

Canadian Missionary Link

XLV

WHITBY, OCTOBER, 1922

No. 2

A Cause for Thanksgiving, also for Earnest Effort

First. The July appeal has met with general response from Circles all through our constituency. For this we must be filled with gratitude.

Second. If everybody does her part, that is, if each giver is generous, if each collector is faithful, and each treasurer sees that all the money available is in the hands of the Treasurer before the fifteenth, there is reasonable hope that we shall come up to Convention with a balance for advance work.

Published Monthly by
The Women's Baptist Foreign Mission Board
of Western Ontario

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Unknown Soldiers

"The growing good of the world is partly dependent on unhistoric acts; and that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life, and rest in unvisited tombs." Yes, and these words of George Eliot apply with striking significance along the whole gamut of life's activities. All the finer forces of the world are firmly fixed upon the lives of those righteous but "unknown soldiers," some of whom are to be found in every community. They live faithfully and die humbly. After a few brief visits by those who held them dear their tombs are forgotten; but their influence remains as a part of that permanent goodness which alone exalteth a nation.

"Who is he that cometh" with his coffin draped in a padre's flag, attended with universal signs of honor, amid countless throngs and eloquent silence to be laid in Westminster Abbey among the nation's illustrious dead? Nobody knows? Haig we have heard of and with Foch we are familiar; but this man is unknown—"unknown," and yet well known, for he is the representative of that great throng through whose selfless serving and deathless dying the world once more hath peace. By the price they paid who sleep on Flander's fields, by the vigils of anxious mothers, by the heroic suffering of lonely fathers, by unhistoric folks the war was carried on and their unrecorded heroism is the larger half of history.

Among the Apostolic company are Peter and Paul but in addition there are

the seventy whom Jesus sent forth as unknown warriors. Among the women who ministered unto Him were Martha and Mary; but in addition there were "many others" who gave their substance, their sympathy and their service to the Son of man. Among the mothers of men are Elizabeth and Susan Wesley; but in addition there are the millions of mothers, in history unrecorded and to the world unknown, whose righteous influence is the great upward force in the world of today. In the eleventh of Hebrews there is an Abraham and Moses; but in addition there is that great group who "were tortured not accepting deliverance." Among the Angels are Michael and Gabriel; but in addition there is "the angel that came and ministered unto Him, whose name—like that of all the rest—is unknown to us. Among the missionaries are William Carey and Adoniram Judson; but in addition there are one hundred and six Canadian Baptist missionaries who, in India, are carrying on, what Dr. Mott called, "one of the best managed missions in existence." Among India's great Christians is Sadhu Sundar Singh, whose name shines like a sky-sign amid the night of Hinduism; but in addition there is that countless host of men and women—Preachers, Teacher-Evangelists, Biblewomen, Nurses and Christian Laymen whose names are undisclosed but whose faithful ministries are the high hope of India's salvation.

Bassavana's father was a Hindu priest and Bassavana knows the detail of Hinduism better than most Hindus themselves. He bears in his body the marks of

the Lord Jesus, for he was stoned out of a village where he was preaching the gospel before his baptism. Baasavana has other marks too for he is a preacher of unusual eloquence and power. We have seen him stand for an hour before an audience of high caste Hindus and hold them in rapt attention as he gave them the life of Christ in outline. No finer testimony is needed to the power of these men to preach the gospel than to see such an audience as they listen spell-bound, while Baasavana tells them of the death of Christ.

Anniah belonged to a caste which was, next to the Brahmins, the highest in India. In the scale of twenty-three hundred main divisions of caste, his was next to the top. After his conversion he wanted to go to his own village to preach. As a Christian, of course he had "broken caste" and, was therefore, ceremonially unclean. His father on this account refused him permission to build a house upon a vacant lot belonging to the family and in a good situation. As a last resort he moved into a dilapidated room without either door or window. Soon after while Anniah was away preaching the Hindus pulled the roof off this room leaving his wife and children without a shelter. This man who a few months before had belonged to one of the proudest castes in the country now moved his family to the edge of the village, near the outcaste section where he built a one-roomed home. For Christ's sake and His gospel, this preacher and his family became as the off-scouring and scum of the earth and did it cheerfully. For years he preached Christ and lived Him in this and surrounding villages. When we proposed that he should move, not less than fifty high caste men of his own village signed a petition asking us to leave him with them.

In an outlying village, some thirty

miles from the Mission station at Akidu live two aged widows. Their earnings in the fields—when there was work—was four cents a day. One Saturday before the monthly meeting they walked into the station to attend the meeting on Sunday. When the collection was being taken at the call of the register, one of the widows walked up and laid down two and a half rupees, about 82c; the other one followed with one and a half rupees, about 50c. Mr. Chute who relates the above incident says: "We felt very much as though if Jesus had been present He would once more have commended these widows because they gave such a large proportion of their living."

These are but illustrations, and in addition to them, there are some fourteen thousand Indian Christians, most of whom belong to the far-fung fellowship of Unknown Soldiers who daily preached Christ and Him crucified in our share of India. Their wage is small but their service is large. Their names are not written on any earthly roll of honor but they are written high in the Lamb's Book of Life. Their deeds are little heralded and their name is unsung in earthly courts but they are well known in the city of our God. They follow, not without danger to themselves, their Saviour Who fought with and overcame him that had the power of death—therefore we loved them the more.

M. L. Orchard.

TREASURER'S NOTICE

As my books close promptly on October 15th, will all treasurers of Circles and Bands please note this carefully and mail their remittances to reach Toronto on or before October 15th.

M. C. Campbell, Treasurer.

Address: Mrs. Glenn Campbell,
118 Balmoral Ave.

Women's Foreign Mission Board

CONVENTION PROGRAMME.

Peterboro, Murray Street,

Tuesday, 7th November, 1922.

- 2 p.m.—Conference.
Directors—Mrs. D. Jones.
Bands—Mrs. Mills.
8 p.m.—Prayer Meeting of Home and Foreign Boards, led by Miss K. McLaurin.

Wednesday, 8th November

- President—Mrs. A. Matthews.
Secretary—Mrs. F. H. Bigwood.
Reporters—Mrs. M. L. Gregg (Link);
Mrs. Marshall (Press); Miss G. Matthews, (Canadian Baptist, Year Book).
Transportation—Mrs. C. Senior.

Morning Session.

