

Canadian Missionary Link.

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

VOL. XXXVII.

TORONTO, MARCH, 1912.

No. 7

HOME OR FOREIGN, VISITOR OR LINK.

When, oh when is there ever a more pernicious use of that little word "or" than when it is used to make a choice between the two great sides of the Church's and Circle's task in missions. Even in this year of grace, 1912, we sometimes hear of Crusade workers going out to recruit new Circle members, and asking if this one or that one wishes to join the Home Circle, or if she wishes to join the Foreign Circle. Not so long ago but that we can yet name the date did we hear a Director give a report of her work, in which she told in glowing terms of the progress in one side of our enterprise, and never intimated by word or sign, that there was any other department of our work in existence. Why—why, is it that because years ago, for a very short space of time, the women of our churches had separate organizations for these two sides of missionary activity,—why, when for years and years there has been provided a more excellent way; why have so many of our people failed entirely to grasp the fact that the Circle is not a Home Circle, not a Foreign Circle, but simply a Circle which divides its offerings between two great branches of our denomination's work. We plead with every single leader of our Circle work—be she Director, President, Secretary, Crusade Worker, or Convener of Programme Committee, to "read, mark, learn and inwardly digest" this fact very thoroughly and resolve that she at least will never ask anyone to connect herself with a Home Circle or a Foreign Circle, but with the Circle; that she will never in her Circle fees, give herself or ask others to give, to this or that department, but to this and that department,—the Circle Treasury;—that she will never make the education and entertainment of our Circle meetings one-sided, but that they shall be planned to develop all-round knowledge of all the vast enterprises our denomination has in charge. And what is true of our Circle work is true of our papers' interests. Why does any agent from "Dan to Beersheba" ever ask

anyone to take the "Visitor" or "Link"? They are not two papers dealing with the same news, and covering in any sense the same ground. They do not overlap in any particular. They deal with two entirely different sides of our work, and each deals with the one side exclusively. The taking of one and only one, means that the subscriber is hopelessly one-sided and must of necessity be so. Again we urge with all the emphasis at command that no President, Collector, Agent (if she be Agent for both), ever allow herself to ask for subscriptions to "Visitor" or "Link," but that she shall do her share towards a unified and well-rounded Circle efficiency by pushing, by every means within her power, the circulation of both magazines.

MISSIONARY NEWS.

Vienna is one of the five great Roman Catholic cities of the world, and Austria itself is counted one of the last strongholds of Rome. And yet the day is breaking even there. For thirteen years the "Los von Rom" movement has existed, and has influenced hundreds and thousands each year to break their bonds. In Vienna alone there are 76,721 Protestants, and last year 5,190 were converted to Protestantism.

The Young Women's Christian Association and the World's Christian Student Federation are responsible for the introduction into a number of European universities of the "foyers" or centres for women students, which provide a meeting place for the young women, and also an opportunity to influence them religiously. Paris has one for French girls at the Sorbonne, and another for English-speaking students; a new one has been started at the University of Sophia, Bulgaria, and still others are at the Universities of Naples and St. Petersburg.

The United States of Brazil is making haste to force its way from the ranks of the backward nations. There are now over 3,000 post-offices,—the telegraph

stations are increasing by hundreds every year; the railways are pushing their way over a great part of the vast territory which has been hitherto inaccessible, and industrial establishments are growing more numerous. The number of immigrants registered in 1910 was 88,564, the nationalities represented being Portuguese, Spanish, Italians, Russians, Germans, Turks, Arabians, French, Austrians and British. There are 11,000 primary schools, and 330 secondary. The Evangelical Union of South America has fifteen missionaries at work there.

The Argentine, the most important Republic of South America, has religious toleration everywhere, and as there is a wide-spread estrangement from Rome, and every facility for pushing Christian work, it is hoped there will be a great turning to Protestantism very soon. There are about 200 missionaries at work. The Argentine celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of its independence in 1910.

"One-fifth of all the women in the world are found in the homes of China. One baby girl out of every five is cradled in a Chinese mother's arms, unwelcomed and unloved save by that poor mother's heart. One little maiden out of every five grows up in ignorance and neglect, drudging in the daily toil of some poor Chinese family, or crying over the pain of her crippled feet in the seclusion of a wealthier home. Of all the wives and mothers in the world, one out of every five turns in her longing to a gilded goddess of mercy in some Chinese temple, murmuring her meaningless prayers in hope of help and blessing that never come. One-fifth of all the women are waiting, waiting in China for the Saviour who so long has waited for them. What a burden of responsibility does this lay on us—the women of Christendom!"—Mrs. Hudson Taylor in *Life and Light*.

"The following terrible story is taken from 'The Bulletin' of the Emmanuel Medical Mission for September, and is vouched for by Dr. H. Lechmere Clift. It constitutes a powerful plea for an extension of the beneficent work of the Mission to Lepers in China.

"The commander of the military forces here has been a patient of mine. He comes from Lungchou, near the

French frontier, and as a former robber chief, reclaimed and reformed, has been promoted (as is usual in such cases) to high honor. A few months ago at his former station, he issued a proclamation to the lepers of that district announcing that he would continue to distribute the grants of rice given them in time past by the officials. They were to meet him in a certain spot in the country, and great inducements were made to get as large a turn-out as possible, for so much rice was to be given per head. Of course the poor lepers brought as many children, etc., as they could; many of these, I daresay, quite untainted. Arrived at the rendezvous, they were quickly surrounded by soldiers and shot down; dead and wounded were then shovelled into a big pit, already prepared, kerosene oil poured over them, and the whole mass set alight. Some had managed to escape, and these were hunted down on the hills like wild beasts. The local Alliance Missionary saw one of these poor wretches being taken bound to a yamen, and the neighbors looking round from their doors were crying 'burn him, burn him!' The whole affair gave great satisfaction throughout the neighborhood.

I was speaking of this to a Chinese gentleman, once an official, and he shrugged his shoulders and said, 'The dark things in China are difficult to speak of,' and then related such horrors, perpetrated behind the walls of yamens, that I felt actually sick and glad to get out into the fresh air. A Chinaman may be eager to absorb modern ideas, cut off his queue, wear European clothes, and adopt the manners of the West, but unless his heart is regenerated by the Spirit of God he remains the same man still.—Without the Camp.

Tripoli, just now the centre of so much conflict, was once a Christian land, and was overrun with Moslem hordes thirteen centuries ago. It has been for long a boast that it does not contain a single native Christian. There are many Jews, and the native population is of mixed blood—Algerians, Tunisians, Albanians, Arabians, Berbers and Sudanese. There are two missionaries, and their wives, and two single ladies. If the Italian occupation is secured, the missionary outlook will be much changed, as the Italian Government will doubtless grant full liberty of conscience.

The eagerness to spread the good news of salvation of those who come out of great darkness, is a constant reproach to those of us who have always enjoyed the knowledge. Here is a story of a Porto Rican, who is doing his part in telling the story:

"On the following day, after a long, hard ride over the mountain, we dropped down to the home of a country school teacher who has given himself to the Lord, and is anxious to be useful in bringing others to a knowledge of the truth. I noticed on reaching the home that there was a large white flag flying at the top of a long pole set up at the corner of his yard with an inscription, which at first I had not been able to read. On asking what this meant, the Christian teacher replied that as he had no bell to call his neighbors to service, he had devised this plan of advising them of the day of service. The writing on the flag proved to be the word "Culto" (Service). As service was to be held in his house that evening he was signalling this fact to his neighbors. At the quiet evening hour a large crowd gathered in the humble home of this Christian man, to hear the preaching of the Word. The zealous teacher is an intelligent, attractive young man, and I am hoping that the Lord will call him some day to give his life to the preaching of the gospel."

The American Baptist Home Mission Society started new work last July in the Republic of San Salvador, Central America. They are meeting with good success. The first station was El Salvador, the capital, and now there is a station in the eastern part of the Republic and another at San Vicente, a town at the foot of the volcano of the same name. At this place, a colporteur, who is now the missionary, was mobbed eight years ago. But there were some impressed, and one man has had for a long time his house prepared so that when a missionary should come, there would be a place for him to preach. He had the room ready to seat 200 people within a few hours after our Baptist missionary reached there, and the people came, and still the work is going on.

Sun Yat Sen, the first President of China, has had for a number of years the distinction of having offered for his capture dead or alive, the largest sum

ever stated for that purpose. He has had to assume disguises for years, and they are so successful that even his friends were deceived. "No one ever suspected in Eastern seas that the quiet, silent, commercial traveller wearing blue spectacles, with his heavy baggage of trade samples, labelled 'Tadeshi Okamura and Company, general merchants, Yokohama,' was no less a personage than the Doctor on tour." But what means most of all, is that he is a sincere and earnest Christian, always ready to witness for his faith. He received his education in a mission school in Hongkong, and was baptized there. This ought to be a great cause for gratitude among all Christian people.

