FEB. 23rd, 1925.

Representatives of nine Mission Circles met in the Baptist Church Kingsville, with a better attendance than was expected, after two days of heavy rainfall. The spirit of the meetings was one of uplift and consecration. Mrs. Sinclair, of Windsor, was presiding officer for the afternoon session, and beginning the service with the hymn "Blest Be the Tie that Binds," led us all to meet as one family at the feet of the Father, as Mrs. Burrell, of Leamington, prayed for His blessing on the meetings.

The Circles and visitors were welcomed by Miss Augustine, of Kingsville, and Mrs. (Rev.) Chapman, of Windsor, responded. Mrs. Chas. McClellan was chosen as Secretary for the day. Mrs. Packham, of Harrow, led the Quiet Hour. As the rain came down outside the building, we sang, "There shall be showers of blessing," and God was made manifest in the reading of His word from the four gospels. Mrs. Packham set forth the Charter of Christian Missions, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel." This was an eloquent appeal to yield ourselves fully to the service of the

Lord, both here and in foreign fields beyond the sea.

Prayers were offered by members of the different Circles for "The Church," "The Home," "Educational Work," "Northern and Western Work," "Bolivia" and "India." Psalm 51:1-13 was read responsively, and all rose and repeated the prayer taught by Jesus himself. We were lifted out of the rut of material things, and rested in the bosom of the Father.

A very appealing solo, "A Little Bit of Love," was beautifully rendered by Miss Patton, of Windsor.

Mrs. Hanson, of Wheatley, gave "Radio waves from the North Land," Canada's wonderland. With a few reminiscences of past events, the later news from our many stations in Northern Ontario gladdened our hearts with the thought of progress made. As Rev. J. B. McLaurin came to the platform, the large audience rose to honor him. He asked for a verse of "Whiter Than Snow," then proceeded in his inimitable manner to set before us the great needs and the great-heartedness of the people of India. The main aim of all the labor of love is to convert the people, and make of them churches that will take over their own work, and carry it on by their own efforts, but it will take fifty more years of patient plodding by our people to bring the fields up to this standard. At the present time our missionaries over there are under a dark cloud of discouragement and sorrow, for there are a smaller number of workers there now than there have been in former years, and the loss of Dr. Stillwell and Dr. Marjorie Cameron is sadly felt. Much prayer is needed for our workers and our work. As soon as the people of India become Christians they seek to lead others to Christ. The regular denominational work is showing splendid results, and Home Missions in India is a real enterprise and they are striving to better themselves. It is our privilege to help them to this end.

"The Model Mission Band" was presented by the Kingsville Band. They assembled quietly in the choir gallery and the Secretary and two Presidents were on the platform.

The Leader explained that the Band was divided into two groups with a President for each, one taking the service one meeting and the other the next. All rose and sang, "Bring Them In." Short sentence prayers were offered. Minutes of the last meeting were read and adopted and the Treasurer gave her report. A motion was carried to send \$10 each to Home and Foreign Missions. The collection was taken by passing two brightly colored tin boxes, red and blue, to each one present to receive their offering. The Leader then led a "Study in Foreign Missions." Questions were asked concerning work in Akidu, Avaniigadda, Bimplipatam and Bobbili. A bell rang and a postman entered with letters from girls in a caste school in India to four girls in Kingsville. Miss Mildred Scratch, Miss Nina Fox, Miss Dorothy Dunn and Miss Julia Gifford read their letters to the Band. All sang "Jesus wants me for a Sunbeam" and a young lady told the story of the 3rd Chapter of "The Singing Mud Hut" having on the table a small card board hut thatched with excelsior, and a palm tree, with two little dolls to represent "Broomsticks and Remnant". A recitation "What can we do for Missions" was nicely rendered by a little girl, and the session closed by all repeating the Mission Band prayer.

Two verses of "Toiling on" were sung and Miss Ritchie led the discussion on "Problems that perplex." The first problem considered was having 91 women eligible, and only 46 in the Circle, how to get all interested in Mission work. To solve this, it was decided that the President of the Circle procure names of those not members and give each working member one lady to visit and place missionary literature in the home.

3rd problem: Is it right for the Circle to give money to pay the pastor's salary? was referred to the Constitution.

4th problem: Can a woman who is not a Christian be a member of the Circle? Ans. Yes. Constitution says "Any woman can become a member by contributing \$1.00 per year."

5th problem: Stewardship. It was suggested that to increase our giving both of our

money and ourselves would help. Miss Ritchie spoke of the life of Dr. Carey. Our work will only advance as we give ourselves to God.

6th problem: Mission Band leaders hard to obtain. This Circle should find someone who is capable of leading a Band, and pray for that one, ask her to think of it, and God will bless their efforts.

A bountiful supper was served in the basement of the Church, and the conference for Bands was led by the Director, Mrs. J. D. MacGregor, of Wheatley. The evening session was well attended and Miss Shepley took charge. After the song service Mrs. Tanton, of Windsor, led in prayer. Then followed a reading by Miss Gertrude Campbell, a duet by the Misses Bennie of Leamington, and another reading by Miss Leta Oxley. These were highly appreciated. The offering was taken and Rev. J. McLaurin gave us another view of his work in India, showing the love of the people for those who have sacrificed home and comfort to lead them into the light. Owing to the fact that many had to leave on the trolley, the service was not long, and the time was all too short to those who listened to one who had worked with the Lord to bring light into dark places.

Signed by the Secretary,
V. E. McClellan.