Mark 6:30—The Apostles gathered themselves together unto Jesus and told Him all things.

9.30—Hymn No. 549.

Reading of Scripture—Mrs. Urquhart.

Prayer—Mrs. J. MacNeill.
Address of welcome.

9.45—Annual Reports.

Recording Secretary's Report,
Mrs. Bigwood.

9.55—Treasurer's Report, Mrs. Campbell.

10.05—Publication Report, Mrs. Zavitz.
Bureau of Literature Report, Mrs. Zavitz.

10.15—Link Report, Mrs. Doherty, Mrs. Pettit.

Mission Homes and Muskoka Bungalow, Mrs. Chas. Senior.

10.25—Hymn No. 4.

Associational Reports by Directors;
Sec'y. Directors, Mrs. Lloyd.

11.25—Hymn No. 395.

President's Message.

11.45—Election of Officers.
Adjournment.

Board Members retiring but eligible for re-election are:

Mrs. J. MacNeill, Miss Martha Rogers, Mrs. C. W. Dargate, Mrs. H. Stark, Mrs. Wm. Davies, Sr., Miss G. Dayfoot, Miss Mary Bathgate, Mrs. J. H. Rinch.

Afternoon Session:

James 4:8—Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you.

2.00—Hymn No. 154.

Scripture and Prayer Circle—Mrs. Cale.

2.20—Minutes of Morning Session—Mrs. Bigwood.

2.25—Corresponding Secretary's Report—Mrs. H. E. Stillwell.

2.50—Hymn and Offering.

Address—Miss Lucy Jones.

3.30—Hymn No. 402.

Address.

4.10—"Christian Education"—Representative of the Board of Management of Wallingford Hall.

Hymn No. 551.

Prayer.

Evening Session.

7.30—Hymn—McMaster Hymn No. 804.
Prayer—Pastor of Entertaining Church.

8.00—Address—Miss J. F. Robinson.
Hymn and Collection.

8.30—Young Women's Work.

9.10—Address—"Bolivia," Mr. Stillwell.
Hymn and Prayer.

This programme is subject to change.

FROM THE FURLOUGH COMMITTEE

Miss Dayfoot requests the Circles not to ask for either Miss Robinson or Miss Jones to speak.

Miss Robinson will not be able to do deputation work for some time—Miss Jones already has arrangements for all that her health will permit.

Is Foreign Mission Work Worth While ?

TESTIMONIES FROM HERE AND THERE

THE FOREIGN MISSIONARY.

The Christian Missionary is a human phenomenon without a parallel in history. A certain measure of half-pitying contempt commonly gathers about him. He carries the scantiest equipment; he carries no arms; he is clad with no civil authority; he has very little money; he is usually alone. He has only a message and a motive. The message is the story of Christ, and the motive is the love of Christ. And, somehow, he succeeds everywhere! He works a miracle which all the resources of science, and literature, and civilization without him could not do. A pagan race, it is true, can learn the mechanical arts and borrow the dreadful weapons of civilization. Japan has done this, and has shifted the very centre of political gravity for the whole world as a result. But to create a new moral character in people foul with the vices of heathenism, this is a miracle beyond the wit of man to accomplish. But the missionary does it! He lands on some lonely and savage isle, and, under black skins, in dull brains, in human souls made fierce with whole centuries of savage ancestry and habits, he yet creates a new character. By some strange magic he reproduces, on such strange soil, the best morality civilized lands know. In races that yesterday were heathen and savage, he somehow develops many of the qualities of saints, and, not seldom, something of the temper of martyrs. What may be called the secondary results of the missionary's work are, in their kind, marvellous. He civilizes, though civilisation is not his immediate aim. For a barbarous race with a rude and scanty vocabulary, he creates a written language. He gives them a literature and the faculty for enjoying it. He raises womanhood; he creates homes; he draws a whole race

to higher levels of life. He does this under all skies and on all shores. Now, on any reading of the story, this is a social miracle.—W. H. Fitchett in *The Missionary*.

A PRESENT DAY TRAGEDY.

(By the Rev. A. C. Clayton, of Karur, South India)

God made her beautiful and meant her to be good. Her tribe marred the fairness of her soul and trafficked in the beauty of her body.

She was a pupil in one of my far-away schools; one of the most winsome, one of the brightest. Her attendance was most regular. Her lessons were always well learned. In other houses all sorts of things happened to keep girls away from school—there were babies to nurse, or little errands to be done, or duties in the cooking-room; and if small maidens felt that school was not attractive no one cared to send them. But Tangal, our 'Little sister,' could always come. She must learn to read, and to read cleverly. She must master arithmetic. She must recite long stanzas of Tamil verse, beautiful poems in praise of virtue. The more she knew the higher the price to be paid for her.

Last month—for this is a present-day tragedy; going on now) — she came to school less often. She might come to the Scripture lessons if she liked. They would do her no harm, and the missionary might give her a prize, said her people; but they made her spend most of her time learning songs of the sweetest from the lips of a cunning-tongued song-maker, sung to quaint, plaintive, beautiful tunes; songs that are not soon forgotten, and tunes that stay in the memory.

Pleasant lessons these! Pleasant? The most wicked words and thoughts of

the foulest sensuality fill those songs. The longings of unbridled passion, the transports of unhindered lust are told in them; told so that the soul of hearer and singer are crowded with evil imaginings. Just when that girl's life is opening into womanhood her mind is being soiled and debased, and made ready for iniquity.

Other girls around her will become wives. No such honorable estate will be hers. The people of her own household are deliberately making her wise in villainous unpeppable, in clean English words, so that she may please and amuse and satisfy the depravity of some rich libertine. All the lithe grace of her person, all her quick wit, every charm is being made fit for sale. She will be sold, if she is not already sold, for lands, or houses, or rupees, and while she can keep her owner's favor she will be cared for. Afterwards poverty will come with the weary days of old age, unless in her turn she can get and train and sell girls for the life that has been hers.

This is no fancy picture. It is true, absolutely true, and true not only of one little girl but of thousands; true not only of to-day but of many centuries. When you pray that India may be made Christian, may your prayer be more urgent for the thought that when India is Christian this ancient, deliberate and notorious traffic will cease.—"The Foreign Field."

A HEROINE.

