

Merrill Mrs H W  
81 Dalton Rd

# Canadian Missionary Link

XLIX.

WHITBY, SEPTEMBER, 1927

No. 1

## Interest In Foreign Missions

By HELEN BARRETT MONTGOMERY, Rochester, New York

Author of "Prayer and Missions," etc.

**W**ELL are some Christians not interested? The growth of contributions to Foreign Missions from five to forty millions in one generation might seem to indicate that many Christians are interested, and that the number of such Christians is growing.

Yet as one studies the local church one is forced to admit that the giving to Foreign Missions in the average church is confined to about twenty-five per cent. of the members, and that even that fraction does not for the most part make sacrificial gifts. If we based the per capita giving upon the church membership of the United States and Canada, it would seem that we give annually about one dollar and a quarter per member. But even this estimate is fallacious, for it does not take into account the large amount of the gross income of Foreign Mission Boards received through legacies and annuity funds. If we estimate upon the twenty-five per cent. of members giving, we have the noble figure of about six dollars a year—fifty cents a month or about twelve cents a week. This represents the equivalent of one cigar, one cheap ice cream soda, one weekly or cheap monthly magazine, one half of one movie entrance fee, or two

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**“Be anxious for nothing.”**  
**“Casting all your care upon Him: for He careth for you.”**

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## OVER-HEARD IN AN ORCHARD

“Said the Robin to the Sparrow,  
‘I should really like to know  
Why these anxious human beings  
Rush about and worry so.’

Said the Sparrow to the Robin,  
‘Friend, I think that it must be  
That they have no heavenly Father  
Such as cares for you and me.’”

—Selected.

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## TO CONTRIBUTORS

A number of items come to hand each month too late for the next issue.

Will contributors please remember that material should reach the Editor by the *eight*th of the month preceding that in which it is to appear?

Please be careful also:

To write only on *one* side of the paper;

To leave a margin of *at least one-half an inch* at the left hand side of the page;

To use paper at least as large as pad paper five by eight inches. Larger is rather better.

To write the word and in full instead of using the abbreviation (♣), and in general to avoid abbreviations;

To write a note for the Editor on a separate sheet from the printer's “copy”.

Editor.

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## GOOD NEWS ABOUT MRS. McLAURIN

In a private note to the Editor Miss McLaurin says of her mother: “She is wonderful. More and more wonderful as the years pile up. She is now taking Bible in the Col-

lege course for girls, Juniors, I think, and says she enjoys it very much, only they have such queer names!”

Our readers may not all know that Mrs. McLaurin is now with her daughter, Mrs. Jury, in Burma. Mr. and Mrs. Jury have been for years working in the Baptist College in Rangoon. It is a joy to know that Mrs. McLaurin is able to take a part in the work.

Miss McLaurin will forgive us for sharing this good news with our many readers who love and venerate her mother.

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## LINK REPORT

Dear Friends of the “Link”:

We have all enjoyed our holiday but some of us left a little work for this last month. Let us be loyal to the dear old “Link” right to the end. Our debts must be paid before October 15th, 1927. It is so easy to forget to pay our subscription, but that means your Agent is not on the Honour List, that means the new management will first have to ask you for **arrearages**—and how we loathe that word! Do not wait for the union of the two papers before renewing your subscription. **Renew now.** Start off with a clean list.

What was the objective set—the net gain in subscriptions asked for from your Circle? Have you reached it?

Make it your business to see that your Agent is a wonderful success, and that your Circle has done its best to help us reach our objective of **10,000 subscribers** for this Jubilee Year.

Yours faithfully,

Grace L. Doherty,  
(Supt. Agents Link)

**TREASURER'S CORNER**

We have received since October 16th, 1927: From Circles (including \$6505.27 Jubilee: \$93.50 extras) \$19,005.75. From Young Women's Circles (including \$620.37 Jubilee, \$29.50 extras) \$2924.59. From Bands (including \$59.35 Jubilee, \$2.50 extras) \$2264.28. From other sources (including \$655.30 Jubilee, \$271.82 extras, legacies \$621.25) \$4756.10.

Received for Jubilee Fund during June and July:

**Circles**—Toronto Parkdale, \$100.00; Walmer Rd., \$1797.25; Park Rd. (Elliot) \$91.00; College, \$174.10; First Ave., \$25.00; Indian Rd., \$15.45; Runnymede \$12.00; Bloor St., \$175.00; Port Arthur, \$11.00; Bracebridge, \$75.00; Guelph \$35.47; Hamilton, James C., \$150.00; London, Maitland, \$5.00; Fort William \$15.95; Windsor, \$125.00; Brantford, Calvary, \$25.00; Kitchener, King, \$60.25; Barrie, \$25.00; Claremont, \$26.35; Gilmour Memorial, \$12.00; Fenelon Falls, \$20.60; Goderich, \$5.00; Ingersol, \$18.04; York Mills, \$26.00; Brantford, Park, \$172.50; Chatham, \$43.00; Stratford, Ontario, \$56.30; Dunnville, \$3.50; Tiverton, \$10.80; Peterboro, Murray St., \$112.00; Forest, \$10.00; Dryden, \$3.00; New Liskeard, \$20.60; Reaboro, \$8.00; Guelph, \$25.00; Stayner, \$25.00; Peterboro, Park, \$10.50; Sudbury, \$50.00; Forest, \$8.00; Brook & Enniskillen, \$10.00; Sarnia, Central, \$50.00.

**Young Women's Circles**—Stratford, Ont., McLaurin, \$25.00; Tillsonburg, \$9.00; Toronto, Walmer Rd., \$15.50; Toronto, Parkdale, \$28.13; Kitchener, King, \$27.50; St. Mary's, Jr., \$13.20; Woodstock, First, Jubilee, \$25.00.

**Bands**—Tillsonburg, \$9.00; S. S. Marie, \$10.00; Windsor, \$1.00; Galt, Water St., \$5.00.

**Other Sources**—Mrs. Walker and Mrs. Beck, \$2.25; Miss Tapscott, \$10.00.

**Life Memberships During June and July**

**Circles**—Mrs. J. Churchill, Barrie; Miss Mary Muir, Norwich; Mrs. Gordon J. Mann, Gilmour Memorial; Miss Edna Down, Woodstock First, Church Jubilee Y. W.; Mrs. David Tate, East Nissouri; Mrs. C. P. Day, Owen Sound Association; Mrs. George Shaver, Jerseyville.

**Bands**—Miss Annie Catherine Munro, Fort William.

**Jubilee Life Members Added During June and July**

Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Wolfkill and Mrs. Mitchell, Hamilton, James; Mrs. John Hooper and Mrs. Arthur Davies, Toronto, College St.; Mrs. Harry Mawson and Mrs. McDonald, Toronto, Park Rd.; Mrs. Hugh McDiarmid, Toronto, First Ave.; Miss Stark and Miss J. Wright, Toronto, Bloor St.; Mrs. A. E. Birkett, Brantford, Calvary; Mrs. Warren Johnson, Barrie; Mrs. Richard Smith, Toronto, College St.; Mrs. D. Stewart, Guelph; Mrs. John Evans, Stayner; Mrs. H. Whidden, Bloor St.; Mrs. Richard McDonald and Miss Agnes W. Watson, Sarnia Central; Miss Alice Clarke, Kitchener, King Young Women; Miss Edna Down, Woodstock, First Church Jubilee Y. W.

The Band members of the Oxford-Brant Association have, in addition to their regular work, undertaken and carried out a very gracious piece of work. They have raised, and sent to India, a sum of money to provide for the holiday expenses of Mrs. Wilkinson and Miss Morton. These ladies without remuneration, work side by side with our Bolivia Missionaries and I know that the kind thought of the Oxford-Brant young folk will not only provide for the physical refreshment of these esteemed workers, but will let them know that these Ontario children are behind them with their interest and their prayers. This gift goes through our books credited not to the individual Band but to "Oxford-Brant Band Special." This fund, totalling \$171.56, is made up as follows: Brantford, Calvary, \$40.00; First, \$10.00; Immanuel, \$25.00; Park, \$15.00; Polish, \$10.00; Riverdale, \$7.25; Burgessville, \$10.00; Burtch \$1.88; Jerseyville, \$16.21; Oshweken, \$5.00; Otterville, \$6.40; Paris, \$15.00; Springfield, \$2.50; Tillsonburg, \$5.00; Interest at Bank \$2.32.

The Jubilee Fund totals to date \$7840.29, of which Walmer Rd. Circle has given \$3000.

In Circle work, September is preeminently the month of the Collector. I think collecting is the hardest part of Circle work, and one of the most important. At all times, but

especially now great faithfulness on the part of our collectors, and extreme generosity on the part of the Circle members is most urgent.

Mary B. Piersol,  
Treasurer.

Mrs. W. H. Piersol,  
35 Dunvegan Rd.,  
Toronto 5.

### INTEREST IN FOREIGN MISSIONS

(Continued from page 1)

street car rides. Surely this is not an impressive sacrifice for something in which Christians are presumably deeply interested.

Then why are Christians not interested in Foreign Missions? There are many reasons, some petty, some grave.

First, some Christians are affected by hostile propaganda picked up in steamships and hotels throughout the Orient. Many thoughtless tourists repeat random remarks and chance impressions on their return home, and their report is taken as truth by many uninformed Christians. The reasons for this generally hostile attitude of the foreign community in Oriental lands toward Foreign Missions are not hard to find. Many are engaged in exploiting the natives, and the presence of the missionaries is a hindrance to their schemes; many of them are ignorant of the real facts; though they may have lived years in the same city with missionaries, they have never spent one hour studying the missionary work which they presume to criticize. Many others reflect the imperialistic and hostile attitude of their governments that are frankly not in the Orient for any altruistic motive. Some hate the missionaries because their loyal lives are a reproach to the easy and low standards of the lives of many in the foreign communities.

Second, many Christians are ignorant of the commands and obligations of their Christian faith. They are loyal so far as they go, but they do not go far. Christianity is to them simply a resource of good and helpful emotions. They have never faced the last, the supreme command of the Christ whose servants they profess to be—"Go ye

into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." They have never studied the story of the Christian Church which is simply the account of the outreach of fresh waves of missionary impulse taking control of land after land. They have never had it brought home to them that missions is not an "elective course" to be taken by a few; but a "required subject," the concern of all who matriculate in the School of Christ.

All that such Christians need to transform them from missionary liabilities to missionary assets is instruction and education of both head and heart.

Third, some Christians lack imagination, and without imagination the long flights of Christian faith, unaided, are impossible. The ability to enter into the experience of alien races, to conceive what it would be to live in a world without Christ, to carry on life in an environment untouched by the New Testament, to go through the experiences of childhood, marriage, fatherhood, motherhood, with no Christian church to minister to their needs; to be in and of a country where "there ain't no ten commandments," no settled justice, no modern medicine, no libraries, no free education, none of the institutions that have developed because of Christianity—there are many who are simply lacking the sensitive imagination needed really to grasp such situations.

Of course, they are not interested in Foreign Missions. They jog along their days of conventional religious life, absolutely unstimulated by the divinest altruistic enterprise of the centuries. They always will, unless some one helps these less gifted folk, rouses their sluggish imagination, awakens their altruism, summons their dormant heroism. Stories, biographies, dramas, moving-pictures, real experiences of men and women are some of the spiritual tonics that such Christians need.

Fourth, there are some who are held in the tenets of a false theology: the theology of those who do not believe that Christianity has any vital message for the world; the theology of those who hold that there is nothing very much the matter with mankind; the theology of those who hold that

one religion is about as good as another; and the theology of the few who believe that to make any attempt to reach and save the non-Christian world is to interfere with the sovereignty of God. "Young men, when the Almighty gets ready to save the heathen, He will do it without your aid or mine" said one of this hard persuasion over a century ago.

