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HIGH hearts are never long without hearing some new call, some distant clarion of God, even in their dreams; and soon they are observed to break up the camp of ease, and start on some fresh march of faithful service. And, looking higher still, we find those who never wait till moral work accumulates, and who reward resolution with no rest; with whom therefore, the alternation is instantaneous and constant; who do the good only to see the better, and see the better only to achieve it; who are too meek for transport, too faithful for remorse, too earnest for repose; whose worship is action, and whose action ceaseless aspiration.

J. MARTINEAU.



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Canadian Missionary Link.

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VOL. XXXIX.

TORONTO, JANUARY, 1914.

No. 5

THE NEW YEAR'S GREETING OF "THE LINK."

While light upon the landscape gleams,
And hope and faith with radiant beams
Are human lives adorning,
To those who know its high intent
The greeting of THE LINK is sent
On this glad New Year's morning.

From month to month, in its own sphere,
It comes to bring to hearts sincere
A wealth of helpful reading;
And prized are they who everywhere
Unite to seek by earnest prayer
The help THE LINK is needing.

Each month its message is designed
With kindred minds to Link your mind
While pilgrim days are lengthened;
And when, no longer ruled by chance,
You make your payments in advance,
THE LINK which binds is strength-
ened.

To spread the light throughout all lands,
By means of Churches, Circles, Bands,
Its readers are invited.
We pray as those who would succeed,
That all who write and all who read
May be in Him united.

—T. Watson.

THE EDITOR'S MESSAGE FOR THE NEW YEAR.

The editor gives greeting to her readers, wishing them all a HAPPY NEW YEAR. Not only a happy New Year's Day, but a happy new YEAR—true happiness lasting all year. And she feels it laid most strongly upon her to strike a deeper note, at this gay season of the year, and say out of her heart's deepest and truest experience that real happiness is only reached by way of service. And, moreover, that loving and sacrificial service is its own exceeding great reward. It must be so, since it brings us into closest fellowship with Him who said, "I am in the midst of you as he that serveth." Our blessed Lord served us by His life, by His death, and even now is gloriously serving men and women by saving them. He invites us all to another year of service for and with Himself. To serve Him, and to serve our fellow-creatures with Him,—it means fellowship we know; and we earnestly desire, nay, crave that fellowship with our dear Master. But how often are we surprised and taken aback when it means sacrifice, and suffering as well. We looked for joy, inspiration, power—but we did not count on suffering. And yet it is just here that we get closest to the heart of Him who carried

in His heart the sins—think of it!—the sins of the world. And there is no way to the joy and power and inspiration except through the fellowship of suffering. If we are to serve with Him, we must, I think, share in some measure that terrible burden of the world's sin, and in this service know His heart of love for all mankind. For Him it meant unmeasured sacrifice, nameless suffering—shall the servant be above his Master here?

"Put any burden upon me—only sustain me,
Send me anywhere—only go with me,
Sever any tie—but that which binds me
To Thy service and to Thy heart."

The whole world is calling for our service. Think of our own Telugu and Bolivian fields, where we are not yet adequately presenting Jesus Christ to every man and woman and child for lack of missionaries, preachers, Biblewomen, schools, money. Then, did you know that some time ago the Macedonian cry came to our Board from Bulgaria, where a company of Baptists asked us to establish a mission there? And that during

CHRISTIANITY IS A ROAD TO WALK.

this last year a call has come from Chile, where 1,000 converts, Baptists, have, through the man who has hitherto led them, appealed to us to take up definite mission work there? Also, that even now our Foreign Mission Board has before it a very definite and attractive proposition, offering us work to do in China, that land of wonderful promise for the Kingdom?

Why have these calls come, in God's providence, to us? Think it out, while you pray, "Why, O Lord, did you send them to us, to me?"

What is the chief consideration that caused our leaders on the Board to hesitate when these calls to service, such opportunities for service, came? Why can the arm that reaches Bolivia not reach Chile, too? And why cannot the hand that blesses India bless China, too—and Bulgaria, on the way? Where is the answer to that question? In our pockets and bank accounts, or in our hearts?

But lift up your eyes and look farther afield, for "there remaineth yet very much land to be possessed." In our own India there are still vast tracts of land and millions of people without Christ. Listen! "Only one-third of India has been reached by missionaries, and that one-third only partially." "It seems a fair estimate to say that there are living in India to-day at least 150,000,000 people without Christ." Bhutan and Nepal, border states with a population of 5,250,000 "wholly unoccupied"—not a light burning anywhere. Shut your eyes and think of it, "From the last mission station in North India it is 1,000 miles northward to the next." One thousand miles of darkness, no lights along the way. One word for China—in Manchuria alone are 20,000,000 people, two-thirds of whom, a missionary on the field reports, have not "even been approached yet." That "yet" is eloquent. How long have they waited, how long must they wait "yet," until we are ready to strip ourselves somewhat for them?

Africa, for whose sake Livingstone died; South America, the "neglected continent"—why, in our Bolivia alone, each worker has a parish as large as each worker in Quebec would have if there were only five there! These facts are taken from "The Call of the world," by W. E. Doughty.

What more need we say? John Mott says that what the church needs to-day is imagination. Aye, imagination; in order to really understand and take seriously facts like the foregoing, which reveal world-conditions constituting so many calls for service, so many opportunities for conquest. It would probably mean that sacrifice we spoke about before, it would doubtless entail suffering. Are we good for it? "Lovest thou me?" The world was never in such a receptive mood. Everywhere nations which have been asleep for centuries are now awake and aware and searching for the Truth. They are, to change the figure, plastic and impressionable now under the breath of the changing spirit of the time. Shall we set the seal of Christ upon them now? Shall we? To-morrow may be too late, when they are set and cold again—not in the old superstitious heathenism, but in a new and harder atheism. It is God's glorious day, His day of miracles, "more wonderful than those of the Old Testament," Dr. Mott says, the day of His visitation, "Oh, make Thy people willing in the day of thy power!" * * *

But whither have my New Year's greetings wandered! Ah, that we might give a glad New Year to the nations that sit in darkness!

Sisters in India, our co-workers there, we give you greeting! Needs not to prate to you of sacrifice and suffering for they are your daily companions in the way, albeit their faces are glorified by the radiant presence of One "like unto the Son of God," who also walketh with you. Therefore do you live at the very heart of happiness. HAPPY NEW YEAR!

"So fear not grief, fear not the anguish, thou,

The paining heart, the clasped and prostrate brow;

This is the emblem and this is the sign by which God singles thee for fields divine;

From such a height He stoops, from such a bliss,

Small wonder thou dost shudder at His kiss."

—Stephen Phillips.

WE THANK THEE

"A RELIGION GOOD ENOUGH OF THEIR OWN."

- In this world of ours, on a far-off shore,
Dwell some women like ourselves, but
they
Do not know our Saviour, Jesus, who
bore
The sin of the world on a cross, one
day.
"Go tell them! I'm with you! Be not
afraid!"
He commanded ere ascending His
throne.
They went. Some answer: "They have,
it is said,
A religion good enough of their own."
- They worship at morn, at noon, or at
night,
An image of wood, of stone, or of clay,
On many a hill, you may see the sight,
As they bow before it, and own its
sway.
Under each green tree, where the idols
hold
Undisputed rule, on an unsought
throne,
They cringe as slaves, yet they have, we
are told,
A religion good enough of their own.
- They ask whether the sun is not a god,
They wonder you smile as you answer
"Nay."
Doubting, they point to the earth they
have trod,
"This must certainly be a god," they
say.
All in vain you protest, "No, no, not
so!"
Too long in their minds the thought
has been sown;
You cannot convince them. They have,
you know,
A religion good enough of their own.
- They say, "Oh, yes, we steal! What
can we do?
We must steal to live. We cannot
deny
That thieving is wrong; what you say is
true,
To lie is a sin, we know, yet we lie
To give our children food. Why should
we dread
The future? The future is all un-
known."
So they reason. Yet they have, it is
said,
A religion good enough of their own.
- "You tell us life is eternal. How queer!
We are only women! What do we
know?
We have never been taught; that's not
our sphere,
We are told. You say if we wish to go
To Paradise there is only One Way;
That to admit us, its King left His
throne.
Yet we have, so some of your people say,
A religion good enough of our own."
- "You tell us that we must be cleansed
from sin.
We know it, and so the favor of men,
And the love of the gods we try to win,
By bathing, fasting, then sinning
again.
The gods favor you! How happy your
lot!
But we must for all our past sins
atone.
What of the future! Ah, well! Have
we not
A religion good enough of our own?"
- "Oh, yes, we would like to be good and
pure,
And ask you to pray that our children
may,
But as for ourselves we feel pretty sure
That we must go on, in the same
old way.
To our fathers' customs we still are wed,
And worship the gods our fathers
have known;
But then, after all, we have, it is said,
A religion good enough of our own."
- And now, my dear friends, who read this
to-day,
With this brief glance at the Hindu
women,
You, who all your lives have known the
Way,
God's wondrous way of atonement for
sin;
Not to me, but to God will you confess
That in spite of all you've hitherto
known,
You have sometimes thought, they really
possess
A religion good enough of their own.
- If so, have patience with me while I say,
Would you change your Christ for
their Krishna? All
Your saving thought of Him, the Life,
the Way,
For thoughts stirred by a Jew's scene
on a wall?