One day, outside an Indian city, I passed two shapely and beautiful English women. They came well mounted, trotting gaily and gallantly, one on either side of the road, bearing themselves on horseback as only Englishwomen can. That was one great type of the English-woman the native sees. May I tell you

of another? It is not a tale told by a missionary; it was a tale told by a civilian to me. We were walking in his garden just as the sun was westerning, and he broke out in the way of an enthusiastic Scotsman. After having relieved his soul in criticism of what he thought defects in missionary work, he broke out in praise of the woman as missionary, and then he told a tale, how, in a district where he was commissioner in the famine, there had been in one of the cities or towns somewhat of an outbreak. There was no white man in residence. Into the mission school, where sat the only white face, a missionary woman among her scholars, there suddenly broke the Tasildar, the native head of the town, saying: "Oh, Mem Sahib, there is a mutiny." "That is not my function; it is yours; I am a woman, you are a man." "Ah, but you are the only white face in the district. Come, they will hear you. Send them to their homes." So she arose, she marshalled her scholars behind her, she marched out, she ordered the men to disperse. They fell right and left, she marched through with her scholars behind, the Tasildar humbly bringing up the rear. Nor was that all. She had to go on leave, and a younger woman took her place. Then the famine came, and all that she could personally raise she carefully distributed. Then came word of the Mansion House Fund. How was it to be distributed? A meeting was called, the commissioner presiding. Up stood a venerable Hindu, the chief man of the town, and said: "If this money is to find its destiny, and none of it is to stick to anybody's hand that does not need it, you must place it in the hand of the Mem Sahib at the school." "Ah," said my friend, "we cannot do that, she is of a mission." "She may be of the mission, but she is the one person who will see every anna properly distributed, fulfilling its end." Then—for he

was supported by the chief of Mussulman—it was determined to entrust the distribution to the Mem Sahib; there that young girl did a work that no man could be found to do, and did it so well as to fill all hearts with admiration. As the summer went on she grew pale-faced, and they proposed to send her to the hills. To the hills she long refused to go, but by and by she consented. Just the day before she was to go cholera came. Then she met my friend with a face radiant with smiles, and said: "Now I cannot go; now I must stay," and through it she stayed; and through it she lived; and when one came to compliment her who remarked on the folly of trying to change the Hindu, she met him in the noblest way by saying: "Why, what would you consider the man doing who came and asked you in your own office as to the folly of your own work?"

There is a type of the woman in Indian missions, living to help, living to heal, living to educate the child, and, above all, living to give to the Indian wife, and the Indian mother an ideal of womanhood as the promise of remaking India, and she will always be beloved and remembered after the exquisite horsemanship of many a rare and graceful rider has perished and been forgotten."—Sel.

INVEST IN SOULS.

"A man should be more precious than gold." Hear that, O long-suffering and patient missionary, your stock will be at par. The poor souls which you dig out from the dark caverns of heathenism will be worth millions of such "corruptible things as silver and gold." Did the mother of the Gracchi present her own children to those who inquired concerning her treasures, saying, "These are my jewels?" How much more will the missionary exult in his spiritual children in

that day when the Lord shall "make up His jewels," presenting them before the Redeemer and before the angels, saying: "These are my riches!"

"Where can I invest most safely and profitably?" is the question constantly asked on 'Change. Invest in souls; seriously, deliberately, solemnly, we urge you to invest in souls. There is no insurance on gold and silver that will protect them against the fires of the last day. But saved and glorified souls—these are "the gold tried in the fire," out of which your crown of rejoicing shall be wrought. Get money, you may or may not, O Christian. But as you care aught for the rewards of heaven, fail not of getting souls. Get them at your own door; get them from the ends of the earth; but fail not to get them.—Missionary Review.

Missionary enterprises have always been full of divine interpositions, special guidances of the Holy Spirit, for which the Book of Acts gives us the pattern. With the moderate forces in the field, and the imperfect support given them, such wonders have been wrought that the best defence of missions is their history. It would be difficult for an honest skeptic to read the simple story of the lives of a score of our Christian heroes in far-off lands and not fall down to worship the living Christ, who has been faithful to his parting promise: "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." No note of failure reaches us from the hardest fields, since God Almighty has set his seal royal upon what has been done already; and the burden is rolled back upon the churches at home of showing cause why they should falter at this crisis in the moral history of the world.—Rev. E. N. Packard, D.D., in "The Helping Hand."

TRANSPORTATION NOTICE

Reduced rates are as follows: If 150 persons attending Convention purchase first-class full fare one-way tickets and secure standard certificate forms, they will return for one-half fare plus 25 cents. If less than 150 certificates are handed in, return fare will be four-fifths fare plus 25 cents.

The number of certificates required is large so it is earnestly requested that all delegates (where at all possible) secure certificates so that the required number will be reached, as it means much to those coming longer distances.

It may be that your certificate will be the one needed to reach the mark.

Going tickets and certificates will be issued Nov. 3rd. to Nov. 9th, inclusive, and properly validated certificates will be honored for tickets for the return journey up to and including Nov. 14th.

Delegates please hand in certificates immediately after registering at the convention.

Lillie Senior.

CONVENTION BILLETS

The names of delegates desiring billets should be sent as early as possible to Mrs. W. D. Scott, 413 Stewart St., Peterboro.

TIME-TABLE CHANGES

Time-tables of trains, and sailing-lists of steamers have a way of being issued "subject to change." It would have been a wise precaution to have appended this phrase to the list of the dates of sailings of the missionaries this year, as given in the September "Link," for already has there been a change made in it.

The boat on which Miss Pearl Scott was to have sailed the 1st of November has been cancelled, and as the next one on that line will not be leaving until December or January, it has been necessary for her, as well as Dr. and Mrs. Stillwell, to take passage on the steamer sailing October 10th. Rev. and Mrs. S. C. Freeman, of Nova Scotia, who have spent two years in Parakimedi, will, with their three children, be members of this same party.

And on the 2nd of November, Rev. and Mrs. Dr. J. E. Chute, who have spent three terms in the work at Akidu, will return, sailing from Vancouver.

Miss Evelyn Slack, of Windsor, N.S., who has recently been appointed to the work in Bolivia, will sail on S.S. Essequibo, November 4th, from New York. She has latterly been working in connection with the Memorial Institute, Toronto.