IMMANUEL

A large number of the members and friends of Immanuel Church, Toronto, joined with the Women's Mission Circle and the Young Ladies' Circle in their Annual Thank Offering Meeting held on Wednesday evening, February 11th, when the Rev. Percy Buck, of Bolivia, addressed the meeting. Mr. Buck portrayed very vividly the special difficulties of missionary work in that great land of spiritual darkness, and the need the missionaries feel of the continuous prayers of the people at home if the work is to be done effectively. During the meeting Miss Thompson and the Ladies' Quartette rendered suitable selections. The offering amounted to \$77.12.

W. B. F. M. S. ONT. WEST RECEIPTS FOR FEBRUARY, 1925

From Circles—Mitchell Square, \$16; Brantford, First, \$40; Toronto, Olivet, \$11.70; Brantford, Shenstone Memorial, \$5; Hamilton, Wentworth, \$14.85; Toronto, Bethany, \$5.20; Cheltenham, \$14.50; Toronto, Central, \$47.92; Kitchener, Benton, \$35; Toronto, Silverthorn, \$2.15; Toronto, Christie, \$4; Rodney, \$10; Whitby, \$7.75; Toronto, Boon, \$13.69; Paris, \$30; Burlington, \$25; Toronto, Walmer, \$61.20; Beamsville, \$6.50; Orillia, \$8; Delhi, \$5.18; Claremont, \$10.35; Harrow, \$5; Windsor, \$28; Vittoria, \$4.10; Toronto, Pape, \$6.19; Picton, \$2.50; Toronto, Mt. Pleasant, \$13.43; New Dundee, \$13.30; Bayview, \$12.50; Toronto, Indian Road, \$8.35; New Dundee, \$14.80; Toronto, Century, \$19.10; Toronto, Jones, \$6; Toronto, Jarvis, \$14.53; Toronto, Immanuel, \$36.94; Toronto, Central, \$51.48; Toronto, First, \$12; Strathroy, \$25; Baker Hill, \$3.24; Peterboro, Park, \$17; Glenelg Centre, \$8.00; Toronto, Dovercourt, \$6.87; Niagara Falls, Jepson, \$75; Gravenhurst, \$45; Grimsby, \$7; Toronto, Castlefield, \$25; Toronto, Birchcliff, \$3.25; London, Adelaide, \$50; Toronto, College, \$39.25; Toronto, Central, \$50.

From Y. W. Circles—Kitchener, Benton, \$25; Galt, \$40; Toronto, Indian Road, \$17.50; Toronto, Parkdale, \$25; Owen Sound, \$15; Wallaceburg, \$35; Toronto, Central, \$17.50; Ingersoll, \$8.35; Toronto, First, \$4.20; Toronto, Bloor, \$57.25.

From Bands—Sparta, \$5; Fenelon Falls, \$13; Waterford, \$40; Tuscarora, \$6.42; St. Williams, \$1.30; Warton, \$5; Burtch, \$4; Welland, \$10; Alvinston, \$10; Toronto, Mt. Pleasant, \$5; North Bay, \$10; Kitchener, King, \$6; Freelon, \$10; Vittoria, \$7.

From Miscellaneous—Bond Interest N. Canada Power, \$16.25; Union Circle Collection, \$17.65; Y. W. Rally, \$11; Western Association Collection, \$2.

From Individuals—John and Robert Forsyth, \$25; Miss E. B. Haines, \$25; Miss M. C. Mount, \$5; Mrs. J. J. Mount, \$5; Mrs. Gordon Wingrove, \$2.62; Mrs. Wm. C. Denniss, \$10; Mrs. E. J. Haines, \$1; Mrs. Wm. Davies, \$200; Mrs. Wm. Davies, Jr., \$100; Miss Anna Moyle,

(Continued on page 263)

The Young Women

A LETTER FROM MISS SCOTT TO THE
BLOOR ST. Y.W.M.C.

Timpany Memorial School,
Cocanada, Dec. 17, 1924.

Dear Lillian,—The Board's cases have arrived and in one of them your wonderful box full of dolls—such lovely dolls! The customs folk, of course, had had first peek. They left a "Mama" doll just on top; so as soon as I began to move the lid, miss dolly began to object. There are so many deadly creatures in this country that lurk under covers that of course my first thought was one of caution. The man who had just delivered the box moved off to a safe distance without an invitation, while I very carefully pried up the wings of the cover and peered inside. Nothing was to be seen but innocent Canadian dolls! The dreadful reptile must be underneath! Most gingerly did I lift that first big doll and hold her off at arm's length, as I scrutinized. Yet nothing horrible in the box! Then I happened to move dolly the magic way, and she humorously explained the situation.

If the girls could only have seen the children's faces when those dolls appeared on the closing day, they would have been amply repaid for their pains and generosity. Never before had these children seen such dolls. Just imagine their ecstasy as the names were called! With one accord they agreed that the year's effort was small compared to the reward, and that some folks worked hard and loved hard to send such prizes.

And after all, that is just what we want them to understand, isn't it,—that we love them. Therein is our strongest point of contact, and thereby can we point them to that Greater Love Who is the Life, the Truth, and the Way.

This year quite a percentage of the scholars have found that Way. Five were baptized and five others asked for baptism, but were hindered by circumstances beyond their control. A number of others also definitely accepted Christ.

And now they have all gone out, beyond our control and influence. No doubt you know the decision to close the school? It was the only thing to do. But they have

gone away with the Message in their hearts and many have also taken tangible messages in their arms.

There were more extra nice big dolls than we needed for prizes, and, as I thought it would be too bad to cheapen these grand ones by using them for any other purpose; I sent eight to the Indian Christian girls' boarding school. Miss Craig gave them as prizes to the Indian girls.

