

Canadian Missionary Link

Published in the Interests of the Baptist Foreign Missions of Canada.

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HIS RESURRECTION.

"Welcome, happy morning"! age to age shall cry;
Hell to-day is vanquished; Heaven is won to-day!
Lo! the Dead is living, God forever more!
Him their true Creator, all His works adore.
"Welcome, happy morning"! age to age shall say.

Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain;
All that now is fallen, raise to life again,
Show Thy face in brightness, bid the nations see;
Bring again our daylight; day returns with Thee!
Hell to-day is vanquished; Heaven is won to-day!

— Venantius Fortunatus.

Canadian Missionary Link.

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MISS FLORENCE DAKIN,

380 Victoria Ave.,

Westmount, Que.

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A QUESTION TO CONSIDER.

Among the "noble army" who have laid down their lives for their Master in the dark places of the earth, no name is more worthy of lasting honor than that of Ion Keith-Falconer. A Scotchman, a member of a noble family, a graduate of Harrow and Cambridge, the fastest bicycle rider in England, one of the best shorthand writers of his day, at twenty-nine a noted Arabic scholar and Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic at Cambridge University, he went at the age of thirty years to undertake "the hardest task on earth," the conversion of the Mohammedans of Southern Arabia. In less than a year fever attacked him, and, after repeated attacks, he wrote to his friends: "How I wish that each attack of fever had brought me nearer to Christ—nearer, nearer, nearer." Shortly after, just a year after going to Arabia, he died, and "all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side." He was a man who looked duty squarely in the face, and then did it, no matter what the cost might be. And he did not hesitate to ask from others the same allegiance to duty as he himself manifested. In the words of his which follow, he was pleading for more recruits for the work to which he was pledged,—particularly for those who, like himself, had independent means and were free to dispose of their lives as they wished. This was the powerful appeal with which he closed his last address to a large gathering in Edinburgh and Glasgow on the eve of his departure:

"In conclusion, I wish to make an appeal. There must be some who will read these words, who, having the cause of Christ at heart, have ample independent means and are not fettered by genuine home-ties. Perhaps you are content with giving annual subscriptions, and occasional donations, and taking a weekly class! Why not

give yourselves, money, time, and all, to the foreign field! Our own country is bad enough, but comparatively many, must, and do, remain to work at home, while a very few are in a position to go abroad. Yet how vast is the foreign mission field! Ought you not to consider seriously what your duty is! The heathen are in darkness and we are asleep. Perhaps you try to think that you are meant to remain at home and induce others to go. By subscribing money, sitting on committees, speaking at meetings and praying for missions you will be doing the most you can to spread the gospel abroad. Not so. By going yourself you will produce a ten-fold more powerful effect. You can give and pray for missions wherever you are; you can send descriptive letters to the Missionary meetings, which will be more effective than second-hand anecdotes gathered by you from others, and you will help the committees finely by sending them the results of your experience. Then, in addition, you will have added your own personal example and taken your share of the real work. We have a great and imposing war office, but a very small army. You have wealth snugly vested in the funds; you are strong and healthy; you are at liberty to live where you like and occupy yourself as you like. While vast continents are shrouded in almost utter darkness, and hundreds of millions suffer the horrors of heathenism or of Islam, the burden of the proof lies upon you to show that the circumstances in which God has placed you were meant by Him to keep you out of the foreign mission field."

"Of those who read these words, are there none who would like to follow in the train of the athlete and scholar whose body lies in the lonely grave by the Gulf of Aden, even as he followed in the train of the Son of God, going forth to war."

MISSIONARY NEWS.

Latin America has many an open door for missionary work, but in many places it is still very difficult. In Guatemala, persecution against Protestants has not ceased. A lady school-teacher has just been imprisoned on a charge of visiting her neighbors and trying to convert them. Columbia has more open doors than can be taken advantage of. Several large towns, which have had only a colporteur, are asking for schools, chapels and ministers. In our own field of Bolivia, where religious liberty has been granted, the time of conditions much different, is not so far distant that it can yet be forgotten. 15 years ago an Archbishop suggested that the penalty of death be executed on a colporteur, who had been selling Bibles. Up to four years ago, the statute was in force that "Every one who directly or through any act, conspires to establish in Bolivia any other religion than that which the republic professes, namely, that of the Roman Catholic Apostolic Church, is a traitor, and shall suffer the penalty of death." Brighter days have dawned, however, and there seem to be hopes of a religious awakening.

One of the missionaries of Alaska is in the East trying to find four young ministers who will volunteer for service there with the prospects of sleeping outdoors at fifty below zero. There is much work to be done, and this missionary says that if they once go, he is sure they will not come away again.

We read much about the power and spread of Islam in the East, but it is somewhat alarming to hear that there are 800 Moslems in England, dispersed in London, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Manchester, Oxford and Cambridge. Many of these are Englishmen, who have gone over to that faith, and some wear the green turban as a sign that they have made a pilgrimage to Mecca. There is not at present any Mosque in Great Britain, but a proposal is now on foot to raise £100,000 to build a Mosque in Bayswater, a district of London, which shall be the headquarters of Islam in Britain.

The separation of Church and State in Portugal as provided by the present bill, provides for liberty of conscience and education. It purposes to give

liberty to all sects, and even to those of no faith. All religious instruction is to be prohibited in schools supported by the Government, on the ground that the Government does not wish to impose religious beliefs on any.