Such Christians need to have the great challenge of a great Englishman brought home to them; need to realize that they must either give up their Christianity or accept Christ's teaching with all its implications:

"I am asked," he said, "if I believe in foreign missions. I reply, do you believe in the Gospel? For be sure of this, if Christ has no message for the men in Shanghai that it is worth giving my life, if necessary, to get to them, then He has no message for the man in London that I need bother about. He is either Saviour of the whole world, or He is no man's Saviour."

Fifth, there is a great multitude of Christians in whom the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches have choked the good seed of the Word so that it becomes unfruitful. In a life brim full of dress and amusement, of travel and business, of personal interest and luxury, there is no room for Foreign Missions to take root and grow. How many distractions there are claiming our attention—many of them good, but all all at war with the supreme good. Our social "duties," a round of functions and teas and dinners, our clubs, our bridge parties, our tennis, golf, skating, dancing, our beauty parlors—their name is legion. Is it not time to call a halt, rearrange our schedule, give first things the first place in our time, our interest, our contributions of money and of service?

And last, there are those who are members of the Christian Church, but not members of Christ. They have never known the joy of forgiven sin, never turned their backs on self, never yielded the sovereignty of their lives to the Master, Christ. They have never risen with Him to walk in newness of life.

There is nothing to appeal to with this

class in their present state. They do not respond to any Christian motive because they are not Christians. They are not interested in Christian missions because, primarily, they are not interested in Christ. Of them, Christ must say, "Depart from Me. I never knew you."

The only way to reach such is to pray for them until they are made new creations in Christ. One of the first manifestations of the new life will be a new interest in things which before they despised.

We have considered among Christians not interested in Foreign Missions, the misinformed Christian, the untaught Christian, the stolid, unimaginative Christian, the warped Christian, the worldly Christian, and the unconverted, formal Christian. There are, doubtless, many more types to be included in the class of the uninterested; but these are certainly some of the causes of uninterested Christians. Uninterested Christians! uninterested in the cause that is dearest to their Lord! Uninterested in the greatest international enterprise of our day! Uninterested in the progress of the Kingdom of God.

### "ISAAC, WHICH MEANS LAUGHTER"

By E. Bessie Lockhart

It was a scorching Indian hot season day in the mission compound at Yellamanchili. Dr. Smith and his wife, a trained nurse, were sitting at their belated mid-day meal. The day had been an especially busy one, as there had been more sick folks than usual. Just as the "Boy" brought in the plates of porridge, an Indian woman, the sister of the pastor, came weeping to the verandah. "Oh Doctor Garu! The little Isaac baby! He died yesterday and again to-day he is dying. Please come over to the pastor's house. Do come!" At once the weary doctor arose and went with the woman. "Always crying, crying, crying, and now convulsions. Terrible. And his food does not digest." By this time the doctor's practised eye had taken in the situation. "Wicked, cruel people that you are to burn this poor baby's stomach. He was born in our hospital. The child of a Christian pastor. Sir, why did you allow this heathen thing to be done to your

child?" "Kind sir! Blame not me. Blame the old woman only. What can I, a man, have to say about my child's stomach? It is the old woman." However, the little Isaac did not "die again," but lived to frolic around in the dust and the mud, "clothed with sunshine and coconut oil," and later he played with the merry crowd of small unclothed Indian boys in the village.

After a time, Isaac's father, Pastor Reuben, went back to his old home on the Vuyyuru field. There the little fellow grew up in the light of a Christian pastor's home. Day by day, he sat with the village children at his father's feet, on the mud floor, learning his letters in the sand, and conning aloud with the others the different lessons of the day. Evening after evening it was his duty to strike the piece of iron with another iron as a bell to call the Christians to prayers. He saw the Christian men and women sitting near their beloved pastor, as they repeated again to him, line upon line, precept upon precept, the stories that he patiently set before them of Christ's love for the sinner and the outcaste. Each year came "Miss Zimmerman" (they could not pronounce Zimmerman) with her Sunday School rallies, her sweets, bags and prizes. Finally, he had learned all his father could teach him in the village school, and was ready for the fourth class in Vuyyuru.

He never had grown tall, but his brain and his wit were too keen to allow much teasing by the other boys. "Shart Boy! Shart Boy! (short)", they would call at him. But he soon found his place among them. He patiently scrubbed the soot from the cooking pots, helped to sweep the mud floors of the old dormitory, and, with the other boys, kept the weeds from Mrs. Bensen's garden. At the end of the year he proudly carried home a Bible as prize for the best marks. But best of all, was the memory of the missionary's wife's smile and her gentle word of encouragement.

Now, both Mr. Bensen and his wife were "B.A.'s", magic word of utter charm to every Indian school boy. "I, too, will study to B. A.," thought little Isaac. Nobody had ever gone to college from the Vuyyuru field, and

so there were many objections. The chief one of course was that nobody yet had gone to college. Why should he? But his little sister decided that if Isaac were to go to college, she at least would go to High School. The parents rejoiced in their children's ambitions and prayed that they might grow up to give great service to Christ in India.

Some of the boys, when they had passed the first class, had to go on to Akidu school. Isaac studied there for three years. Several of the Akidu boys were in High School and College. This made him all the more anxious to study hard. "How foolish of you," said the elders. "Always study, study, study, and you do not grow tall. You are through High School. Teach school now and get married and look after your honored parents. But Isaac steadfastly refused. "No. Our missionaries say that our Canadian friends are glad to help me to study. I can lead my Indian people better if I have a good education. Do not talk to me so much of marriage. I am not ready for such plans."

Happy were the days the young student spent in college. His lessons were a joy to him, so that the weeks and months went by full of worth while talks and plans. Had you met him on the college campus, you would never have thought that he had come from a humble Indian home. He began to dress, as many Indians do, like a white man. When he first went back to his village dressed in this way, the people came around him, tittered and laughed. 'Aha! A Dora (white man) has come to live among us. How much did those shoes cost? How do you keep them so black? Do they squeak like our sandals? What are those pieces of cloth over your feet under your shoes? What is that black string around your neck?" However, as they saw him go off with the other lads to work in the fields, or to drive the oxen, they began to feel that, after all, he was still one of them. "No matter how many English books he has read, nor how many Sanskrit verses he can say, he never thinks of that. He is not proud." Yes, last week, when I, his cousin, a cooly that I am, was on the street carrying my load, he came and talked with me and asked me all about the Christians of our village. "Ah



Isaac and Lucy

yes! a good young man. But he does not show proper piety in respect to his parents. They are getting old and he has not yet brought a daughter-in-law to adorn the house. The daughter leaves her parents, but it is the pious duty of the daughter-in-law to look after the parents-in-law. Orrah! Orrah! (Oh dear!) Twenty-two and no wife has he. In India, you see, this is almost ever among Christians a religious duty.

Three years ago Isaac came to Vuyyuru to visit his relatives and friends. The compounder in Dr. Hulet's hospital said to him: "Isaac, it is high time you were married. You want an educated wife, I know. Now we have Lucy Doctor from the Vellore College here. She is kind and good. It would be a great thing for our work here if you would marry her. You ought to see her. Will you always be a bachelor? Come with me, and I will show her to you." Isaac looked through the hospital door. On the verandah were several sick people. Near the door of the compounding room was a crowd of women. In the midst of them, with dignity and grace, stood our Lucy Doctor. She had a surgical instrument in her hand, while a nurse stood attending her. "What! That Majestic! Oh, Mr. Yesudas, kindly let me out of the back door, I beg you, never speak to me of her or to her of me. How frightened I am of her." And Isaac speedily terminated his visit.

According to the custom of the country, his relatives and friends by this time were making every endeavor to find a suitable wife for him. "There is May, your own kith and kin. Fair and well-educated she is, for she has passed the fifth standard." "No, my wife must be a companion for me. Mrs. Bensen is as well educated as her husband. And how beautiful is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon. She is his equal, not his servant or his cook. I, too, want a home like our missionaries have, pure and sweet and kind. Do not talk to me of these village girls. I do not want them." "Well," said one of his college friends, "I know a B.A., a teacher; will you marry her?" "Oh leave me alone. I am engrossed with my studies." "Ah, but then there is that Lucy Doctor near your own home in Vuyyuru. How kind she is, how good, how clever. Yes, she lanced my boil, she pulled my tooth, she gave medicine to my sick baby." "Orreh! Orreh! That Majestic! Do not ever speak to me of her." Isaac's mind was truly on his studies. Physics was his special subject. Night and day he worked to pass those dreaded English and Mathematic examinations. The night before the first paper of his senior examination he studied without rest. The next morning came a letter from his sister Grace saying that their mother was very sick, but she urged him to write his examinations. Day after day worse news came to him. Finally his sister

wrote that they were taking their mother to Dr. Hulet's hospital; but that they feared there was no hope. In such a state of mind Isaac hurriedly wrote his last paper and rushed off to Vuyyuru, there to find his mother on her death bed. Husband and daughter and relatives sobbed aloud; but, bowed near the dear form was a young woman. And, as Isaac's mother passed from death unto Eternal Life, Lucy Doctor's voice arose in prayer for those bereaved. It was Lucy Doctor's gentle hand that touched the sobbing daughter and led her away.

Among the friends of Isaac and his father were our old friends, "Little Heap of Dirt," Pastor Mesbach, and "The Woman With the Shining Face," our dear hospital Bible woman Santoshamma (Joy). All that love could do they did, and great was the comfort of their Christian fellowship. After the funeral was over they both spoke to Isaac. "See, we are your friends. We love you. Your mother is gone and your sister is married. There is no woman in your home. Did you not see our doctor? There she is. Why do you two not get married? What a help it would be to our Vuyyuru field." Then a great light suddenly seemed to break on Isaac's life. "But she! Is she not a caste convert? Would she marry a poor man like me? And then I must know more about her. Can you answer these four questions? Is she kind to poor people? Will she be good to my relatives? Does she care for caste? Above all, is she God-fearing?" There was not one we could not answer to his satisfaction, and so he said to the match-makers: "Well, you may ask her." Her answer to them was simply, "I cannot tell. First, I must pray, and then I must write to my mother."

Many and fervent were the prayers of these two young people that God would lead them both in His path. Until the nurse mother's letter came from a far-off hospital in the Tamil country, Lucy worked quietly in the hospital, and spent her evenings with her Bible and in prayer. Then came the mother's answer: "If he is a good Christian man, you have my permission to marry him. Do not think of caste or of family, of money, or of high station. Think only of love and a

Christian husband and a Christian home for India."

Soon, to many hamlets spread the news: "Lucy Doctor is going to marry our Isaac! Who could have thought it. She is not a Telugu girl either. She cares not for caste nor for money! What a lovely spirit she has. And he, too. He is never proud with any of our poor Christians. 'Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven.' The very words we have been learning in our memory verses."

They were married two days before Christmas. "Ah! You should have been at Lucy's wedding. Such a grand feast. And she had goats tied up to her wall for curry, and thieves tried to steal them. And then her Hindu relatives came and mingled with the Christians. Her mother made her a most splendid wedding. The like of it was never seen. And, oh, the silk clothes of those city relatives of hers. Such a sight. And the English wedding, with our Gordon Doragaru in his black coat, marrying them all in English in our own church. Oh such a fine wedding was never seen in the Vuyyuru field. And did you know that Lucy became a Baptist and was baptized by Pastor Samuel in the canal? No pride! How meek her spirit is. This is true education. This is piety. See how God rewards it all. This is being one in Jesus Christ."

"And so they were married, 'our beloved Lucy Doctor' and our 'Isaac who has studied to B.A.'" They came to call upon me soon after my return to the country. They sat and told me much of this story. "It was God's mercy. It was God's plan for us." They went off like two happy children. I heard them laughing and talking as they went across the verandah. I looked through the window, as Isaac had looked three years before. He was holding Lucy's hand. He had forgotten that she was "So Majestic!"

Read carefully the Treasurer's letter on page 3.

Notice that earnest effort is needed in the few weeks left before the Treasurer closes her books if our estimates are to be raised and our Jubilee fund completed.