Also, there is another wee messenger which roamed no further than my dressing table. And there she stands in her frills and she gives me a cool little message of "comfort" every day. Was it selfish of me to keep her myself?

Because children of missionary families seldom have any real nice toys, we are going to gather all the missionary children together at the coming Conference, and give them a Santa Claus treat. A few of your dolls will figure in that. No doubt it will be a treat of a lifetime for the kiddies. Do you mind? I don't think they have ever been given a collective Christmas Santa treat before.

—So you see your love-box is giving pleasure in as many different places as there were dolls, and each doll is filling a special niche in this celebration of the Birthday of our Lord. You will carry our message of gratitude to the Circle and the Senior Dept. of the Girls in Training, won't you?

To tell you the truth, I feel like congratulating the Y. W. Circle on their choice of a Secretary to Missionaries. Why don't they call you a Missionary Secretary? Because that is just what I think you are. It is not only the front-trench folk who are Missionaries. There must also be a rear guard. Just to know there is a solid phalanx behind is such a comfort. And to have the prayers of the "rearguard" and their tangible messages, too, goes a long way toward making our work successful.

I do appreciate also your thoughtful offer of future helps.

With best love,
Your own missionary,

A. Pearl Scott.

WHEN CASTE FLEW OUT OF THE DOORWAY

By Margaret Applegarth

You would not have supposed that caste could ever fly out of that particular doorway, but all on account of the boy who fell into the well and a second boy who fell in after him, things were curiously changed. But slowly. Oh, so slowly! For the Haughty Brahman Father was the haughtiest man on earth, you really had to spell him in capitals: his haughty eyes hardly ever fell on a man of another caste without a feeling of utter disdain filling his soul, and his equally haughty sons stalked through the streets sublimely conscious that they, and they alone, were well-beloved of heaven.

Did not the sacred writings say this very thing: "When the great god Brahma created all that was created, from his head sprang forth the caste of Brahmans. It is they alone who are great and worthy therefore to be worshipped by the lesser castes of men, who sprang only from the feet and hands of Brahma," and so forth and so on. I may not have quoted exactly, but the facts are all exact.

The Brahman wore a sacred cord around his body, the poita; no outcast man dared walk on Brahman streets; no Brahman ever went into the outcaste village. Between the two there was a great gulf fixed. And Fingiah was an outcaste!

He had the unspeakably horrid task of carting away the carcasses of dead animals who had died of disease. No caste man would dream of touching them—his religion forbade him (for did not one Hindu generation pass it on to another generation that those unloved of the gods became reborn as animals when they died? Would a man risk molesting a possible ancestor? Of course not.) Yet here was poor Fingiah molesting the bones of animals—carting them away, stripping off the hide, and eventually even eating the awful flesh. Indeed, I really do not know how he and other outcastes could have lived without such carcasses to provide their meals; but of course, on diet such as this there was a day when illness came upon the family of Fingiah—and where yesterday

fifteen picked those awful bones, today only one was living, Fingiah. So sudden and swift are India's epidemics.

It was then that one of those perpetually hurried men whom we have sent to India stepped into this tale to doctor Fingiah, saving his life and making such an impression on the boy that when he was well he did what the doctor suggested and redecorated his house.

His house!

Four sticks, for the four corners. A few hand-woven mats, for the walls. A few palm branches for the roof. It was so crude and ramshackle a place, that the word "redecorate" would have amused the Hurried Man, for the hut was too miserable to be made attractive, yet Fingiah mixed buckets of whitewash. He daubed his whitewash all over the inside, until what had been so vile became cleansed and sweetened. The neighbors were tremendously amused—a boy, putting on such airs! A mere boy! Yes, a mere boy, to be sure, but Fingiah purified more than his hut: he cleansed his heart before God, and in doing so lost his livelihood, for can a Christian feed on carrion? on animals that have died of disease? The Hurried Man said "No!" Fingiah sighed. The ways of a new religion were extremely deep and difficult for an ignorant boy to follow, so the Hurried Man sent him to school.

Fingiah was stupid. He was all thumbs! He was all knees! The teachers almost gave him up, when one day, his own Hurried Man heard Fingiah sing—it was ravishing.

"That boy has a matchless voice!" he said, and hurried away.

The teachers whose business it was to stay behind were left nodding their heads in assent: Fingiah plus a matchless voice must not be left stupid. Something must be done with such a talent. They began to polish Fingiah. He took a lot of polishing. But one day, quite by chance, a Lady Teacher overheard Fingiah telling a story to a brand new pupil, and Fingiah was singing it—singing a Bible story! It was the loveliest thing. Just any tune; Fingiah was making it all up as he went along, but the story he had not made up. It was yesterday's lesson.

The Lady Teacher was delighted. She looked sternly at the Gentlemen Teachers: "The trouble with you is," she said, gravely, "you don't let your pupils sing their answers. It can be done! It should be done! Especially with stupid pupils."

This was absurd!

Whoever heard of letting a scholar who talked badly, sing his answers? But they all put their heads together, those wise gentlemen, and the first thing Fingiah knew he was chanting Bible stories—the one he had learned last was the one he sang, was it Luke's story of Bethlehem? Then you had shepherds, manger, wise men and all. It was thrilling. The other boys sat entranced.

"Other people will sit entranced, too," said the Lady Teacher

"They will," agreed the other teachers.

"Why don't you tack Fingiah to an Evangelist," she suggested.

"We will," they agreed.

And Fingiah was "tacked," whenever an Evangelist went out to preach, along went Fingiah singing Bible stories. Finally he did it well enough to go alone, and going alone was much more interesting, but more dangerous.