The Chinese calendar for 1910, just issued, has a remarkable innovation,—the Christian Sabbaths are marked for the first time along with the Confucian holy days, the proper days to select for weddings, etc. This is a calendar issued by the Government, and is in a measure a recognition of the Christian religion, and of the fact that many Chinese are joining the new religion.

The American Presbyterians have a mission at Sidon, Syria, which has many successful departments. The newest one is the opening of an agricultural college and mission farm. Agriculture will always be the chief industry of Syria, but the methods now used are centuries old, and it is expected this new work will strengthen the place of the mission very much.

Perhaps most of us realize that French Protestantism is struggling and weak—few realize that French Protestants have been persecuted and despised almost up to the present time. To maintain their own life has always been a struggle, and it is a surprise and a triumph to find that they have been, and are, carrying on a really magnificent missionary work. The Paris Missionary Society has model missionary work in Basutoland, and the Upper Zambesi, Africa. They are realizing that upon them rests the chief responsibility of giving the Gospel to the French Colonial Empire. To do this, means heroic endeavor and sacrifice, and this endeavor and this sacrifice is being made. Field after field in French colonies has been taken over, and lastly, Madagascar entered. This zeal of French Protestants in their weakness ought to prove a great incentive to those nations so favored in their own religious liberty, to attempt greater things.

Roman Catholicism is the all-powerful religion of Mexico. It is a paganized Roman Catholicism, adapted to the thought of a superstitious people. The first organized missionary work was done in 1846, and it has advanced

rapidly until now there are about 250 foreign missionaries in the country, serving 700 congregations. The American Baptists are among those who are doing good work there.

An unusual entertainment occurred in Boston last October, on the occasion of the hundredth anniversary. Many of the missionaries present were either from Turkey, or about to go. A lady of Boston planned a Turkish dinner for them in a Greek restaurant, everything from beginning to end being wholly Turkish in ingredients and preparation. At the end, when the bill was to be paid, it was found that an Armenian who had seen the party, had insisted on paying the bill. When asked to explain, he said that he had lived under fear of death in his own land; had found himself in great danger at one time, and had been saved and sent to America by the missionaries, some of whom were present. He begged the privilege of showing his gratitude by making them his guests at this unique dinner.

A Laymen's Missionary Movement, or Association, as it is called, has really been formed in India among the native Christian men. It was started by the Hindustani Church at Lucknow, and the object is stated to be, not only the raising of money, but the securing from the church-members the contribution of certain amounts of time for direct evangelistic work. In this they are following the Korean plan.

"ON TOUR"

Sharabavaram, Feb. 1, '11.

Dear Link,—How would you like to tell my friends a little about my trip out here! This place is back among the hills a long way from the main road, about 30 miles from Tuni. I have never camped here before and only visited it once. At that time it was hard to get any hearing for some time, as all were afraid of me. No white woman had ever been seen in the village before, and, sad to tell, no Telugu Christian woman had ever come to tell the women of God's great salvation.

I wanted so much to come and spend a few days here, and it was arranged that we come out on the train some miles on Tuesday afternoon, sending the

tent and camp necessities out on Monday night. Everything was attended to as arranged, the bundry men, as usual, proving quite a trial of patience, the last straw being their calling me after I had retired, to tell me they had forgotten to ask me for the toll on their cart.

On Tuesday afternoon Martha and I came on the train, expecting to find an ox-cart waiting for us when we got off, but—none appeared. The situation looked serious, for it was then 4.30 p.m. However, it was not long before we saw Jaipal, the preacher, who was looking out for us, and we got started as soon as possible. For a short distance we had good road, and then the rest of the 11 or more miles was across fields and ditches. Neither of us had any idea of the trip before us and had not prepared any lunch. When darkness came on, one man walked ahead with the lantern to find the road (f) for us. It was 11.30 when we reached the place where we expected to find the tent ready. Can you imagine our feelings when, instead of a place of shelter for the rest of the night, we found the men all sitting around a little bonfire, no tent up, no lantern lighted, everything on the bundries still. The cross-pole of the tent had been broken in the journey and they had sent a man back to Tuni with it to get it repaired, but no provision was made for me. I proposed sleeping in the ox-cart, but instead we came on to the workers' house. It has one room, mud walls and a leaky roof. We soon got my cot up, and wasn't I glad to get settled under shelter from the night air. This morning we got a few things into place and I feel quite comfortably settled. Achaaya thinks his house is quite fixed up with my camp cot and tables and a few small text cards pinned up on the mud walls. Quite a number have come to see it to-day, it's so different to anything they are used to.

It's not very appetizing to look very much towards the cook tent near which my meals are cooked, and see the curious crowd standing around, but when one thinks of the opportunities such days bring to tell the old, old story, these seem small things indeed.

May we all enter more heartily into the partnership into which we have been called.

Your fellow-worker,

Ellen Priest.

EASTER IN JERUSALEM.

The narrow, crooked streets of Jerusalem are thronged at Eastertide with a motley multitude—men and women of every type, making up a picturesque mass. The fur cap and flowing robes of the Jew, the red fez or close turban of the Moslem, mingle with the gorgeous robes of the Greek and Roman, Coptic and Syrian priests, and conspicuous everywhere is the uniform of the Turkish officers, who are appointed by the Government to preserve order. All are intent on making their way to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, a mass of venerable buildings, whose enormous dome covers most of the "holy sites" located in Jerusalem. These are owned by various Christian sects, for this Church is one of the only two buildings in the world where Roman Catholic, Greek, Syrians, Copts and Armenians, worship under the same roof. These different sects cordially hate each other, and were it not for the Turkish guards, who keep the peace, there would be continually deeds of bloodshed and violence.