Let us not forget all these friends in our prayers as they set forth upon their long journey. And especially let us remember Mr. and Mrs. Freeman, in whose home circle has come the first break, as they leave their oldest daughter of fourteen behind; and Mr. and Mrs. Chute, who are leaving for the first time their two younger boys of 13 and 15, as well as the older son and daughter who have already known the sorrow of parting.

BIRTHS

Jury—At Rangoon, Burma, on July 10, to Dr. and Mrs. Gordon Jury, (Elsie McLaurin), a daughter.

Buck—At Oruro, Bolivia, on Saturday, June 3rd, a daughter (Dorothy Anna), to Rev. and Mrs. P. G. Buck.

Smith—At 103 Ellsworth Avenue, Toronto, on July 10th, to Rev. and Mrs. H. Dixon Smith, a daughter.

Our Work Abroad

This month our "Link" will connect us, here at home, with the work in our three most southerly Stations in India, and with those who are caring for that work for us who must stay at home. These three Stations are Akidu, Avanigadda, and Vuyyuru,—not a bad idea to look them up on the map, is it?

It is so natural, when thinking of and praying for our Missionaries, to visualize them either visiting the Caste women in their homes, or preaching to crowds at some street-corner, or looking after schools, that oftentimes another phase of their work does not gain as much of our interest and of our prayers as it should. Miss Selman, writing from Akidu, gives us a glimpse of this side of her work.

"The aim of all of our Mission work is to build up a witnessing church that will carry on, winning India's millions to the feet of their true King, Christ Jesus. We must, therefore, forgive and reclaim the erring, encourage the timid, commend the strong, teach the ignorant, discipline the wayward—and indeed be a mother to all. Hundreds of women come into our churches each year; many of them have all their lives been, not only idolators, but accustomed to all kinds of evil and ignorant customs. It is line upon line, precept upon precept. The women's Helpmeet Society has really done very good work. The books show receipts of over two hundred rupees!"

It is always interesting to hear of numbers of Indian women who are interested in the Gospel message, but when we hear of some one individual, when we are told her name or something of the difficulties against which she must struggle, if she would walk in this new Way,—then our hearts are more deeply stirred, and we take her name and her circumstances to the Lord whom she is learning to love. It is this "personal

touch" which will appeal to you as you read the paragraphs taken from a report from Mrs. Cross who is carrying on Miss McLaughlin's work in Avanigadda.

"We call many of these women "secret believers," and they are! But when a little woman walks into the Christian chapel unobserved by the Missionary, and sits behind her chair until the service is ended,—then stands and says before all present 'I was afraid you would go and I would not see you. I wanted to tell you that I still love Jesus and try to please Him',—it seems that she has gone a long way along the second mile. We are glad to have met Gangamma of Avanigadda only last week. She was not permitted to see us all year, but recently her husband has become friendly with Mr. Cross, which probably accounts for the change. Her children come to visit us and she enjoys reading the papers and books we send her. Pray for Kameshveramma, whose husband died last June and who is bowed in grief. She is a Brahmin widow now, but the seed has been sown in her heart. She looks for our coming. She said 'You know how to comfort and sympathize.' Her small son came to church a week ago and sat near me during the service. Her daughter reads the papers we send."

In Vuyyuru, while Dr. Hulet was on furlough, Dr. Jessie Findlay had charge of the Hospital, and a busy year she had. Here is a quotation from her report.

"We do have conversions in our hospital work,—many of them, thank God. How could it be otherwise when God's love is shown in such a practical way? Kantaratnamma is the wife of a wealthy man and the daughter of a wealthier, but money did not spell happiness in her case, as she was far from well, and she has no children. She stayed with us for two months that her body might be cur-

ed, but little did she dream that we would turn her attention to her soul. Before she went home we found that she had learned the essential facts of Christ's life and death, and she had sung a half a dozen hymns, and we trust that these words which have found their way into her heart will find their way into the hearts of many another. She is only one of many such. It is the daily contact with Christian nurses and Bible women that wins these dear girls. Another remarkable visitor we had was an eight months lassie. Her mother and sister were sick in the hospital with typhoid, and though there were five Brahmin widows to look after them all, they couldn't get the baby to take her food properly and she cried day and night. So they handed her over to us and she lived in our home for about a week, until the trouble was righted. She came wearing a coarse homespun shirt, for her father was a staunch follower of Ghandi, and has even suffered imprisonment for disloyalty. Yet when he saw his baby dressed in one of those little white shirts that came from Canada, he wanted to buy the 'cursed foreign cloth.' We very much appreciate foreign cloth, and our heartiest thanks go to those who have co-operated in this work by making and sending the ten dozen shirts, twelve dozen blankets, two dozen dolls, a half dozen quilts, and dressings, covers and picture books galore."

Is it not a satisfaction to have a share in this work? And again and again, in their letters, our missionaries ask "Pray for us."

B. C. S.

RAMACHANDRAPURAM.

This of mine has wandered away from me "....." "Rejoice for the Lord brings back His own." Two striking examples of the above

show how the Lord is still looking for His straying sheep.

One has been referred to elsewhere where a Brahmin woman converted many years ago in Nellore, had gone through untold trials, had lost her husband, had wandered here and there but was found of the Lord again in Yellamanchili. She is now the Master's devoted humble follower caring for the children of the Phillips' Home, ministering to their wants both bodily and spiritually. We feel that she is a real treasure.

Just recently we find another example and are rejoicing "for the Lord brings back His own." Some ten years ago a Kamma girl Subbamma finished her studies in our village school, that school that was somewhat of a marvel, for there were some 80 or 90 caste boys and girls attending it.

She had learned so much Scripture and was so fond of Scripture hymns and verses that when she became a widow I had cherished great hopes of her, and when at home on furlough in 1911 had written a little sketch of her life, and intimated that possibly she might come out as a Christian, and be a witness to Christ.

What was my chagrin and sorrow to see when I returned that Subbamma had become utterly indifferent to the word! She didn't care in the least to listen when we visited her, and she would never read a line nor sing as she used to do. Her widowhood had oppressed her, poor child! Many, many prayers were offered up for her, and our Bible Woman, Martha, in that village used to pray for her and endeavor to persuade her, but for years she remained just that way. Now, what a change! Really, the light in her beautiful eyes seems abundant proof that the Lord has found His straying lamb. And there she is, reading and learning and singing with such joy, and she and her dear old grand-

mother, for long, I think a believer, are hoping to be baptized. Do pray for them both that we may all rejoice together.