NOT FOR THE HARVEST ALONE

Would you give up the Christ, so pure
and true,
For their impure gods? Or still do
you claim
That religion not good enough for you
May somehow be quite good enough
for them?

To those who have never made such a
claim,
With heart filled with love and joy I
now turn

To repeat His command, the very same
Which made the hearts of early Chris-
tians burn.

"Fulfil ye my joy! My Spirit employ!
The way to salvation to all make
known."

Thy will, our Master! Then all shall
enjoy

A religion good enough of our own.

—Charlotte M. McLeod.

OBJECTIONS THAT WON'T HOLD.

A missionary tells of meeting a person on the train who fell into friendly converse; but when the man learned that he was talking to a missionary, he said with a half patronizing, irritating little smile: "I suppose I am rather peculiar, but you know I don't believe much in Foreign Missions, there are so many heathen at home." Then follows the missionary's answer, which is so good that we reprint it:

"Yes," I replied, suppressing the longing to smile in return at his lack of originality. "and there are so many Christians to look after them!" And then I went on to insist that, if the Christians at home would but do their duty, there would be no further truth in that old argument. "There is enough to do at home," people say. "Yes, but are you doing it? What are you doing for those around you? What have you done for the negroes in your town? What have you done for the children on the streets? Have you visited the sick and those in prison? Have you helped to wipe the saloon and the social evil from your city? If you are spending your life and your means in such work as this, you have some right to make this old excuse and say, 'There are so many heathen at home.'" But if you are doing nothing for those around you, don't you think it hypocritical to pretend that you are?

The second argument always is, "Well, the heathen religions are good enough for the heathen." Are they?

The greatest shrine in all Japan is dedicated to the worship of an alligator. Will the love of such a god as this fill men's lives with happiness and peace and the longing to make the most of the gift of life? Will it inspire to self-sacrifice and love to one's fellowmen? How many orphanages were supported by Buddhists before they began to imitate the Christians? How many homes were there for the poor, the helpless or the insane? What could they know of the hereafter or of the resurrection? The peasants of Japan worship the fox god; they pray to their sacred mountain peaks; they drink the bath water of their high priests. Are such religions good enough for any people?

"Ah, but the converts are 'Rice Christians!'" They are in it for what they can get out of it." And what is that? Persecution, loss of position, estrangement of friends and loved ones for the caste converts; and thousands of Christians suffered martyrdom in China in 1900.

"But the heathen will be saved anyhow. Why bother about them?"

I have not so learned Christ. That they will be beaten with few stripes is his own teaching, but, also, "Naught that defleth can enter into the gates of the City."

My friends, if our religion is worth anything, it is worth sharing. If Christ is our Commander, He is worthy of obedience. The paths which in His providence were closed so long, are open now, and His children are heirs to the glorious privilege of carrying out His last instructions: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel unto every creature." And who are we that we should smugly and settle the question with a shrug, as we say, "I am opposed to Foreign Missions?"—Missionary Survey.

IS THEIR RELIGION GOOD ENOUGH FOR THEM?

The winter after the massacre of 1909 in Aintab was a time of great business stagnation, when thousands of people lived from hand to mouth. One evening Yester, a graduate of our school who had opened a school for little street girls, went to her home, and began her preparations for dinner. A sound of footsteps running outside the wall, and a hurried knock on the gate, interrupted her. Yester hastened to the gate to find

BUT FOR THE FIELD TO TILL,

Zekié, one of her pupils, standing there in great agitation.

"Oh, Yester, Yester, come and save me! My father is going to sell me," she cried.

Yester knew that the Turks were sending their daughters to be sold as slaves in the city of Aleppo, and that the wailing and crying along the great, white road, as these carriage loads of girls started off, was the current talk of the city. Her heart sank, as she heard Zekié's words, but she threw her shawl over her head and started to the chad's home. She found the father and mother together.

"What's this I hear, that you're going to sell Zekié?" she asked the father.

"We must have bread," he answered, sullenly.

She turned to the mother.

"Do you mean to say you are going to sell your daughter to be the slave of a stranger away off in Aleppo?" The woman lowered her eyes uneasily.

"We must have bread," she said. "It's for her sake. We can't give her enough to eat."

Yester thought deeply for a few moments, then turned to the father with a sudden inspiration.

"Now," she said, "if you will promise not to sell Zekié, I will agree to see that she has one square meal a day at the school, and she will promise to eat nothing at all at home, won't you, Zekié?" The girl nodded eagerly. "So she'll be no expense to you, and she will have enough to live on."

So the bargain was made, and little Zekié was not sold that winter. The following year, however, Yester was too late, and the child had been sent away to the city before she could interfere.—Crusaders in Turkey.

NO WAGON ON.

A little child, out walking one day, noticed a horse that a man was leading down the road. "Oh! said she, "Look at that poor horse! He hasn't any wagon on!"

May we not find a truth in the baby's innocent remark? A horse that never bore any burden would be of little account. It is a grand thing to be useful, for beast or man. To serve, even though it be a hard service, is far more noble than to live for self alone.

—The Helping Hand.

FROM THE EDITOR'S LETTER CLIP.

News of Miss Norton.

Doubtless, many of our readers will be interested in a few items gathered from Miss Norton's letters since she abandoned THE LINK for a trip abroad.

The ocean voyage was an unusually stormy one, and she had her full complement of the agony accompanying a week of almost constant sea-sickness. She and her travelling companion spent only three or four days in England—Liverpool and London—and then on to Berlin, Germany.

Regarding the city itself, she says: "It is the most beautiful city I have ever seen. There are such numbers of magnificent buildings and apparently countless monuments and pieces of statuary. Flowers are in full bloom all over the public squares, which come every second block or so. This on the 28th October!"

She is improving her stay in Berlin by taking lectures in the great Berlin University. One of the trying and yet amusing experiences was to endure the red-tape dealings in connection with the entrance to the University work. Entrance to a Canadian University is simplicity itself, as compared with the complicated machinery through which one has to pass before being allowed to take lectures.

She was also much interested to note the cosmopolitan character of the students of Berlin University. She could almost literally adopt the language of the Acts of the Apostles, and say that "there were Cretes and Arabians, Parthians and Medes, and dwellers from Mesopotamia." While sitting in lecture, she can see a Bulgarian in front of her and a German behind her, a Frenchman to right of her, and a Russian to left of her.

Of the churches and the religions and moral conditions of the city and of the people generally, she will be able to express clearer judgment after she has had time to study and come to conclusions.

Wedding Bells.

By the time we are reading this LINK, "our" Miss Ryerse will be no more, but will have become Mrs. (Dr.) H. W. Wall, of Redcliff, Alberta. We feel that there is no need to print an

NOT FOR THE GIFTS WE GIVE

"obituary" here. As we all know, Miss Ryerse was very much alive and alert for our missionary interests. We shall not soon forget her cheering presence, nor her burning words from the platform. We condole with Norfolk Association, especially Simcoe, for they have lost a tower. But we hasten to "wireless" our congratulations to Red-cliff, and we confidently expect to hear soon that missionary matters there have taken on new life and accelerated speed with Mrs. Wall's advent. May every joy and blessing attend her!

A Bright Idea.

It comes from Aurora, Ont., a country Circle. Not being at all satisfied with the usual attendance at their meetings, namely twelve, the ladies sent invitations to the members of the Crade Roll, asking them to come and bring their mamas. Forty-three responded. The mamas were served with tea, bread and butter, and "one kind of cake," the babies with milk and animal biscuits. The babies were said to have behaved beautifully, and the meeting was a grand success. This was in November. Then, for the December meeting, the mamas were called upon and given a personal invitation. Twenty-eight responded. The work will be followed up. (Please send some more ideas like this to THE LINK.—Ed.)

From An Agent's Letter.

"I am sorry to lose some names this year, but four refused to take it again. One had bought a new piano, another had built a beautiful new house, and the other two were "not interested in Foreign Missions anyway." I tried to enlighten them, but it was no use. I got eight new names, so the list is nearly up to last year's. I would have liked so much to have made it more. Please excuse this little personal word, but"—but, dear sister, it is these very personalities that make us know one another better and "link" us together in the work. We appreciate your difficulties, and feel that it is good for us to know the reasons which people give for withholding their cheerful co-operation. To think that one could afford a "beautiful new house," and not THE LINK! Thank you for the new names, anyhow. We are grateful to you for the time and strength involved in canvassing them, and we pray that you may be strengthened and refreshed in your labor of love.