## Our Work Abroad

### LETTER FROM MISS HOLMES TO THE BLOOR ST., TORONTO, CIRCLE

Casilla 701, Oruro, Bolivia, S.A.,  
June 4th, 1927

Dear Ladies of the Bloor St. Mission Circle.

This is just to be a **note** to thank you very much for your interest in and prayers for me, and also for the three very welcome monthly letters I have received. Of course we couldn't carry on at all without the interest and prayers—if you could only mix for awhile with the indifference down here, you would realize more than ever that only the Lord Himself, can draw and hold these people. You see, they **think** they know all that religion has to offer, and those who aren't really bigotted Catholics, don't seem to have much faith in religion at all except as a sort of fetish. Mr. Haddow was just telling us the other day, about a woman who had attended the Evangelical Church for years in LaPaz, who on the death of a relative, came to him with money to pay him to say Mass for the deceased. The paying for Mass to get their friends out of purgatory, has just become a 'costumbre' (custom) with a lot of people, and not a matter of faith at all. That's just an example. Here, in Oruro, we seem to be well tolerated, as being queer English people. Whether it would be preferable, to be regarded as dangerous heretics as in the towns round Cochabamba, I don't know. To carry on work there, recent events have shown that one has to be made of martyr material. You will probably have heard of the terrible experience Mr. Hillyer and Don Crisolago Barron have just been through? How they went on invitation to a little town to hold services, spent a useful and pleasant day of preaching and discussion amongst the young men who had invited them, but on leaving town were set upon with stones and clubs by 200 or so Indians, incited by one of the town's most 'religious' women; how they were left behind for dead, but were mercifully spared and managed to walk into the railway station and get a train back to Cochabamba. Mr. Hillyer, with a huge gash over one eye, and Don Crisolago with 3

broken ribs, and both of them bruised and battered all over. That sounds like the pioneer days in the South Sea Islands, doesn't it, and yet it happened right here in Bolivia, where Christian religion (so-called) has been holding sway for nearly 400 years, and where, at this minute, there is a law providing for religious liberty, on the Statute books. Salome, our excellent cook and good Christian, regards this Cochabamba incident as a very hopeful sign,—she says that people all break out worse in bigotry before they are converted. She, herself, was so bitter that she went to her father's house while he was out and burned his hymn-book, Bible and Testament, and shortly after that was converted. Let us believe and pray that she is right in her interpretation.

Don't think this sounds discouraged, will you, because we're not a bit! I'm trying to show you what sort of thing we are up against, and how much we need your intelligent prayers. And **please**, in your letters, don't talk about 'sacrifice' we are making. I can quite honestly say that I have been happier here in these bleak and barren upper regions, than I was for the years at home, surrounded by friends and green grass and trees (you may think that's a funny combination, but if you could see our Oruro brownness, you would understand) after I felt that God had called me, and couldn't get up my nerve to come. It's great to be in the place you are sent by God, and, besides there are all sorts of plain earthly compensations. Every one of you would just love all my little first and second grade children, and if they'll only grow up good men and women with the Lord's help, won't it have been a work worth-while for you at home, who support us and pray for us and write letters to cheer us up, and for us too?

Well, 'hasta luego' (that means 'till another time'), and thank you all very much again. My **note** seems to have grown into a somewhat more formidable document.

Yours sincerely,  
Janet Holmes.



Single Ladies at Conference in Oruro, August, 1926.

Left to right, Misses Slack, Epp, Clarke, Holmes, Tingley, Palmer.

That afternoon we had a regular Canadian snowfall.

#### FROM MISS HATCH

Dear Sisters,—We began this Quarter with special Temperance meetings, the Junior Christian Endeavor led by Charlie Joshee got up a very good dialogue which they gave first to the men workers, then to the Lepers, and then to our women. To the last, we had invited the other women in the compounds, besides our Bible women and teachers, and we had a very good program, the younger teachers giving a W.C.T.U. dialogue. There was great interest, which we hope may be extended throughout the villages.

We find our duties are very various. During this Quarter, I attended three Christian weddings and one betrothal ceremony—was invited to two new houses which were to be entered with special prayer, and had services at the houses of two new babies.

Then I had the privilege of addressing the graduating class of the Bible Training School in Tuni, and enjoyed seeing the work there very much.

Much time has been given to the Hendrie-Thompson Memorial. The walls are now up, the doors are being made, and we await the coming of the steel girders from Madras,—

they are for supporting the flat roof. Charlie Joshee, though only 15, passed his Matriculation in March, and has been a great help in looking after coolies, keeping accounts, etc. He has thus earned enough for first term's fees at College in Masulipatam, where he will reside with his Aunt, herself a graduate and Head-mistress of the Training School.

We have installed Harry, a former Phillips-Home boy, now graduate of Ramapatam, as Bible teacher in the Leper Home, and we have also a fully trained Compounder and Nurse there now, the latter living in the "Stark House." We celebrated Dr. Joshee's semi-jubilee and Mrs. Joshee's 20 years of voluntary service on May 14th. They were the recipients of many addresses in prose and verse, were garlanded and given silver trophies. Hindu friends provided feasts for the Lepers that day, and I entertained some 200 Christians at our bungalow. It was a right glad time.

I was away from the Station just a month, —did not go to the Hills but spent a week in Cocanada and three weeks in Waltair. For two weeks the heat was rather fierce, but I have survived and seem very well.

We had a very interesting visit to Kotapalli in April, when Mr. Timpany took Miss Brothers, myself and Dr. Joshee in his car. There we met with the seven workers of that Church who related their experiences, after which we encouraged them and had prayer with them. We had taken our lunch with us, so took a boat and went over to one of the islands of the Godavari, and enjoyed it there with Dr. and Mrs. Massey Clement. Then on our way back we had a good service at the Dispensary at Drakshavaram in the evening, reaching home pretty tired about eleven o'clock.

There are always problems and anxieties and disappointments, but we trust that the Lord is with us, and His hand will always sustain and uphold us. As He has been with us hitherto, we believe He will be with us to the end. We need your prayers continually.

Very sincerely,  
S. I. Hatch.

#### FROM MRS. GORDON

Mrs. A. Gordon, miles from Vuyyuru, April 5th:

It is a joy to us to know how much our friends at home think of us and pray for us, if you stopped praying we could not accomplish anything. My, you help us wonderfully by continual prayer. What a great work it can do! May we be willing to yield ourselves still more to it.

The days are getting very hot now. I will be glad to get away to the hills where things look fresh and green. We have had no rain here for eight months, so you can imagine how dry and withered everything looks. The compound is absolutely dry and the goats come and eat everything they can find. I want to have a fence put around my house some time, so that I may have a garden. The goats are a regular pest these days.

My girlies in Kodai are well. There has been an epidemic of chickenpox in the school, but so far Elsie and Patty have escaped. Jean keeps real well, but she misses her sisters. She looks forward to seeing them soon. Miss Curry goes with us to Kodai, April 12th.

I shall be so thankful when the wall of the girls' compound is finished. The large part of it is up, and it does look fine. The foundation of the new dormitory is also being prepared, so I am hoping that, for next term, the girls' compound will be completed; it will be a joy to them and to me. Our new classrooms are also being prepared. Our boys have helped in many ways, and have shown a good spirit right through.

At this time of year Harvest Thanksgiving is held in all the churches, when our poor people, out of their hard earnings, give their gifts to the Lord.

I wonder what you would say if you could see one of our gift meetings. I am sure it would touch your heart to the core to see a poor woman come to the front and place her four annas (a day's hard working wage) on the Bible. She is weary after the day's toil and, perhaps, has not had her evening meal, but she came to return thanks to her God with her mite, for His goodness to her. The men will give a rupee or so, as their gift, which is equal to a day and a half's earnings.

When you see their poverty and understand the conditions under which they live—no home, just a mud hut to shelter them from the sun and rain, and as a covering at night, your heart would open in sympathy and you would begin to think they had given quite too much. Poor people, what a life compared with ours! But it is amazing what one can put up with when brought up under such conditions.

I must tell you about our Vuyyuru Church Thanksgiving Sunday. Two weeks before the Pastor asked us to think of God's goodness towards us during the past year, then be ready with our promises for the following Sunday. After this, the boarding girls came over to my bungalow one evening and said "We have been thinking over what the pastor said last Sunday, and we are agreed we would like to give two Wednesdays and two Saturdays' meat as our gift for Thanksgiving Day." This seemed a lot to me, so I protested, but they replied, "No, this is not too much, we want to show our gratitude to God, and He will bless us in our giving." Is not this a fine spirit! The boys also did the same.

These girls and boys get very few treats compared with girls and boys at home.

I was exceedingly pleased with the results of the written Bible exams. when over 40 children got an average of 75 per cent. a number of girls got over 80 per cent. Boys gained an average of 90 per cent. Their prizes were hymn books. The course for the first six months was Matthew's Gospel, Esther, Zechariah, and the memory work was Psalm 63, and Romans 12.

### MISS McLAURIN'S WORK IN COCANADA

Harris Bungalow, Cocanada,

June 16th, 1927.

Dear Link:

Last week when the weather was so viciously hot that I could not settle down to write the letter I have been wanting to for some time, I determined that the first cool day that came I would write "that letter to the Link." (I send you so many by wireless, hoping that you are "tuned in" and will get them, but somehow I never see them in print—strange!) Well, this isn't the first cool day, but it is cool, and will have to do. All night long the rain pattered sweetly on the parched earth and tired, dusty leaves, and this morning it is grey and cool and so refreshing after a hot hot season. I stayed down (from the hills) this year just because I wanted to, and I have enjoyed in many ways my plains holiday—my first hot season in Harris Bungalow. There seems to be no time like hot season for getting into closer friendly contact with one's Indian neighbors. The work slacks up and one has time for calls. Every Wednesday morning, but one, when it was too hot, I went to my little morning prayer-meeting with the Christian women in Elwin petta, one of our suburbs. I also visited Kutcherri petta where the weekly prayer-meeting is going on with Mrs. Venkatachalam as leader, and once I attended the Ramarow petta women's prayer meeting, which meets on Tuesday, and told them about some of our most interested Zenana women, and got their promise to pray definitely for them, by name. The women in this group are well educated,

quite capable of leading the meeting themselves, which they do by turn as they meet at one another's homes. Our "lay" sisters are taking more and more interest in the Lord's work in the city and out on the field. For instance, last February when I was out in camp about two miles away, working amongst the near villages, three of Miss Pratt's teachers and two of the older boarding school girls walked out from Cocanada on Sunday to meet the Christian women from the villages at a Rally at the tent. The meeting was held in the shade of the large trees before my door, and the visitors were the speakers. First came Salome, one of Miss Pratt's chief teachers, who is now Secretary of the Women's Societies of the Godavari Association. She has a sweet and winsome personality, and has had the benefit of good Christian home life and training as well as that of our own Boarding school. She is exceptionally fine, but hasn't often (if ever, before), come into close contact with her ignorant and unlettered sisters of the villages, and I wondered if she would know how to speak to them. But she did—some kind and gracious Christian womanly tact, born of the Spirit that dwells within her, put her right "next" those women and taught her what to say so that in simple every-day language she spoke appealingly to them of their calling to live the Christ-life among their unbelieving neighbors and so win them to the Light. Also she spoke of their Christian obligation to send the Gospel further, on to their fellow-country men and women on their own Home Mission field. The other two teachers followed, briefly, and the boarding girls sang. The women and men in the audience paid the closest attention and when the meeting was over could hardly tear themselves away. Our visitors were so clean, dressed so daintily, yet simply—no jewels. Pure, attractive Christian womanhood, taught and trained for service, faced that morning our village women so newly out of heathenism, with so much to learn, and more, alas! to unlearn. Who can doubt but that such contact will be productive of good? There they were before them—a beautiful object lesson.