S. I. Hatch.

THE HISTORY OF THE CHOULTRY AT VUYURU.

By Dr. Hulet.

One Sunday afternoon while I was trying to get some rest after a hard morning's work, I was disturbed by the persistent tread of footsteps back and forth on the front verandah, and an occasional opening of the bars and shutters to the different windows and doors. I determined to pay no attention, hoping that the intruders would get tired and go away. But no,—back and forth, adding a most significant cough, which is the Indian way of demanding attention. I tried to make myself believe the call was not one to be heeded, but all sorts of extremities provokingly suggested themselves, and knowing that I could not get rest in that uncertainty, I got up, not willingly or graciously, I assure you. I was ready to blame if the case was not urgent, and holding myself in, I enquired of the man what his business was. He was so deliberate in his reply that I was on the point of going inside and closing the door between us. It was either a demand so large, or so small, that he was ashamed to ask, and somehow I felt that it was not a case of sickness. After the usual, but most tantalizing delay, he almost took me off my feet by calmly announcing that his employer had sent him to tell me that he was going to build a choultry for our hospital. HIS EMPLOYER? Who was he? How did he know about our need, and so on were my excited questions. And I learned that the benefactor was a Mr. Venkata Ramayya, a Brahmin, who was once a resident in the district, now a lawyer in

Madras; but he had learned through some patients how badly such accommodation was needed; that he was getting up in years; that he was very desirous to do this meritorious deed, before he had to leave this life. I was not going to question the man's purpose; it was enough that his heart was thus kindly disposed. I learned that I had only to write that we would accept the offer, and that we would at once get instructions.

You may be sure that I was eager for this man to go that I might lose no time in writing to this new found philanthropist. There was no delay in getting a reply. But imagine my dismay, when try as hard as I could, there was not a mite of land to be procured. The low land lying next the hospital quarters was under litigation, and was likely to be for some years, as cases of that kind usually are in India. This was in 1916. Now my anxiety was that if the land could not be secured speedily the man would be afraid to wait, and would turn to some other place. A long two years followed of efforts and prayers and disappointments, as it seemed then, but which now we see was God's better plan. The man was getting impatient—when lo—the case of the land under litigation was settled, and in favour of a man friendly to us,—friendly, but penniless. He was desperate, and so were we. It finally ended by us giving him \$300 for two-thirds of an acre of land so low that with every heavy rain it would be like a huge pond. Through Mr. Menson's efforts while chairman of the village council, a drain was put in so as to let off the water into the canal below the sluice. We at once sent word that we had some land. The old man was cautious, and was kept well informed. The land was not suitable!

In despair of ever getting the choultry we turned our attention to the possibility

of extending our small hospital quarters, for during three months of rainy weather patients were lying about on verandahs, under conditions that nearly drove us crazy. But the Conference Committee decided that the spot was unsuitable, that the growing work demanded a larger and better site, but gave us a ray of hope by putting upon Mr. Gordon the task of securing land. In a wonderful way, too long to tell in this connection, God used a means directed to hinder His work, to be the very one to give us this land. Before I knew any transaction had been made one morning Mr. Gordon walked into our dispensary with a document, asking me if I would be willing to sign such an agreement. Then it flashed across my mind that we had not money enough to pay for it all, but Mr. Gordon had arranged that all right. Half was to be paid at once and the remainder a month later. The money sent by the John Knott memorial was a little more than enough to make the first payment. Where was the rest to come from? God wonderfully provided, and even at that time money was being despatched from home, and was on hand when the next payment became due.

And now another difficulty arose. This new site, which I jubilantly thought would be sufficient for the new hospital and choultry was decided by our conference to be too narrow to have both, side by side.

I knew Mr. Venkata Ramayya would never consent to having his building at the back of the land, and moreover it would have been very inconvenient. Happily, at this juncture, both Mr. Vaakata Ramayya and his wife came to Vuyyuru, and without knowing that the new site was barred, on the advice of several prominent men, who were providentially brought to the place that day, they were persuaded that the highest part of the heretofore refused land, considering its

proximity to the village, would be more acceptable to the patients. Before they left Vuyyuru that evening, a deed was drawn up and signed, and the money paid. Now, not only was the hospital site secured, and the choultry (taking half an acre), decided upon, but, two thirds of the money we had paid for land we could not use was returned and the 300 rupees for the remaining bit of land between the hospital and the choultry, were sent us without any request on our part, from an unknown person at home.

FROM A LETTER WRITTEN BY MISS ALICE CLARKE, OF BOLIVIA, TO THE KITCHENER B.Y.P.U.

This is Easter Sunday and I have been thinking much about the services you will be having to-day. The experiences of this week have convinced me more than ever that this is a country much more heathen than Christian. I entered the work with quite a feeling of curiosity and interest in the customs, but now, after having passed through it, I have a mingled feeling of disgust and pity for the poor souls who know no other religion than this.

Each day of the week had some special significance. Sunday was Palm Sunday, Thursday was "Station Day." Everyone had to worship before the eight "stations" in the life of Christ, in his own church. At night they formed into a great procession and visited all the churches in the city. They merely marched in one door, around the church, and out again, a continuous movement being necessary with such masses of people.

Friday is the big day. On Good Friday all the church bells go to Rome to be blessed. This year all the saints' images disappeared from the churches. Being saints they hardly needed to be blessed, so the people think they did not go to Rome, and the priests, apparently

as puzzled as the people, imagine that the saints felt such great sorrow that they were unable to stay in their places in the church.

One need watch the procession only a few minutes to decide that the people really worship the images which are carried on men's shoulders so they can be seen from a distance above the crowd.

First came Mary, dressed in a beautiful red silk gown. Then Jesus, sitting on a chair, supposed to be a throne. Next they have Jesus tied to a post and covered with bloody wounds. Then He comes bearing a little bit of a cross, covered with blood and looking horrible. Following that they have an elaborate glass coffin with Jesus in it. Last came Mary in a beautiful black velvet gown. She carried a handkerchief and looked as if the last ray of hope had died.

Really the procession depressed me. Those helpless, lifeless images actually worshipped by these people. Everyone was dressed in black; the men wearing black ties and black crepe on their arms; the women dressed in dead black wore

lace mantillas-head coverings. Even the little girls have mantillas. When these people go to church they always wear black.