"This Christian stuff!" sneered some people, and flung stones.

If you have ever been hit by one pebble, you will know the sting of it.

But Fingiah kept on singing, until every year there came to be new whitewashed huts beside his hut, and out of dull, sodden, listless eyes came shining a new character in Christ Jesus.

But of all this the Haughty Brahman knew nothing and cared less. Secure in his Brahman street he lived his narrow Brahman life. Within his dark Zenana lived his little Brahman wife, as forlorn and as pretty a girl as you could find in all India—festooned with pearls as Christmas trees are looped with popcorn strings, and scented with all the odors of Araby. But freedom to walk on the street and mingle with human beings is a jewel and a fragrance far more enticing, for this poor girl wife was too high caste to poke even her nice little nose outdoors from one year's end to another. Yet splash! Fingiah was about to

enter the life of that family; for even an "untouchable" has his adventures.

Now as a matter of fact, the Haughty Brahman really should have known about Fingiah's whitewashed neighbors, for the British government in India had appointed him as head official of that town. It was really a responsible position, and, among other things, meant that if epidemics ever raged, he should stop their raging to the best of his official ability.

Yet an epidemic had raged, Fingiah's entire family and dozens of his neighbors had been wiped out in a week, but the Haughty Brahman never knew it. How should he, when it would have risked his holy position in the eyes of the gods to have taken a step inside an outcaste village?

The Hurried Man used to sputter about this. . . . But all our poor Hurried Men have too much to do: Doctor, Dentist, Oculist, Board of Health, Nurse, Lawyer, Explainer of Religion, Friend, Advisory Committee-of-One. Can any one man be all this all day, and not be hurried? It was enough to make a Hurried Man sputter when haughty officials closed their haughty eyes with superior squintings, that there were certain things one really couldn't be expected to bother about. . .

Not all the sputtering of Hurried Men would have made such as Fingiah a person to notice. But dear me, babies are democratic little souls. Born so; not a snob among them all. Even Brahman babies. Even the plump Pride of a Haughty Brahman's household, who, one day, found life exceedingly dull indoors. But with two fat legs and two plump arms, no baby need stay indoors, and there was a prodigious creeping on the part of that little baby. Woe to the ayah supposed to be guarding him! Woe to the gate-man asleep at the gate! For the exploring baby had discovered the Brahman well, a most mysterious fascinating hole to two-year-old eyes peering over the edge.

"I will investigate this from the very bottom," said the Pride of the Zenana, babblingly. But you know yourself that it is not quite what one fancies to topple off into space—that nasty step downward with nothing to step on! There is nothing to be done but yell.

Oh, a terrible yell! . . . The guardian of the gate rubbed his eyes. The old brown ayah came pattering straight to the well curb. Way down below was the babbling, bubbling, baby. A well is cruelly deep. Miles deep, to an old ayah.

"Alas! Alas! how shall we get him out?" she wailed.

How indeed! For the gateman was stupid from sleep, the ayah was feeble from age, and the household all lost their heads from sheer fright at what the master would say. So there they stood, wringing their foolish hands and screaming at the tops of their foolish voices.

The Brahman's house stood at the end of the Brahman street; and Fingiah passed by. Four years before he would never have dreamed of doing what Christians do in time of trouble. But four years of living with American Christians meant that if one boy was down in a well, bubbling and babbling, another boy went in after him. . . . it was all so simple, to Christians. It was simple to Fingiah.

As he dashed in he shouted: "Get a rope to pull us out."

A rope. Of course. A rope. How sensible. Nobody had thought of one before, and there was a grand rush in a dozen directions to locate a rope. Meanwhile, down in his well Fingiah floated almost serenely, holding a Brahman baby in his arms: "Sh! Sh! Don't cry!"

Then down came the rope—too short; still too short; dangling just out of reach; "Lower!" shouted Fingiah. They let it dangle lower. And presently the adventure was over. The baby was in the ayah's arms. But all was not well.

For Fingiah had done the wrong thing!

How shall I ever make you see the full wretchedness of his deed? Daring to step on sacred Brahman soil—he, an outcaste! Daring to let his shadow fall on sacred Brahman drinking water—he, an outcaste! Daring to plunge bodily into Brahman drinking water, and touch—mercy on us, yes, hug—a precious Brahman baby, he, a vile "untouchable"!

The well, of course, was considered pollut-

ed forever and ever; no Brahman could ever drink of it again. But how to purify a baby from such a tight contaminating touch? How indeed. It was a terrific problem.

The father declared by all the gods of India that he would vastly rather have his son dead at the bottom of the well than sullied by this loathsome outcaste fellow; in his capacity as head official he ordered Fingiah to be flogged—there seemed no other punishment fit for a boy who had dared do all Fingiah had dared do. But Fingiah had gone off through the jungle to distant villages on a singing tour, and the official sat twiddling his thumbs impatiently waiting for the return of the "villain." But green scum and white pills saved the "villain"!

For the green scum had been floating on the Brahman's well water, and the baby, in yelling, had swallowed about a pint of it. Brahman scum is as dangerous as any other scum. And the baby fell ill. Not all the prayers to wooden idols, not all the handsome gifts laid on their wooden knees, not all the marigold wreaths twined around their wooden necks could cure a baby sick with vile green scum; so, as a last resort, the Brahman called the Hurried Man. And even at that late date he saved the baby's life. White pills are marvelous! One, and the baby was better. Two, still better. Three, out of danger! Then, like an inoculation to prick their foolish adult haughtiness the doctor would say solemnly, like a chant: "How fortunate Fingiah was at hand! For here is your baby as good as new, all due to Fingiah! Had the Brahman official ever noticed Fingiah's particular patch of the outcaste village?"