This old church has been for centuries the centre of a world-wide interest, for millions believe that on this spot was Mount Calvary of old, where the three crosses rose, and where the tomb of Jesus was hollowed out of the rock. The exact spot where every event of that awful tragedy took place is pointed out. The evidence in favor of this location is principally traditional, and scholars have exposed its pretensions scores of times, yet thousands of pilgrims flock to it every Easter. It was to rescue this building from the rule of the Moslems that the Crusades were fought in the Middle Ages. All Europe sent forth the flower of her nobility and poured out rivers of blood to rescue this sacred spot from infidel pollution. But it was in vain; the Crusader's kingdom was soon swept away, and the Holy Sepulchre remains to this day in the grasp of the Ottoman Empire.

Inside the door, is a great flat stone, called the "Stone of Unction," where they believe the body of Jesus was laid to prepare it for burial. It is quite the fashion for pilgrims to measure it and have their own shrouds made of exactly the same dimensions. Just under the great rotunda is the chapel of the Holy Sepulchre. It has two compartments, and the outer one is called the Chapel

of the Angel, and is said to contain a portion of the very stone which was rolled away from the Sepulchre, and on which the angel was sitting, when he said to Mary: "He is not here; He is risen, as He said." Stooping low, we entered the inner chamber, the Sepulchre itself, only seven feet long by six feet wide, and half of it is occupied by the stone couch on which the crucified Saviour lay. The ceiling is low, and from it hang forty-three ever-burning golden lamps, belonging to the Latins, Greeks, Armenians and Copts. It is here that the Greek Church still celebrates the miracle of the "Holy Fire." Hundreds of pilgrims, who have come thousands of miles to obtain the "sacred fire," stand waiting with their tapers for hours, without food or drink. The Greek Patriarch goes within the Sepulchre, and after a tense moment of silence, he thrusts four or five lighted candles through holes in the wall. Then follows a scene of the wildest confusion. They struggle like maniacs to get their candles lighted, and so possess the Holy Ghost. Often pilgrims are trampled upon, and it is recorded that, upon one occasion three hundred people perished in the church. But this is all a sad delusion, for scholars find no satisfactory proof that Christ was either crucified or buried within the precincts of this church. The Gospels state that Christ was crucified and buried outside the city wall, and most people now believe that the sacred spot is what is known as Gordon's Calvary outside the Damascus Gate. As we look at that rounded knoll, with two caverns yawning under it, "Golgotha," skull-like, suggests itself, and we are reminded of the lines we have so often sung:—

"There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall,
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all."

Our eyes grow dim as we gaze upon it. The centuries fade away, and we see the three crosses—see the circle of Jewish enemies and Roman soldiers around Him, look upon the stricken mother, the sympathizing women, and the beloved disciples standing there as the gloom gathers over the landscape, and as the words, "It is finished," fall upon our ears, we realize that it was for us "He hung and suffered there." Not

far away is a tomb, in the side of a hill, where once had been a garden. It is hewn out of the rock, and in all probability it is the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, where the body of the Nazarene was wrapped in grave clothes. But, this blessed Eastertide our hearts rejoice in the miracle of the ages wrought for us, and with glad hearts we sing:

"Vain the stone, the watch, the seal.
Christ hath burst the gates of hell,
Death in vain forbids His rise,
Christ hath opened Paradise."

GEORGINA GRAHAM ROSS.

HUOI-MU'S STORY.

Miss Martha Wiley.

The "lady teacher" was weary. She was a wee bit blue in consequence, and a sharp twinge of homesickness crept over her as she thought of the happy home circle so far away, and she alone on the hills of Fukien.

Early in the afternoon she had left the "Great City," as the people call Foochow, and, borne by three sinewy coolies, she expected to reach the mountain top before dark. The coolies trotted along swiftly over the narrow stone path that winds through the paddy until the main road that sweeps around the foothills was reached. Here the chair came down with a thud that startled the lady teacher out of a delightful reverie, and the amiable coolies remarked with a great deal of gesticulating that a generous fee more than the stipulated price would induce them to go on.

As the traveller had good American feet and a great dislike for bullying, she dismounted and began on foot the steep ascent of the hills. It had seemed chilly on the plain, but with every step of the upward climb the temperature apparently increased. Neither did the way seem easier because illustrious feet had passed over those slippery stones.

The belated traveler wondered if Marco Polo had been obliged to walk when he journeyed southward over the same highway centuries ago, and if he had felt a great tug at his heart because his face was homeward turned. At any rate he was not obliged to be on foot late in the evening on the hills of China while his friends in the jolly, bustling homeland were rushing about in auto-

mobiles. He was spared that odious comparison, at least.

The lady teacher was beginning to feel a very much abused person when the lights of the village appeared on the mountain side. The dogs barked and the children shouted to their elders that Su-gu was coming, and in an incredibly short time the lonely pedestrian was escorted by practically every living person and animal in the village. Her noisy escort followed to the door of the house where she was to spend the night.