That night deathly stillness reigned over the city, but next day at eleven a.m. I thought surely it must be New Year's Eve. Such a clatter and bang we never hear at any other time. The bells having returned from Rome, duly blessed, certainly clanged with renewed force. Guns were fired with deafening reports, drums beaten, anything to make a noise. This is all for the purpose of raising Christ from the dead.

Then Sunday,—how do they celebrate Easter Sunday? They don't. They never know whether their Saturday efforts had any results because they know no resurrection. They worship a dead Christ so it is no power in their religion to change lives.

I have been following your services at home to-day and trying to imagine the glad hymns and the joyous note running through all your worship. My prayer is that our living Saviour may bless you abundantly.

The Young Women

EXTRACTS OF PRIVATE LETTER FROM MISS MUNROE

I suppose you often wonder just what I am doing out here, and what life is like. In this letter I must show you something of it.

The greater part of my time is spent in study, and sometimes it is extremely hard to "stay put" from 6 a.m. to 7.30 p.m. at language study (allowing, of course for chotah horri (little breakfast) at 5.45, breakfast at eleven, tiffin at 3 p.m., dinner at 7.30 and rest and bath 12 to 1.30. I wish now that I could just get stranded in an Oriyu village for about a month where no one knew a word of

English. By then I think I should be able to reel off Oriya "by the yard."

Last week my pundith asked for a week's leave of absence as he is having fever, so I took the opportunity to visit my station—Parla-Kimedi. I wish you could see the beauty of it. When I came away in July it seemed incomparable, but now after the monsoon rains it beggars description.

On the way to P-K I stopped off and spent a day with Dr. and Mrs. Eaton. A bright little jutka wallah took my bag as soon as I stepped off the train and informed me that "Doragaru pumpin-chinarda," "the Dr. sent me." I remem-

bered enough Telugu to understand and followed him to his jutka, a conveyance corresponding in some details to a "caravan." It has two wheels, shafts, a floor about 5x3 ft., and is roofed on sides and top by bamboo matting. We climb in and sit tailor fashion, our topeys banging the roof with every jolt, but we get there just the same. Baby Eaton has grown wonderfully. He just beamed and dimpled as if he remembered his "auntie."

The next day I went on to Parla-K. and arrived ahead of my postcard saying I was coming. Miss Harrison was away, having a meeting with the women, and was greatly surprised to find me. Sunday I went down to Dr. West's (about a mile) for Oriya S. S. Mrs. West has about fifteen little chaps, ranging from eight to twelve years, who come and sit on the verandah while she teaches them verses, hymns, how to pray, and tells them Bible stories. They enjoy it. They are nice little boys. Some of them have on a loin cloth only; some boast a coat or upper cloth; some have their heads shaved; some have never had their hair cut, and some have their heads shaved all but the "jusu" Hindoock on the crown.

On Monday Miss Harrison and I went to several homes. At the first one we found that the grandmother—a bright, educated woman, 56 years old, had died five days before (I had attended her daughter in April). Her sister was inconsolable. She beat her forehead and wailed, "Why was she taken, why wasn't it I? I'm old (70) and useless, but I live on." Miss H. reminded her of a hymn the dead sister had loved, and always wanted sung to her—but the poor old lady could not stand it. She said, "Yes, she believed it. She heard it when a little girl, but it was no use for me, I'm too old, I can't learn," and she went into another room and wept so you could hear her for a block.

The next house we went to was just off a muddy lane. A little widow has been reading one of our Oriya leaflets about Christ and telling her neighbors. We sat on the mud verandah and eight women and as many children sat and listened. Presently the widow's brother-in-law, a third form student, came. We tried to get him to buy some leaflets, but he made the excuse that he had no money. So we asked him to accept them as a gift. To be polite he did not refuse. We were invited to return next day and bring Bible pictures. The following forenoon we went out to a village to teach the school children. They were having Desrah holiday, during which festival everyone worships his profession or trade—the student, his books, the carpenter or blacksmith his tools, etc.

Our jutka got in the mud up to the hubs, so we picked our way on foot into the village. We established ourselves on one of the mud verandahs under a thatched roof. Inside an old woman was sitting on the floor, chopping up the trunk of a young tender tree of rapid growth into three or four inch lengths. She split off the outer crisp bark, then cut the juicy green pith into quarters to use as "vegetable" for the curry. The people use many roots and shoots for food. Very soon all the nearby verandahs were filled so we started. The old lady worked on, but listened and every little while asked questions about the "wonderful Jesus."

Well, we spent the whole morning there. As we were leaving a funny thing happened. On the way to the jutka, a lady asked us to stop on her verandah and sing, which we did. I took some notice of her baby and she said, "Take it." Surprised, I said, "Don't you love it?" She replied, "No, what good is a baby—only makes work. You take it and keep it." Miss Harrison said to her, "You say that now, but if the missima takes your baby you will come

running after us, begging to get it back." When we left I said, "Now, let me have the baby, you said I could." She did. We got into the jukka and drove away. As usual about twenty children followed and among them the six-year old brother of the child. It was about a quarter of a mile to the main road and we had to drive slowly. Every little while the little boy asked for the baby, but I said, "She's mine now," and the little one (nine months old) laughed and cooed. When we got to the road the mother came tearing after us for the baby. We stopped—as we intended from the first—"but," I said, "you said I could have her, and I want her." But, she said, "I must have my baby."

Next day we went to the Guntiat's House (I use capitals because he has a large cement verandah and a big inner courtyard). His wife had been at the Rajah's Palace earlier in the day to console with the Rajah's mother and children over the Ram's death. As a household is looked upon as defiled until the twelfth day after a death the Guntiat's wife had to bathe and take a head bath when she returned. Her hair was not quite dry and still hanging, and so beautiful,—black and glossy, with a wave no "marcel" could out-do. Their young son is fourteen months old. Already they have had him to the Temple twice to have his jewels removed by the priest and presented to the goddess. A nephew of the Guntiat's (Appano Patro) who was taken to Dr. Zella Clark's hospital at Sompet (where the Eaton's now are) a couple of years ago, in what seemed to be a dying condition, was restored as he believes by Miss Clark's prayers and efforts. Appano was converted but not baptized as he is not of age and would be cast off and the mission would have to support him. Dr. Clark gave him a Bible, but the Guntiat took it and forbid him to have one. She sent him two oth-

ers—they were taken. Appano is biding his time and witnessing in a way that has already had wonderful results. The Guntiat's mother (Appano's grandmother) has given up all her idol worship and is believing, so also is the Guntiat's sister-in-law. And his brother got hold of one of the Bibles and has read and re-read it, and we believe will become a Christian.