"Certainly not," sniffed the haughty official, haughtily.

So the Hurried Man "unhurried" himself. He sat down, quite calmly. He draped one leg leisurely over the other, as if neither leg knew what it was to be rushing, tearing along. . . . He said all the things about Fingiah which he had always wanted to say. How wonderfully he sang the gospels—what a power the boy was becoming in the district—how beloved of heaven—how fearless of jungle dangers and unfriendly crowds. Innoculation! The official nodded his turban

rhythmically. One had to be polite. One had to listen to these leisurely sahibs who had such curious stories—unbelievable. . . .

"I will look into this," he said solemnly, as officials should. The leisurely gentleman undraped his legs and hurried away. I don't know just how much good his talk had done; but Fingiah's flogging was indefinitely postponed; and they tell me that the official cast an official eye at those unbelievable white-washed huts—

"So clean!" he commented.

Then twelve months passed. Twelve months are such a long time—a year. Things happen in a year; but slowly, if they happen in India. Then two years passed. Then three; four; five; six; seven; eight. And while Fingiah went here and there singing the Lord's life, the Brahman baby lengthened out into a Brahman boy, studying in your mission school, if you please (because, just then, your mission school was the best in town). And the baby who had been so democratic had lengthened out into a snob; a Brahman snob. It was therefore the duty of the Lady Teachers and the Gentlemen Teachers to inoculate him against an even worse attack of snobbery.

"We must bring his nose down from the air," smiled a certain Lady Teacher.

It was hard work. So much goes in one ear and out the other. But Christianity can't all go out the other ear: Whatever remained in his head astonished the boy so much that he told his mother. She was even more bored with her Zenana than she had been eight years before. This was news, indeed. "Get one of those people to come here and talk to me," she said.

A Lady Teacher came. White-all-over! With shoes! And a lid on her head called a hat! A most absurd person to be looked upon for the first time by a cooped-up lady draped in yards of shimmering silks and looped with jewels. But the absurdity of American clothes was as nothing compared to the absurdity of American Christianity—

"How could I believe such good news as yours?" giggled the astonished be-looped lady. "Tell me some more."

Later on, she begged: "Come again!"

It is a long while to wait eight years for such an invitation. The missionary came again—and the Hurried Man also, to cure sickness.

A whole year passed. The Hurried Man went home to America for his furlough—which is supposed to mean a year of rest, but the poor dear hurried more than ever all over the map, telling everyone about India. Another missionary left. Another was sick. So that on the morning when the Brahman official fingered the cord of his sacred poita thoughtfully and sent for a Christian teacher, there was only Fingiah to come.

You will like him for walking calmly through Brahman streets, under Brahman trees, through Brahman doorways into Brahman rooms. He sat down. He talked. It was unbelievable, unless you remembered the inoculations of the Hurried Man through eight years. Fingiah could answer all the official's questions, he could sing, he could pray. Fingiah was wonderful that day. God talked through him. And the Brahman official bowed his haughty head: "Oh God, forgive me."

So caste flew out of the doorway.

Then things began to happen on that street. The entire Brahman neighborhood was up in arms! Such a wagging of heads.

"We won't talk to a man who lets an out-caste into his house!"

"We have seen this coming on for eight years," said others mournfully.

"We will show this fellow what we think of him," they said, and in utter rage they threw stones at the new Christian as he walked down the street. They put poison in his new well. They scattered broken glass in his courtyard, where the bare feet of his family would get badly cut. The rumor spread further, and he was not able to buy food to eat, for the pressure of Brahmans had been brought to bear on the merchant caste.

Stones—poison—broken glass—no food—these are big penalties to pay for having, at last, a happy heart as far as God is concerned.

"This fellow's happiness irritates me," said one neighbor to another.

"He doesn't seem enough impressed with his sin in breaking caste," said others.

"We will impress him!"

"Yes, we will impress him!"

For after poison and starvation there can always be fire. They set fire to his house... the little flames went licking up the walls toward the dry thatched roof. It was a horrible night... If ever the Hurried Man was needed it was then, to help this new Christian out of his sorry plight. But you will remember that the Hurried Man was hurrying around America, raising missionary money from church members who wondered if it were all worth while.

Yes, it was worth while! For there was Fingiah. Neither poison nor starvation nor fire seemed to startle Fingiah at all, just as hopping into a well for a baby had not startled him. Fingiah said to the new Christian: "There is a Christian village within this other village, where caste never darkens the doorways. I will help you build a little white-washed Christian hut."

"And I will help," said the excited boy who had once been down in a well until Fingiah had come to the rescue. Four poles, a leaf roof, matting, a dirt floor—then white-wash everywhere. It was not much of a house for a Brahman, and the other Christians were rather bashful about having more in their own homes than this great ex-Brahman master now had in his. Timidly they offered him a pot, a pan, some corn to grind,—timidly, because a week before he would have scorned to touch anything from people of such a low caste. But now, now—

Fingiah sang about it on Sunday morning; his own lovely tune intoned the Bible words:

"For ye see your calling, brethren, how not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble, are called;

But God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty;

And base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to naught things that are!

That according as it is written, He that

glorifieth, let him glory in the Lord."

Surely you can see for yourself that it is only for this that a Brahman dares let caste fly out of his doorway.

RECEIPTS FOR FEBRUARY

(Continued from page 257)

\$5; "One Who is Interested," \$25; Miss M. P. Laing, \$10.

From O. O.—Selkirk Ladies' Aid, \$5.