"Bing-ang! Bing-ang! (Peace!)"

"Bing-ang! Bing-ang! (Peace! Peace!)" was the greeting of the old woman who opened the door. "Gang-sia Siong Da! (Praise God). You here at this time! Why! Even the men are afraid to be out so late, for tigers are about again."

Then the lady teacher did feel that life was a little too hard, and tears were very near the surface.

"Come, Su-gu, you are weary." And Su-gu took up the tiny torch and followed old Huoi-mu as she hobbled on to the attic room.

"Ah!" thought the lady teacher, "I wish that my mind was just as free from care as old Huoi-mu's is. Enough to eat is her only concern."

The thought of something to eat reminded her that she was thirsty, but her weary muscles refused to obey, and for a time she lay quietly on the hard bed. At length she went down to the kitchen to find some water. At the door she paused. Old Huoi-mu's head was bowed and something sounded suspiciously like a sob. The lady teacher forgot her own grievances and laid her hand softly on the faded blue coat.

"Huoi-mu, why is your heart so sad? Is there anything that your foreign friend can do to help you?" The wrinkled face turned upward to that of the younger woman and the dim eyes showed the suffering of a lifetime—a Chinese woman's lifetime.

"Oh, Su-gu! You mean to comfort me, but you cannot understand. You have not known sorrow. You have lived in great America where girls are loved. You cannot feel my woe, my whole life of trouble."

"Tell me, Huoi-mu, about the burdens that sadden you and perhaps I can feel more than you think."

"Su-gu's time is precious, and it is

a long, long story, and I fear that she cannot bear to hear it."

"If you have suffered it all, Huoi-mu, can I not bear to hear the story?"

"Su-gu has come from the great city and she knows where a temple of the 'Three Precious Ones' looks down into a little pond outside the West Gate. It was right in the shadow of the red temple that my parents lived when I was born. But, lady teacher, they were poor and did not want me when I grew old enough to eat rice, so I was sold to the rich merchant across the pond.

"Almost as soon as I could toddle the baby of the family was tied on my back and all day long I carried him. Does the lady teacher see how my back is bent? All my life I have a crooked back because the baby of the family was too heavy for me. As soon as one baby could walk another baby was just old enough to tie on my back. I was just the little slave girl to carry babies for my mistress; but that was a happy time compared to the sad days that came to our home.

"The heart of my mistress was hot with fierce anger. She had given her husband sons—many sons—and yet as the golden light of the autumn day grew dim he was leading to his home another wife. As the bride entered the wide-open gates of her new home the husband found the mother of his sons already passed beyond the world.

"Sad, sad days followed, but saddest for me, the little slave girl. My new mistress hated me, and so one rainy day in winter when darkness was settling down on the city and black shadows were creeping over the pond a strange woman came for me. When I saw that tears and promises would not soften the heart of my mistress my screams rang out until a blow laid me as white and still as my first mistress had lain.

"When I awoke it was to find myself in a sedan chair out in the darkness and storm with my newest mistress. Already I feared and hated her, and as the days went by our black hatred of one another grew and grew until one night I did not go back to the hovel, but planned to free myself from her cruel hands. How could I succeed, lady teacher, when I knew so little! All night I wandered about, fleeing from real terrors in the foul alleys of the city, and morning found me near the

bated gate where I had been forced to sell cakes. My mistress's own hands flung me down on the rough stones of the street, and now, Su-gu, you know why I am a lame old woman.

But it seemed such a weary time before I could walk again, and such a long, long time before the master came home. He had prospered in business in a city down the coast and had returned home to rent a good house and live in comfort. But, alas! the crooked, lame slave girl was not wanted longer—she had never been wanted by anyone.

"O, Huoi-mu, how my heart aches for you!"

"Su-gu is weary and my story is very long. She must rest to-night and some other time I will tell the rest."

"Tell me all, Huoi-mu, for to-morrow's cares will crowd out our time to talk."

"Then, one night, I know not how long after, I heard my master laugh long and loud, and then my mistress laughed, too. 'That will be good to laugh at,' she said. 'To think of getting little Crooked-back married off at such a price.' Then they whispered, and I only heard the words. 'Tell no man or we cannot do the business.' Every day a nameless fear was upon me, a shrinking from something horrible to come. Why had they whispered and laughed so secretly!"

"One day my foreboding was changed to reality, for I was sold to a man in the coast city where my master had been, and I was to become his first wife, I was told. As the days passed before my departure, I began to be pleased and felt that my life was going to be pleasanter. I would have a surname of my own and a home, and perhaps if I prayed the Mother Goddess very earnestly she would give me a little son, and then my husband would grow fond of me. My face must have looked happier, for one day the master remarked, 'Little Crooked-back actually looks pleased,' and then laughed in a way that foreboded no good to me.

"At last the gorgeous bridal chair was brought to the house and I was placed inside. It was not a joyous bride that journeyed southward, for my former fear had returned. Why had the master laughed so wickedly!"

"By and by the long journey was ended and the chair was put down in the court of the house that was to be

my home. The woman who had accompanied me combed my hair and adjusted the thick red veil, and all the women stood by and watched and whispered. Why did everyone whisper? A nameless dread was in the heart of the little crooked-backed bride.