Our Exchanges.

Every month, our office is visited by a number of missionary magazines, in exchange for THE LINK, which goes to their offices. These magazines are full of interesting and informing matter. We think our readers have a right to share in these good things and so, from month to month, we print some. We wish now to mention particularly a new department which has been lately started in the "Missionary Review of the World," called "Missionary Methods for Workers at Home." The articles in the department seem, to the Editor, to be invaluable as to suggestions of good and workable methods. We hope to print something from this department every month, believing they will be found useful in Circle and Band work. Try them—and, even if you cannot use them just exactly as they are printed here, try and adapt the idea to your peculiar conditions and needs, and, if they prove successful, the editor would be very grateful if you would write and give her the benefit of your experience.



Miss Priest, of Tuni, for whom we made the advance estimate this year. She needs a new home. We mean to build her one. Have you sent your first contribution?

BUT FOR THE HEART'S GOOD WILL,

LETTER FROM OUR MISSIONARY ELECT.

Dear LINK Friends.

As your missionary-elect, as some one has named me, I have been asked by your editor for a letter.

Although I have never seen any of your number, still I feel as if we were friends, for I have learned to love those of your number with whom I have come in touch through correspondence.

I want to say, right here, how very glad I am to be your missionary-elect, and how happy I shall be to represent you, in our Master's name, on the frontier. I shall be glad when my preparation is over, and I can begin my real work. I feel as if my present work, though of vital importance to me as preparatory to my work in India, is not of very general interest. I accepted this position—Assistant in the eye and ear department of this institution—chiefly because of the splendid experience it offered for eye work, which is especially important in India. But partly because few general hospitals take women internes, and I had already spent the spare time of last year in a dispensary for women and children.

A year which shall always live in my memory was when in the ghetto of Chicago as interne in a Settlement House, I cared for the "Jakies" with "the ammonia" (pneumonia), and the "Yettas" that got scalded, and the babies—oh, those babies—sweet little grinning things, wrapped in layers of dirt, and wearing their tired mothers out by acquiring any disease and every disease that could reach them, buried as they were in filth, and with an inherited immunity against all organisms found therein.

More needy than any of these were the women, to whom life only meant hardship and sickness, with scarcely the bare necessities of life.

India will doubtless be harder, but this miniature Jerusalem, where thousands of Jewish families lived huddled away in flats,—a little world by themselves, following their old customs and manners of living, and where ignorance and vice run riot, was, I feel, a splendid initiation for me.

Human hearts are of a common caste wherever one finds them, and what these people needed, as strangers in a strange

land, more even than gratis medical attention, was "just a little bit of love." The poet must have had a bird's-eye view of the hearts of men when he wrote, "Oh, the whole world is dying for a little bit of love."

Medical work has the advantage of golden opportunities to show this love, at a time when it is most needed.

If I can but carry the love of Christ to those women of India, who need it so much, and have them feel it and realize it in their own lives, I ask for no higher commission nor happier calling, and I thank God for the opportunity He is giving me.

Yours in His Service,

Marjorie Cameron.

Battle Creek Sanitarium, Dec. 12, 1913.

NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

Samalkota.—This past quarter has been almost entirely devoted to the commencing of new work among the children and caste women of the town. After coming back from the hills, I was delighted to find that the caste children had not forgotten their lessons and were all waiting eagerly for the classes to start again. With little difficulty, we were able to start seven new classes, and have now twelve, all progressing nicely. One of them held among the Brahmin children, has an attendance of about 40, all so bright, it is a pleasure to teach them. In the two months, they have already learned two hymns, the Commandments, about forty Catechism questions, and several Bible stories. We hold this class just at the door of a temple, and, strange to say, the priest in charge comes regularly to the class along with the children. He seems really interested in the Gospel. Of course, this work has its discouraging side also. Just last week, in one of my classes, the children had gathered and were so interested, when a man appeared, drove the children away, turned to us, calling us most vile names, and accused us of defiling their homes. Of course, I left right away and went on to another class, only to find that the children had been forbidden to come near us. It seems that a child had died, and some had said that the gods were angry, because the children were learning about Christ and, in time, they would all die. It was im-

NOT FOR THE GREAT HIGH TOWER

possible to do anything, and I feared we could never reach them again. However, again this week, after a great deal of persuasion, I have managed to gather the class together again.

The Zenana work is progressing splendidly. I am planning to reach every quarter of the town. Already, I have gone to street after street, which have never been visited before, and everywhere we find the same welcome. The higher caste people especially seem most anxious to hear.—Ruth Philpott.

Samalkota Central Boys' Boarding School.—There has been quite an increase in the number of day pupils. Five more Mohammedan boys, three caste boys, and one caste girl have come in. I have heard rumors recently that some of the Mohammedan parents are becoming alarmed at the interest their boys are taking in the Bible lessons and are threatening to remove them from school.

Seven boys from the Boarding Department were baptized during the quarter, and a number of others have asked for baptism.

I have visited the Village Sunday Schools taught by the boys, and have been very much pleased with the work they are doing. The average attendance of the six schools for the quarter was 260.—Edna Corning.

Vizianagram.—On October 21st, the bungalow was the scene of a happy event, when twenty-one missionaries assembled here to celebrate, by a birthday surprise party, the 73rd birthday of Mrs. Churchill. In the afternoon, the Christians, by suitable songs, addresses and decorations, paid their respects to the guest of honor. The missionaries waited until evening, when they all assembled in the drawing-room and gave Mrs. Churchill many words of appreciation. Mrs. Higgins, on behalf of the missionaries, presented her with a leather suitcase. Mrs. Churchill was much touched, and responded most feelingly.

Twenty-one letters and two telegrams addressed to Vizianagram were a source of great pleasure to Mrs. Churchill.

The kind hospitality of Miss Clarke did much to make the event what might well be termed "an unqualified success."—S. Hinman.

(It is 40 years since Mrs. Churchill went to India, and 14 since her last furlough.—Ed.)

Cocanada.—October 26th was the 25th anniversary of Miss Baskerville's arrival in Cocanada. This happy occasion was celebrated by both missionaries and Indian Christians.

Miss Baskerville was taken completely by surprise when a party of fourteen missionaries arrived at the bungalow on Friday evening. All present were glad of the opportunity to express their love and appreciation of one who has had the honor of giving so many years to this work. The tangible expression was a gift of money toward buying a watch to replace the one that was stolen this year on the way home from her holiday in Kodai kanal.

On Saturday afternoon, the new class rooms of the Girls' Boarding School presented a very gay appearance, having been decorated for the occasion by Mr. Solomon. The purpose of the meeting was two-fold—the formal opening of the new class rooms and the Indian Christians' celebration of Miss Baskerville's semi-jubilee. It seemed most fitting that these two should be combined, for it was through Miss Baskerville's efforts that this school was developed and brought to its present status. An interested audience listened for nearly two hours to the songs and speeches relating the various good deeds of their missamagaru during the last 25 years. Garland and bouquets were showered upon her. Mr. Craig presided.

"Although the School (i.e., Girls' Boarding School) is primarily for the children of our Christians, we are glad to have others attend. Among the non-Christians who have joined the school are four more Brahmin girls. All are bright, interesting girls, and are entering heartily into all the work of the school. The oldest of these is an exceptionally clever girl. Her interest in the Bible lessons is very keen. She is in 6th standard, in which class we are studying the Acts. As there are so many references to the life of Christ, which she does not understand, she expressed a willingness to read the Gospels, so she was presented with a New Testament. A few weeks later, when asked about it, she had read Matthew, Mark, Luke and part of John, and her grasp of the Truth is wonderful. Please pray that the quickening Spirit may do His great work in her heart."—L. Pratt.

BUT ZEAL IN BUILDING UP.

NEWS FROM CIRCLES.

New Sarum.—The Thank-offering Meeting of the Circle and Band was held on Thursday evening, Dec. 4th. The President of the Circle, Mrs. Buckborough, presiding. The scripture lesson was read by Mrs. Jacob Norton, after which a very interesting and helpful programme was given by members of the Band and others, each item bearing on the work of missions.

Owing to illness, Mrs. A. S. Rogers, who was to address the meeting, was unable to be present, and our Pastor very kindly consented to fill her place. He gave us a very interesting account of the work being done among the foreigners. A silver offering was taken, which amounted to \$3.90.

MRS. H. GILBERT, Secretary.