And not only is Sun Yat Sen a Christian, but the Vice-President, General Li Yuan Hung, is also an earnest Christian. The Attorney-General, Wu Ting Fang, was educated and baptized in a mission school, and is a nominal Christian. Yuan Shi Kai is himself a Confucianist, but his children, four sons, are attending the London Missionary Society College at Tientsin.

"The World in Boston," is to have a successor in the "World in Cincinnati," the dates being March 9th to April 6th, and the preparations are on the same grand scale as before. It is intended to serve the Central States, as the Boston Exposition did the Eastern States.

Last June the "Gentleman from Pennsylvania," gave a large sum to start an endowment for superannuated ministers in the Northern Baptist Convention. Later on he offered \$50,000 additional if \$200,000 could be raised in the denomination by Christmas.

Strenuous and exciting days followed, when every nerve was stretched to meet the conditions. Dr. Morehouse, for many years Superintendent of Home Missions, gave \$10,000, the savings of a lifetime. By noon on Christmas Day the amount was pledged with something to spare. Dr. Morehouse says: "Such a Merry Christmas as this the Baptist denomination has never before enjoyed."

The largest Presbyterian congregation in the world is at Elat, West Africa, and is under the American Board. It has 6,000 members, and the church holds 5,000 people.

A VISIT TO RAMACHANDRAPURAM.

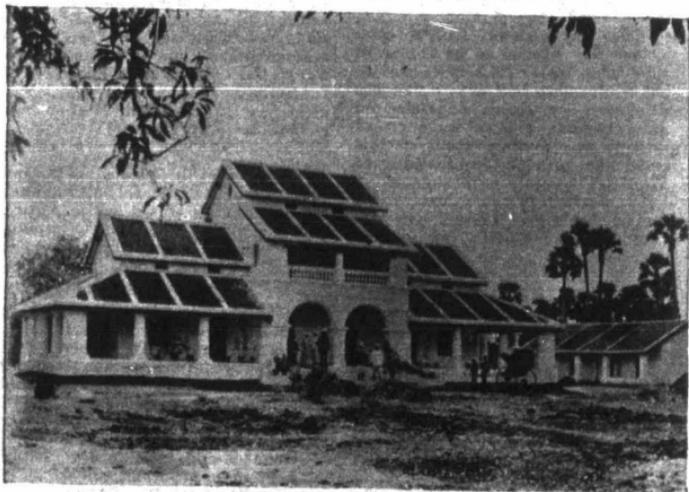
Mrs. James Ryrie.

Our party of four left Taddipellagum on the 7.30 train. We arrived at Kadium an hour and a half later and were met by Mr. J. R. Stillwell and Miss Hatch, with their houseboats, Mrs. Firstbrook and I going with Miss Hatch, our husbands with Mr. Stillwell. Our journey was a repetition of those already enjoyed by us on Mr. Chute's houseboat.

Upon our arrival at eight o'clock Sunday morning, we were glad to find Miss Jones awaiting us. She was a Toronto girl, having been a member of Parliament Street Baptist Church, the Church which has furnished so many helpers to the Foreign Field. Being intimately known to us since her girl-

and was given by Mrs. Dr. Kellook, of Perth, Ontario, as a memorial of her late husband, she becoming interested in Lepers through reading a letter written by Miss Hatch for the magazine "Without the Camp." The original building cost \$2,000, but has since been enlarged, and now includes four buildings with seventeen rooms, besides a chapel and pastor's house.

Miss Hatch, in 1898, having discovered that her servant, who carried water and washed her dishes, was a leper, became interested in Lepers and, talking over their condition with Mr. Davis, the missionary then in charge, it was suggested that she open an asylum for them.



Mission House, Ramachandrapuram.

hood, our meeting in such a place, under such conditions, gave us unusual pleasure. After having breakfast on the boat, we found two carriages with their drivers, belonging to the Rajah, awaiting us, which he had kindly placed at our disposal during our stay at the Mission. We were pleased to find such friendly relations existing between him and our missionaries.

Our first visit was to The Kellook Home for Lepers. This home is for men

It was found that among the Christians, there were twenty who were so afflicted and, in twenty-four villages within a fifteen-mile district, there were not less than one hundred and four cases. That such a home was needed was shown by the fact that as soon as the land was purchased, some of these poor creatures moved upon it, living in mud huts until more substantial houses were provided for them.

On our arrival at the Chapel, the sight

that awaited us was one of the saddest. Sitting on the floor before us, with a railing between them and the platform on which we were seated, were about one hundred of the poor afflicted ones—men, women and children; some with ears, hands, toes and fingers eaten away, whilst others in whom the disease had made less progress, showed only the deadly spots. Some were so weakened by its ravages as to be unable to stand without assistance. One was totally blind. All ages were there; aged men and women, and a little baby at its mother's breast. Our attention was drawn by Miss Hatch, to several of these cases which were of special interest to us; a young woman who was supported by the girls of Mrs. Yorke's Rescue Home in Toronto, who deny themselves butter on their bread at breakfast to do so; another, a young lad who is supported by his fellow patients, giving of their own daily portion, and some aged ones who were converted under Mr. Timpany.

One case was of particularly sad interest, that of the son of Amelia Burder. This woman, formerly known as Amelia Keller, it will be remembered was, when quite young, brought to Canada by Mr. and Mrs. Timpany, and educated at Woodstock College, to become a teacher. Upon returning to India, she became the wife of Jonathan Burder, an eloquent native preacher, who afterwards died quite suddenly. They had three sons, the one now in the Home, one died some years ago, having contracted the same disease. Amelia died soon after her husband, some think from incipient leprosy or from a broken heart over the loss of her husband and leprosy of her sons.

In this company were several women who, themselves being lepers, were acting as Bible readers amongst their sisters in affliction. Notwithstanding their pitiable condition, we were glad to find the lepers more cheerful than might have been expected. In addition to addresses of welcome, they recited portions of Scripture and sang hymns accompanied by their rather primitive orchestra, after which we, in turn, were called upon to address them through an interpreter.

Their pastor, known as David, is a very superior man, a native Christian of the second generation. He and his wife have consecrated themselves to this work, which, to many, might seem so repulsive.

We also met Mr. Joshee, who, when a boy, was adopted and educated by Miss Hatch, studying medicine under our missionary, Dr. E. G. Smith, afterwards at a medical college at Agra, and is now doing noble work amongst the lepers. In addition to this he has general practice in his home, the verandah of which is converted into a rest place for the weary passers-by. Mrs. Joshee is the daughter of a native Anglican pastor; is exceptionally attractive, and, with her two little ones, placed in such surroundings, justifies the name taken for their home, "Cosy Home." This family is a striking example of what Christianity has done in many parts of India with the second generation.

Before the close of the Chapel service, a messenger arrived telling Miss Hatch that one of the lepers had just passed away.

We visited the houses of the lepers a short distance away. These are built in rows of six or eight, each containing one or two rooms. Although plain and simple, they are quite comfortable.

As the people had reached home before us, they stood around the doors awaiting our visit, and were greatly pleased to see our appreciation of the text mottoes, and words of welcome, which they had cut from colored paper and placed on the walls within and without.

Passing down the compound, we came to the Albert Boulter Home. This was erected by Mrs. Boulter, of Fort Coulange, the Province of Quebec, as a memorial of her late husband, and meets the needs of the Leprous women as The Kellock Home does that of the men.

Some distance away is the Phillips Home for the untainted children of leprous parents, its object being to thus safeguard them against the disease as far as possible. This home was erected by the Sunday School teachers of Great Britain, in memory of Dr. Phillips, first Secretary of the Sunday School Union of India, and is a fitting tribute to his life and service.

Here, also, we were welcomed and garlanded by the children. A number of them sang in English, these verses:

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Firstbrook,
To these our lovely homes
We give you greetings heartily,
And our sincere welcomes.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Ryrie,
 To these our lovely homes,
 We give you greetings heartily,
 And our sincere welcomes.

We are the poor afflicted ones
 Who of your love have heard,
 We, mothers, fathers, daughters, sons
 Do join in one accord.

We children of the Phillips' Home,
 Do join our voices too,
 In hearty love and glad welcomes,
 To one and all of you.