"When all was ready I was led out to the court to go through the ceremony. We bowed down before the Kitchen God and Heaven and Earth, and prostrated ourselves nine times before the ancestral tablets—but Su-gu knows all about that—and then my veil was removed, and for the first time I beheld my husband. Oh, Heaven, help! was the cry of the wretched girl as she sank down on the pavement at the feet of her leper husband."

The lady teacher's tears fell fast as those of poor old Huoi-mu—tears of shame that she had ever thought her burden hard.

"Poor Huoi-mu! How did you bear such sorrow?"

"Such sorrow, Su-gu, there was even worse. When the leprous hands of my husband snuffed out the life of my little first-born daughter, that was grief—grief so deep, so deep! How did I bear it? I raved until a fever mercifully robbed me of mind and strength for many weeks. Then my body grew strong and my mind knew to hate and nothing more. Time went on I knew not how quickly. The days were all alike to me.

"But one day a strange woman from a foreign land came to my door. She was tall, like you, Su-gu, but her hair was almost white, and she sat down on the door-step beside me and showed me pictures, and told me the precious story of Jesus just as you tell the women in the village. The neighbors gathered around and pointed their fingers and said that I was daft, but the foreign lady told me over and over the story, 'Jesus loves me.' I often whispered in the sleepless hours of the night. I was lame and crooked-backed and hated—oh, so bitterly—the whole world, but Jesus' face smiled on me in the darkness.

"One day a neighbor shouted to another, 'would you think it! I saw her smile.' I turned and found that they meant me. I had smiled, yet not I but the Face that smiled on me in the dark.

"Then, Su-gu, a little son came and

the father's heart was not so fierce against me. How often I asked the kind Face that was always with me to spare the child! Not long after, the father passed beyond the world. Does the lady teacher think that I am wicked when I say that I was glad? Every blow that he had struck me, the faint wail of my baby girl, all cried out against him and I loathed his memory, and even the place where I had lived such a wretched life with him.

"But the boy—how I loved him. A great, rich, warm love was in my heart. In the night I no longer awakened to see the Face shining upon me, for peace was in my heart, and the Face was before me all the quiet, restful days. But I could not bring up the boy where his father's memory was so odious, and we travelled back to the great city and up the hills to this little village. The years went quickly by and the boy was a strong lad.

"Then one day an awful fear came upon me, for I thought that the boy was developing leprosy. 'Take him to the great city and let the foreign doctors see him,' said a neighbor who carried wood into the city. Together we went down the hills, across the paddy, and inside the city walls. We entered through the same gate where I had sold cakes, and such a fear of my former mistress seized me that the drops of cold perspiration stood on my face. We hurried on through the streets to where the lady doctor lived, and so many people were about her that we were obliged to wait a day before she had leisure to see us. When at last she said, 'Fear not! the boy has a bad skin disease and nothing more,' I could have shouted with joy. Then one of my people said, 'Huoi-mu, will you and the boy attend worship?' She led us to the place of worship, and there on the walls was the picture of the face that I had seen. Then they sang 'Ia-Su Ti-ang Nguai' (Jesus Loves Me), and the woman told the story of Jesus just as the gray-haired Su-gu had told me years ago. When she had finished I told her that I had loved Jesus for a long time, but that I did not know how to worship Him. 'Praise the Lord,' said the woman. 'Come every day at this time and we will teach you.' Every day that we waited in the great city we learned more about Him. But Su-gu is weary. I must not talk more."

"Truly, Huoi-mu. I am not weary. Tell me the rest."

"Su-gu knows that my son became a Christian teacher and was married, and that grandchildren play about the house. Truly the Face has smiled on me. Praise God!"

"I am so glad, Huoi-mu, that your tears are gone, and that you can go to rest thankful for even the thorny path that brought you to Him."

"Oh, Su-gu! Su-gu!" and the old woman's tears fell like rain. "I had for a moment forgotten my present grief. My son and I—both—both—are lepers!"—Mission Studies.

VISIONS.

(By Mrs. T. J. Claxton, for 30 years President of the B. W. F. M. S. of Eastern Ontario and Quebec.)

Dear Link,—The writer purposes to give to your readers a vision which has been before her eyes for long years. If you will turn to the 4th chapter of Zachariah (you will do well to read the chapter), but dwell on the 2nd and 3rd verses, and you will notice an angel appeared unto Zerubabell, saying, "not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." In the 2nd verse the angel said, "What seest thou? And he said, behold I have looked, and behold a candlestick all of gold, with a bowl on the top of it and the seven lamps thereon, and seven pipes to the seven lamps, which are on the top thereof: and two olive trees by it, one on the right side of the bowl and the other on the left."

This to me is a beautiful illustration. The candlestick, the Lord Jesus Christ, who is the Light of the world. The pipes and lamps were fed from the olive tree. So, dear friends, if this oil gave out, the lamps could not be thus fed.

We who are Christians, and have accepted Christ, must be rooted and grounded in Christ. He is the vine, we are the branches. Are we being fed by the Holy Spirit and the Word of God as the oil fed those lamps? Or are we among those who are stunted? If we look at a field, the grass most beautiful, but how varied! In some places it is faded. Like many of us Christians, some are rooted and grounded and growing in Christlikeness, while others are weak and a stumbling-block. Dear Christian women, let us give out the

Light which we possess to the world; let us ask ourselves are we bearing fruit? Are we yielding a hundredfold? Or are our pipes empty? Has the olive tree given out? If so, "Come all to the waters and drink." "Come, for things are ready." Come and enter into fellowship with the Father, and His Son Jesus Christ, and He will give strength and power for service, and to the weak ones He says, "No one shall pluck them out of my hands."