London.—The Annual Thank-offering Meeting of the Women's Mission Circles of the Talbot Street Baptist Church was held on Tuesday evening, Nov. 25th. The church was well filled, and Rev. H. H. Bingham gave an illustrated lecture on "The Cathedrals of England." A splendid musical programme had been arranged to contribute to the entertainment of the evening. The chair was occupied by the President, Mrs. H. H. Bingham. Mrs. Hazelgrove and Mrs. Fred Brown assisted in the devotional exercises. The offering amounted to \$90.00.

MRS. J. B. CAMPBELL,
Press Correspondent.

Olivet Church, Toronto.—On Thursday evening, Oct. 23rd, a special thank-offering service was held in the church by the Women's Missionary Circle. We were especially favored in having with us Miss Alexander, who had kindly consented to give us an address on "India," from which country she returned only last year. Of special interest to us was the fact that, while there, part of her time was spent in company with our own beloved Missionary, Miss Priest. Our hearts were stirred, as we listened to Miss Alexander's vivid portrayal of scenes in the daily lives of those who have gone, "in our stead," to carry the glad tidings of Salvation through Christ alone, to the "nations that sit in darkness." A solo, by Miss Becker, "Shepherd Divine," was much appreciated, and the singing, led by the choir, was very inspiring. We trust that much good may result from this meeting, and pray that God will abundantly increase

our zeal and love in His service. A collection was taken, amounting to \$6.80.

A. E. MCKENZIE,
Conven. Prog. Com.

Scotland, Ont.—Our yearly thank-offering service was held Thursday, Nov. 6, in the church. It was a beautiful day, and there was a good attendance; invitations having previously been sent to the women who were not members of the Circle. The subject of the responsive Bible reading, led by Mrs. Simmons, was "Love," and the hymns all bore out that thought. Miss Ryerse, of Simcoe, very feelingly told us the story of the lives of three girls or women of India. We trust that her message will be an inspiration to us to do more for our sisters in that far-off land. A reading, by Mrs. Howson, and two beautiful solos, by Mrs. Elliott, brought the programme to a close, after which a social hour was enjoyed by all. The offering amounted to \$50, to be equally divided between home and foreign missions. Within a year, we have had one Home and two Foreign Life Members. At the July meeting, the Circle presented Mrs. Simmons, our Pastor's wife, with a framed certificate of life membership in the Foreign Society. Our desire is to do still more this year.

L. M. HOOKER, President.

Thurso.—A Thank-offering, under the auspices of the Women's Mission Circle, was held in the Thurso Baptist Church on Nov. 14th. Mrs. Harber, our Vice-President, occupied the chair, and interspersed the items of the programme with timely remarks. Mrs. McLean, our President, was also on the platform. The chief item on the programme was an address, by Dr. McDonald, on the problems of our home mission work. We also had with us Rev. Mr. Plant, of Papineauville, and Rev. Davidson, of the Presbyterian Church here, who gave us short addresses. Suitable music was rendered by the choir, assisted by Mr. Plant. Before the collection was taken up, Mr. Harber, our Pastor, came to the platform, and, holding up an envelope, informed us it was a thank-offering from his baby mission at St. Sixte, about eight miles from Thurso. The envelope contained \$12.50. The total offering amounted to \$43.37. Refreshments were served at the close of the meeting and a social hour enjoyed by all.

M. H. THOMPSON,
Rec. Secretary.

NOT FOR THE DRAUGHT WE SHARE

SNAPSHOTS FROM EXCHANGES.

The Centennial of Missions in India.

The approaching centennial of missions in India calls attention to a wide way to the whole question of missions. The American Board alone has invested about \$10,000,000 in these missions. It is not hard to imagine, then, in the absence of exact figures, the much larger amount which the whole Christian Church has poured into this work, and not only into India, but into all the nations of the earth wherein missions are being carried on, and this now means nearly all nations. But the money is not the only thing which has been poured in, but human life, sacrifice, prayers. For what purposes was all this century of noble enterprise and labor? For one chief purpose—the giving of the Gospel to these millions, that they might be rescued unto eternal life through Christ's work for them and in them. What have been the results? Thousands saved unto eternal life, and relief and prosperity for the life that now is, to thousands more.

One Alphabet for India?

The illiterates in India are said to number 295,000,000. They speak 200 languages and dialects, with over 50 different scripts. They are scattered over an area of 1,500,000 square miles, and live in 5,000,000 villages, with only one school for six villages. The average earnings of the poorer classes are 1 1-3d. per head per day. When these facts are realized, the importance of a common alphabet becomes immense. Rev. Joshua Knowles, formerly of the L. M. S. Mission in Pareychaley, has so far developed his plans for a Romanic alphabet for the whole of India, that he was asked to read a paper to the British Association in September. He hopes that State action may follow in due time.

Indians Christians in Congress.

A Native Indian Christian Congress was held in Madras for the week of Oct. 6 to 12. Bible readings were given on "Christ, our Exemplar." Evening addresses were on the subject "Heaven and Hell," and evangelistic meetings were conducted in the open air.

More of Us in India than in Canada!

The Baptist Christians in India have grown from 217,000 to 331,000 in ten years, a gain of 52 per cent.

The New Woman in India.

Of the fifteen women who presented themselves for examination at Calcutta University recently, fourteen passed successfully. These came from the Christian Women's College, which is affiliated with the University. Seven passed the Intermediate Arts Examination, and of the eight who took the B.A. examination, one failed, one obtained the ordinary degree, three passed with distinction, and three passed with honors in English. Educated young Indian women, especially if equipped with a moral and religious character to perfect their intellectual training, can be even more influential at the present time, while they are still few in number, than can a corresponding number of educated young men.

"India One Hundred Years After."

Christianity has been so commended to the Vadala district by three generations of American missionaries, with their churches, schools, industrial classes, books, medical relief, etc., that no longer is any argument needed as to the superiority of our way. This is the unanimous testimony of the teachers. They do not have to argue now; the people all say Christianity is the true religion. Vadala is intellectually converted to Christ, and Vadala is but one among hundreds of places in India where like conditions prevail.

"The Plague Shall Not Come Nigh Thee."

In the City of Sholapur, where 3,000 people have died of plague inside a few months, not a death occurred in the large Christian community, nor was a single case of plague found in their midst. This extraordinary exemption may be explained by just two words—cleanliness and inoculation. Behind both is the magic word, education. The Hindu and Mohammedan population are beginning to take notice.

BUT JOY FILLING THE CUP.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

Caste—It Couldn't Be—But It Is.

One of the most amazing of the speeches made at the recent remarkable meeting of the Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society at New York was that of Miss Frances Tencate, of Nellore, India. It was amazing from its simple statements, as facts, of conditions which many believed could not be realized for a hundred years to come. What follows is from the stenographer's report of Miss Tencate's address:—

"A woman teaching—a non-caste woman teaching—a non-caste Christian woman teaching caste children! How impossible this seems.

"A few years ago, one of our male missionaries said, 'Now, Miss Tencate, what do you think of our Missionary teachers making a protest to the Government on the subject of caste in the schools? We cannot get our teachers into the schools after they are trained. We will never get them in any other way.'

"I said, 'I think we will. Let us wait.' Last August, while we were out on tour, we were invited by the head teacher of the Government Girls' School of that district to come and visit the school. Our coming was announced, and a special programme was prepared. We were delighted to see a little girl sitting out on the verandah reading one of our tracts, and in another place another girl reading one of the Gospels. We saw our literature all through the Government School. And one of the teachers in that school was a Christian girl trained in the Ongole Training School. She was teaching caste girls! And the head teacher said to me, 'Have you any more girls like this one that you can give us?' They were all Brahmins in that school, and she was winning good opinions from them all. One of the non-caste girls is teaching in Nellore, the girls all Brahmins. The inspector said to me, 'Can you give us fifteen girls trained in your school for our schools here in your own town?' You don't know anything about it!" But we will try to learn, Miss Tencate, if you will talk to us like that."—The Helping Hand.

School Life in Persia.

"Our course covers twelve years and only a very unusual girl can complete it before she is eighteen. According to Persian standards, eighteen is very old for a girl to remain unmarried; to wait

till she is sixteen damages her chances, thirteen and fourteen are still popular ages, and thousands of girls are being married at ten and twelve. To extend our course to cover a longer period of time is out of the question. Our problem is: How can we adapt our present course best to meet the needs of girls in Persia? How can we make the most of the few years they are with us? How can we influence them most deeply and definitely for Jesus Christ?