It was with great difficulty the missionaries succeeded in keeping them out of our rooms. About two o'clock some of the leaders came to Mr. Stillwell to learn where the meeting was to be held and, upon being told, "The Chapel, of course" replied that it would only hold three hundred, and that thousands were coming. These thousands proved to be about one thousand, but, as they came in twos and threes, and sometimes in large companies, headed by banners and music, it presented a sight not soon to be forgotten. Some brought us presents



Albert Boulter Memorial Home, Ramachandrapuram, India.

Owing to the intense heat of the middle of the day in India, it is customary to rise much earlier than we do at home and take a couple of hours' rest at noon. This custom we were generally glad to follow. On this day, however, it was easier said than done. Although the meeting of the workers and Christians from the whole field had been called for 3 o'clock in the afternoon, people began to gather early in the day, waiting around the Bungalow anxious to meet us.

of sugar and milk, being Buffalo's milk, we were not anxious to drink it.

These people represented eight churches, and came from forty-seven villages, some of them walking many weary miles to be present. The furniture of the Bungalow being removed, they were seated on the floor, on the verandah and outside on the lawn, members of the same church being together.

After the opening exercises, which consisted of singing and prayer, during which the company prostrated them-

selves on their faces very reverently, Miss Jones read very beautifully the Twenty-third Psalm in Telugu, which is a very musical language.

Each church was called upon to repeat some Scripture and sing, after which we were called upon to make addresses, interpreted by Dr. Joshee, and ended by no less a remarkable feature than our singing, as a quartette, the hymn "I heard the voice of Jesus say."

Garlands were placed around our necks, this time composed of camphor balls, red flannel and marigolds. Afterwards we held a reception; the entire company passing, taking three quarters of an hour so to do, some with their smiles and salams, others touching our hands with their lips, calling us father and mother, and thanking us for sending the missionaries with the Gospel to them. Many of the chief workers we shook hands with, while Mr. Stillwell and Miss Hatch told us about the work they were doing. The lady workers had very sweet faces and gentle manners, and we could not but love them. One asked me to remain with them, to which my answer was, "If it were not for my husband here and children at home, I would almost be tempted to do so."

To us, this entire service was a great joy, and our missionaries assured us that for the churches represented there, it would be the event of a lifetime, and that, whereas they had hitherto been reckoning events from the great tidal wave of 1857, it would henceforth be the visit of the representatives of the Missionary Society.

After the close of the service, we were taken to visit the Rajah and his wife, who have been so friendly to our missionaries. Our husbands spent the time with the Rajah, not being, of course, permitted to see the Rani, his wife. She, being Gosha, is not allowed to see the face of any man outside of her own family. So strict is this custom in India, that in many cases even missionary medical men can only examine the tongues through a hole in a curtain and feel the pulse from behind a screen.

The Rani we found quite cordial. She spoke English well, but, naturally, our range of conversation was quite limited, as life, for any woman, under such conditions, must become very narrow and uninteresting.

After our evening meal with Miss Jones and Miss Hatch, in their bungalow, we had a visit from a Gosha wo-

man, with her daughter and granddaughter, who, being greatly interested, had expressed a desire to meet us secretly. During the evening she recited and sang for us, our conversation being carried on through Miss Hatch as interpreter. This woman was really lovely and modest; is a sincere Christian, but privately, because she realizes if she were to make a public profession, she would be separated from her family and thus lose what influence she now has over them.

Next morning we visited Miss Jones' school. This is the school formerly carried on by the Rajah for strictly high caste children. Because of the difficulty in securing competent teachers, he, rather than close it, offered it to our missionaries, which offer was accepted in October last. The fear expressed by some that the caste children would not continue to attend after it came under Christian influences, has not been realized, as the attendance has rather increased.

During our visit they sang, in English, "Jesus loves me" and "Two little hands to work for Him." The attendance is between fifty and seventy-five, seventeen of whom were married, ranging from four to twelve or thirteen years of age. The fact that the school belonged to the Rajah, and still receives a small monthly contribution from him, increases the prestige of our mission work very considerably.

Leaving this school, Miss Hatch took us to visit some Caste homes in a village close by, where we were again very cordially received. We went also to a low caste home where a poor woman was ill. Miss Hatch prayed with her, in Telugu, of course.

We also visited the Chapel, which is very comfortable, and the Boys' School, and made a lasting friendship by obtaining a holiday for them in honor of our visit.

The time had now arrived for our departure and, accompanied by our missionaries, and some of their helpers, we started for the houseboat. On our way Dr. Joshee met one of his patients and asked him if he had learned his verse, it being the custom to give a patient, upon the same card as his prescription, a text of Scripture to commit to memory. The verse must always be recited upon his next visit before the Doctor will talk to him about his bodily ailments.

As we passed down the road, we saw a crowd awaiting us, which we found to be the Leprous women from the Boulter Home, and a little further on, under the shade of a large tree, another company, the men of the Kellock Home, both singing their God Speeds to us as we went on our way.

We stopped but a few moments to thank them, and express the hope that we would some day all meet again where sickness is unknown; Pastor David, at the same time, presenting us with some simple little instruments such as they use in their orchestra as souvenirs of our visit. Much as we prize these, such souvenirs were not needed to remind us of them. They were the first to welcome us and the last to say good-bye, and we left them, thankful to God that He has called forth such noble workers to spend their lives supplying the bodily and spiritual needs of these poor people.

IN MEMORIAM.

Mrs. T. J. Claxton, Montreal.

Our beloved sister, who after a short illness entered into rest on the 26th of January, was among the earliest to engage in the work of the W.F.M. Society of Eastern Ontario and Quebec, being its first president, and holding that office for nearly thirty years. She was one of the most faithful members of the board for thirty-five years, its honorary president and life directress since October, 1909. Her constant, never-tiring zeal and devotion have inspired many of us to consecrate ourselves more fully to the Lord's work.

"India for Christ," has long been her dearest watchword, engraved on her heart and life. Our missionaries felt that she was their dear, personal friend, and her long, loving letters to them will be greatly missed now that her pen is laid aside forever.

In our annual convention held in Ottawa last October, she was present at each session, taking part in prayer, and in the discussion of the best way to advance Christ's Kingdom, with all the zeal of earlier years. When the news reached Ottawa that Mrs. Claxton had gone from earth to the glory-land, her co-workers remembered the earnest words she had so recently uttered in our midst. Only a few weeks ago in writing to me, she mentioned Sir Andrew Fraser's address on the women of India, and said that her heart had responded,

"Lord, what wilt Thou have me do?" Her years of useful service on earth are now ended, and she has gained an abundant entrance into the rest that remaineth for the people of God. May her mantle fall on us who are striving to carry on the work so dear to her heart!

In looking back over former copies of this paper, so prized by Mrs. Claxton as a Link between India and Canada, we find these earnest words from her pen: "We who are Christians must be rooted and grounded in Christ. Are we being led by the Holy Spirit and fed by the Word of God? Dear Christian women, let us give this light we possess to the world. Are we bearing fruit, yielding an hundred fold? Let us enter more into fellowship with the Father and His Son Jesus Christ, and we shall receive strength and power for service. May we endeavor to extend the blessings of the gospel to the uttermost parts of the earth! Long years ago our lamented Timpany and John McLaurin, talked with me of visions they saw for the Telugus. These visions have been fulfilled, and that field has become one of the most successful missions in the world. Lord Lawrence once said, 'Notwithstanding all that the English have done to benefit India, the missionaries have done more than all other agencies combined! Who then can estimate the missionary's value to the progress of nations? Their contribution to the onward and upward march of Christianity is beyond all calculation. May the joy of serving the Telugu Mission be yours as it has long been mine! See to it that your lamps are trimmed and burning, well-filled with oil, so that the 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord, may be yours when all life's labor is ended, and sweet rest shall be your portion. Arise and shine as Baptist women, seek the Spirit's guidance, do everything for God's glory and the power of the Lord shall rest upon you!'"

We deeply feel the loss our Board has sustained, but rejoice that our dear Mrs. Claxton has exchanged the earthly cross for the heavenly crown, and that for her "there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain." May all who loved her follow her footsteps as she followed Christ!

On behalf of the F. M. Board,
ISABEL HALKETT.
Ottawa, February, 1912.

A CONTRAST.

Miss A. E. Baskerville.

They gathered on a bright November morning for worship—a score of rather intelligent looking boys and girls, who had made a more or less successful attempt at a toilet. These were pupils in the little school carried on in the chapel school-house (by courtesy so-called.)

Another score, unwashed, uncombed and mostly unclad, of boys and girls who were not pupils in the school. A score of Christian men and women, who evidently had tried to make the best of an extremely limited wardrobe; and then the door and windows jammed with crowding, jostling heathen.