Some may read these pages who have never accepted Christ the Saviour, who is the Light of the world. The wells of salvation are free to all. As the olive oil fed and flowed into the lamps to give light, so may our lamp be trimmed and burning. May we endeavor, by our light and means, to extend the Gospel to the uttermost parts of the earth. Listen to the words, "Lo, I am with you always," and hear the dying Saviour's cry, "It is finished." "Complete in Him." Think of it! Are we satisfied and contented with what we are doing? The world is full of half-finished work, and our work among the Telugus is not finished. The writer has watched the vision that long years ago was talked of around her table by the lamented Timpany and John McLaurin. The vision of the Telugu field has been realized and become the most successful mission in the world. The writer has had the honor of being connected with this great work since the inception of the Canadian Baptist Foreign Missionary Society for Women.

Behold what marvels have been wrought! Lord Laurance, after the Sepoy Mutiny, said: "Notwithstanding all that the English people have done to benefit India, the missionaries in zeal and good have done more than all other agencies combined." Who, then, can estimate the missionary's value to the progress of nations? Their contributions to the onward and upward march of humanity is beyond all calculation. Then, while we look at the success which has crowned our efforts for the extension of Christ's kingdom among the Telugus, let me ask you to compare notes and not forget the struggle of dear Timpany and John McLaurin and their wives in that lonely heathen land.

"Not by might nor power, but by my Spirit," saith the Lord. Behold the visions become a glorious fact. May

these scattered thoughts be read with the same interest with which they have been written. May the joy of serving this mission be yours, as it has been hers. See to it that you are in earnest, and have your lamps trimmed and burning, and filled with oil, so that the "well done good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of my Lord," may be yours, where all labor is past and sweet rest shall be your portion.

Jane Claxton.

WHAT WE ARE DOING.

Vuyuru has been fighting an epidemic of cholera. Miss Zimmerman writes that many are sick and a few have died, but that the missionaries and their people have been preserved from harm.

Mrs. H. E. Stillwell, of Samalkot, has been ill, threatened with appendicitis, and though the trouble did not take an acute form, Mrs. Stillwell has been obliged to have a rest at Pithapuram.

The humorous side of a missionary's experiences sometimes come to light. Miss Priest had started on a tour recently, and says of it: "On the way out, I remembered that I was to bring knives, forks and spoons, and had forgotten to do so. There would not be a single one to be had in the village, and I just laughed at the thought of managing with my fingers for a week. However, the cook had one knife and teaspoon, and I am managing fairly well."

Here is an example of the hold caste still has on many of the people. One of the missionaries writes: "A Christian woman who belongs to the Madigapatt was sweeping round the house this morning, and I called her to bring me some water. Martha brought it to me, saying that the man who brought the water, a Mala, was much concerned lest she touch the coondah he had to touch after! Her touch would defile it for him. At the same time he is utterly insensible to the defilement of sin."

The annual meeting of the Toronto Baptist Laymen's Missionary Movement was recently held. The remarkable story of the gifts is one that ought

to be told to stimulate the zeal of God's people throughout our country. The total amount raised in 1907 for mission work was \$23,006.85. Now, three years later, the total has reached the large sum of \$72,232.35, considerably over three times the first contribution. This means an average giving from Toronto Baptists of \$8.60 a member. The four largest gifts came from Jarvis St., \$21,060.00; Walmer Road, \$14,139.10; Bloor St., \$10,231.62; Dovecourt Road, \$9,010.41. But the largest average per member was from Immanuel, which gave \$21.02. Jarvis St. came a close second with \$21 a member; Dovecourt Road, \$16.32, and Bloor St., \$13.32. And still they are reaching out after larger things.

Dr. John MacLaurin, our pioneer missionary, honored throughout our church as few men have been, has been lying very ill at his home on Robert St., Toronto, for several weeks past. The trying experiences of those first years in India, now forty years past, and the continual strain of service in India continued from that time to a few years ago has left him with less physical strength to combat disease than he might otherwise expect to have. Many friends are watching and hoping with his family that he may be allowed to stay a while longer with them.

Dr. Harry Grattan Guinness, son of the founder of the Regions Beyond Missionary Union, has been giving a series of lectures in Toronto on the Mission fields of that organization. Both the lectures on the Congo and Inca Indians were illustrated with beautiful views and we venture to say that a very large number of people have added vastly to their store of general knowledge and missionary information through the medium of these lectures.

Two examples of the kind of work being done by the Timpany School have come to hand and are so full of encouragement we pass them on. "Gabriel Elliott, who passed his matriculation examination from the Timpany School about four years ago, has this last year taken his B.A. at the Madras University and won a scholarship of \$1,000 a year, which enables him to take a course at Oxford. This scholarship was granted not only because of his high

standing, but because of 'his excellent character.' He intends to fit himself for the Indian Civil Service."

"Another cause of thanksgiving was a letter received from Shirley D'Prazer, one of our former pupils. She wrote to ask for a recommendation and to say she is to enter the C. E. Missionary Training School at Madras at once to prepare herself for Zenana work. She was converted during her stay at the Timpany School and felt that God was calling her to this work. She writes: 'As I studied Telugu at the Timpany School it has been decided that I shall prepare for work among the Telugus.' She is a girl of strong Christian character, and we believe that her life will count for much in this dark land."