But my real right hand in this work for

Christian women is Julia Venketachelam, who began voluntarily to help me last year. Her husband is a teacher in the High School, and steward of the boarding department. He is a very busy man and she is a busy housewife and mother, and his devoted help-meet in every good work. Gentle, refined, and gracious, and living in close and vital fellowship with the Master, Juliamma has a heart of love for all His children and cannot resist a call for help. So she comes with me Sunday mornings, often, to visit and encourage both leaders and members of the little Women's Helpmeet Societies in the villages. The car takes us to the entrance of the village where we alight and make our way to the school house, or the teacher's house. While our grown-up congregation is gathering I usually have a meeting with the children who need no call or invitation but swarm around us unafraid and unabashed in an uncombed, unwashed, and more or less unclotted state. The arrival of the car is the signal, and—presto! Here they are! A sprinkling of them are clothed, washed and combed—oh yes, C. B. M. school children, and by the time they have sung a hymn, recited their verses and learned a Bible story the Christians have come to service.

Though it is a women's meeting today, the men come too, unable, apparently, to stay away and, of course, we are glad to see them.

I always used to address these meetings myself, at first, and ask Juliamma to "say a few words," afterwards. But I've learned better. I put the meeting entirely in her charge now, for she does it much better than I do, and I speak the "few words" afterwards—if necessary. Juliamma has a rich store of Bible knowledge that she knows well how to apply to the conditions of their lives, she has the gift of sympathy with her audience, and in her quiet, gentle, unhurried and unflurried way she holds their close and earnest attention as she teaches, persuades, exhorts. She talks about the work on their own Home Mission field—Anakapalle, Chodavaram, and adjacent territory, and by sweet persuasion, not scolding, urges them to support it more faithfully by giving rice-collection, telling them how easy and pleasant it is to do so by

taking a handful out of their daily ration before they cook, and setting it apart in a special pot or basket to be later gathered up and turned into cash for the needs of the work. She says the Lord has blessed her own household in so doing and the blessing will surely come to them, too. How thankful I am for such a capable, tactful helper! Juliamma is president this year of the Women's Societies of the Association and the contact she gets with the women in the villages is helping her to plan good things for the work. I expect that some day soon she and a committee of women of the Telugu church associated with her, will be able to take complete charge and responsibility of this work among the Christian women on the field who need so much the help, encouragement and leadership of their more favored (as to education and training) sisters of the city.

I've just been reading over my last letter to you, in last year's September Link. (Once a year seems to be about my pace!) Among other things I see I wrote you about Sakuntala, that dear bright caste girl who didn't care for jewels and wouldn't get married, just wanted to be left in peace to read her Bible. Would you like to hear more about her? Our work seems often to have many broken threads, but though it may seem so to our broken vision, we have the faith that the threads are in the great Master's hand, the Faithful One who said "None shall pluck them out of my hand". Soon after I wrote last year Sakuntala's whole family moved away down to Madras to make a home for the two boys who are going to College—and quite right, too. They need the anchor of a good home. I had little letters of New Year's greeting from Sakuntala and her father last January, but she said nothing of the things I longed to know—whether she had come into touch with missionaries there, or whether she had found any Christian friends. But I think her father would be almost sure to find some, and anyhow she has her Bible, and above all she "cannot drift beyond His love and care." But I miss Sakuntala—no one else is so keen, or has such questions in their eyes.

She has an aunt in Cocanada whom we

visit and who professes to believe in Christ, and one day I was greatly encouraged by her telling me that Sakuntala and her father were convinced Christians and wanted definitely to come out and be baptised. All heathen practises have long been given up in the home, and the rest of the family were quite willing. But relatives and connections were not, and sent such threatening letters that the father, being not yet set free from the fear of man, i.e., caste, drew back. Oh, this deadly fear of man in India! When will freedom come? When Jesus comes to His own in India.

And do you remember the Temple street of shut Brahmin homes we drive through on our way to church in Jagannaikapur Sunday evenings? We hadn't a house there, then, to visit, but we have one now. A little Brahmin girl of Avani-gadda, daughter of a friend there, married and came to Temple street to live and open for us a door. It was Pachagalla Mariamma, my former Avani-gadda biblewoman, on a flying visit, who told me Lakshmikanta had come to live in Cocanada. She had her address, and we took the car and hunted her up right away. She seemed glad to see familiar faces, and ever since then we have been visiting her regularly. They live in rented rooms, a humble home for the husband is not rich but we hope through them that other doors will open later on. The neighbors seem inclined to be friendly, to a certain discreet extent, and greet me freely as I come and go, but have not accepted my invitation to come and listen—yet. Lakshmikanta herself enjoys the Bible reading and singing, in which she joins us, and her husband's old aunt who sits and listens loves it. The father-in-law was evidently a fine old man. I never saw him, for he was always out at the office where he was employed, until the day before his death. That day I found him very ill with fever, and thinking him too ill to be disturbed, I proposed to withdraw but he urged me to stay and had me sit on a chair by his bedside. At his request L. and I went on with the Bible lesson for the day, and he enjoyed so much the hymn we sang "Faith is victory, listen beloved, doubt is defeat."

When I rose to go and said goodbye—little thinking what a long good-bye it was, he said "I'm glad you came to-day. God sent you—good words, true words." Next day I was shocked to hear he was gone. Lakshmikanta is only a girl yet, tho' a wife, and mature beyond her years as most Indian girls are. Pray for her, and her young boyish, open-minded husband, that as they develop into womanhood and manhood they may grow in understanding of the truth and lay hold on life. And pray that more doors may open to us in that street of Hindu orthodoxy. There are great two- and three-storied palatial dwellings there, so solid they look to me like fortresses. When we pass the Temple itself that gives the street its name, fat, well-conditioned priests smeared with ashes, the sign of Siva-worship, on chest and arms and forehead, sit outside on the terrace, looking very solid, immovable and well-established—dishearteningly so. Making one ask oneself, "What have we done, anyhow? We've got only a few of the out-castes. The fortress, Brahmanism, is still untaken." And yet "The kingdoms of this world are become the Kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ." "Lift up your heads, oh ye gates, and even lift them up ye everlasting doors, and let our King of Glory come in!"

(continued in next issue)

#### LETTER FROM MISS MYERS

Dear Fellow Workers:—

It has seemed almost impossible for me to settle down to write letters.

As you know I was appointed to Avani-gadda at July Conference. When I arrived here there was some doubt about my appointment as other fields were in need of a missionary, and some one had to go. I was glad when my appointment was left as it was made in July.

If you want thrills you had better come to Avani-gadda.

When we left Conference Thursday, January 6th we travelled as far as Tenali which meant seven hours on the train. Changed trains at 11 p.m. Mrs. Hart and I went into the Ladies' Compartment and Mr. Hart into

the Men's Compartment. As the Indian Railway does not provide bedding for passengers we carry our own. We opened our bedding and spread it out, just then the guard came along and informed us that the lights would be put out and we had to light our lantern. As the train for Rapalli does not leave Tenali until five o'clock in the morning we spent the night in the train at Tenali station.

I was awakened next morning by the shouting of passengers and coolies. In a short time we started for Rapalli. It took us about two hours to reach Rapalli station. There we were met by horse juktas and taken to the canal. We got down from the carts and crossed the canal on a ferry. When we reached the other side we had a walk of three-quarters of a mile to the River. We crossed the river on another ferry and when we reached the other side we had to be carried ashore. From here we had a walk of a mile through sand. It made the journey seem like two miles. We again had to cross the river (Kistna River) this time we had to be carried to the boat and when we reached the other side carried off.

We are again on terra firma, and **no more rivers to cross.**

An ox bundy was waiting to take Mrs. Hart and myself the last two miles of the journey to the bungalow.

On the way the Pastor and one of the teachers met us (which was very nice of them) and walked some distance with us. At last we reached the bungalow where the Bible-women, Marthamma and Kamalaratnamma were waiting to welcome us.

The bungalow is situated in a beautiful spot. It was worth all the efforts we put forth to reach here. I am sure you would fall in love with the place.

The first days after arrival were taken up with unpacking, and visits first from one worker, then another. Then came Association and the meeting with more of the workers both on our own field and the other two fields in our Kistna Association.

We had a good Association. Splendid messages from Rev. Dixon Smith of Cocanada and different Indian workers.

Association over, back to our own field and

preparations for tour.

The workers came in for their monthly meeting and then I had a chance of meeting and becoming better acquainted with our own workers.

During the meetings a plan for touring and thank-offering meetings was made. According to their plan we shall tour the field.

The meetings are over and the workers have returned to their villages. And I am ready for tour. We started on the 8th for Pedapalem—a village 10 miles away. I had sent my tent about four hours before I left. When I reached the village I discovered they had only arrived there two hours before and the tents were on the ground, no straw for under the tent and nobody to help put them up. I was reminded of the gypsies when I saw all my tents, mats, chairs, tables, lanterns, lantern boxes, bed, brass water pot, stand for basin, kitchen supply box, box of stores, 2 boxes with prizes for school children, my trunk, thermos bottle, water bottle, umbrella and servants' boxes.

Dark came on, and I was still on the outside looking in, the top of my tent was up, straw spread ready for the rug to be laid down, but the sides were not up. Eight o'clock and the tent was ready to receive the various boxes, etc. By nine o'clock the servants had heated enough water for tea so that I had a cup of tea, a poached egg and toast. I was too sleepy to remain up very long so to bed I went. I discovered that my tent poles were up wrong, so that the next day everything had to be taken out and the tent again laid flat on the ground. If you want quick service just come to India. If you want a thing done early in the morning, very often it is night before it is finished or even started.

At last I was settled and ready for work.

We went to a different village each day, we took our noon meal with us and in that way we were able to give the morning to the Christians and school children and the afternoon to the caste people. If we went to one house the people from other houses would call us so that every minute was taken up. One woman from a village near the sea, came to me and said, Amma, if you will come

to our village we will give you your meals and you may rest in our houses. Just say you will come. I had to say no then, but promised I would come another time. When I can go on my horse I shall take the journey there. They are so anxious to hear the message. I could tell you of many more places where they were eager for the Old Story.

I left Pedapalen after the Sunday Thank-Offering service and came to Nagayalanka. Mr. Hart and I exchanged tents. I worked from Nagayalanka until Sunday night when I returned to the bungalow intending to go to Kodur on Tuesday, but have had to change our plans, so am not going out until after examinations next Tuesday.

The work is wonderful, the need so great. Thank God we do not have to trust in our own strength. There are so many who need our friendship, our all.

"I would be friend of all—the poor, the friendless;

I would be giving and forget the gift;  
I would be humble for I know my weakness;  
I would look up and laugh—and love—and lift."

Yours in His service,

Bertha Lillian Myers.

Avanigadda, Kistna Dist., India.

—June "Tidings"

PART OF PRIVATE LETTER FROM  
MISS LAURA ALLYN

"Hawthorne," KodaiKanal,

May 25th, 1927.

Dear Aunties,—

It is just a year ago that we were with you, but how lovely the woods and the lake were. I still have very vivid recollections of that morning when Sis and I hiked off over to the Lake and paddled, and on our way back put the May flowers in our hats like two kids.

Here on the Hills it is glorious too. The mornings are delightful, cool enough for a light wrap if you are sitting around, but hot enough if one is walking or out in the sun. At noon it begins to cloud and nearly every day we have a shower. In the evenings we

need a fire in the grate for the air is damp.

Miss North took her holiday in March and April and was away two full months, during which we were very busy. We were operating three days every week and sometimes more, and with the supplies to look after, the washerman with the Hospital, European wards, nurses' and my own clothes all coming on different days, it was a job in itself. Then there were the accounts which were no small matter; the taking in of fees and the paying out of small amounts, so that I had to keep my hands on the keys myself pretty much. We took in over \$300 each month, which in rupees sounds much bigger; Rs. 1049 cleared one month. I do not mean cleared after the salaries were paid, and they take out a good bit, but when I handed in my books to Sis who always pays the staff salaries; I pay the nurses in training.