The preacher too had done his best to make an appearance suitable to the occasion. His white (?) garments were as clean as washing in a muddy pool could make them, but they were considerably the worse of wear, and quite innocent of any contact with a smoothing iron.

The chapel was a mud hut, thatched with palm leaves. There was a door; two openings in the wall, barred with bamboos served as windows. The furnishings consisted of a table, a wooden stool and two antiquated chairs,—these for the use of the preacher and the two missionary ladies who were present. The congregation sat on the floor.

Outside, the Indian sun shone hot on the sordid huts crowding up on every side, on the heaps of rubbish and filth, on the baked clay of the alleys between the huts, worked up on the surface into a powdery dust almost like flour. Any air that sifted in was heavy with indescribable odors.

As we waited for the service to begin, I closed my eyes and saw a vision. I saw the people assembled in reverent quiet in their beautiful churches in far-away Canada. I saw the shining comfortable pews, the softly carpeted aisles, the subdued light falling through the stained glass windows. I heard the sweet, soft notes pealing from the great organs; and as my eyes opened again on the scene that had for the moment been forgotten, a great love and a great pity surged up in my heart,—a love and a pity that made my heart ache for these poor people,—so that I could not keep back the tears. And I wondered just

how much all the stateliness and the beauty, and the great outlay of money could be pleasing to Jehovah, when there is so great a contrast between that and this.

THE BEST PROGRAMME I EVER PREPARED—A TRAVEL CLUB.

By Edith Parker Thomson.

My "best programme" is not one, but a series, which must be described together or not at all; and further, our programmes, reversing the usual order, preceded the society for which they were made. Hence this theme must be stretched to include not merely the story of a programme, but of a missionary society, and how it happened that a programme founded it.

In the realm of missions, as elsewhere, "there is nothing new under the sun," and we have but a familiar dish to offer, though perhaps served with a fresh sauce. Even the recipe came from a friend who first tested and proved it palatable. This clever friend in a neighboring city instituted a series of travel talks as a course of entertainments, and to give piquancy and verisimilitude to the plan of a personally conducted tour, she obtained from a certain trans-Atlantic steamship company the decorated covers used to enclose their printed passenger lists. Then making a canvass for names of all who would "engage berths," otherwise secure tickets for the course, each of these ladies was presented, at the opening lecture, with her folder containing the printed "list of passengers," or ticket holders, her own name among them. This was but one of several devices to carry out the play.

But if this scheme could raise dollars, why not as well raise members for a missionary society? Two or three choice spirits were consulted, and a preliminary meeting was called to consider the organization of a Missionary Travel Club among the young women of the church who were debarred by business occupations from either the woman's circle or the girls' society. The kind neighbor of the entertainment course generously supplied steamship folders from her own overflow, and the line chosen with its conspicuous advertisement and Colonial service was just the one for a trip to the East. A plan of sailings was outlined to Italy and Egypt, thence to In-

dia, Burma, etc., with a return across the American continent in a chapel car. It was voted, since all personally conducted tours require a careful itinerary, to confine the attention this year to visiting chiefly stations illustrating women's work, with "Western Women in Eastern Lands" for guide book. Our Bible precedent for a missionary travel club was found in Luke 8: 1-3, where we learn that as our Lord "went throughout every city and village," there were "with him . . . certain women . . . which ministered unto him of their substance."

Twenty-eight berths were straight-way engaged for the trip, and officers elected, among whom a chief stewardess acts as chairman of the refreshment committee and is appointed to see that whatever is provided in that line shall be no burden to any single hostess. One of the passengers who uses the typewriter prepared the lists, and at the next meeting each was presented with her souvenir, having the names of all her fellow-travelers, and extra pages on which to write those who may later join the party. Besides this, each was given a log book, a most important factor of the voyage. We had wanted to take those dear little suit-case mite boxes, even if they were designed for juniors, but these being out of print the red books were substituted after pasting red-bordered white labels over the titles "Grandmother's Album," printed on the boxes, and lettering in red "Log Book" in their stead. Accompanying each log book was a copy either of the leaflet "Transformed Mites" or "Think on These Things."

Perhaps one secret of success in our first programme, Italy, was the fact that fully two-thirds of the club members had some share in the evening's preparations, on the literary programme, music, decorations, souvenirs or refreshments. The party landed at Naples, and passing the pictures of Gibraltar in the hall, the girls found themselves in a room full of pictures of Naples and its environs, culled from various quarters and massed in proper groupings. A map of Europe hung on the wall, also a chart with the names of modern Italy's four great heroes. In one corner was a miniature lemon grove of real branches about six feet high, and the fragrance of lemons filled the air.

The Bible lesson was taken from Paul's letter to the Romans, and our

thought directed to his desire that Italy might know Christ. After brief business the guide conducted the party about Naples in a short map and travel talk. A sudden burst of music broke in upon the sight-seeing. Of course, it was Neapolitan street singers. Windows were thrown up while we listened to "Santa Lucia" and "Funiculi," heard and loved by every traveler in Southern Italy. One of the singers, with scarf over her head, shyly appeared in the doorway, but was soon emboldened to gather pennies from the company—to be turned later into the treasury. The girls had been warned beforehand that travelers in Italy find small change always handy.

The serious part of the programme was based on the first chapter of "The Gospel in Latin Lands." Five periods of Italian history were outlined by different girls in as many paragraphs, then came a roll call of heroes with responses by four members.

A foreeful study of Roman Catholicism was given with illustrative readings from Mr. Robertson's "The Roman Catholic Church in Italy." This was a dark picture, and we turned with relief to the young Waldensian Biblewoman, who told her life story and something of the native Protestant Church. The lesson closed with a brief mention of Crandon Hall in Rome, and the significance of its work for Italian girls.

We then took train for Rome—the next room. Here were all the Roman views. Over one corner stretched a canopy labelled "Palazzo Rospigliosi," and fastened above our heads was Guido Reni's "Aurora," a ceiling decoration indeed, as one sees the original. In another corner, labeled "Church of Ara Coeli," the crowd gathered to listen to the story of the Bambino, and the custodian duly feed, a cover was removed, disclosing a colored picture of the shrine as nearly like the real Bambino as possible. Post cards of Michael Angelo's "Propets" were also arranged as ceiling paintings, and mirrors supplied for better view, to recall the Sistine Chapel. This trip to Rome was a veritable Cook's party, with the girls crowding about the leader at various points of interest. Returning to Naples each was permitted to pick a fine Sorrento (?) lemon from the tree and found it good to eat, for under our missionary magic, pulp and seeds had given place to delicious jelly. We retired to our berths

happy, and perhaps a little weary, after singing the hymn we are adopting as our special hymn for missionary travelers—

“O Zion haste, thy mission high fulfilling.”

We are picking up new travelers by the way, and are finding out what infinite possibilities there are in the travel idea. Music and refreshment committees are busy discovering appropriate things for their departments. Our decoration committee built two splendid temple doorways of manila paper and colored crayons for our meeting in Egypt. Costume-making has enlisted other workers. We are planning a meeting on shipboard in the near future, when we expect to learn from a Hindu, a Moslem, a Confucian and a Buddhist; teacher embarking at Port Said, how their sacred books, so varied at other points, all unite in one hateful, bitter cry of “Ladies last.”

These meetings cost hard work in the preparation, some investment of money and much earnest prayer. May these missionary journeyings bless those far-off women, our sisters, who cannot travel, but must wait in harems, in dreary zenanas, in fetters of ignorance and pain till we come.—The Helping Hand.

CIRCLE NEWS.

Hartford.—The Mission Band held a social evening on January 4, which was much enjoyed. A short programme was given, after which refreshments were served by the young ladies of the Band. The sum of \$6 was realized. Since reorganizing, July, 1911, our Band has made steady progress. Our meetings are held second Sunday in the month, and are very helpful.

Irene VanLoon, Secretary.

First Church, Kingston.—Two years ago our Band was organized with thirty members, and at our annual meeting, January 7, 1912, we found that over half of our Sunday school scholars were enrolled. As a young Band we feel we have been very successful. This is partly due to the fact that our Programme Committee has for each meeting an interesting programme composed of songs, recitations and readings. Also

sometimes our supervisor has told us of the work of our missionaries, and with the aid of maps has shown us their stations. Financially, we have done well, too. Besides our collections, we have used other ways of getting money. One time we collected a foot of cents, and during the summer months, when we hold no meetings, starting with a cent each, we made what we could. With this we support a boy in India, have given to Home and Foreign Missions, and various other things. From this I think you will agree with us in saying that as a Band we have been very prosperous.

H. B. C., Secretary.

Young Ladies' Auxiliary, St. George.