Dr. Gertrude Hulet, our medical missionary in Vuyyuru, has been bereaved the last month by the death of her father at his home in Norwich, Ontario. Very soon after Miss Zimmerman's father died in Oil Springs, Ont. Much sympathy and loving thought will be extended to Dr. Hulet and Miss Zimmerman in their loneliness and grief, intensified as it is by their separation from those who mourn this great loss with them.

The summary of progress and events in the Maritime and Ontario and Quebec missions read at the Union Conference in January by Mr. Peck and Mr. Scott contains some interesting facts. On the Maritime field 144 have been baptized, a remarkable circumstance being that 114 of these came from one section of their people, the Paidis on the Savara field. The present staff on the field is 36. Two new missionaries and their wives have been added during the year. In our own mission 619 were baptized, the largest number coming from Akidu—140. At least nine of these were caste people. The number of Sunday Schools throughout the mission has more than doubled. We have 39 missionaries on the field, who are helped by a native staff of 47 pastors, 53 evangelists, 179 teachers, 12 colporteurs, 10 medical assistants and 60 Bible women.

Miss Corning, who spent her first term in the Timpany School, has gone to

Akidu to supply for Miss Robinson during her furlough. Her work consists of teaching in the school from 7 to 11 each morning and then going with the Bible women to read and talk with the women of the villages.

BUSINESS NOTE.

Just a few words more about business matters. It is quite a usual thing to receive from agents a list containing several new names, accompanied by the request that these new subscribers be sent the back numbers for two or three months. It would be a great help if the agents would understand clearly that this cannot be done. Under present financial conditions, we can print each month only sufficient papers for our mailing list and sufficient to cover the average number of new names coming in each month. As a matter of fact, it is not more than once or twice a year that there are any of one month's papers left at the end of the month. New subscribers then must start from the time their names are sent in. If the agents wish to have their names all coming due at one time, they can always make use of the rate, 2 copies for 5 cents, and 1 copy 3 cents, to make up the balance of a year.

Again, we would like to say that it has been found more generally satisfactory not to discontinue a paper immediately on the expiration of a subscription. Many neglect to renew just at the right time and yet they do not wish their files broken. The rule has been adopted, therefore, that papers shall not be discontinued unless a request is sent in to that effect. The agents will see then that, in sending in their lists, it is necessary not only to write the names of those subscribing for the year, but to state the names and addresses of those discontinuing. This needs to be noticed in another case also. It is quite usual to send the paper as a gift for one year. Will those doing so please remember either to renew or discontinue at the expiration of the year to prevent the paper going on and the arrearage being charged to the person whose name is on the list.

In giving change of address please remember to give the old address as well as the new.

EASTERN SOCIETY NOTICE.

The Women's Foreign Board (East) desire to call attention to the Semi-annual Day of Prayer, to occur on Thursday, April 6th, and request all the Circles to take special notice of this occasion.

There is need for very earnest and united prayer at this time: for our missionaries, both at home and in India, that they may be guided and upheld by the Spirit in all their ways, and for the Board, that we be granted special measure of grace and wisdom to deal with several matters of importance that are before us.

Helena Motley,
Cor. Sec.

March 10, 1911.

WESTERN SOCIETY NOTICE.

The Treasurer of your Circle will close her books on April 15th. One-half of the Convention year will then be passed. In comparing the income for this year with that of last for a similar length of time, we find we are \$869.95 behind. Let each one ask herself whether she has been dilatory in giving this year, and if she has, hasten at least one-half the gift into the hands of her collector before the April meeting is held. The King's business require haste.

Lizzie Lloyd,
Home Sec.

Treas.

BOARD MEETING, EASTERN SOCIETY.

The regularly Quarterly Board meeting of the Women's Baptist Foreign Mission Society, East, was held on Friday afternoon, March 3, in Olivet Church, Montreal.

The President, Mrs. H. H. Ayer, was in the chair, but the devotional services were led by the Honorary President, Mrs. T. J. Claxton. Among the items of interest that were special features of this meeting, apart from the regular reception of reports and attention to correspondence, were: the anonymous gift of \$100 from a member of the First Church, Montreal, towards the removal of the last year's deficit; the possibility of an extension of the work at Valluru, or, rather, the placing of it on a firm basis, through the interest of another anonymous friend, who wishes, if desirable, to pay for the securing of land on which to build for the caste girls' school there; the recep-

tion of Mrs. Haldane Miller, of Ottawa, as a Life Member; and the acceptance of the invitation of the First Church, Ottawa, for the Convention to meet with them this year.

The various plans of the Board for special efforts for the securing of funds were discussed and reports from the committees received, as the Board is endeavoring in some special manner to second the Circles and Bands in securing the extra sums for Miss Murray's return passage and for covering last year's deficit.

The Superintendent of Mission Bands reported for her work and submitted a suggested form for use in the mission schools in order to keep her more fully informed as to the various girls and boys supported by Bands. She was authorized to procure these as needed and it is hoped that by this means Bands will be kept more fully posted with regard to pupils supported by them.

Miss Murray's coming visits among the Circles and Bands were discussed and further plans for the future were touched upon in speaking of the Associational meeting this year to be held in Quebec, and the appointment of the Programme Committee for the Convention in October.