Since our return until we came up here there was a continuous stream of events. First of all were the welcome meetings, then there was farewell to Miss Eaton, then I got malaria and was just crawling around after ten days' fever when Christmas was on. Two days later our Missionary Conference was on in Cocanada and we are all expected to attend. Immediately after Conference our Telugu Convention of Indian churches was held in Pithapuram this year and we were entertaining some of the missionaries who came. Meanwhile our European wards were full and nearly all the time there were one, two or three trays as the case might be.

Then one of our nurses who had been with us some time and was not brilliant enough to pass the exams, was ready to be married and as she was an orphan and looked on us as "her father and her mother" (a great expression with the Indians) I had to see her properly given away and so the wedding feast was held in the nurses' home, at our expense.

The following day was the giving of the K.I.H. medals to Jessie. The Government called all the white folks for miles around and all the prominent Hindus too, so it was quite a gathering. The Collector, Mr. Bracken, a very nice Englishman who has been in

(Continued on page 21)

## Among The Circles

### NORTHERN ASSOCIATION

Wednesday, June 22nd, 1927

The meeting was held in the Sudbury Church at 2.30 p.m. Mrs. G. N. Simmons presided in the chair. The devotional exercises were led by Mrs. Hardy, of Capreol.

The address of welcome was given by Mrs. A. Jackman, of North Bay.

The nominating committee was appointed as follows:—Mrs. Beckett, Mrs. D. J. Elliott, Mrs. Munro.

The report of the Circles and Bands were then given.

The report of money raised during the year was as follows:—

North Bay .....	\$286.35
New Liskeard .....	171.30
Sault Ste. Marie, 1st Church .....	166.35
Sault Ste Marie, Wellington St. ....	78.00
Timmins .....	62.00
Haileybury .....	60.85
Cochrane .....	41.50
Sudbury .....	34.90
Kirkland Lake .....	18.45
Capreol .....	10.50
Cobalt .....	21.00
Blind River .....	12.00
Dilly Band .....	4.00

\$967.20

It was suggested that a representative from this Association be appointed to take charge of the White Cross Work. It was moved by Mrs. Jackman, seconded by Mrs. Charles Elliott that Mrs. D. J. Elliott be the representative of the Northern Association. Carried.

Mrs. Charles Elliott read a paper entitled "The Need of a Mission Band in Each Church".

Rev. R. C. Bensen gave an address on "The Purpose and Objective of Missions in India."

Rev. J. H. Boyd spoke on the Home Mission work.

The Nominating Committee reported as follows:

Directress—Mrs. N. Phelps, North Bay;  
President—Mrs. A. W. Small, North Bay;

Vice-President—Mrs. G. N. Simmons, New Liskeard; Secretary—Mrs. Proudfoot, Cochrane.

A most interesting session closed with prayer by Mrs. Simmons.

Mabel Jackman,

Secretary Pro-tem.

### NIAGARA-HAMILTON

Splendid attendance, good addresses, and encouraging reports were outstanding in the Niagara-Hamilton Women's Day of the Association which took place in the Dundas Baptist Church on May 31, 1927. Mrs. Rev. McLean, of St. Catharines, was the acting president, and ably presided during the sessions until the new President, Mrs. (Dr.) Huntley, of Hamilton, was introduced and presided during the latter period of the evening session.

We were welcomed to the entertaining church by Mrs. (Rev.) Frears, of Dundas. Mrs. T. Camelford, of Dunnville, made a very suitable reply.

Mrs. Scanwell, of Dundas, led us in the opening devotional exercises. The keyword, "Forward" was given a prominent place in each session and we were reminded that in Christian work love was essential to progress. **Purging** is often necessary and **obedience** is needed that we may bear more fruit. Yes, much fruit for our Master.

The new Circles were introduced which included Thorold and Mount Hamilton. We wish these Circles God-speed.

Resolutions Committee brought in resolutions on hospitality, temperance, and the following:

"In view of the present conditions that during all sessions of this convention of our Circles and Bands we refrain from controversial discussions." This was moved by Mrs. (Rev.) Veals, and secondly Mrs. (Rev.) Huntley, both of Hamilton. Mrs. Batty, of Hamilton, presented White Cross work, and Mrs. A. C. Frazer, Hamilton, was appointed Associational Superintendent of this Department. Mrs. Batty also presented the Literature Department. Much credit is due our

Director, Mrs. Shearer, of Welland, for the splendid and clear manner in which her reports were given. Each delegate was given a typewritten report of the Directors' work, and we found it most gratifying and impressed us so much more than simply hearing the figures.

Total givings show an increase from both Circles and Bands.

Mrs. Stewart presented the Band report which showed an average giving of 87c. per member. We commend the Bands on this report.

Mrs. Shearer, of Welland, also led us in the Conference on Circle work, emphasizing the devotional period, methods of securing new members, introduction of Visitor and Link into new homes, etc. This period was especially bright and instructive.

At the afternoon session the other missionary societies of the town sent representatives who brought messages of welcome, after which Mrs. Hendry, of Hamilton, spoke on our objectives, in which she said "Is the love behind our objectives strong enough to carry them through with Christ?"

Mrs. Dickenson, of St. Catharines, gathered our interest around Grande Ligne and explained the situation there in a unique way.

Our quiet hour will long be remembered by us. We were led to the throne of grace as Mrs. Huntley spoke to us on "The Lord's Prayer." "Lord, teach us to Pray," and the atmosphere was made for a splendid prayer season. At this time Mrs. Grace Lands, of Hamilton, brought us a most appropriate message in song, "O Come and Find Rest."

We were happy in listening to Rev. Johnson Turnbull as he told us of "a few women he knew in Bolivia," making special mention of Miss Morton and Mrs. Wilkenson.

Moulton College came to our attention through Miss Gilmore, of Toronto.

Mrs. Lipinski, of Hamilton, and Miss Shumillo, of St. Catharines, made strong appeals on behalf of the new Canadian work. A fine exercise was given by the Dundas Mission Band, "The Greater Power," showing us the place of the Bible in our work.

Jepson St. Band, Niagara Falls, were for-

tunate in securing the prizes for the exhibit of Band posters.

A telegram from the President, Mrs. T. E. Richards, who had removed to the Owen Sound Association, was read, in which the message of 1st Cor. 15: 57-58, was shared by all.

Mrs. Veals, of Hamilton, took charge of the Young Women's Session, King St., Hamilton, securing the trophy for having the largest attendance of young women at this session, and James St., Hamilton, being the Banner Circle of the Association.

Mrs. Edgar Bates, of Toronto, gave us a glance at our Home Mission fields.

We all felt the crowning peak of the day was reached in Miss Priest's address. We claim her, as this was her home association. She paid high tribute to the pioneers in the mission work of India. What great things have been done in the last 50 years. What should we accomplish in the next 50 years with such a splendid foundation and splendid equipment? "India is white unto the Harvest."

The new officers are:

President—Mrs. (Dr.) Huntley, Hamilton.  
Vice-Pres.—Mrs. H. C. Wright, Dunnville.

Director—Mrs. Shearer, Welland.

Band Director—Mrs. H. B. Stewart, Niagara Falls.

Young Women's Rep.—Mrs. Wm. Young, Hamilton.

Gertrude L. Perry,  
Secretary.

## WESTERN ASSOCIATION

### Held at Wallaceburg

The morning was taken up with the usual routine, opening spiritual help, address of welcome and reply, reading of letters from Circles and Bands, and appointments of committees. The afternoon proved a wonderful blessing to everyone privileged to attend. The President's address on The Duties of Life was very good. Mrs. Tanten for Circles reported splendid achievements for last year every Circle giving an increase but one, and a total increase of over \$800.00. Look in the Western minute book for this report in full.

Miss Oxley then gave the Bands' report and gladdened the hearts of every woman there with her splendid band work, as this has been a banner year for our bands in every way.

The new officers for the coming year are: President, Mrs. (Dr.) Brian, Windsor; Vice-President, Mrs. W. H. Cameron, Chatham; Secretary, Mrs. G. T. Luin, Wallaceburg; Director of Circles, Mrs. W. H. Tanlin, Walkerville; Director of Bands, Miss Iva Oxley, Kingsville.

Walkerville Band won the Banner this year from Leamington. It was there two years and this would have given it to them permanently. Rev. Mrs. Dingman, of Dresden sang a beautiful solo, followed by the quiet half hour conducted by Mrs. Merritt, of Chatham., when all felt the presence of the Holy Spirit and realized more fully the honor and privilege of serving Him. A Band conference and happy half hour conducted by Miss Oxley assisted by Mrs. Windless, of Bothwell, brought out many new points on how to interest Band members, especially boys. We had then the pleasure of having Mrs. Marshall, our Hôme Mission Vice-President, from Toronto, whom we welcomed most heartily, give us a stirring address on "The Call" bringing before us most vividly the many calls of service for the Christian. The children in our cities, for daily Bible schools, the foreigners at our door, the great work in the Canadian west among the miners and the call of Jesus for deeper consecration for every circle member.

It was decided to hold a rally in mid-winter in Chatham and Windsor and the delegates were then taken in cars to inspect the new Ford Mission.

In the evening we had the pleasure of having a wonderful song service conducted by Mr. Bateman of the Temple church choir, and hearing his women's choir in two beautiful numbers, "Consider the Lillies" and "Mother My Dear".

Miss Phelps then had a large group of little boys and girls from the Ford Mission who recited many verses and sang sweetly for us, bringing much evidence of the grow-

ing of our new mission and the splendid work of our dear Miss Phelps.

Mrs. Benson, of India, then delivered a stirring address on the customs of the people of India, showing us how much they need a living God and a loving Jesus in place of the many idols they blindly worship.

The Resolutions Committee reported as follows:—Be it resolved that the delegates of the Western Association gathered at Windsor in view of the Ontario Liquor Act now in force, recommend that each member of the Circle do all in her power for the strengthening of the Temperance cause at home and in her community."

"That we extend loving sympathy to the Circles and Bands who have suffered loss of valued members during the past year by death or other causes.

"That we gladly welcome to our midst as special speakers Mrs. J. L. Marshall, of Toronto, Miss Whiteside, of Toronto, and Rev. R. C. Benson, India, and extend to them our thanks for the helpful messages they bring to us of the work they represent.

"That we extend to Mrs. Zavitz, who was prevented from coming to us by the serious illness of her mother, our loving sympathy.

"Resolved that the women of the Western Association do hereby declare our increasing confidence in our Home and Foreign Mission Boards.

"Resolved that we extend to our officers and directors our sincere appreciation of the splendid work accomplished during the past year.

"That we extend to the Pastors, Deacons' Board and members of the Baptist Temple the hearty appreciation of the women gathered in the Association for their generous hospitality and the kind welcome and use of their beautiful church.

Jennie Luin, Sec.

#### BROOKE AND ENNISKILLEN CIRCLE

The B. and E. Mission Circle held a very successful birthday party in the Sunday School room of the church on June 14th, where there assembled about 60 members and friends, the happy occasion being the

34th anniversary of the Mission Circle. We had a splendid programme consisting of vocal instrumentals and readings, also a history of the Mission Circle from the time it was organized by Mrs. J. Mole. Miss Murray, Missionary on furlough from India, gave us a splendid address, she having gone out to India in 1893, the same years as the Circle was organized.

We were pleased to have with us the only surviving member of the first organized Circle of this church, Mrs. McCordie, of Forest. Special decorations being used to represent the different season of the year. After the programme a social hour was spent. Lunch was served by the ladies of the Mission Circle.

Etta McAuslan, Sec. Treas.

#### WOODBINE HEIGHTS BAPTIST CHURCH

An open meeting of the Women's Mission Circle was held in the Church on Tuesday evening, June 7th. The President, Mrs. Earl, presided. The meeting opened with singing a hymn. The Scripture lesson was read by our past president, Mrs. Madill. Mrs. Lewis then led in prayer. The musical part of our programme followed. Mrs. Jarryeat and Mrs. John Russell favored us with a violin selection, Miss Thompson by a solo, and Mrs. Ponton and Mrs. Tippin and Mr. Hallam and Mr. Earl in vocal duets.