—During the past year the Circle has held nine meetings at the different homes of the members, the average attendance being thirteen. The programmes rendered were full of profit and interest. Two ten-cent teas were divided equally between Home and Foreign Missions. The sum of \$5 was raised for Indian Missions. The remaining \$11.15 in the treasury was divided between Home and Foreign Missions. A total of \$15.65 has been raised from May, 1911, to January, 1912, inclusive. We have at present 25 members on the roll.

H. M. Atmore, Secretary.

Scotland.—The annual Thank-offering meeting of the Mission Circle was held in the church, on the evening of November 2nd. A responsive Scripture lesson was conducted by the President, Mrs. Hooker, after which an interesting programme was rendered by the boys and girls of the Mission Band. Mrs. Elliott and Mrs. Vivian sang a beautiful duet, “Indian Sunset Song.” We were very glad to have with us one of our own missionaries, Miss Murray, and to hear of her work amongst the Telugu women and children. Miss Murray’s address was so earnest, and she brought the scenes she spoke of, so vividly before us, that we feel the influence of that meeting will long remain with us, and we pray it may bring forth fruit in the consecration of the lives of some of our Band workers to this needy field. The offering amounted to \$32.50.

T. E. S., Secretary.

BOLIVIA

ITS NEED

Mrs. C. N. Mitchell.

You must know that Bolivia is called a Christian country. That is because nearly four hundred years ago, as part of Peru, she was annexed to Spain and forced to accept the religion of her conqueror. This was the gospel of Rome, and her manner of accepting it was at the sword's point, so that now the quaint old Inca monarchy was ended, and she was no longer a savage but a Christian nation.

The word Christian (*crisino*) begins in Spanish with a small *c*, and that simple little incident of the language sets me to wondering whether Bolivian Christianity is worthy of that capital *C*. Link readers, as I tell you some of the conditions and customs of the Bolivian people, you must judge whether the name "Christian" fits, and whether the missionaries are wasting time and energy in bringing to them that which they already possess, or do not need.

The Spanish took from the Indian his liberty, and substituted slavery—almost. He is a slave to his "patron" or gentleman farmer landlord, who forces from him service and presents, in return for his small patch of ground and wretched little mud hut. He is more a slave to the priests, who extorts his money, keeps him in ignorance, and makes of him a dangerous fanatic to be used as he (the priest) pleases.

When the Spanish took from him his religion and substituted Christianity, did this mean fear of God, morality, sobriety, truthfulness and education. Let us see.

It is the last day of Carnival. The Indians have danced for three days on the streets. The high twiddle-deedle of their reed pipes, the wooden rattle of their hand clappers, the croak of their horns, the tom-tom of their drums have died down to a drunken reiterated clamor. These poor creatures, men and women, have drunk and danced steadily for three days and nights. Masks are awry, a long nose perches over an ear, hats and wigs are crooked or off, the dance has no method, but they flop about dizzily, drunkenly. They are nearly dead, but—stop dancing! Not at all! More drink and more dance, until they are powerless to resist the drunken sleep that at last overtakes

them. These dances are in honor of the Virgin, and begin at the doors of the church, which sanctions them—a slight variation of the heathen dances of years ago in honor of heathen deities.

And yet these Indians are probably the most moral class in the country. They cannot afford the high marriage fee demanded by the priests, but an Indian couple live together with fair constancy. Considering the immorality of the upper classes, this seems attributable to the purer social life of the early Incas, not to their change of religion.

The sin of lying is said to have been punishable by death in Inca times. Now lying is so common that it is sofer to take it for granted that a Bolivian is lying than that he is telling the truth.

As for education they are, thanks to the priest, utterly ignorant, and only recently the liberal government and a few missionaries, have started a number of small schools amongst them. And so the Indian in slavery, drunkenness, superstition, and ignorance stands before us as the result of the gospel forced upon him nearly four centuries ago.

The higher class men have really no religion. Existing religion has driven them to various forms of infidelity, though they conform to certain forms and ceremonies of the church for the sake of business or politics, or their more religious wives and sweethearts. They ridicule the priest and look upon him with contempt. They welcome anything that tends to lessen his power, including liberty of worship, Protestant missionaries and schools, and civil marriage.

The women of this class are externally pious. They are fairly moral, owing to the close watch set upon them by parents and other relatives, and servants. A young woman must not go out on the street unattended; with a young man alone! Never! Young people of opposite sex, even engaged couples, must never be alone. Boys' and girls' schools must be separate. "Our children are little devils," said a Bolivian lady to me, "and the sexes must not mingle." Yet in spite of these precautions, many of these women's lives are not virtuous, though they may be most devout church members.

The Cholos are the most religious class—and the wickedest. They drink. A Cholo earns plenty of money at his trade, but his birthday or the birthday of relative or saint comes along, and that means a feast—drinking and dancing with his neighbors for days. His money goes, and he borrows more for more drink. When he is sober he has to pay that off and make more for the next spree. Every event is celebrated by drinking, births, birthdays, Christ's birthday, elections, funerals and weddings. One of the hardest crosses for our native Christians and us, is the marriage question—not only the difficulty of getting a priest to marry a Protestant

thing in your house if you do not want your cook to walk off with your supplies. It is the custom to count knives, forks, pieces of silver, etc., before a new servant, then count again when he leaves, so that he may hold himself responsible for what is missing. They are unclean in their habit. Their shops are dirty, and the back streets, made up of these shops, are stinking. Celestina will wash dishes on your kitchen floor and peel potatoes there, leaving—if you let her—a pile of peelings to accumulate, along with the sweepings and dirty pots and pans—which she considers waste of time to wash. In this some pile of debris are several black smutty



Indian Half-breeds in Gala Dress.

couple without conceding to the demands of the church—such as confession; but preventing the gathering of the friends and relatives to drink. So far, we usually have had the priest, wedding, and feast right in our house, inviting the native members of the congregation as helpers and guests, so overcoming the difficulty. Civil marriage will lessen this problem for us, as there will be no church rites and no priest to lend his assistance and blessing to the drink.

These Cholos fight—usually at these drinking sprees. Men fight over a woman. Women fight over a man. These fights are often in the streets and accompanied by screams, tearing of hair, scratching of faces, stabbing or shooting. They lie and steal. You must lock every-

wads, which turn out to be dish towels. She sweeps with great gusto, raising a perfect hurricane of dust, and dusts by slapping at the furniture with her rag. They use foul language, and teach it to their little ones. They live without marriage, and change partners when they like. Isabel was the mother of five children, each with a different father. And yet, as I said before, these people are the most religious, and why blame them! Their teachers, the priests, lie, steal, talk filthily and live filthily—to a point which I cannot feel at liberty to write about. They come principally from the Cholo class, and when a boy shows no intellect for study, or desires to work, he is trained for the priesthood.

Now, a glance at a religious ceremony

that you may see something of that side of the picture. Good Friday closes the six weeks of lenten fast, confession and penances, which begins right after Carnival. Silence reigns everywhere. In all the crowded churches the priests are preaching three-hour sermons on the seven last words of Jesus. Their hearers are worked up to a frenzy, screaming and sobbing, and calling out, as he refers to the death on the cross, "Don't kill him! Don't crucify him! Oh, no! no! no!" Then the greatest of the many processions of the year, is formed. The wax Lord reclines in a great glass coffin, preceded by a tall wax virgin, clothed with black and with waxen tears on her cheeks. Then come priests; orders of the church—sons of Joseph. Daughters of Mary, each with badges or bands of the color of their order on their black clothes; school children, teachers, civic and municipal people, business men, and other bodies. The procession is headed by a brass band, which plays funeral music. The streets are draped in black. Pious ones who are not within the ranks, are looking on, kneeling and bare-headed. We once looked from the top of a hill, of course without kneeling or taking off hats, and dark looks were cast at such hardened heretics, who were, however, out of reach of a good spinning-stone, even if well aimed. A group of young foreigners cross the route of the procession after it has passed, and are "run in" by three officious little policemen, and made to pay a stiff fine for not taking off their hats.

At night the march ends. The wax Lord is deposited in the church, literally dead to many of these poor ignorant minds. And instead of waiting for the resurrection on Sunday morning, the people refuse to restrain themselves so long, and resurrect Him at ten o'clock on Saturday morning. Then begin the carousals and dances, the deafening rows, the indulgence of vice that has been more or less suppressed for six long weeks.

So, my reader, I leave you to judge whether they possess the kernel, or even the husk, and whether Bolivia needs or does not need CHRISTIANITY.

The Panama Canal zone is not being neglected religiously; Y.M.C.A. buildings are found in all the large towns; chapels have been erected and services are held by the chaplains of the commission. Union services for Protestants are held, and Protestant Sunday Schools are found in every village.