"The greatest academic event of the year was the exercises of our seventh graduating class in May. As there had been no class to graduate last year, the occasion was of great interest to the whole community. The class consisted of three Armenian and two Persian girls, the latter Moslems. The Persian girls were not willing to speak before a mixed audience, even though we encouraged them to wear their veils during the exercises. According to Moslem customs, not only should the face of women be veiled, but her voice should not be heard outside her own household. We were disappointed, distressed and disgusted at the extreme conservative position taken by these girls and their friends. We wanted people to know that Persian girls are as capable in every way as other girls. But we were entirely unwilling to insist on their doing anything that would be considered improper or immodest by their own people. So, as for the last class, we had commencement two days, printing on the invitation for the first day "Thursday afternoon for Persian ladies only." On that afternoon, we went through the entire programme, with some abbreviations. The Persian essays were given in full, but only a page of two of the Armenian and English essays were given, as the audience could not understand them. The church was beautifully trimmed with snowballs and pink roses. Six Persian girls, dressed in white, and carrying batons, with rose ribbons, ushered with a dignity and grace that American girls might envy. It was a great sight to see the church packed full of women and girls, and the order was nearly perfect, a contrast to two years ago, when many of the guests preferred to talk, rather than to listen.

The next day the church was crowded to the doors with a different set of people, mostly Armenians, with a few carefully selected and highly favored Per-

NOT FOR THE EVENING RED

sian gentlemen. The Persian girls of the school wore their veils, the two Persian women teachers sat on the platform with their faces covered and the two Persian graduates were like draped statues beside their animated classmates. . . . The sight of these girls, sitting mute and motionless, while their classmates faced that great audience with the freedom and dignity of Christian girlhood brought out most forcibly the difference between Christianity and Islam. More than one Persian gentleman present felt and expressed shame at the situation. Two days later, one of the Persian newspapers printed a very friendly account of the exercises, and, with reference to the Persian girls, said: "Of course, the customs of the religion must be maintained, but no one can produce any lawful reason why the Persian girls should not have delivered their essays; those present were much grieved not to have heard them." The fact that, on a public occasion, such a distinction was made between Christian and Moslem girls probably will ultimately do more for the cause of Christian womanhood in Persia than if Moslem traditions had not forced the distinction upon the attention of the public."—Woman's Work.

VUYURU, 1913.

Since July 1st, 1912, the Bible-women have visited in all about 140 villages, and have taught in over 800 non-Christian homes, and in 68 Christian communities.

They have talked with hundreds of women in the homes, along the roads, in the fields, and in the bazaars. At the tent in the early morning or after a hard day's work, as they prepared their evening meal, some one or two among them could be heard telling the story or teaching a hymn to women who came to enquire.

To a number of the above-mentioned villages they went the second time, and the third and fourth time.

The first half of the year, I had only two women—Amelia and Suntoshamma. Since Christmas, the three who were in training have been with us. Their presence has made it possible for us to go out in three parties almost every day, and consequently more work has been done.

Among the thirty villages in the Vuyuru church, we spent altogether nearly

three months. In the district that will soon be the new Avanigadda field, we spent two months. In Avanigadda Town we visited almost every home in the non-Christian section—Brahmans, Sudras, Malas, high and low, it mattered not, all received us and listened gladly.

The work among the Christian women has been encouraging. The labor of years is beginning to bear fruit in the lives of our Telugu sisters.

There was a marked increase in the number of verses and Bible stories learned, and the increase in the collections from the different Woman's Societies gladdened our hearts.

The attendance at the Women's Meetings was better, and the quiet, devout manner in which many of these services were conducted made us rejoice and give thanks to our Father, Who is giving them new glimpses of His great love.

We felt that the Women's Sessions of the Kistna Association, held at Bordagunta, in January, were the best in the history of the Society.

I wish you could have stepped over the long distance and had a peep at our women of the Kistna Association, as they met together to talk over the work of the year, read their reports and give papers on Ramabai's work, which had been carefully prepared beforehand. The devotional services were led by Miss Priest, who gave most helpful messages to the women. Every eye was fastened on her, as she talked. Miss Priest remarked on the splendid order and attention and the intelligent answers given by the women.

Santoshamma led the meetings in a manner that would have surprised our ladies at home.

This work had a beginning, as every work has, but it has grown steadily for twelve years. The prayers of dear fellow-workers are being answered. Not only in this annual meeting do we see improvement, but in the Christian homes and villages as well. Pastors' and teachers' wives are beginning to realize that the work among the women is their work. Bible-women, who have been prayed for for years, are being raised up and sent to us. Many of the women embrace opportunities of talking with their heathen sisters about Christ and have shown their readiness to do all in their power to help in this way. Our women are learning the joy of giving of

OF FOR THE BIRD'S SWEET CALL.

their substance. Many give regularly every month. Each Help-meet Society possesses a book and a little bag for the money. The reports look better each time I go, and it is a pleasure to see how a number endeavor to increase the amount to hand into me, when I arrive in their village. A number give their tenth and some give more than their tenth, and their happy faces testify to the joy of heart with which the sacrifice has been made. Some have given up a new jacket, others a meal, and other sacrifices have been made, in order to give a little to this work. It was gratifying to hear the amount read out at the Association, and to note the increase. I did not wonder at the joy of the Bible-women, when the grand total was read, and it was found to be enough to support Santoshamma for one year.

In the Sunday School work, we have had great joy, and unhesitatingly report progress. The boys and girls have taken a great interest in the work of memorizing bible verses. A prize for perfect work was offered at the beginning of the year. Two girls and one boy won these prizes, and a number were given second prizes. When the missionary comes to a church, the boys and girls look forward with joy to Sunday morning, which is always "Rally Sunday" for the children of that church. It is their annual meeting, and they do enjoy it. I think I enjoy it as much as the children do. It is a great pleasure to see three or four schools coming from different villages, carrying bright-colored banners or garlands of the bright yellow or pink flowers they love. They try to clear their bodies before coming, and some of them look very funny, as they appear with garments far too large for them, or with nothing but a huge head-cloth, which they wrap around their small bodies, as they sit down in their places. We have a regular form of service, as near like a home Sunday-school service as it is possible to have it, and the children enter into it heartily. This work is a means to an end. We believe men and women are coming forth from these schools to take up the work of evangelizing India, and we believe they will be better equipped than their elders are. Pray for our Sunday Schools.

The Work Among the Non-Christian Women.—This is also a large subject. We cannot tell all there is to tell; just a word about the

work in general. As I have said, hundreds of these women have heard the Gospel during the year. In every village, crowds gathered to listen. A few seemed timid at first, but for the most part, all listened with an eagerness that seemed to me remarkable. That many are earnest seekers after truth is proved in more ways than one. One is that it is not uncommon to see a Brahman widow or a woman from the Sudra caste standing near the tent in the early morning or at the evening hour waiting for a chance to talk. Two women from one village, who would not listen when we were teaching in the village, came at night to talk. Another walked a long distance in order to hear again the story of Christ. A man and his wife and mother-in-law, hearing we were camped six miles away, walked to the tent and waited all afternoon. It was dark when we arrived home. We forgot that we were tired and hungry. It grew darker and still they sat talking and asking questions. The memory of that visit always helps me. We have been received into Brahmans' homes who would not receive us a year ago. Three Sudra women asked to be allowed to give each year to the support of our Bible-women. On two or three occasions, Sudra women have attended our Christian women's meetings and were greatly interested. In two Sudra homes we are expected to have a little prayer service, and so on. I could fill pages with signs of advancement and signs that the system of caste will not always stand in the way, preventing these women from enjoying freedom of thought and action, such as their Christian sisters enjoy.

One of the great agencies at work in this connection is the hospital.

When I came to Vuyuru, three years ago, Dr. Hulet said, "I have never had a Brahman in-patient." It is not so to-day. She has had as many as three or four at one time during the last year. At present, she has two Brahman women in-patients; a Mohammedan woman and child; a woman from the Wasterman caste; two Kamma women, and two Christians. The friends of these patients mingle together in friendly intercourse, and none are afraid of the touch of the "Dr. Missi," as she goes from room to room, administering to their needs. The fruit of this work we see in many, many villages. The patients and their friends go home and tell not only concerning the sicknesses cured but the healed wounds,

BUT FOR JOY, JOY IN IT ALL.

but they tell another story. They heard of the Holy Father and of Jesus Who wore the crown of thorns for them Who lives to-day and is calling them to "come." They sing hymns and recite verses, learned while they were in the hospital, and listen to us with keen interest as we try to teach them a new hymn or new text, or tell them another story of Him "Who loved us and gave Himself for us."

In closing, I shall ask one question. Is it worth while? We believe it is, else we could not remain in India. Pray that the Lord of the harvest may send a mighty harvest this year, and that your missionary may have a share in the reaping.

C. ZIMMERMAN.

MISSIONARY METHODS.