The speaker of the evening was Mrs. Wintemute, who has recently returned from La Paz, Bolivia. Mrs. Wintemute gave us a wonderful and inspiring address, showing us the urgent need of the Gospel in that country and the difficulty of getting the people to listen to the word of God, the church of Rome having such a strong hold upon them.

She also told us of the opposition they had in securing a building to worship in. A number of souvenirs made by the people were also shown to the Circle, which were very interesting and amusing, particularly the costumes worn by the women of Bolivia.

A collection was taken in aid of the Jubilee Fund amounting to \$6.80. The Pastor, Rev. J. A. Grant, moved a vote of thanks to the

speaker and closed the meeting with prayer, after which refreshments were served.

We were delighted to have a good number of Temple Circle with us.

M. Gould, Secretary.

#### JUBILEE MEETING

The Women's Mission Circle of the Beamsville Baptist Church celebrated the Fiftieth anniversary of their organization on Thursday evening, June 9th. The real date of organization was March 16th, 1877, but we waited until June in order that the few charter members still living might be with us.

On the platform with the present officers were Mrs. John Craig, Mrs. I. Wardell, Mrs. E. Dancy, of Toronto, and Mrs. J. D. Bennett, Beamsville, all charter members. This meeting had been looked forward to for some time by our Circle and it was indeed a time of special blessing.

The Grimsby Circle were invited and we were glad to have them with us. Mrs. Bengough brought greetings and told something of the work they are doing.

Extracts of the early meetings of our Circle from the first minute book were read by the Secretary, much interest was shown during their reading. Dr. E. Hooper, who was at that time pastor, was unable to be with us, but sent a letter of regret and good wishes for our work.

Mrs. J. D. Bennett, in a very able manner gave a talk on our work of the early days, in a brief way tracing the work to the present time and giving much of the history that to the newer members showed what a heritage was ours. In all these years there have been just seven presidents. Her address was so full of information and interest that it is being recorded in our minutes. Her heart has been in the work all these years, having served as president several times and along with Mrs. Cook, Mrs. Sumner, Mrs. Riggins and many others we might mention who have worked faithfully for the cause of the Master at home and abroad.

Mrs. I. Wardell, of Toronto, then led in prayer and also in a few well chosen words told of her love for the old church home and its work.

We were proud to have with us Mrs. John Craig to address us. How little the first meeting of twenty women knew that one of their number would serve the Lord in India for many years. To-night we thanked Him for the share in His work, and for what Mrs. Craig and her family have been to the work of the Gospel in India.

The offering was given to our Jubilee fund.

At the close of the program all adjourned to the school room for refreshments and a social time.

**Mrs. Ben Bartlett, Sec.**

### PAISLEY

Our Thank Offering meeting was held in the Baptist Church last month about one hundred ladies being present, members of the other Missionary societies being invited.

We opened the meeting with President Mrs. A. Pickard, in the chair. All joined in singing "Saviour, Like a Shepherd Lead Us". The Scripture reading was the first fourteen verses of 13th chapter of Matthew, by Mrs. J. P. Fisher, with such a loving and appropriate explanation, after which we were led in prayer by Mrs. D. Thompson.

The President then introduced Miss Booker from Bolivia to us, who proceeded to give us such a splendid idea of country and conditions of people with religion without Christ, some believing by erecting a cross in a field of potatoes or wheat they were protecting them.

We all received an inspiration from this grand address to go forward with more real for the Master's work. It certainly requires grace and patience working among those Spanish and Aymara Indians. They are not apt pupils but Miss Booker is a wonder.

Miss Muriel Pickard sang very sweetly "The Homeland."

Mrs. MacLachlan moved a vote of thanks to Miss Booker for her excellent address, which was seconded by Mrs. Leitch.

Hymn "Rock of Ages" was sung after which Mrs. Daniel closed with prayer.

Lunch was served and all enjoyed a social

time together. Offering amounted to \$25.65.

(Mrs.) E. D. MacLachlan,  
Secretary.

### LETTER FROM MISS ALLYN

(Continued from page 16)

the district for ever so long, presented the medal. The ceremony was in the shade of the Surgical wards. We had a Mohammedan patient from Rajamundry whose husband was a photographer and he took some very good pictures of the buildings which will appear in "Among the Telugus".

The next week after that, one of our girls, our Compounder or druggist, was married to our Pastor, so as she was the eldest of her family and that one of the noted Christian families of the Mission we had quite a time over it. Miss Hatch and Mrs. Joshee came; Miss Jones was already here recovering from an abdominal operation. Again the nurses were all excited over a wedding! In fact they quite got weddings into their minds so that when holiday time came ever so many of the nurses thought they too would like to get married. However I put my foot down on any more weddings, at least in Pap.

I forgot to mention a very important function, the nurses' graduation exercises, when three of our girls received their certificates.

We came up here on fifth of May and are thoroughly enjoying the rest. We are staying in the house that Miss Martha Rogers made possible by giving in her will enough money to buy this lovely house on the Hill-side. We are beautifully situated, with a brook scrambling over the stones down in the valley. We are near enough to the main road to be central and yet not too near.

It is lovely to be among white folks too and there are about 700 missionaries here in Kodai, thirty-five of our own Canadian Baptists.

**Note**—Please send reports of Circle meetings very early in the month—not later than the 8th—if you wish to be sure of having them inserted in the next month's issue.—Ed.

## The Young Women

### LETTER FROM A YOUNG WOMEN'S CIRCLE

This is from the Y. W. M. C. of Murray St. Baptist Church at Peterboro, to tell you about the box sent out by us to India.

It was a much better box than the one we sent last year, at least we had more to send. We had about twenty-eight knitted woollen scarfs, all different colors and bright; one hundred little gingham bags; forty pieces of gingham, ranging from half a yard to three yards; forty gingham hankies, hemmed; about one dozen woollen vests made from stocking tops and finished with a silk featherbone stitch; a number of towels, face cloths, soap, pencils, pins and needles, a few dolls, calendars, picture puzzles, pictures from magazines mounted on cardboard, pin and needle cases made from Christmas folders—the interior of the card taken out and a piece of colored flannel set in with pins and needles. As far as I can remember this is everything.

We also sent a Picnic Kit to Miss Priest at Whitby. This kit consisted of sets for four people—granite plates, cups, knives, forks and spoons, two sandwich boxes and two thermos bottles. This kit was in the form of a black leather-covered box with steel bound corners and leather handles, somewhat similar to a suitcase.

Now, I would like to tell you how we raised almost enough money to cover the expense of sending this box to India. We put everything on display in the Ladies' Parlors, arranging it so as to have every piece showing. It looked very much like a bazaar. The room adjoining we used as a tea-room, placing small tables here and there and served cake and coffee. This was only for one evening from seven o'clock until ten. At the entrance door we placed a table for silver collection. We, of course, had it announced from the pulpit the previous Sunday. Don't you think it a splendid idea?

The Mission Circle asked me to write and tell you all about our box, knowing that you would be interested in our work of the past season in order to get this box ready to reach India by Christmas. We had our last meeting of the Mission Circle for the summer in

the form of a tea on the lawn of the church and it was held last month. We are hoping to resume our meetings in September again.

We wish you every success.

The Young Women's Mission Circle of Murray St. Baptist Church, per

**Trucie Pearson,**

Corresponding Secretary.

### CENTURY, TORONTO

On the evening of May 6th the Women's Mission Circle at their regular monthly meeting entertained the Young Women's Circle at a supper. A very pleasant social hour was spent around the tables. Mrs. E. Senior gave a toast to the "daughters" which was replied to by Miss Wellington, the Young Women's Circle President. Miss Robertson then, on behalf of the Women's Circle, presented the Junior Circle with a beautiful set of dishes.

The meeting followed immediately after the supper hour. The president, Mrs. Mosey, presided. The program was provided by the Young Women's Circle.

Miss Wellington opened the meeting with prayer. Miss Naylor told the story of Ruth, after which we enjoyed a season of prayer in which a number took part.

Miss M. Richards then gave a very interesting paper on the Dilley Farm Mission and Miss Brown on the "Call of Our Own Land" at the close of which a number of the younger girls read short accounts of the founding and growth of some of our oldest Ontario Baptist Churches. The meeting closed with the singing of a hymn and prayer.

N. Arnott, Y.W.M.C. Sec.

### COURTING BY PROXY

**Alice B. Brethorst**

Miss Brethorst is Dean of the Woman's College of West China Union University, which is supported by interested bodies in England, the United States, and by the United Church of Canada.

\* \* \*

The second year of our co-educational  
(Continued on page 27)

## Canadian Girls in Training

### CAMP HYMN

God who touches earth with beauty  
Make me lovely too,  
With Thy spirit re-create me,  
Make my heart anew.

Like Thy springs and running waters  
Make me crystal pure,  
Like Thy rocks of towering grandeur  
Make me strong and sure.

Like the dancing waves in sunlight  
Make me glad and free,  
Like the straightness of the pine trees  
Let me upright be.

Like the arching of the heavens,  
Lift my thoughts above,  
Turn my dreams to noble actions  
Ministries of love.

God who touches earth with beauty,  
Make me lovely too,  
Keep me ever by Thy Spirit  
Clean and strong and true.

—Mary S. Edgar.

### THE FOOLISH FIVE

"There goes the last passenger. Now we can sing our heads off. Come on, Silly Six," and even as she spoke Nancy Furness bounced into the aisle of the swaying train, followed by five laughing old campers. The Silly Six had not been all together since the closing day of last year's camp, and now their tongues had been wagging for two hours as if to make up for lost time. But Nancy's eye had been upon some of the new campers farther down the car. They must feel decidedly out of things, with all this hubbub of reunion about them. Accordingly she seized the first opportunity to draw everyone together in the fellowship of singing.

The Silly Six made an impromptu choir, racing up and down the aisle, announcing songs and starting them with gusto. "Now for our own darling camp song," said Nancy at last, her face radiant at the thought of seeing Camp Kinchi so soon. They had just

taught the new campers the words when the trainman stuck his head in to shout, "Kinchi Siding", and so it happened that as the train slowed down, and they tumbled out on the platform, it was to the accompaniment of,

Carry me back to dear Camp Kinchi,  
Back to the camp by Atlantic's flowing  
tide,  
Back to the tents gleaming white in the  
sunlight

and then a shout of delight at sight of Great Chief Redwing and the other leaders waiting for them.

The tents of Camp Kinchi indeed gleamed white in the sunshine, against the dark, shadowy branches of the pine grove in which they stood. The Silly Six were very much excited as to which tent they would be in; at least five of them were. Nancy, their adored Nancy, was a little apart, talking to the Great Chief, while they darted from tent to tent in excitement. Then Great Chief came by, pencil and paper in hand, and checked them off. "You may stay here in number three if you like. Put a name up as soon as you can."

"Oh, yes, a name. What shall we call it?" and the five Silly Sixes promptly sat down on their dunnage bags to discuss this important question.

"But where's Nancy?" Gwen wondered after a minute. "We can't choose a name without her."

"I'll bet she's found a homesick new girl," suggested Ruth shrewdly.

"Just as if we weren't homesick too. I've been homesick for a year for all you fellows. Let's find Nancy." Pell-mell they rushed out and down tent row, calling for their Nancy.

"Hello! Here I am. What do you want?" came her voice at last, and the five Silly Sixes made a dive into the tent from which it issued. Then they stopped abruptly, their mouths and eyes wide open. There were five girls in the tent. Four of them were obviously new campers. One, a pale, wistful-looking little person, had traces of tears around her eyes. One, with a most aristocratic nose, had the air of gathering her

skirts about her as if to escape contamination. One, fat and contented, was already eating a chocolate bar. "Stodgy" was the word that occurred to Ruth's mind. The fourth was evidently Nancy's slave, for she sat close beside her, her eyes glued on the lovely, merry face. And Nancy—their Nancy—was calmly unpacking.