THE WOMEN THAT PUBLISH THE TIDINGS—SAYAMMA.

Miss Charlotte M. McLeod.

Almost, if not quite, eighty years ago, in the town of Palakonda, a little girl was born. Her father belonged to the Razu Caste, and was the owner of three villages. Her mother was his well-loved second wife. A few months after this little one, her only child, was born, the mother died, leaving her helpless babe to grow up as best she might under a nurse's care.

When she was a merry little maiden of some eight years or thereabouts, a relative started a school in her father's compound, and, being allowed to attend, she learned to read, but that was the extent of her education.

When she was about fifteen years of age her father died, and from that time life began to show its hard places to her. Two sons and one daughter of her father's first wife, and two daughters of his third wife, were living, and in the natural order of events she and they should have inherited his property, but her father's brothers wanted a share in it, and going to law with one another, squandered a good deal of it.

Razus do not give their children in marriage when they are mere babes, as other castes do, usually; and owing to a dark chapter in her history, over which we must draw a veil, but of which it will suffice to say that she was more sinned against than sinning, Sayamma was never married. Having some executive ability, she had a considerable part in the bringing up of her step-sister's family, and in getting them married once, twice or thrice as needs be.

When the first wife of one of her nephews died, leaving a motherless boy, she took charge of the little one, and it was to give him better educational advantages that over fifteen years ago she followed her nephew and a younger brother of his to Peddapuram, where they had come as servants of the British Government.

Not long after she came her nephew died, and she was left with his little son, and no means of support, except the resort which seems to be a second nature to the Hindu—of the outstretched hand and the cry of Give! Give! In all of this an unesen Hand was leading, and the first day your missionary entered on regular work in Peddapuram, fourteen years and a half ago, that Hand guided them together. Robbed of all earthly

enjoyment, her hungry heart opened as naturally to the wondrous story of His love as the flowers of spring open to the May sunshine.

Not satisfied with what she received from our visits in the town Sunday after Sunday, she came to the chapel in the compound, hungry for more. Ere long she expressed a wish to be enlisted among His witnesses in the town, and was told she must first follow Him in baptism. She soon offered herself to the church, and was baptized by our missionary, the Rev. J. A. K. Walker. At once she began to witness for Jesus, and learning that she might impart to others, in a short time she had a knowledge of the Bible that would shame some of our Christians at home. She brought her grand-nephew with her, and though he has been a source of vexation of spirit to more missionaries than one who have undertaken his case, through Sayamma's continued efforts for him his name is on the Pithapuram church roll, and he is engaged as one of Dr. Smith's compounders.

For over ten years Sayamma has been telling more or less regularly the story of salvation. After the first tour she made with me, as we were about to start for home, she said, "Wait, Amma!" and prostrating herself on the floor of the bungalow, she poured out her heart in thanksgiving for the privilege He had given her of being His witness in so many villages. If this has not been her attitude every day since, she still counts it a great privilege to be one of His witnesses.

Feeble and with sight so far gone that she cannot read, her sphere of labor is limited, but morning and afternoon in some one's company she goes into the town to tell the gospel story or to teach His little ones. Her memory is remarkable for one of her years, and her reasoning powers equally so.

A few years ago she won a prize in the Bible examination given to all of our workers on their personal study of appointed lessons, and her greatest sorrow over her loss of sight is that she cannot read her Bible. A day or so ago she informed me that her remaining nephew is going back to Palakonda, and that he wishes her to take one of his little girls to bring up, and said, "Amma, shall I do it?" Sayamma describes this little one's surroundings with one very expressive word, which means "vile language," and so, knowing this, I said, "If her mother is willing, you may."

Dear sisters all! Soon, very soon, we shall stand in that great multitude which no man can number of those who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Sayamma and her nephew, through your prayers and offerings, will be there, to join in His praises. Pray for this little girl, too!

WHAT WE ARE DOING.

There are still a very large number of agents and individual subscribers who have failed to send in their renewals for this year. This causes great inconvenience, and we would ask again most earnestly that every subscriber look at her date label, and if her subscription is due or overdue, that she send it in very promptly, either directly to the Editor or through the local agent. And of the agents we ask that they will not only send in their list as promptly as possible, but that they will send a longer list than before. If any drop out, fill up the vacancies and secure a few to the good. To the agents who have already sent in their lists, we would say that it is never too late in the year to send in new names. Just as soon and as often as they can get new subscribers, send them on. If their is any chance of a new one, do not wait one month. Remember the rates are 25c a year, or for less than a year 5c for 2 months and 3c for one month.

The editor of the Juvenile Department of the "Western Outlook" and the Band Superintendent for Manitoba, Miss Caroline Cornell, has resigned her position, much to the regret of the Board. Miss Cornell has made the Juvenile Department very bright and interesting, and the lessons therein contained have been used much farther than the bounds of Manitoba. The "Outlook" says of her resignation: "We cannot say too much of Miss Cornell's faithful work with the Bands of our Province, by means of personal letters and through the Juvenile Department of the "Outlook." She has now the gratitude and appreciation of her fellow-workers all over the Province."

The Union Conference of Missionaries of the Maritime and Ontario and Quebec Boards met for the last time in Cocanada, December 28 to 31, 1911. By motion the Union Conference, which has been in existence for many years, was

dissolved. The next gathering will be a United Conference of Missionaries of the Canadian Baptist Foreign Mission Board.

The Maritime Mission reported for the year 120 baptisms, the Ontario and Quebec Mission 783, this being the largest number on record for any single year. Work has been opened during the year in Sompeta and Vizagapatam, the new bungalow at Narsapatnam (Rev. and Mrs. A. S. Woodburne) has been completed, and the corner-stone of the McLaurin High School has been laid.

It is good news to hear that a wall map of our mission field in India is being prepared for use in our home churches; also that leaflets for use of Mission Bands, giving information by question and answer, are being got ready.

The serious illness of Miss Ryerse is a cause of great sorrow to all of our missionaries and Circle members. We are sure that much sympathy will be felt both for Miss Ryerse herself and for her relatives in Norfolk County. She will return to Canada with Mr. and Mrs. Chute and Mr. J. R. Stillwell.

The following extracts are from a letter written by Miss Mary Smart, who went to China about a year ago under the China Inland Mission. Miss Smart is a member of the Baptist Church at Stark's Corners, Que., and a graduate of Moulton College. Her letter will be of interest to a large circle of friends. It is dated at Kian, via Kinkiang:—

"We travelled by a large river boat up the Yangtse through much of the country that has been flooded by the overflow of this great river. For miles the fields on either side of the river were like great lakes; we could see many houses covered almost to the peaks, and our hearts were sad as we thought of the thousands who had already perished or were left destitute of all their possessions.

"Our house is built on the bank of the river, facing the east, and commands a most beautiful view. I should have told you that on my arrival here I was warmly welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. Brownlee, graduates of McMaster University and Moulton College respectively, with whom I am now living.

"Little by little, I am acquiring, by God's help, a knowledge of the language

and an acquaintance with the Chinese customs. A class of six or seven girls has been assigned to me, and you can imagine with what fear and trembling, but also with a peculiar sense of joy, I took the class for the first time.

"I have also had my first experience in visiting in a Chinese home. Mrs. Brownlee and I went to the home of one of our church members out in the country. It was a walk of almost three miles along little narrow paths only wide enough for one person to walk, winding this way and that between the small plots of rice or buckwheat or Chinese vegetables of some kind. When we came within calling distance of the home to which we were going, our woman began calling out to tell the people we were coming. There came a reply immediately, and from then until we arrived the calling continued. This is quite the Chinese custom.

"For some time now this city has been flying the white flag, as a sign of her surrender to the Revolutionary party, which has recently risen up against the Manchurian government. We have great reason to thank God that there was no fighting or rioting here, but that the city surrendered without any opposition whatever."

These notes from British Columbia from the Provincial Secretary, Mrs. Stephens, Vancouver. Similar notes from other Western Provinces would be equally welcome. Secretaries, please do likewise.

"We have in British Columbia twenty-six Circles, for the most part flourishing and healthy. There has been a marked increase in missionary zeal and effort this last year, and better times even yet are looked for between now and our July Convention.

During the latter part of November and early part of December Miss Janet Robinson visited the Circles. Everywhere Miss Robinson received a most hearty and loyal reception, and even though in some cases the audiences which greeted her were of necessity small in number, they were large in spirit and warmth. Miss Robinson was loved for her work's sake before she came amongst us. Now she is loved for her own dear sake also.