Visiting Missionary Countries by the Story-route.*

This year, we decided to make all the children in our Sunday School readers of missionary books, if possible. The method has been so effective that others may be glad to try it. A large missionary map of the world is hung up in plain view. Pinned on various countries, China, Japan, India, Korea, Arabia, and the Pacific Islands, are the names of the boys and girls who have visited these places by the story-route. Pupils who wish to travel, tell their teacher, and she notifies the person who has charge of the books. When the book is read, the pupil gives the name of the country where the scene is laid, and his own name to the teacher who has charge of the map. To insure a more careful reading of the stories, a teacher suggested that an incident from one of the books be told now and then from the platform, the children being asked to supply the name of the country, the hero, and the title of the book. This was tried, with the result that keen interest was aroused on the part of the older pupils who were "too busy" to read: two of them consented "to try a book" for themselves.

Though no rewards or prizes have been offered, the demand continues as great as ever. Every Sunday, when the reports of the secretary and treasurer are read, the names of the week's tourists are announced as well. Some of the teachers have co-operated by drawing out the children's memories of their last book in the conversation time before the

opening of the school. If the book is good, the plan is easily made successful. One boy recommended "Chinese Heroes" so effectively that not only a classmate, but his teacher asked to read it. Some other teachers have taken "grown-up" books, whether for example or love, it makes no difference: the love will come!

What are the best books? You could gain valuable hints from the crowd of boys on the platform under the map every Sunday before school. I wish the excellent author of a book in which the exciting stories are sandwiched between very nice slices of description and morals could have heard the complaint of one little boy: "It started out fine, but I couldn't get through, so my name's not up." Or the remark of another: "It would have been nice, if the old fellow had stuck to his subject."

Some books are praised with all kinds of boy-and-girl adjectives. An intermediate boy, who "didn't care much for readin'," guessed he wouldn't be bothered with a book," had his mind changed by a classmate's hearty enthusiasm: "Seen 'All About Japan'! It's great!" A junior girl says "Topsy-turvy Land" and "Soo Thah" are "just lovely and so interesting." As for "Tamate," with its fearful cannibal pictures, "Ventures with the Arabs," with its robbers and camels, and "Chinese Heroes," with its brave, true young lads, a class of junior boys gives these books no rest. Two copies of "Daybreak in Korea" have been kept busy, not only for girls of all ages, but some boys, too, like it. "Uganda's White Man of Work" has just begun a glorious career among the boys.

Here we have access to a large library with a fine missions' department, but less favored schools could provide themselves with a few good missionary story books—and a few good stories in constant use are much more valuable than many shelves of poorly selected volumes. When the whole school is familiar with the books, they can still be kept in use. As a little girl told me that "father" had read every book she took home, and as a little boy's excuse for delay in returning a book was that "auntie" was only half through, a star system could be employed when the map interest is exhausted, each child receiving a star on a wall record for every person he persuaded to read a book.

"HE IS DEAD WHOSE HAND IS NOT OPENED WIDE"

These are some of the books we have been using so successfully:—

All About Japan. By Belle Marvel Brain (Revell, \$1.00).

Boys' Life of John G. Paton. By John G. Paton (A. L. Burt, Duane Street, New York, 75 cents).

Children of China (for younger children). By Colin Campbell Brown (Revell, 60 cents).

Children of India (for younger children). By Janet Harvey Kelman (Revell, 60 cents).

Chinese Heroes. By Isaac Taylor Headland (Eason and Mains, \$1.00).

Daybreak in Korea. By A. L. A. Baird (Revell; 60 cents).

Uganda's White Man of Work. By Mrs. Sophie Lyon rahs (Y.P.M. Movement, 50 cents; paper, 35 cents).

Soo Thah. By Alonzo Buncker (Revell, \$1.00).

Ventures Among the Arabs. By Archibald Forde (W. N. Hartshorn, Boston, Mass., \$1.25).

Condensed from an article in "The Sunday School Times," by Amy C. Kellogg, of Hartford, Conn.

—Missionary Review of the World.

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

TREASURER'S REPORT.

From Oct. 21st to Nov. 30th, 1913.

RECEIPTS.

From Circles—

Toronto, Pape Ave., \$1.60; Orangeville, \$3.75; Indian River, \$1.50; Collingwood, \$7.00; London, Egerton, \$2.75; Orillia, per a member for student, \$20.00; Tillsonburg, \$4.00; North Bay, \$5.50; Toronto, Rhodes Ave., \$8.00; New Sarum, \$2.50; Barrie, Loung Ladies, \$5.00; New Dundee, \$6.50; London, Maitland St. (thank-offering), \$5.00; Simcoe, Y. L., for carriage for Cocanada Zenana work, \$100.00; Petrolia, addition thank-offering, \$1.00; Cobourg, \$3.00; Calton, \$2.00; Berlin, King St. (thank-offering), \$13.00; Preston (thank-offering), \$4.75; Guelph, Y. L., for student, \$1.00; Blenheim, \$5.00; Sarnia Township, \$2.00; Eberts, \$5.00; Burford (thank-offering), \$2.50; Durham, \$5.00; Fort William (life membership Mrs. J. F. Wanless, \$25.00), \$28.50; Wallaceburg, \$7.50; Stayner, \$1.62; Toronto, Century (thank-offering), \$10.33; Simcoe, Y. L., Cocanada carriage, \$25.00; New Sarum, for munshi, \$1.00; Toronto, Annette St., \$20.00; Round

Plains, \$6.00; Kincairdine, \$7.75; Essex, \$5.00; Peterborough, Murray St. (thank-offering), \$22.72; Toronto, Christie St., \$5.00; Tillsonburg (thank-offering), \$6.55; Toronto, Jarvis St., \$62.74; Jaffa, 60c; Otterville (thank-offering), \$5.00; Delhi, \$5.00; Eglinton, \$5.00; St. Catharines, Queen St. (thank-offering), \$27.00; York Mills (thank-offering, \$15.00), \$21.50; Toronto, Immanuel (thank-offering), \$18.75; Lindsay (thank-offering), \$9.33; Sudbury, \$5.00; Tupperville, for Dr. Hulet, \$6.25; Bethel, King (thank-offering, \$4.00), \$9.50; Mount Forest (thank-offering), \$9.13; Sault Ste. Marie (for Sundrama), \$8.50. Total from Circles, \$557.62.

From Bands—

Toronto, College St., for "Mark Mary," \$4.00; Dunnville, Busy Bee, \$1.58; Fort William, for K. Martha, \$20.00; Dunville, \$2.25; Binbrook, \$2.50; Delhi, for B. Krupavati, \$9.50; Stratford, McLaurin Band, \$1.00; Petrolia, \$9.00; Cobourg, for student, \$12.25; Jerseyville, \$2.30; Parry Sound, \$1.00; Port Hope, for Martha, \$13.00; Berlin, German, for student, \$17.00. Total from Bands, \$95.38.

From Sundries—

St. Thomas, Jr. B. Y. P. U., for P. Reuben, \$17.00; Georgetown, Boys' Class, for Miss Priest's student, \$7.75; Hamilton, James St., Philathea Class, Christmas prizes in Vuyuru School, \$5.00; Poplar Hill, Ladies' Aid, \$5.00; Miss Margaret Boon, \$10.00; Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Brown, for Joan, \$10.00; A Friend, for Cocanada carriage, \$5.00; Convention collection, \$67.13. Total from sundries, \$376.88.

DISBURSEMENTS.

By cheque to General Treasurer, on account, \$1,000.00; extras, Christmas prizes in Vuyuru School, \$5.00; Christmas present, Cocanada School, \$1.00; new carriage, Cocanada, care Miss Baskerville, \$100.00; to the Treasurer, \$20.83; Grand & Toy, cash book, \$1.00; exchange, 40c; P. R. Wilson, 300 Treasurer's Reports, \$4.50; speakers' expenses at Convention, \$12.90; Directors' expenses, \$33.90; Standard Pub. Co., blanks, \$2.25; P. R. Wilson, Secretary's Reports, \$8.00.

Total receipts for this period, \$1,029.88. Total disbursements for this period, \$1,189.98.

Marie C. Campbell,

Treasurer.

Mrs. Glenn H. Campbell,
113 Balmoral Ave.

TO HELP THE NEED OF A HUMAN BROTHER.

Young People's Department.

MISSIONS BAND STUDIES ON FOREIGN MISSIONS.

STUDY I.

A General Study of India.

(Mrs. Judson Macintosh.)

Introduction.

In beginning these studies, I wish to say a word to Band Leaders. Please do not expect to get all there; is to know from these lessons. Time and space will not permit. If at all possible—and you know where there's a will there's a way—secure one of the new maps of our work in India, to be had from Dr. J. G. Brown, Baptist Church House, Toronto. I cannot see how any Circle or Band can afford not to have one of these.