M. B. Piersol, Treas.

Mrs. W. H. Piersol,

35 Dunvegan Rd., Toronto.

Is there a boy or girl who is not interested in David Livingston? See the Literature Department's list of books on the back of this Link.

SURPRISE

O little bulb, uncouth,
Ragged and rusty brown,
Have you some dew of youth?

Have you a crimson gown?

Plant me and see

What I shall be,—

God's fine surprise

Before your eyes!

O fuzzy ugliness,
Poor, helpless, crawling worm,
Can any loveliness

Be in that sluggish form?

Hide me and see

What I shall be,—

God's bright surprise

Before your eyes!

A body wearing out,
A crumbling house of clay!
O agony of doubt

And darkness and dismay!

Trust God and see

What I shall be,—

His best surprise

Before your eyes!

—Maltbie Babcock

Our Mission Bands

A Mission Band in Every Church in Our Convention in Two Years.

WE THANK THEE

For the flowers that bloom so fair,
For all Thy tender, loving care,

For food to eat, day after day,
For happy hours to work and play.

For fruits of earth Thy love dost send,
For daily blessings without end.

For all the fields of golden grain
Ripened so well by sun and rain.

And for the best gift of Thy love,
Our Lord who came from heaven above.
—Selected.

GOING TO SCHOOL IN INDIA

Programme No. 3

The Boarding Schools

1. Hymn "Hymn for workers" page 4, Missionary Songs and Hymns.
2. Lord's Prayer in unison, members standing.
3. Short prayer by Leader or assistant.
4. Scripture text on giving, read or recited by members. (These must be given out before the meeting so as to cause no break in reading.)
5. Hymn No. 791 Bap. Hymnal.
6. Business:
 - Minutes of last meeting.
 - Other business
 - Treasurer's report.
7. Talk on Stewardship.
8. Collection on offerings as suggested in note.
9. Study Period.
 - Review of last lesson (Suggested that an older member ask the questions suggested by "Going to school in India and Canada" in last week's programme).

The Boarding Schools.

The leader will give the first talk, introducing the subject, then ask different members to tell about each school.

10. Song by one little girl, or several may sing it together, "I am going to try" pg. 11, Missionary Songs and Hymns.
11. Sentence prayer for the schools.
12. Closing prayer.

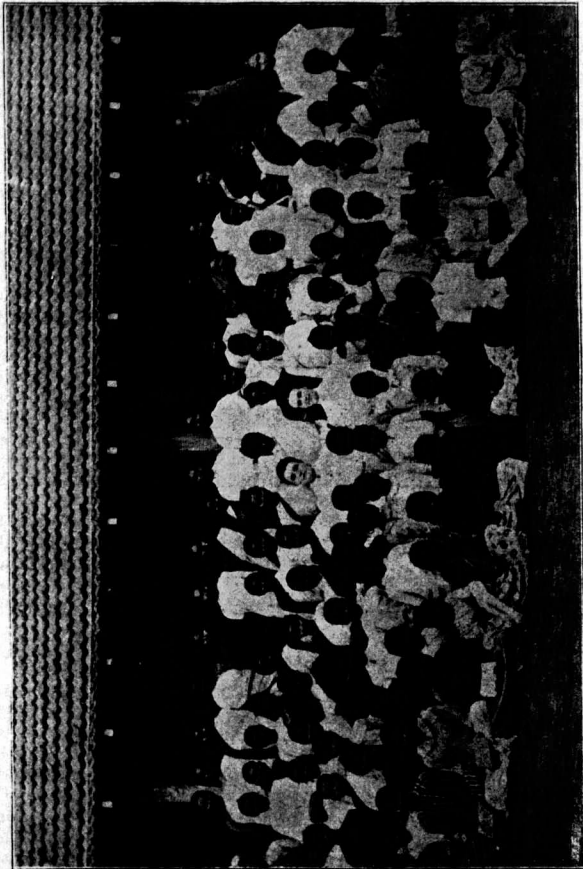
(Note to the Leader). As this lesson is so long, and does not lend itself to division, it is necessary to shorten the Program. To make it interesting, therefore, the Study period will have to be made doubly interesting. Carry out these suggestions, with the map, stars, boy to point out the places, girls to paste stars on, and have the lesson all divided. When the first one is given, if the story is shortened as much as possible, it will be better. This story "A Visit to the Cocanada Girls' Boarding School", with a picture on it, can be gotten from the Literature Department, 66 Bloor St. West, Missionary Songs and Hymns for Juniors can also be gotten there for 15c.

Suggested Offering Talk on Stewardship by the Leader

God owns all our silver and gold and coppers too. He has just lent it to us that we may use it for Him. Some people do not play square with this lent money. They use it all for themselves never thinking of the Giver. That's not fair is it?

We are stewards. Explain word. God has given us abilities that we may earn our money in an honest and right way. He wants us to save some of it for clothing and education. He wants us to spend some of it for things that are necessary for the keeping of the body which He has given us, and then He asks us for a certain amount, one-tenth—to be given back to Him. That one tenth is not ours at all, it is God's money particularly. Then He has given us so much, healthy bodies, strong arms and limbs, etc., best of all, Jesus, so we want to give Him more than He asks for, don't we? We want to give Him a love gift. A tenth seems so little when He has given us so much, don't you think? Of course we will have to settle this ourselves, with God, but remember the tenth really belongs to Him.

Now shall we take our offering as we did last week. While it is being taken we will have played "Take my life and let it be" (softly, please). Then when we have finished we will bow our heads and sing, softly (to God, our Father) "Take my silver and my gold (remembering it is our coppers too) and



COCANADA GIRLS' BOARDING SCHOOL WITH MISSES BASKERVILLE AND PRATT IN THE CENTRE

we will ask our Father to help us to really mean this prayer hymn.