In New Westminster and Vancouver's two rallies, the meetings were specially enjoyed by all. The pleasant social time

at the close of the meetings gave all an opportunity to meet Miss Robinson.

In January the annual meeting of the B. W. M. S. of W. C. convened in the First Church, Vancouver.

We are specially thankful at this time, having raised over \$2,000 for the convention year, and more than our proportionate sum of \$500 for the three remaining months of the calendar year. In all probability the total will be \$2,700.

Some of our Circles have a membership of six, while others run up to fifty and one hundred. With each individual member doing her part, great shall be the result.

Pray, and give to our utmost, and leave the results with God."

There has been great rejoicing at the news which has been made public for a few weeks that the money for the much-needed medical missionary has been provided in one gift, and is ready for use when the missionary shall appear. It seems as if it is impossible, with all the student volunteers throughout the country, with all the missionary spirit abroad in the land, that the Board will have to wait long before the right person shall offer to go.

A letter from India, speaking of the return of the missionaries from Canada and the arrival of new ones, says: "They all look well, and it is such a treat to see the rosy cheeks. Six months or a year of India usually takes away our color."

In this issue is a sketch by Miss McLeod of her Bible-woman at Peddapuram. Five other missionaries will follow, telling the life-stories of these good women. It is hoped that they may prove an inspiration to many of us, and make us feel more closely our kinship with the sons and daughters of God in India.

Miss Selman is rejoicing in the possession of a new house-boat, into which she moved after the Conference in Canada. It bears the same name as her former one—"Glad Tidings."

The women students of McMaster University are actively engaged in Christian work. The Y.W.C.A. holds its meetings every Tuesday afternoon, and in addition has three Mission Study classes, which have as their text-book

for the year, "The Decisive Hour of Christian Missions." On Sunday afternoon, many of the girls teach in the Jewish Mission conducted by Mr. Singer. They are looking forward to sending ten representatives to the Muskoka Student Summer Conference at Elgin House, next June. The Christian spirit has always been strong among the women students of the College, and year after year we find the McMaster graduates filling places of active usefulness in all departments of church life.

Miss Marsh and Miss Corning enjoyed a trip to Northern India during the Christmas season. They joined Miss Alexander, and Christmas was spent in Cawnpore.

MISSION BAND.

India—Lesson I.

I. The name India, or Hindustan, is one familiar to all Mission Band members, for that is the country we hear so much about in our meetings. Why? Because our larger foreign mission work is here. Have you a map? No? Oh, then, you can make one on the black board, or on a large sheet of heavy paper. Have a geographer appointed. Make an outline, mark the seas. Here, washing most of the western side is the Arabian Sea; on the eastern side is the Bay of Bengal. At the north are the Himalayas, meaning in Sanskrit "The Abode of Snow." These great mountains shut out India from the rest of the sea. They form two irregular mountain walls, running nearly parallel to each other east and west, with a hollow trough or valley beyond. The southern wall rises steeply from the plains, to over 20,000 feet, or four miles in height. The highest peak in the world is Mt. Everest, 29,002 feet. How the country seems guarded by these natural boundaries of ocean and mountain! But there are two open gateways connecting India with the rest of the continent. On the north-east is the wild hill region between Burma and the Chinese Empire; on the north-west are the States of Baluchistan and Afghanistan.

In shape, India is somewhat like a pear, or a triangle, the point running southward into the ocean, and ending at Cape Comorin. The extreme length is about equal to the extreme breadth—1,900 miles.

II. India is about half way round the world from Canada, so we may travel

either eastward or westward to reach the same destination. To-day, we shall go by one of the Eastern routes with Mr. Scott, our missionary, who tells thus of the journey:—"We start with \$350 each for the expenses of the journey which takes five or six weeks. After good-byes, we speed along by our beautiful Lake Ontario to Hamilton, where we climb the mountain to catch a farewell glimpse of peach orchard, and vineyard, and lake. We bid farewell to Canada; cross the river to Buffalo, and presently are speeding along at a mile a minute all afternoon and evening, till at ten o'clock, line upon line of electric lights tell us we are in the American metropolis. A day or two is spent among the skyscrapers, and car tracks, under the street, on the street, and above the street. Our mighty steamer throbs with life as her engines begin to move, and, amid cheers and waving of hats and handkerchiefs, she glides slowly out towards the wide, wind-swept Atlantic. In about six days we sight land—the green hills of the Emerald Isle. We call at Queenstown, then again weighing anchor, move steadily up St. George's Channel to the Mersey with its landing stage at Liverpool.

We leave the busy harbor, reach London by express train, and spend a few days seeing the Tower, St. Paul's, the Zoo, and many other interesting places. It is an hour's ride from London to Dover, with its castle and chalkcliffs. We cross the channel, board a French train, and hurry away to Paris. We have a day in this great, gay capital, then a ride over France, down the beautiful Rhone valley to the seaport of Marseilles.

By steamer we cross the Mediterranean, seeing, it may be, Corsica, Stromboli, the picturesque straits of Messina, and, in the distance, the snow-capped mountains of Crete. A four days' journey from Marseilles takes us to Port Said in Egypt. This is a modern city, and wonderfully cosmopolitan. Arabs and Copts, French and Italians, British and Greek jostle one another in the bazaars. Coolies by hundreds carry coal for our steamer, hawkers and jugglers board our vessel, boys dive for pennies. All is stir and wonderland. The Suez Canal has dreary wastes of sand, and mud, and marsh on either hand. Express trains and trains of camels pass along. We pass the place where the Israelites crossed the Red Sea on dry land. Leaving Suez, we enter

the Gulf, view the mountains of Sinai, losing sight of them only as we go out into the open waters of the Red Sea. For two or three days, no land appears, then we catch sight of white-walled Mocha on the Arabian Coast, and the mountains of Abyssinia on the west. Through the strait, we pass out into the Gulf of Aden, cast anchor at Aden, receive our first letters of welcome from India, and after five days more, behold the sun rise over the dim hills of India, as we enter the spacious harbor of Bombay.

Bombay is perfect wonderland. It is crowded with men of many nations. Sunshine, streets narrow, and streets wide, and magnificent, donkeys and monkeys, crows, palmtrees, everything—all crowd together in our mind picture of Bombay.

Leaving the torrid plains, we wind our way up the western Ghats, past Poona, and after two days and two nights of weary, dusty journey, we alight at Coacanada, Fellow-missionaries greet us. 'Salaam, salaam, salaam,' comes in chorus from the Telugu Christians, and with welcome and song, they escort us to our bungalow."

III. If you were describing the climate of Canada, how would you do it? The seasons very greatly in different sections. It is the same in India. We will not think now of the snow-capped Himalayas, but of what Miss Murray tells us of the climate in Teluguland: "Here there are weeks and months, lasting from November till the middle of June, when no rain is expected. There are exceptions to this rule, of course. By December, the rains have all passed, taking with them the heat and dust, and the weather has become cool and pleasant, the trees and grass are green, flowers bloom, and the people are busy and happy cutting the rice. January and February, too, are pleasant months, although the thermometer seldom goes below 60 degrees at the coolest part of the day just before morning, and during the day, foreigners (meaning Europeans and Canadians) must wear pith-sun hats, while careful people carry white-covered umbrellas as well, to prevent violent sun-headaches, or perhaps sunstroke. In March and April, the weather becomes hotter and hotter, so that the people rise earlier and earlier, to finish as much of their work as possible before the heat of the day. All this time the sea-breeze brings some relief, but in May, even that dies away, and, in its place, the hot winds blow off the land like air from an oven. Then foreigners go in

their houses, shut the doors and windows during the daytime to keep out the heat. Even so, it is difficult to keep the temperature much below one hundred degrees.

Out of doors, the heat sometimes becomes so great that the birds drop dead from the trees, animals come out from the jungle in search of water, and travelers die by the way.

During all this time little attention is paid to the sky, but early in June, the wind begins to blow from the south-west, and anxious eyes turn to the sky, watching for the appearance of rain clouds. What a relief! when, after the days of terrible heat, heavy clouds appear, hiding the sun for a time, and, in the night, perhaps, comes the sound of falling rain, cooling the air, and giving new life to all. Still, for the foreigner, there are hot, steamy days when fierce sunshine follows cooling showers. For the Indian people, too, are anxious days, when, after weeks of toil in the rice-fields, the time for "the latter rain" draws near.

Again, about the middle of October, the wind should change to the north-east, bringing rain which should continue into the month of November, thus completing the three seasons of the year,—the cool, the hot, and the rainy.

IV. Who of you will count a million for us? Yet the census of 1911 tells us that the population of India is over 315,000,000. The present population of the United States, and Canada combined is less than one-third that of this great land. Excluding Burma and Assam, the people in British India average 279 to the square mile, such overcrowding causes much discomfort and suffering.