Let me tell you what I saw as I came away to the station. We might well call our beautiful bungalow "The Look-out" for it stands high up on the mountain side, overlooking the town with its rows and rows of thatched roofs, half hidden among the palm and tamarind trees. Beyond, the wide Seta Sagram jua covered with magnificent white and purple lotuses, each waxen flower a bouquet in itself, resting upon one immense perfectly round leaf; beyond that still, the rice fields, green, extending to the mountain slopes all around. In front of one verandah on the Brahmin street were about sixteen idols in various stages of development; some finished and painted, hideous things with four arms and double heads, or an elephant's head on a human body, etc. At the station two Mohammedan women got out of a closed carriage. They looked like live ghosts in their loose white gowns with only a bar of mosquito nets to see through.

I must be off to bed, 5.30 a.m. comes so quickly, and it's after ten. Would like to awaken for the eclipse which is to occur to-night. The Hindoos are remaining up, as every eclipse has a special religious significance to them.

ERRATUM

The Director of the Collingwood Association wishes to correct the statement made in the Association Report that Bracebridge has the Banner Band. That honor belongs to Barrie.

Our Mission Bands

HOW DO YOU RAISE YOUR MISSION BAND FUNDS?

We hope shortly to prepare a list of the many methods by which Mission Band members have raised the money which they send year by year to our Home and Foreign Mission Treasurers. Will you write down in detail the different ways in which your Band raised its funds, and mail at once to your Band Secretary? We would also like a list of articles that may be made by Mission Band members to be sent to our Home or Foreign Mission stations. Do you want to help some other Band to increase its usefulness? Then send all the information you can with regard to these two matters to

Mrs. N. Mills,

98 Elmwood Ave., London, Ont.

WHAT ABOUT YOUR MISSION BAND TREASURY?

Wouldn't it be too bad if our Financial Report at Convention showed a deficit? Well, if everyone is praying, and working and giving, there won't be any deficit, will there? Have your Mission Band Funds been forwarded to the Treasurers? Have you seen the date on or before which they must be received in order to be credited in the Annual Report? Look for it. It is in this issue. Last year, the gifts from our Bands showed a decrease, but more Bands have been organized and the membership has greatly increased, so we are looking for increased financial reports all along the line.

JUST NOTES

Have you seen the splendid little booklet called "Canadian Baptists in Bolivia"? No? Then get it at once from our F. M. Literature Dept., 56 Bloor St. W. It was prepared by Rev. H. E. Stillwell and is a report of his recent visit to our stations

in South America. You will be having some programmes on our work in Bolivia, for we want our Mission Band members to be interested in that part of our mission fields, and especially in our own Miss Booker, in whose support we have a share. Several pages of this interesting little volume is given to the history of Feniel Farm where Miss Booker is stationed. Band leaders, get it! It is only ten cents a copy.

Did you notice that all newly organized Mission Bands; since last convention, were to receive a year's subscription to "The Link" free? Be sure to report that new Band to your Associational Director and send for the free copy of "The Link."

Did you ever wish you had a copy pad so that you could make duplicates of your programme parts, etc? Ask the F. M. Literature Dept. for a recipe for making a "Hektograph".—It is fine and useful. If you are careful it will last a long time.

You have had the "Rally Meeting" of your Mission Band, and are now in the midst of preparation for the "Thanksgiving Meeting." No doubt you have received help from our splendid Literature Departments for these meetings, and it is none too soon to be thinking about the wonderful Christmas meeting you are going to have, and the Literature Departments will be sure to have some fine new Christmas material for your programmes. Watch both our papers for Lists.

HAVE YOU THIS LEAFLET?

Across the face of a little, green, 16-page leaflet I have written, "Every Mission Band Leader should have this." It is called "Band Giving—Hints and Helps for Band Leaders," by Carrie H. Holman. Every one of the sixteen small pages is full of splendid suggestions and information, and is sure to be a help to any Band Leader. If you haven't a copy

send to the Literature Department at once and get one, and if you have one, get it out and read it over again, carefully. It will repay you.

If you are not keeping in close touch with the programme material in our Literature Departments, you are missing things worth while. Those in charge are getting new material every month and it will pay you to keep in touch with them constantly, for they are always ready and eager to help you out in the preparation of your programmes. I wonder what sort of missionary programmes we would have, were it not for our two little papers and our Literature Departments?

Akidu, Kistna District,
India, July, 1922.

To the dear Link boys and girls,—

I want to tell each of you how very much the Telugu Sunday School children have appreciated the pretty bags and the picture cards that you sent them.

Hundreds of children learn their lessons well and look forward to the rally, their one treat in the year; for then they meet with other schools, play games with the teachers and the Missamma-gam and get the longed for pretty bag, and picture card. Perhaps it is hard for you who have so many treasures to realize what it means to these children to have one, and that, a pretty bag. The touring season is now beginning again, many are looking forward to the S. S. examinations and the rally.

Will you, dear reader, invest a few cents and a half hour's work in this business of making the Telugu children very happy. The bags need not be large or of expensive material.

With many salaams, from the children and myself,

Yours sincerely,
M. R. E. Selman.

HAMILTON

With a large attendance of the parents and friends, the members of the Mission Band of the Wentworth Baptist Church held their closing exercises on Thursday evening, June 15, 1922, in the Sunday School room. The proceedings in charge of the president, Miss Eileen Crocker, consisted of vocal solos, piano solos, readings and pageants which were well enjoyed by all. Miss Ora MacDonald, director, and Miss Ella Krotts, assistant, were congratulated upon the fine work they had accomplished during the year. At the opening of the year the Band had a membership of eight, which since has grown to seventy. A real missionary zeal has gripped the girls and boys in their enthusiasm to learn more of the missionary's work in the foreign field.

Our motto is "Carry the News."

Ida Sehire, Secretary.

CONFERENCE ON BAND WORK

When this number of "The Link" is in your hands, the annual convention will be but a few weeks away. Are you planning to be there? The "Conference on Band Work" will be held on the afternoon preceding Convention sessions, when we hope to see representatives from every church in our Convention. Will Circle presidents urge the Band leaders to attend. Or, where this is found impossible, have a delegate appointed to represent the Band leader? We are very anxious that the inspiration and help of these Conferences on Band work shall reach to the farthest corner of our Convention, so that their influence may be ever wider and wider until our slogan comes true, and there really is "A Mission Band in every church in our Convention!"