"Nancy Furness!" came a shocked chorus when they recovered sufficiently to speak. A tiny quiver of the eyelids, the suggestion of a dimple at her mouth, was Nancy's answer. Gwen leaned over and shook her. "Here we've been hunting all over creation for you. Come on home! We've got to get a name."

"She's going to tent with us," announced the fourth, who was evidently her slave, and the wistful little person in the far corner actually smiled, a triumphant if somewhat waxy little smile.

The five in the doorway looked at each other in dismay, looked at the odd assortment of new campers, looked at Nancy, calmly unpacking. Suddenly they turned and fled.

"What kind of a young avalanche do you think you are?" gasped Great Chief Redwing as they precipitated themselves upon her. She was not perhaps as unprepared for the assault as she pretended to be. There seemed to be a twinkle in the remote depths of those blue eyes of hers.

"It's Nancy," gasped Jean.

"I should say it's all of you except Nancy," Great Chief parried.

"But . . .," and so it was all poured forth, their utter inability to live without Nancy, the unthinkable of coming to camp to be separated this way, the hopelessness of the tent into which she had cruelly thrust their Nancy.

Did they just imagine it or did a tiny shadow of disappointment take the place of the twinkle in Great Chief's eyes? Anyway, when they paused for breath all she said was: "We have tried to arrange the tents wisely, girls. I think the arrangement must stand."

Ruth tried a final desperate appeal. "If we don't all live together we can't call ourselves the Silly Six any more."

Then the twinkle came back to Great Chief Redwing's eyes. "You can call your-

selves the Foolish Five," she said, and walked away.

Then the Foolish Five resorted to indirect methods. They came to dinner swathed in all the black middy ties they could beg, borrow or steal. They indulged in bitter sobbs whenever Great Chief drew near. They were decidedly "good sports" at heart, and so they were careful not to carry on when any of Nancy's new tentmates hove in sight, but in between times they had a perfect orgy of lamentations, and, of course, thoroughly enjoyed it. Yet underneath it was a serious intention to break Great Chief's decision if they possibly could. Accordingly, in the witching hour when the camp-fire had died low, and the stars were glowing all above them, and "Taps" had been sung, they lingered behind and surrounded Great Chief again, a subdued but unconquered army.

"We know why you did it, Great Chief," said Gwen, in her most appealing tone. "We know you were afraid that tent wouldn't mix up very well and if they could have Nancy everything'd be all right. But we don't think it's fair to Nancy. She's been looking forward all year to tenting with us. You know what Nancy's like. If you told her it was her duty to go there, why, of course, she'd go, because she's such a good sport, and she'd never grumble about it either. So we have to grouch for her. Honestly, Great Chief, it's partly for ourselves of course, but it's partly for Nancy we're coaxing."

Great Chief's eyes were far off on the pine grove where flashlights gleamed and a babble of voices ran high. Suddenly she lifted them to the starry sky. "Isn't Vega beautiful tonight?" she said. "And look, do you remember the Northern Cross last summer? Was ever anything lovelier! Girls, if one of those little flashlights over there had a chance to grow into a steady, luminous star, and I said, 'No, you must remain a flashlight. It's much jollier to be a flashlight,' would you think that was fair?"

"No," said Ruth, promptly, guessing dimly at her meaning.

(Continued on page 31)

## Our Mission Bands

### A PRAYER FOR MISSION BANDS

Contributed by a Band Leader

"Dear Father we thank Thee for Jesus Thy son,  
Who came down from Heaven to help us each one;  
We thank Thee for all the kind things Thou dost give,  
For food, for clothing and the homes where we live.  
We pray that all of Thy children so dear,  
May know Thee and love Thee wherever they are.  
May we all do our part the good news to send,  
And show by our gifts we love Jesus, our Friend,  
Be with us dear Father by night and by day  
For Jesus sake and in His Name we pray."

### "TIDINGS" TELLS US HOW SOME BANDS RAISE MONEY

1. **Missionary Concerts.**
2. **Free Will Offering**—thus training in giving which is really more important than the amount given.
3. **Mite Boxes.**—These boxes should be opened at least twice a year, and here is where your social committee counts.
4. **Birthday Boxes** (If you have none in the S. School). Each one who has a birthday during the month, puts in as many cents as they are years old.
5. **Talent Money.** A few cents given to each member to increase and tell how money was made.
6. Announce at one meeting that each is to earn ten cents before the next meeting and tell how it was earned.
7. **Sunshine Bags.**—Little yellow bags. Choose any month and for a day when the sun shines the least bit, put in a penny and when it shines a long time put in five cents.
8. Selling from house to house of home-made candy. Five cents worth put up in 1-4 lb paper bags. Any grocery man will furnish you with the bags.
9. Having a pantry sale on Saturday afternoon. Girls go around and solicit. Boys will gather things promised. Have it in some

central store, if there is counter space. Everyone is ready to help the boys and girls in any good move.

10. **Mission Band Sewing Circle.** This is carried on in two of our Bands. Have small sale and 15c. lunch.

11. A musical and measuring party another Band suggests.

The above are some of the ways in which you can meet your money objective.

Alice M. V. Brown,  
Lawrencetown, Annapolis, Co., N.S.  
—Tidings.

### UXBRIDGE MISSION BAND

Dear Readers,—I would like to tell you about our Mission Band which was organized June 1st, 1926. We call it the "Keep Sweet Mission Band. We have thirty members all live workers. On June 1st we held a very successful pencil shower and also exhibited the work done for the year. A number of picture cards, scrap books, containing Bible pictures, handkerchiefs, bags, pin cushions, and a quantity of pads for hospital use and small blankets and quilts were displayed. Mrs. Kitchen gave a very interesting address and a number of members of the band entertained with songs and readings. A collection was taken to pay expenses of sending the box. Refreshments were served and much enthusiasm was created for greater things to be accomplished for another year.

(Presidents) Mrs. J. Moore,  
Mrs. M. Rodman.

### TELL IT TO THE GENERATIONS FOLLOWING

#### Mission Band Lesson

Dear Mission Bands:

Boys and girls of Canada are working for boys and girls of India and they often ask me many questions. And, strange to say, the boys and girls of India often ask me questions about you. The money you give in your Band goes for the boys and girls in the different mission stations from Vizagapatam to Sompet. From Viyag, as we call it for short in India, down to Avanigadda in the

Kistna District, the boys and girls of Quebec, Ontario and the Western Provinces, send their money.

Have you a map of India? Of course, in your geographies. Find the Bay of Bengal. Perhaps some of you will go to India some day. Don't forget your bathing suits. The beaches there are fine, are sandy, and you can run races with the waves and ride the "white horses on the surf". Now find Madras and then Calcutta. Put your fingers on the map about half way between. Some of the places will be marked. You will be sure to find the Kistna River, and the Godavari and then up farther you will see some of the places where your money goes. Well, 4,160,000 Telugus are listening for the gospel there. You are doing your share for the Canadian Baptist Mission. There are 200,000,000 Telugus altogether but a fifth of them are our share—no, perhaps half a fifth. Can someone do that sum?

One old woman asked me once if there were any men in Canada. I believe that some Canadians think there are no boys in Canada, because so few boys want to go to Mission Band. Half the children are boys and half girls in India. Boys go to school and girls go to school. They have village schools, and caste girls' schools and boarding schools for Christian girls and boarding schools for Christian boys, and outcast schools and High Schools for boys and High Schools for girls. Then when they grow older, they have colleges, just as we have, to study medicine, engineering and to take a classical course. If you had to take an examination, and I should be your teacher, I could tell you so many wonderful things about India that it would be hard to remember them all.

Indian boys and girls have wonderful memories. They can learn whole chapters in their sacred books or in the Bible before they are six years old. Have you wonderful memories to remember something about village schools. The school house is usually a house with mud walls. It is covered with grass or with palm leaves, sometimes with straw. The teacher is nearly always a man. He wears a pink shirt and a blue puche (cloth like a skirt) and a turban. He takes off his sandals

when he goes in to the school house. He nearly always has to go and tell the boys and girls to go to school. The little houses are made of mud, too, and are near the school house, in a place as large as your barn yard. The little boys and girls often do not have any clothes on. Sometimes the boys have hair braided down their backs, but it is not very well combed. The older boys and girls have some clothes—a shirt or a skirt will do. The school is supposed to start at half past seven in the morning, but nobody has a watch or clock. They can only tell time by the roosters crowing at early morning, or by the sun in the daytime.

The first thing the teacher teaches the children a hymn. It would be of no use for me to describe how they sing. It's very harsh and the little boys do open their mouths and roll their eyes. But they learn long hymns without the books. Then they learn a Bible story. Then the classes go to work. All sit on the mud floor. The little ones trace the letters in ashes or in the sand. The older ones have books. Some of the schools are very noisy, for the children all study aloud. They have classes only up to grade four as a rule. If the teacher is very well educated according to their ideas, if he has passed the eighth grade, he may teach up to grade five. Some of the children take their baby brothers and sisters to look after them in school. Sometimes the parents call out for some one of the children to go off and do an errand. The teacher does not say anything. Even if a child comes to school two hours late, the teacher does not punish him. They learn about the same thing that you learn, only it is all in Telugu. Why, of course, even the babies talk Telugu. They cannot speak a word of English. But everyone understands them. They think it would be wonderful to grow up to be a teacher, for everyone goes to him to have letters read or written. Everyone salaams (salutes) to him. He sits down nearly all the time. Sometimes when the noise is too much, he calls out "Silence" in English. The children think that quite wonderful. Sometimes on Saturdays, the children clean the school house. They mix up cow manure with

water and smear it all on. They never need any fire for it is always warm in our mission stations. Often, when I go to visit their schools, the boys and girls ask me about our schools in Canada. They think it would be dreadful to have so far to go, and not to live close to someone else and have to carry in heavy loads of wood. And if I told them that you boys milk cows that give twelve or fifteen or even more quarts of milk a day they would not believe me. Their cows only give two or three quarts.

Of course there are many more things about village schools, but these are some. The men missionaries have charge of them, but the lady missionaries often visit them and examine the children for their Sunday School lessons.

Will you join the "Do-Somethings" Girls, make little bags with nice double strings to draw up to send boys and girls in one of the stations? Boys, gather up pretty post cards from your neighbors. Find in "Link" the name and station of one missionary and send her a parcel of these bags and cards. Next month, I will tell you something else to do.

Question box. What do boys and girls in India eat? Mostly boiled rice, with a nice red pepper gravy called curry with vegetables or meat fixed in it. Who wants to send a question for next month?

E. Bessie Lockhart.

—Adapted from Tidings.

### COUNTING BY PROXY

(Continued from page 22)

work in the university has come to a successful close, and we are very thankful. We have had no sickness; the eight girls of the class have completed their two years' work, and three of them will graduate from the Junior College next week. Two of the girls have accepted positions, one as a teacher in the Chungking Girls' School, and the other as student secretary in the Y.W.C.A.

When these eight registered in September 8, 1924, on the same terms as the men students, they became the first class of women ever to be admitted to a school of higher learning in all of West China with its popu-

lation of 75,000,000 people! Custom required that these girls be chaperoned wherever they went, to their classes, to the laboratory, to the library, when they went for walks or attended the religious services at the chapel. They are all fine Christian girls, and though their liberties had to be very much restricted they helped their dean in every way to make the first year of co-education a success.

We have accepted eight new students and many more are applying, but our dormitory will accommodate only seventeen, so you see we have very serious limitations.

The hardest thing I have to do is to court the girls by proxy. I never appreciated how difficult it must be for a man to ask the all-important question until these past two years. The men have made me feel deeply interested in their suits, and I have tried very hard to woo for them, sometimes lying awake a good share of the night trying to think out the best way to get a favorable answer from the girl desired. And when the girls say "No," I have been depressed for days! So far not one girl has become engaged.