V. Season of prayer for the missionaries among these heathen multitudes.

Five minutes talk, a special earnest appeal to the members. What can we do? Let each do faithfully the work of one.

"What canst thou do for Jesus?"

Go, try to spread His fame,

Thousands of heathen children

Have never heard His name.

O send the word of life to such

And Christ will say to thee,

"Inasmuch as ye cared for them

Ye did it unto Me."

SARAH STUART BARBER.

OPPORTUNITY.

In one of the Greek cities there stood long ago a statue. Every trace of it has vanished, but there is in existence

an epigram which describes it. The epigram is in the form of a conversation between a traveler and the statue:

"What is thy name, O statue?"

"I am called Opportunity."

"Why art thou standing on thy toes?"

"To show that I stay but a moment."

"But why is thy hair so long on thy forehead?"

"That men may seize me when they meet me."

"Why then is thy head so bald behind?"

"To show that when I have once passed I cannot be caught."

We do not see the statue standing on the highways to remind us of our opportunities, but we do know that they are ours but for a moment.

God calls all men into his service in much the same way that he called Saul.—Miss. Monthly.

JUST KEEP ON KEEPIN' ON.

If the day looks kinder gloomy'

And your chances kinder slim;

If the situation's puzzlin',

And the prospect's awful grim;

And perplexities keep pressin'

Till all hope is nearly gone,

Just bristle up and grit your teeth

And keep on keepin' on.

Fuming never wins a fight,

And frettin' never pays;

There ain't no good in broodin' in

These pessimistic ways,

Smile just kinder cheerfully,

When hope is nearly gone,

And bristle up and grit your teeth

And keep on keepin' on.

There ain't no use in growlin',

And grumblin' all the time;

When music's ringin' everywhere,

And everything's a rhyme.

Just keep on smilin' cheerfully,

'If hope is nearly gone,

And bristle up and grit your teeth,

And keep on keepin' on.

—Unknown Author.

Bureau of Literature—Ontario West.

Leaflets, Giving from a Girl's Viewpoint, 2c.; A Story of a Dime, 2c.; A Hindu Woman's True Story, 2c.; Uncle Jake at the Feet of the Heathen, 5c.; The Golden Mission Band, How it Grew, 5c.; From Preist to Pastor, 2c.; Typhon, The Blind Mission Convert, 2c.; Miss Canada's At Home, 3c.; A Missionary Post Office, 1c.; Missionary Heroism, 1c.; Our Collector's, 2c.; (Books) Missionary Hymnal, 10c.; Missionary Speaker, 30c.; Exercises, Selections and Suggestions, 15c.; The Baptists of Canada, by Rev. E. R. Fitch, 50c.; India Awakening, 50c.; The Christ Child and Past Children, by Miss Hatch, 25c.

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

TREASURER'S REPORT.

RECEIPTS.

From Circles—

Boston (thank-offering 75c), \$5; Gladstone (thank-offering \$5.50), \$10.80; Toronto, Bloor St. (thank-offering \$76.70), \$139.53; Toronto, Bloor St. Y. L. (thank-offering), \$11.87; Burgessville, \$5; East Toronto (thank-offering), \$38.77; Brooke (thank-offering), \$2.50; Guelph (thank-offering \$9.35), \$19.98; Toronto, Beverley St. (for "A. Eliah" \$17), \$24.25; Burk's Falls, \$4.50; Wilkesport, \$2.50; Toronto, Jovercourt Rd., \$10.50; Stayner (thank-offering \$2.35), \$5; Ingersoll, \$25.98; Brantford, First Ch., for Miss McLeod, \$50; Petrolia, \$5; Eberts, \$5; Toronto, Roncesvalles, \$3.42; Hillsburg (thank-offering), \$7.56; Arkona, \$3.25; Parry Sound, \$2; Toronto, Dufferin St., \$3.70; Port Arthur, for "Mankyam," \$12.50; Meaford, \$3.50; Toronto, Walmer Rd., \$25.95; Toronto, Danforth Bd. (thank-offering \$10.05), \$18.90; Peterborough, Murray St., \$12.10; Toronto, Century, \$10.60; Hespeler, \$13.25; Toronto, Parliament (thank-offering \$5.12), \$17.21; Toronto, Waverley Rd., \$7.10; Sarnia, Central (thank-offering \$9.20), \$17.20; Ridgetown, \$9.26; St. Thomas, \$19.48; Hamilton, James St. (Lepers \$3), \$12.05; Hamilton, Barton St. (for Miss Folsom \$5.15, thank-offering \$3.81), \$13.36; Burgessville (to make Miss Debbie Morgan a Life Member), \$25; Scotland (thank-offering \$16.25), \$19.55; Hamilton, Wentworth St., \$4; Lakeview (thank-offering), \$14.85; Tupperville, \$6.25; Toronto, Myrtle Ave., \$4.40; Brantford Park, \$19.88; Toronto, Jarvis St., \$79.57; Hamilton, Victoria Ave., \$6.67; Weston (thank-offering \$4.35), \$7.50; Barrie (thank-offering \$5), \$10.70; Sarnia Township, \$2.50; Tillsonburg, \$4.50; Toronto, Dovercourt, \$200.39; Toronto, Olivet, \$3.92; London, Egerton St., \$2.75; East Toronto, \$10; Binbrook, \$2.50; Toronto, Elim, for Leper Venkamma, \$8; St. George, \$3; St. George Y. L., \$1.05; Hamilton, James St. Y. L., \$4; East Williams, \$6.50; London, Adelaide (thank-offering \$11.19), \$32.09; Toronto, Bloor St. Y. L., \$13.08; Colchester, \$6.50; Orillia, \$3. Total from Circles, \$1,083.32.

From Bands—

Boston, \$2; Toronto, Beverley St., \$5; Galt, \$4; Walkerton, \$1.83; Ingersoll (for "Eleti Mahalshunama"), \$17; Kincairdine, \$3; Paisley ("A. Bulama"), \$17; Windsor ("Vallipati Atehamma"), \$17. Total from Bands, \$66.83.

From Sundries—

Toronto, Weston S. S., Mrs. Cowser's Class, for "S. Pruthama," \$17; London, Talbot St. S. S., Builder's Class, for "D. Kumalaza," \$17; Toronto, Century Junior Union, for "V. Deenama," \$8; Hamilton, James St. Junior B. Y. P. U., for "T. Anandamura," \$12; Enniskillen, 12th S. S., for "D. Mary?," \$17; Toronto, Olivet S. S., Mrs. Harris' Class, for Miss Priest's work, \$10; Toronto, Indian Rd. Y. L. B. C., for "Edla Alice," \$4.25; Orillia, Phil. Class, for "P. Mary," \$20; Investment, Miss Davies' gift, \$10; Investment in trust, \$8.75; Sarnia, S. S., "Class in the Corner," for share in the Cocanada Class Rooms, \$5; Brantford, Park Y. P. S. C. E., for "K. Bagamma," \$20; Campbellford S. S., for "P. Martha," \$10; Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Brown, for "B. Joah," \$5; Mrs. R. W. Elliot (\$100 for Miss Corning, \$100, for Dr. Hulet), \$200; Mrs. Wm. Davies, Jr., for New Missionary Fund, \$200. Total from sundries, \$564.

DISBURSEMENTS.

By cheque to General Treasurer, on Estimates for India, \$830.33; Furlough allowance, \$33.34; Extras—Lepers \$3.25, Leper Appama, \$5.00. Total, \$871.92. Expense Account, Standard Publishing Company for 300 Convention programmes, \$3.75; for 500 Constitutions, \$1.75; Treasurers' expenses, \$20.83; exchange, 40c; postage, \$1. Total, \$277.73. Total receipts for January, \$1,714.15. Total disbursements for January, \$899.65.

Total receipts since Oct. 21st, 1911, \$3,791.11.

Total disbursements since Oct. 21st, 1911, \$3,115.87.

Note.—The Treasurer wishes to call attention to the danger of sending remittances in the form of loose cash enclosed in an ordinary envelope. All letters containing money should be registered in order that the postal authorities may be able to trace the letter should it fail to reach the Treasurer. Anonymous givers need have no fear that their confidence will be betrayed, and in the case of regular contributors it will be readily apparent that a bank money order, post-office order, cheque or registered letter affords a more secure method of forwarding money; this also avoids any misunderstanding which might arise in the event of a money letter failing to reach the Treasurer.

MARIE C. CAMPBELL,
Treasurer.

MRS. GLENN H. CAMPBELL,
113 Balmoral Ave.