Some texts on Stewardship and gifts: Hag-gai 2-8; Psalm 24-1; 1 Cor., 6-20, F.C.; 1 Peter 4:10; 1 Cor. 4-2; Malachi 3-10; Matt. 10-8 1.c; Matt. 6: 19-21; Romans 10-7; Rom. 10-12; Matt. 25:40; Lk. 12:48; 1 Cor. 16-2.

GOING TO SCHOOL IN INDIA

Programme 3.

THE BOARDING SCHOOLS

From the village schools that we heard about last week, there have been chosen, year by year, by the missionaries or teachers, the scholars who are the brightest and best, to go to the Boarding Schools. They are chosen because they will make us good students, and in time, will make teachers themselves, or Bible women, or preachers. But they will need more training than they can possibly get in these Village Schools.

At the Boarding schools their fees must be paid by the parents. They are generally willing to do this if they possibly can, but in many cases they are too poor, so the missionary, or friends of the missionary, pay part, or all of their fee.

Now there are ten of these Boarding Schools in our mission. I would like Harry (or name some boy or girl) to come forward and point out on the map, these places in which the Boarding schools are situated, as they are mentioned. And Nellie will paste a gold star on the place as Harry points to it. Gold stars are to signify light. The Boarding schools are stars of light, and teaching the boys and girls to give light to others.

The very first school was started by Mrs. McLaurin, by having a few girls meet on her verandah, over 50 years ago. This was the beginning of the **Cocanada Girls' Boarding School**. Patty will tell us about it. Patty is going to tell us the story of a visit to the Cocanada School and show us a picture of it. (Tell the story from Leaflet having a picture on it. Can be obtained from 66 Bloor St. W., price 5c).

Now let us take the rest in alphabetical order. First there is another A. **AKIDU**, away down here, point it out Harry, and where is your star Nellie? It is for boys and girls both. Miss Hinman is principal. Would

you like to see her picture? There were nearly 190 boys and girls here when Miss Hinman wrote her last report. Don't you think she has her hands full to keep this big family all the time? And she is not well either. Let us pray that God will give her strength to teach these boys and girls. Next is **AV-ANIGADDA**. John will tell us about it. Av-anigadda is the youngest school and the furthest south. Away down here. Mrs. Cross is the Principal. Here is her picture. Mrs. Cross has divided the boys into 5 bands who, under the charge of one of the older boys, go to 5 different places to teach boys and girls who are not Christians. They go every week end. And they have no, or not much money to give God's work, so they take a bit out of their rice each day, put it all together and sell it at the end of the week, and in this way they have money to give to God's work. It was because we were going to hear about this that special emphasis was put on our offering to-day. When you think of this don't you want to give your money with all your hearts, and cheerfully too? Now next in order comes **BIMLIPATAM**. Elsie you tell us this. It has been under Mr. Gullison for some years, but now he is home, it is under Mr. and Mrs. Hart. It is for boys and has been a great star in Bimlipatam. Miss Heller says "It is amazing to hear how the children can tell Bible stories. When I think of the number of Bible stories the Bimli boys know, I almost feel ashamed of the boys at home in Canada." What do you think of that boys and girls? Here is a picture of Mr. and Mrs. Hart.

The next is **BOBBILI**. This school is just for girls. Miss Elliott is Principal. (There is a bright little sketch written in the May, 1924, Link, about it, written by Miss Elliott herself. If this can be read or told it will be most interesting. Of course you keep your Links on file, but just if you should not, this number surely can be borrowed. If not, send to the Literature Dept. for the loan).

SAMALKOT BOY'S BOARDING SCHOOL. Miss Brothers is acting Principal while Miss Robinson is home. There are 175 boys here, and oh my are they not crowded?

(Continued on page 269)

GOLDEN JUBILEE

1876

1926

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

“And ye shall hallow the fiftieth year: it shall be a
Jubilee unto you.”

OUR OBJECTIVE - - - \$5,000.00

AS A JUBILEE THANK OFFERING

To be used for new buildings at Vuyyuru (comprising
Dormitories, Class Rooms and Wall)

**The plan that is being prepared to raise this fund calls
for WORKERS—BUILDERS. EVERY WOMAN A
WORKER, EVERY WOMAN A BUILDER!**

Are we ready to undertake this work? Let us make
ready. How? By prayer and thanksgiving. And then
let us so work that when it is all gathered in we shall be
able to say: “We have built the wall for the people had a
mind to work.”

The complete plan will appear in the May issue of the
“Link,” when the campaign will be started.

The Eastern Society

Miss Barker, 4136 Dorchester St., Westmont, Que.

A Missionary Pageant of unusual interest was presented in Montreal Olivet Baptist Church on Friday, March 6th, under the auspices of the Montreal City Executive of Young Women's Mission Circles.

Three missionary sketches were given, members from each of the eight Montreal Circles taking part.

The first was a humorous sketch entitled, "The Subscription Clinic," advertising our Baptist Missionary Literature. The second, entitled "No Room" showed in a very touching way how children in India were turned away from school for lack of funds. The third, "Color Blind," portrayed the way in which the eyes of a children's artist were opened to see that "God hath made of one blood ALL nations of the earth." The contrast between the fair-haired, white robed children of our land, with the black, brown, yellow faces and many colored clothes of those of our foreign population, as they stood grouped around a "great white throne" made a beautiful picture.

There was a large audience, and the collection was \$37.00.