What a rare privilege is yours. You have the very best that earth can give to work on, namely, to mould and form character in the most plastic state. Don't say you can't master these studies, that they are too difficult. Pray, read, listen, talk. Get knowledge, at any cost. Then your Band will grow and flourish. Be alive! Boys and girls who attend Mission Bands are ready at a moment's notice to respond. The Mission Band has a definite goal. Its first aim is to bring the boys and girls to a saving knowledge as it is in Christ Jesus. As the physical side of their natures are awake and the mental side keen, curious and eager, so the spiritual side feels the thrill of new life, and opens to all the wealth of impression; they gladly accept the theories and creeds of those who teach them. The average boy and girl is religious in the truest sense of the word.

Their moral sense is keen, their conscience is alive, they long to be good, to overcome jealousy and envy; to be truthful, thoughtful of others, and a score of minor virtues they long to possess. They find it easy to pray, and a song, a picture, a story filled with deeds of deepest self-sacrifice awaken immediate response. The awakening of their spiritual nature thus through the emotions is perfectly legitimate.

Oh! Band leaders, be alive! Pray, study, work. The Master has come, and calleth for you. Be not weary, be not indifferent. Some day you will be

among those who bind the sheaves and sing the harvest song. Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him.

India—A General View.

India is a very, very old land. Why in the period during which the Hebrew people, led by Moses out of Egyptian bondage—and that was about 1,500 years before Jesus came to earth—were wandering about in the wilderness or were entering their promised land by the fords of Jordan, the historians tell us that another great exodus was taking place, nearly two thousand miles to the east.

Where the two great mountain ranges, the Caucasus and the Himalaya, meet, and where the two great rivers called the Indus and the Oxus have their sources, lies a vast and lofty ridge known as the "roof of the world." Here lived a people of the splendid Aryan stock, from which the Brahman and the Englishman alike descend. They were a proud and a free race, and were conscious of their strength. They soon found their land too small for them, so, led by their priests, chanting sacred selections from their bible, which was called the Vedas, this mighty, conquering horde poured southeastward and entered the land of the five rivers, now known as the land of the Punjab. Delighted with the wealth of rivers, the new-comers named their new land India, for the Indus or Sindh. They were a highly intellectual and religious people. In person they were handsome, tall, fair, fine-featured, full-bearded, valiant in war, full of energy and force, and had a high conception of family and domestic life.

To-day India is a continent rather than a country. It is inhabited by one-fifth of the human race. The country lies near the middle of the southern part of Asia, and is bounded on the north by the Himalaya Mountains. From here the country converges to a point, something like an irregular triangle, toward the south, and is washed on the east, west and southern shores by the Indian Ocean. But it reaches an arm around the upper end of the Bay of Bengal over to the east. This arm is called Burmah, and is really part of India. The census of India was taken in a

HE DOUBLES THE LENGTH OF HIS LIFELONG RIDE

single night, when 315,000,000 people were tabulated scientifically, though divided into 185 languages. It took three hundred tons of paper and a force of a million men to take such a census. India comprises people and nations in well nigh every state of civilization, from abject savagery of certain Vindhyan hill tribes, some of whom only a few years ago still used flint points for their arrows, to the most complex commercial communities and the most artificial organizations. It presents every variety of climate, from the dry and singularly bracing cold of the snowy slopes of the Himalayas to humid, tropical heat. It possesses every variety of scenery, from peaks of ice to reefs of coral, from treeless, burning plains to thick, tangled jungle and almost impenetrable forests. Its products include almost everything needed for the service of man. Grains of all kinds are raised in the north of India; coffee and spices in Ceylon; tea on the slopes of the mountains; tropical fruits of all kinds are abundant, the mango being to the people of India what the apple is to us here in Canada. The most common food of the people in the south is rice; in the north different varieties of millet and grains belong to the pea family.

India has three seasons of the year—the cold, hot and rainy, corresponding nearly to our winter, summer, and autumn. The cold season begins in October or November, and from then until March it seldom rains, and the weather is beautiful, with almost constant sunshine. But by the end of March it begins to grow warmer. A strong west wind sets in, which by April becomes a hot wind, and together with the sun, burns up all the green grass and other vegetation, excepting the fruits and forest trees. Violent dust storms sweep across the country. While this hot wind blows, the missionaries and other Europeans try to stay indoors during the middle of the day, and do their visiting and outside work early in the morning or late in the afternoon and evening. Toward the end of May, banks of clouds appear upon the seaward horizon, and, heralded by violent thunderstorms, there occurs what is known as the burst of the "Monsoon." This means that the rain has begun. Then, onward to October, the atmosphere is saturated with moisture, and rain falls nearly every day. In October the clouds withdraw, and the air becomes dry, crisp and

invigorating, the grass grows fresh and green, flowers bloom, fruit is abundant, and the beautiful cold season has returned. In November clouds should again appear, coming this time from the northeast across the barrier of the P R W Gal TWELVE Dec 17 Himalayas, and for two or three weeks there should be falls of rain, which are of great benefit to the standing crops.

Natural Features.

We have had a general view of this interesting country. We would like to spend a much longer time talking about it, but we must take a flying trip to the Himalayas, and by keeping our eyes open, see a few of the interesting things there. Again we cannot think of India and not the Ganges River, so we will try and see if we cannot arrange an excursion.

Then we will take a trip into the jungle. Then I wonder if we will have time to see the birds and hear them sing.

But hasten; let us away to the Himalayas. The Himalayas are really a mountainous country, extending some 1,500 miles in length, and some 200 miles in breadth. The word Himalaya means the "Abode of Snow." They have made India what it is in more ways than one. They have formed the great land barrier which has secured India from invasion from the north. They have rendered possible the teeming population of the great northern plains, some of which are the most thickly populated parts of the world's surface. Their lofty snow-fields and glaciers have fed the mighty rivers of Bengal and the Punjab, reckoning from west to east the Indus, Jhelum, Chenab, Ravi, Beas, Jamna, Ganges and Brahmaputra. All have their rise here, and bring down incalculable quantities of fertilizing alluvium, and water thousands of square miles of thirsty ground. Government has come to the help of nature, and by means of some of the most wonderful engineering schemes in the world, has brought the priceless water through canals, which pass over and under rivers and surmount all obstacles, to parts of the country which were once desert, but are now dotted over with populous and thriving villages.

Among the Himalayas, to the northeast of the Khyber Pass, lies the beautiful vale of Kashmir, or Cashmere (The

 WHO GIVES HIS FORTUNATE PLACE TO ANOTHER.

Happy Valley). Cashmere is a lofty plain, yet it is not a plateau, for you go down into it from every side. It is so high that its climate is nearer to that of England than any other part of India. The summer is like a fine English summer, but a little hotter, and with more settled weather.

We come to the capital, Srinagar, the City of Sun, whose many waterways winding through the ancient city make it an Asiatic Venice. Hear what one lady missionary says of this city: "I should have dated this letter 'Heaven,' for the absolute peace, beauty and grandeur of the surroundings, combined with the perfect rest and a delicious languor, which permeates one's very soul, as do also the fragrances and the bird-songs borne upon the clear air, make life one enchanting dream, from which it were cruel to be awakened."

Moving along the Himalayan slopes, the next point of interest is the small town of Simla. This is important, not in itself, but as the seat of government in the summer, when the Viceroy and his staff escape to its cool heights from the burning plain 7,000 feet below. By the time the month of May is advancing, the season for Simla has begun. The Viceroy and his Government, with some of the official classes, have arrived, and the world of the Anglo-Indian fashion have assembled. Social gatherings on the greensward under the rocks, overshadowed by the fir, pine and cedar, are of daily occurrence. The rich bloom of the rhododendrons lends gorgeousness to the scene.

The place is like a gay Swiss city, isolated on the mountain-top, with dark ilex forests around it, blue hills beyond, and the horizon over whitened by the Snowy Range. But in this paradise, tempting the mind to banish care and forget affairs of state, the most arduous business is daily conducted. Red-liveried messengers are running to and fro all the day and half the night. Tons of letters and despatches come and go daily. Here are gathered up the threads of an empire. Here issue the orders affecting perhaps one-sixth of the human race. In winter Simla is deserted.

Let us take a short, cautious ramble in a jungle, just to get a peep. We do wish we had not to travel so rapidly, but our time is almost gone, and there is another side we wish to simply touch upon.