I was very much pleased, however, with one of the girls whom a fine young man had asked, through me, to marry him. She said she had thought deeply on the whole question of marriage, and had decided she would remain single unless she met a man who could fulfil the conditions that she laid down. The first one was, that he must be a good Christian and of strong character and a good healthy body. Then, for the second one, she stipulated that his parents must be Christian too.

I interposed here, telling her that I thought the latter rather a difficult stipulation.

"I know Chinese society," she replied. "If his parents are not Christian, I shall have to worship his ancestral tablet when I go to his home. I have never worshipped anyone but God, and will not bow down to anyone but Him."

It is girls like this who will build up a new social order in this hoary old land, not only establishing model homes, but bringing men up to a much higher moral standard than they have ever known before.—Missionary Monthly.

## The Eastern Society

Miss M. E. Barker, 4136 Dorchester Street, Westmount, Que.

### CONVENTION NOTICE

The annual convention of the Women's Home and Foreign Missionary Societies of Eastern Ontario and Quebec will be held in McPhail Memorial Church, Ottawa, on Tuesday evening, October 11th, and on Wednesday and Thursday (Foreign Mission Day), October 12th and 13th, 1927.

The Ottawa Young Women will merge their Fall Rally with the Convention and at the Tuesday evening session Mrs. E. G. Blackadar, Superintendent of the Y. W. Circles, will report on the year's work and Miss Susie Hinman, who has recently returned from India will be the special speaker and will tell of her visit to the Holy Land.

This meeting will be preceded by a prayer service in which the members of the Home and Foreign Boards and delegates will unite in earnest intercession that the sessions of the Convention may be of great spiritual power and that all may receive "a new vision of His face, who is our very own Lord and Master."

### Delegates

As Ottawa is so easy of access, it is hoped that many delegates and visitors will come to the Convention from outside points by motor and thus add the enthusiasm and inspiration which numbers always bring.

The Constitution of the Society reads as follows: Each Circle is entitled to two delegates for a membership of twenty or less; for each additional twenty, one delegate. These delegates must be full members of the Society, that is, life members or contributors of at least one dollar a year. Each Band has the right to send one delegate over 15 years of age. All are invited to attend the meetings and to take part in discussions, but only delegates, life members, officers and members of the Board are entitled to vote.

### Billets

Delegates are requested to send their names to Mrs. Robt. McGregor, 435 McLaren Street, Ottawa, Convener of the Biletting Committee, not later than Oct. 1st.

### THE TREASURY

The Treasurer will close her books on September 25th. Treasurers of Circles, Y. W. Circles and Bands should close theirs by September 20th and send all money for Foreign Missions promptly to Miss Maude Clarke, 32 Windsor Ave., Westmount, P.Q.

### WOMEN!

### JUST LOOK AT THIS INTERESTING PROGRAMME

Annual Meeting of the W.B.F.M.S. of Eastern Ontario and Quebec, to be held in McPhail Memorial Church, Ottawa, Wednesday, October 13th, 1927.

KEYWORD—"Forward With Christ"

#### Morning Session

- 9.30—Hymn.  
Reading of Scripture and Prayer. Mrs. A. Penman, Buckingham.
- 9.40—Minutes of last annual meeting.  
Business—
- 9.50—Appointment of Committees.
- 9.55—Reports:—  
Recording Secretary—Mrs. L. Barnard.
- 10.05—Bureau of Literature—Mrs. N. J. Fitch.
- 10.10—White Cross Work—Mrs. C. K. James.
- 10.15—Bands—Mrs. J. H. Ramsay.
- 10.30—Conference on Band Work.
- 10.45—President's Message.
- 11.00—Report of Nominating Committee.
- 11.05—Election of Officers and members of Board.
- 11.30—Quiet Hour.—Miss K. Marsh, Quebec.  
Announcements.
- 12.15—Adjournment.

#### Afternoon Session

- 2.00—Devotional. Mrs. P. E. Roberts.
- 2.30—"Our Missionary Magazines".
- 2.40—Mission Study. Mrs. J. C. Stuart, Osgoode.
- 2.50—Report of Corresponding Secretary. Mrs. P. B. Motley.
- 3.15—Report of Treasurer. Miss M. Clarke.

## A Few Timely Facts and Figures Concerning Our Treasury

— In order to cover our yearly estimate of \$9646.00 by September 25, when our Convention year closes, the amount still needed is \$3782.00.

Treasurer's statement to August 1, is, in brief, as follows:

Objective for 1927 \$9646.00.

Receipts to August 1, \$5864.00.

Balance still needed \$3782.00.

Compared with same date last year (August 1) the shortage is greater by \$1200.00; but our budget is larger this year by \$500.00; due in part to the \$1100.00 needed for passage money.

The Exchange is another large item this year (\$600.00) which we hoped to cover by the 1% asked for from each Circle member, on the amount of this year's contribution; but so far the response has not been general. One of our Circles has contributed \$65.00; a few more such contributions would be greatly appreciated and the amount needed would soon be realized.

Would not an **extra effort now**, be worth while?

A number of Circles, Y. W. Circles and Bands (27 in all) have not been heard from this year. Treasurers, do not delay any longer—**please**.

By making the need known we feel assured that every Circle, every Y. W. Circle, every Band and all individual contributors will do everything possible to help gather in this large amount by September 25.

"The King's business requireth haste."

- 3.30—Report of Committee on the Budget.
- 3.40—"Systematic Giving". Mrs. A. E. Paterson.
- 4.10—Address, "India", Miss Susie Hinman. Offering.
- 4.40—Illustrated Hymn, "Jesus! the Children are Calling."
- 4.50—Memorial Roll—Mrs. G. P. Watt.
- 5.00—Adjournment.

### Evening Session

#### Farewell to Miss Murray and Miss Priest

- 8.00—Hymn. Scripture. Prayer.  
Report of Committee on Resolutions.  
Illustrated Hymn, "Tidings."
- 8.30—Address, Miss A. C. Murray, India.  
Offering.
- 9.00—Address. Miss Ellen Priest, India.

### Benediction

Note—This programme is only tentative

and may be changed before final printing.

Officers of Board retiring—President, Mrs. H. H. Ayer; First Vice-President, Mrs. C. G. Smith; Second Vice-President, Mrs. W. G. Rickert; Recording Secretary, Mrs. L. Barnard.

Members of Board retiring—Mesdames Masse (Grande Ligne), Paterson, Raynor, Reynolds, (Brockville), E. Walford, Strange (St. Lambert).

### OTTAWA ASSOCIATION

The 39th annual meeting of Circles and Bands of Ottawa Association was held at the Church at Kenmore. Some of the outstanding features of that day were the inspiring reports of the work accomplished during the year, and a helpful paper on "The Challenge of Our Bands" by Mrs. C. Mann, Ottawa.

Mrs. A. E. Patterson, representing the Foreign Board gave the women a heart to heart talk. She urged the women to more systematic giving, because it was the Lord's way. Rev. T. E. Wintemute, a returned missionary from LaPaz, Bolivia, gave a fine address in the evening on the work among the women of Bolivia.

Election of officers resulted as follows: Directress, Mrs. E. Richards, Westboro; First Vice-President, Miss Clare Thomson, Thurso, Quebec; Second Vice-President, Mrs. George Grattan, Ottawa; Corresponding Secretary, Miss F. Tighe, Ottawa; Recording Secretary, and Treasurer, Mrs. J. C. Stuart, Osgoode, Ontario. Both afternoon and evening meetings were well attended and full of fellowship and His power.

The report showed that the Circles had given the Home and Foreign Missions \$5361.16; Bands had raised in all \$752.84; while the total Circles and Bands amounted to \$6114.10.

The Directress, Mrs. E. Richards, very ably presided at both sessions.

(Mrs. J. C.) F. Stuart.

#### "TEMPLE" MONTREAL

Dear Editor—We have been interested in reading letters from other Circles in the "Link" and thought perhaps someone might be glad to hear from the Temple Women's Circle, Montreal.

We have 44 members on our roll, with an average attendance of 25.

We meet the first Monday in each month. Our meetings are bright and interesting, usually taken by three of the members each month; one in taking the chair; another reading the Scripture, and the other giving the paper or a talk.

We are very fortunate in having a very able President in Mrs. C. S. Smith, whose knowledge of missionary work is a great help and inspiration to our Circle.

We have pledged and paid in \$187 to the Parson Memorial Fund, and have also made an autograph quilt for India.

The members have now taken "Sunshine

Bags" (one cent-per day for sunshine) and hope to raise some money in that way.

We also have a "Birthday Box" which, when opened will also help to swell our funds.

We have given three life memberships this year already, and we are hoping to reach our objective, \$400, and so make a "Banner Year" for us.

We held our closing meeting on June 6th, until the fall, when we had a splendid meeting with 31 present.

Mrs. Smith gave a very interesting talk on the life of "Ramabai" and Indian woman, which was very interesting and thoroughly enjoyed by all.

We hope and pray that this may be a real successful year in every way.

Agnes L. Hogg, Secretary.

Note—The following extract from the Madras Mail will be interesting to the many Link readers who saw and heard Dr. Joshee when he was in Canada.—Editor.

#### A RAMACHANDRAPURAM PRESENTATION

A very pleasant function took place on May 14th in the Leper Home Compound, Ramachandrapuram, it being the Silver Jubilee of Dr. Joshee's work for the Lepers. Hindu friends and Christians from far and near came to offer their congratulations to Dr. and Mrs. Joshee on the completion of 20 years' service. Silver trophies were presented, a portrait unveiled, and many appreciative addresses were given in prose and verse by the lepers and others. Hindu friends had provided a morning feast of rice and curries and graft mangoes to all the lepers and their children. The chapel and roads were decorated with palms and suitable mottoes, and many letters and telegrams of good wishes were received from missionaries and other friends. The meeting was presided over by Miss McLaurin, of Cocanada, and visiting friends partook of the hospitality provided at "Woodside" in the evening.—From "Madras Mail".

# Canadian Missionary Link

Editor—Mrs. Thos. Trotter, 95 St. George Street, Toronto 5, Ontario. All matter for publication should be sent to the Editor.

Subscription Department—"Canadian Missionary Link," 118 Gothic Ave., Toronto 9, Ontario. Subscriptions, renewals, changes of address, and all money for the "Link" should be sent to this address. Subscriptions 50 cents a year, payable in advance.

Money for Literature Department of the Women's Foreign Mission Board should be sent to the Link but to the Women's F. M. Board, 21 Charles St. West, Toronto. Telephone, Kingsdale 4549.

Cheques should not be sent to either the Link or the Literature Department from places outside of Toronto. Money orders are preferred.

## Addresses of Board Officers :

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er, Miss M. E. Barker, 4184 Dorchester St., Westmount,

Que.; Secretary for Young Women's Circles, Mrs. E.

G. Blackadar, Howick Street, Rockcliff Park, Ottawa,

Ont.

## THE FOOLISH FIVE

(Continued from page 24)

"Well, then, would it have been fair for me to say, 'No' when Nancy begged to live in tent number eight?"

"Nancy begged! Did Nancy want to go . . . ?" Jean was still uncomprehending.

It was Phyllis who rallied first. "Let's go and find Nance," she said, softly, with a wee catch in her voice. "Me, I feel about the size of a firefly, let alone a flashlight, but Nancy, she's a star!"

—The Girls' Own Number of "The Torch."

At the heart of the cyclone, tearing the sky,  
And flinging the clouds and the towers by,

Is a place of central calm:  
So here in the road of mortal things  
I have a place where the spirit sings  
In the hollow of God's palm.

—Edwin Markham.

## FORGET THEM NOT!

Forget them not, O Christ, who stand,  
Thy vanguard in the distant land.  
In flood, in flame, in dark, in dread,  
Sustain, we pray, each lifted head.  
Exalt them over every fear,  
In peril come thyself more near.  
Thine is the work they strive to do;  
Be with thine own, thy loved, who stand,  
Christ's vanguard, in the storm swept land;  
Their foes so many, they so few.

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