BAND LEADERS, ATTENTION!

Have you received from your Associational Director, the Convention Report Blanks for your Annual Mission Band Report? As these reports form a very important part of your Band Secretary's Annual report, it is most necessary that they should be filled in and promptly returned to the Director, thus helping to compile a complete and correct annual

statement. We are expecting fine reports this year from our Mission Bands, both new and old. Get out your Report Blank and see that it is correctly filled in. Then mail it to your Associational Director as soon as possible, but right in the same envelope put a letter telling her all you can about your year's work; the progress made, the problems faced, and the difficulties met and overcome. **Do it now.**

The Eastern Society

Programme of the Forty-sixth annual meeting of the Womens' Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of Eastern Ontario and Quebec, to be held at Osgoode, Wednesday, Oct. 11th, 1922.

Morning Session

9.15—Registration.

9.30—Hymn 151.

Scripture Reading and prayer for Spiritual guidance.

Minutes of last Annual Meeting.

Business—Appointment of Committees.

Words of Welcome—Mrs. Peter McMartin, President of the Osgoode Mission Circle.

10.00—President's Message—Mrs. H. H. Ayer, Montreal.

Hymn 886.

Report of Recording Secretary, Miss Bentley.

Report of Supt. of Supplies, Miss Tetter.

Report of Canada Central Association, Mrs. H. C. Bryant, Smith's Falls.

Report of Eastern Association, Miss P. M. Chandler.

Report of Ottawa Association, Mrs. Richards, Coaticook.

Report of Grande Ligne, Miss W. Schantby.

Discussion.

11.00—Election of Officers and retiring members of Board.

11.30—Quiet Hour—Mrs. H. T. Metcalfe, Thurso.

12.00—Announcements and Adjournment.

Afternoon Session

2.00—Prayer and Praise Service, Mrs. Lafair, Kingston.

2.30—"The Link" and Study Books,—Mrs. A. A. Smith, Cornwall.

Report of Corresponding Secretary—moved by Mrs. P. B. Motley.

Report of Treasurer, Mrs. John Kirkland.

Report of Committee on Appropriations.

Discussions.

Hymn 554.

4.00—Address—Miss Janet Robinson, Samalkot, India.

Offering.

Exercise by the Osgoode Mission Band Hymn 563.

5.00—Announcements. Adjournment.

Evening Session

7.45—Young Women's Hour led by Mrs. E. G. Blackadar, Ottawa.

Hymn 793.

Devotional Exercises—Miss W. Verity.

Reports.

Canadian Missionary Link

Editor—Mrs. Thomas Trotter, 95 St. George St., Toronto, Ont.

All matter for publication should be sent to the Editor.

Subscriptions, Renewals, Changes of Addresses and all money should be sent to "Canadian Missionary Link," 118 Gothic Avenue, Toronto.
50c. a year in advance.

LITERATURE DEPARTMENT— Women's F. M. Board, 66 Bloor St. W. Toronto

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Pageant—"Tired of Missions" Ottawa Young Women.

Hymn.

Address—"Impressions of South America," Rev. H. E. Stillwell.

Offering.

Hymn 804.

Benediction.

Officers retiring—President, Mrs. H. H. Ayer; 1st Vice President, Mrs. C. G. Smith; 2nd Vice President, Mrs. W. G. Rickert; Recording Secretary, Miss Bentley; Supt. of Supplies, Miss F. Tester.

Retiring members of Board—Mesdames Halkett (Ottawa), London, Harwood, Hamilton, Griffith, Ohman, Gordon.

There will be a prayer meeting for Officers and members of the Home and Foreign Boards and all delegates who may be present on Tuesday evening, October 10th, in the Osgoode church.

We would also ask that those who stay at home as well as those who attend convention will be much in prayer that in all our deliberations we may have the abiding presence of God.

Billets

Delegates are requested to send their names to Mrs. J. C. Stuart, Osgood, Ont., Convener of the Billeting Committee.

Delegates coming from the east take C.P.R. to Winchester, whence they will be conveyed to Osgoode by motor. Those from the west will go via Ottawa or Winchester.

As Osgoode is so centrally situated it is hoped that a large number of visiting delegates may attend the sessions and take part in the discussions.

Women's Home and Foreign Missionary Convention of E. O. & Q., Osgoode, October 11th, and 12th, 1922.

From the Literature Department

66 Bloor St. West, (Side Entrance)

Phone No. N. 8577 F.

Your Thank-Offering Meeting

For Circles or Y. Ws'.

"Four phases of the Thank-offering" an impersonation requiring 5 members. Its very simplicity makes it effective. 3c each, 2 for 5c, with an extra hymn sheet 7c each.

Thank-offering leaflets (stories) "The Thank-offering box in one family" 3c; "Her Offering" 2c; "Giving from a young girl's point of view," 3c, 4 stories for 10c; "Not omitting the 4th stanza", 3c.

For Bands:

"Songs of Grateful Hearts," a programme containing scripture reading by 18 members, hymns, an exercise where the children of other lands come to sing with Canada the song of grateful hearts and tell the reason why, 10c.

Thanksgiving stories for children.

The hymn, a missionary setting of the old "Not half has ever been told" is very beautiful for this meeting. 5c each.

MISSION STUDY BOOKS

"Building with India"—A splendid book for adults.

"Lighted to Lighten"—Similar to the above but lighter, and especially for young women and older girls. Suitable for reading at Circle meetings.

"India on the March."—Tales of adventure, etc. Interesting especially for boys or groups from 15-18 years.

These three books are published by the Missionary Education Movement and are 85c cloth or 50c paper, postpaid, each. With the first and the last there is "Suggestions to leaders" for 15c extra.

Best of all as a study book for our women and B.Y.P.U.'s and Bands is "Canadian Baptists in India" by Rev. M. D. Orchard, our Assistant General Secretary. This is written on our own work there, and gives the different methods and how the activities are conducted. One chapter, of special interest to women, is "The Field Lady Missionary" by Miss McLaurin. This book is exceedingly interesting and should be had by all. It is only 25c and can be ordered from us, or from The General Board at 228 Church st.