The jungle is the home of many wild creatures, and the sportsman who goes into it in search of them often has to take his life in his hands. This is true, above all, if he is pursuing the tiger, the most ferocious beast that India knows, the King of the Jungle. The man-eater goes about his work in dreadful silence. The ordinary tiger will often make the jungle ring again and again with his deep roar; not so the man-eater. The latter glides without a sound, and under cover of a patch of bamboos or a clump of reeds, up to the wood-cutter felling a tree, or up to a woman fetching water from the well. Silent as death, he bounds upon his victims and fells them with a single stunning blow of that huge paw, driven by muscles of steel. The great white fangs are buried for an instant in the throat, then the body is lifted in the mouth as a dog lifts a rat, and is carried away to the lair, where he makes his dreadful meal. We said that the tiger is the king of the Indian jungle. There are some observers who dispute this; they award the palm to the elephant. It is a majestic sight to see a herd of wild elephants in their native jungle. The huge grey bodies on the round, pillar-like legs; the great flopping ears; the swinging, curling trunks; the rolling, lumbering walk, present a scene of great interest, heightened by the antics of the baby elephants, the calves, who trot along by their mothers, and frisk around the herd. The Indian elephant is rarely pursued and shot; it is far too valuable. The capture and taming of these mighty creatures is very exciting and interesting work.

A walk through the open piece of jungle is very beautiful. The bamboos, with their feathery crowns, the many trees covered with beautiful flowers, the merry bands of monkeys, which skip from branch to branch, all draw the eye and the attention; but, at the same time, it is best to watch where you are going.

All of a sudden, your native guide stops you, and tells you to step carefully. You look and see something in the path among the sand looking like a dirty little stick, but do not tread on it. It is the deadliest snake in India, and its bite means certain death. Or you think you would like to sit down on a fallen tree to rest. Well, do not sit on that log, which seems to have a bright patch of fungus growing about

AND A THOUSAND MILLION LIVES ARE HIS

the middle of it; throw a stick at the patch first. Oh, it uncoils, and a venomous reptile slides into the grass, with angry hiss. The snakes are the reptiles with which Indian life is ordinarily associated. There are more than 280 species. Poisonous snakes annually cause the death of at least 20,000 persons.

Now for the open country, to see and hear the birds. Of resident birds, the most conspicuous in village life are the Indian crow and the house sparrow. A little owl lives under the house rafters, and of evenings the pair may be heard suddenly breaking into loud cackles, as if delighted by the telling of some joke overhead at midday. Kites hover in large circles; also the vultures, white, with yellow neck and bill. From the grove come the cuckoo, and in summer the agonized repetition of the brain-fever bird. Larough the foliage the oriole flashes, while overhead flocks of green parrots scream, as they sweep in long undulations between the trees and green crops. Above them is the bee-eater in chase of flies, he is joined from time to time by a handsome black-plumaged bird, with long, forked tail, the drongo. Watching them from a low tree hard by is the beautiful blue Indian roller, with some doves ceaselessly murmuring. Further a field in the bushes, a family of babbling thrushes are chattering with a garrulous intimacy that have earned them the name of "seven brothers." The crow cuckoo rustles in the dry herbage. On the branches may be seen the bulbul, a handsome little bird, black, with red tail coverts, a favorite pet. Overhead, larks are singing. In the shallows stands a pair of splendid cranes, quite five feet high, slate-colored, with red heads. The saras. There is no Indian sportsman who can remember, without emotion, the clanging screams with which these birds salute the cold weather sunrise, heralding to him the dawn of many a happy day.

Historical.

The way the British came into possession of this wonderful land is not only very interesting, but really supernatural. Great Britain owes her Imperial Crown of India in the last analysis to a rise in the price of black pepper in the year 1599. The Dutch, who preceded the English in the spice traffic with India by some years, formed a monopoly on black pepper in the year mentioned, and

raised the price per pound from three English shillings to eight. This was too much for the Lord Mayor and merchants of London, who resolved to form an association of their own for direct trade with India.

On the last day—or last day but one—of the seventeenth century, the English East India Company was launched. This became the greatest factor in Indian modern history.

Every school boy and girl has heard of the Black Hole of Calcutta, as it is one of the greatest landmarks of our English history. Our story takes us back to the year 1756, when Calcutta was a small town, with a European population merely of a few hundred people. The English were merchants, under the East India Company, and were living in Calcutta altogether for purposes of trade with the natives of the land.—The Company provided the little band of traders with soldiers for their protection, but the force was so small that in the hour of need, it was practically useless. The Viceroy of Bengal, Surojah Dowlah, a youth of twenty, who was a tyrant and a coward, for some reason hated the English, and marched from his capital, Moorsshedabad, in June, 1756, against Calcutta, with an army of 50,000 men. The whole fighting force of the British, 170. Just thing of 170 against 50,000! Were not the odds awful? And yet these few English, aided by a mere handful of native allies, kept the great army at bay for four days and four nights by sheer courage and daring. The very thought of it should make us proud of our nationality. Finally, the English, who saw the hopelessness of further resistance, resolved to abandon Calcutta. They tried to get away by the Hugli River, but the boats upset, and they perished. The few who remained in, decided to sell their lives as dearly as possible. They chose for their leader, a certain Mr. Holwell, a surgeon, as brave a man as ever lived. When the young Nabob, Surajah Dowlah, entered the city, he called Mr. Holwell into his presence, and with very strong language, fiercely upbraided the British for defending the fort, and complained of the smallness of the amount of treasure, only 5,000, which was all they were able to obtain.

When Mr. Holwell returned to his comrades, he asked the guard where they were to lodge for the night. In reply, the officer of the guard pointed

WHO CARRIES THE WORLD IN HIS SYMPATHIES."

to a room near which they stood, called the Black Hole Prison; and, before the poor prisoners had time to think, they were driven at the point of the sword into a little room, the door of which was instantly shut and locked upon them. This dungeon was only twenty feet by twenty, and had only two small windows in it; here the 146 prisoners were huddled together like sheep, where the fierce heat is scarcely endurable in the largest houses. Nothing in history or fiction approaches the horrors of that night. Some went mad and trampled each other down. They fought for places at the windows, and cried for mercy. They implored the guards to fire upon them. The gaolers, in the mean time, held lights to the bars, and shouted with laughter. When the morning dawned, there were only twenty-three of the prisoners who survived the horrors of that night. When the news of the terrible tragedy reached Madras, where there were many British, great was their grief and resentment, and, within forty-eight hours, an expedition to rescue their fellow-countrymen and to punish the tyrant was decided upon, and Clive, "the daring in war," quite a young soldier, was chosen to lead the rescue army of 2,400 men. Bravely and successfully did he do his work. Early in 1757, the English and a few native allies fought a great battle with Surajah Dowlah on the famous field of Plassey, and defeated his immense host. After the battle, a number of this wicked man's soldiers turned against him and assisted in his ruin. He was killed by a dagger, and his body thrown into a dishonored grave.

The Sepoy Mutiny.

Within the year, the great mutiny of the Sepoys, in which Mohammedan and Hindu alike engaged, occurred, and the whole Ganges Valley rose in rebellion against the English.

The thrilling story of this awful rebellion, occurring precisely a century after the Battle of Plassey:—

It began at Meerut, May 10th, 1857, and a summer of horrors followed. It centred around the cities of Cawnpore, Lucknow and Delhi, and its most dramatic scenes, famous in song and story, are connected with the heroism of John Nicholson, Havelock and his "Saints," the fall of Delhi, and the relief of Lucknow, after eighty-five days of siege. The civilized world still shudders at the aw-

ful silence of Cawnpore, when, after eleven days of hard fighting, Havelock entered the city and found not one of his countrymen left to receive him. Two days earlier, every English man, woman and child, nine hundred in all, had been slaughtered, and two hundred of them hurled, whether dead or still alive, into a well. The war which followed this awful opening dragged on for many months before the mutiny was wholly quelled. To-day, in Cawnpore, a garden of roses blooms on the spot where that awful house of death stood, and over the covered well stands, in white marble, the form of the Angel of Peace.

The Mutiny led to the dissolution of the East India Company, and the transfer of the administration of Indian affairs to the British Crown. On Nov. 1st, 1858, at a great durbar (Court reception), held at Allahabad, Lord Canning gave the Royal Proclamation, which announced that the Queen of England had herself assumed the government of India. Nineteen years later, in January, 1877, with all the scenic effect of Oriental display and theatrical magnificence, at the ancient Mughal capital, Delhi, Queen Victoria was proclaimed Empress of India.

Again, in June, 1911, with all magnificence, at Delhi, Queen Victoria's grandson, King George, was crowned Emperor of India, in the presence of 200,000 spectators. Beside him stood his wife, Queen Mary, who shared with him the homage of princes and rulers.

Thus has culminated the latest invasion of India. Begun in 1600 for commerce; continued for conquest, resulting, let us hope, in the twentieth century in a stable. Enlightened and Christian Commonwealth for the conquered people.

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 Houses & Cottages 1,000,000.
 Acres of Cultivated Land 1,000,000.
 Acres of Forest Land 1,000,000.*

*Calcutta Mission. Stations are indicated by * and "O"
 The first Cross indicates the Residence of the Corresponding Secretary.*

SCALE. 1 Inch = 50 Miles

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