A Day to be Remembered.

The semi-annual Day of Prayer falls on Thursday, April 2nd. The needs of the Foreign Missionary Societies of Eastern Ontario and Quebec are many and varied. Let us acquaint ourselves with them and cast the burden of them upon the Lord.

Pray for new missionaries. The staff in India is overworked for the pressing need of re-inforcements. Pray for our Treasury that we may meet our obligations. Presidents, plan and call the Circle to prayer!

Women's Day of Prayer.

The International and Interdenominational Day of Prayer for Missions was observed in Montreal, on Friday, February 27th, in the Synod Hall of Christ Church Cathedral. Owing to inclement weather the attendance was not quite as large as usual. Mrs. Gordon, of the Methodist Church, presided, and in a brief address directed our thoughts to the supreme importance of prayer. The programme drawn up for the meeting was fol-

lowed and many earnest and heartfelt prayers were offered. Mrs. Maguire gave a very spiritual and helpful address. As we have often heard but not so often realized, "prayer does change things", and we trust that the prayers of that day will result in blessing to the world.

Young Women's Circle, Tabernacle Baptist Church.

Under the auspices of the Young Women's Mission Circle of the Tabernacle Church, a lantern lecture entitled, "The Call Of Our Land," was given in the Church Hall, Wednesday, January 28th. Mr. Wm. King lectured, while Mrs. King operated the lantern. The slides were very beautiful, showing some of the grand scenery of Canada, and many of our Mission Stations in Western Canada. The collection amounted to \$4. This Circle is planning to present a missionary sketch in the Spring. The attendance to the monthly meetings has been very encouraging and much enthusiasm is being manifested.

Ada Scott, Sec.

LITERATURE?

M' is for Missions to which I belong,
For Foreign and Home, success I just long.
That's why I'm working away in my Home,
With books and with leaflets for Circles at Home.

Missions are yours as well as mine,
And study you must, the need to determine.
What shall I study? may be your plea,
Come, visit my Home, and then you will see.

So come one and all, a welcome you'll get,
If you cannot come, there are other ways yet.
The 'phone is in order, the mailmen need work,
The Literature's here, and my work I'll not shirk.

Eastern Literature Bureau,
Mrs. N. J. Fitch,
3481 Greenshields Ave.
Pk. Ave. Ext., Montreal.

Phone At. 1111w.

SUPPLIES DEPARTMENT

We have now only two months before beginning to pack the box for India. Very little preparation has been reported, and we are wondering what there will be to put in the box and who is going to provide it. If each Circle will do just a little the total will be very much worth while. Please study the lists in February and March numbers of the "Link" and notify the Supt. of Supplies at once saying just what your Circle will send. We have requisition lists from our missionaries and know just exactly the quantities needed of the various articles. Unless there is some consultative co-operation these needs cannot be supplied efficiently.

Please Note: All bags must have strong draw-strings of tape or cord, not yarn nor soft thin string.

All seams, hems, and joinings cannot be too strongly sewn for India. Corners need special attention to ensure security against fraying out.

Vests with little sleeves, made from stocking tops, are needed in any quantity, also colored handkerchiefs.

A new idea:—Bright-colored muslin flower, bow or rosette on a strong hair pin.

NOTE ERROR—In March "Link" re parcel, size limit should read:—"length 30 inches width 12 inches, depth 12 inches or equivalent (not "length 3 inches"). Also "Parcels may be sent as long as 42 inches if circumference does not exceed 30 inches (not "3 inches")."

Mrs. R. H. Findlay,
53 Windsor Ave.,
Westmount, P.Q.

GOING TO SCHOOL IN INDIA

(Continued from page 266)

Their rooms are not nearly big enough. Miss Robinson says when they are in one room "they are one solid mass, packed from side to side, and from end to end, the knees of one boy are in the back of the boy in front, and his arms are hemmed in by the boys on either side". How would you boys like that for school? The older boys in this school are

the ones who keep order, and it is said to be good order too. They go out every week-end to tell the Gospel to others who have not known it. They are very proud of the fact that Dr. Joshee, who was here last spring, is one of their old boys. That's the kind of men that can come from the Samalkot Boy's Boarding School. (Good opportunity for enlarging on this if there is time).

McLaurin High School Boarding Dept. under Mr. Bensen, is also in Cocanada. My, what a lot of stars Cocanada has. It will soon be as bright as the sun. Shall we pray that all these Boarding Schools will truly show the light of the Sun of Righteousness?

VUYURU is next. Away down here, Harry. Pronounced Wee-your-oo, Miss Archibald tells us. Mrs. Gordon had charge of this school with 75 boys and 58 girls. Here, as well as studying ordinary lessons, they have each been given a piece of land where they are taught gardening, growing vegetables and spices. Also there is an industrial school where they learn carpentry, etc. Thus they are taught to earn their own living and how to take care of their money, and thus to become better men and women generally.

Oh dear, we have forgotten an O,—two of them in fact. There is the ORPHANAGE at Vizianagram, of which Miss Clarke has charge. She is giving these boys and girls a home, teaching them to support themselves, and giving them a Christian training. Of course when she does all this there must be a school.

ORIYA at Parlakimidi where Mr. Glenn-dinning has 9 boys whom he is training to be workers among the Savaras. He wants to send some Christian boys up among these people who are different in some ways from the Telugus, to teach them about Jesus.

Now you see that these schools are all established that boys and girls may be trained further to go tell others of their country people. It may be, as we said at first, as Bible women, as preachers or teachers or in some way, to tell their people about Jesus. When they have once had the Light, then they must shine in the other dark places. Let us pray that they really will.

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