The Board, by resolution, conveyed their sympathy to Mr. Cross and family in their recent great loss through the death of Mrs. Cross, before the meeting closed with prayer.

Ethelwyn M. Crossley,
Rec. Sec.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

The Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of Ontario (West).

Receipts from Feb. 15, 1911, to March 15, 1911:

From Circles—

Peterboro, Park St., \$2.50; Toronto, Jarvis St., \$26.28; Glamis, \$5.00; Jaffa, \$2.50; Eberts, \$5.00; East Flamboro, \$5.50; Hartford, \$2.00; Cobourg (\$3.50 thank-offering), \$4.60; Campbellford, \$1.83; Midland, \$14.00; Tillsonburg, \$5; Boston (\$16.75 thank-offering), \$18.75; Port Hope, thank-offering, \$3.00; Tiverton, \$17.50; East Williams (\$5.00 Canadian Dormitories), \$10.50; Owen Sound, \$7.50; Daywood (\$4.75 thank-offering), \$7.00; Toronto, Olivet, \$8.33; Essex, \$6.00; Toronto, Western, \$17.41;

Brantford, 1st Church, for Miss McLeod, \$55.15; Burlington, \$6.00; Sarnia Township, \$1.00; London, Talbot St., Cocanada Dormitories, \$100.00; Berlin, King St., \$1.00; Toronto, College St., \$18.45; Atwood, \$2.00; Denfield, Cocanada Dormitories, \$50.50; York Mills, \$9.00; Whitevale, \$10; Toronto, Ronscevalles Ave., \$6.65; New Sarum, \$4.00; Toronto, Walmer Road, \$13.85; Toronto, Immanuel, \$17.00; Fort William, \$10.25; Toronto, Jarvis St. (\$100.00 for teacher, \$26.00 lepers), \$188.50; Toronto, Dovecourt Road, \$5.98 thank-offering), \$25.97; Peterboro, Gilmour Memorial, \$4.00; Watford, \$3.00; Fingal, \$2.25; Campbellford, \$2.25; Ailes Craig, \$8.15; London, South London (\$31.50 Cocanada Dormitories), \$49.00; Port Colborne, \$5.00; Kingsville, thank-offering, \$5.71. Total, \$771.88.

From Bands—

Barrie, \$3.00; Windsor, Bruce Ave., for student, \$17.00; Ingersoll, for student, \$6.00; Port Arthur, for student, \$4.25; Sparta, \$2.04; Springford, \$4.00; Parkhill, for student, \$17.00; Swan River, Man., \$17.00; Gladstone, \$7.00. Total, \$77.29.

From Sundries—

Collection, Middlesex and Lambton Association, for Cocanada Dormitories, \$2.25; Mrs. McLaughlin, for Cocanada Dormitories, \$1.00; Mrs. Dancy, (\$25.00 Cocanada Dormitories, \$1.00 Lepers), \$26.00; Toronto, Jarvis St., Sunbeam Band, \$2.75; Collection, Union Meeting, Toronto, \$5.25; Miss Barrow, for Bible-woman, \$9.74; Toronto, Dovecourt Rd. Church, \$12.26; Mrs. Firstbrook, Pithampur, Bungalow furniture, \$20.00. Total, \$79.19.

Total receipts during the month, \$928.36.

DISBURSEMENTS.

By General Treasurer, on estimate for India and payments in Canada, \$882.16.

Total Disbursements during month, \$882.16.

Total Receipts since Oct. 20, 1910, \$4,095.02.

Total Disbursements since Oct. 20, 1910, \$4,711.97.

HELEN BURKE, Treas.

23 South Drive.

TREASURER'S STATEMENT.

The Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of Eastern Ontario and Quebec.

Receipts from Dec. 9th to March 3rd (inclusive):

From Circles—

Beebe Plain, \$3.50; Cornwall (\$3.00 Miss Murray's passage), \$8.00; Ottawa, 4th Ave. (\$8.00 Miss Murray's passage) \$22.00; Drummond (\$2.00 Miss Murray's passage), \$6.00; Tabernacle, Montreal, \$7.00; Roxton Pond, Miss Murray's passage, \$5.00; Delta, \$3.00; Ottawa, 1st Church (\$29.00 for Bolivia), \$34.00; Smith's Falls, \$5.00; Perth, \$10.75; Bulwer, \$6.00; Kingston, 1st Church, \$5.00; Ottawa, 1st Church (to make Mrs. Haldane Millar, Life Member, \$25.00), \$33.25; Ottawa, McPhail Memorial (part sale Miss Hallkett's Cook Books), \$7.00; Dixville, support Bible-woman, \$6.00; North Hatley, \$3; Phillipsville, \$6.00; Montreal, 1st Ch., \$30.00; Kenmore (\$5.00 Miss Murray's passage), \$10.00; Rockland, \$5.30; Maxville, per Mrs. Lothian, support two Bible-women, \$30; (Montreal, 1st Ch., \$100.00 deficit, \$25.46 Miss Murray's passage, \$11.53 Cocanada School), \$136.99; Clarence, \$20.00; Point St. Charles, \$6.00; Ohvet, Montreal (\$23.50 Miss Murray's passage, \$15.50 thank-offering), \$74.25. Total, \$488.49.

From Bands—

Westmount, "Sunshine" (support girl), \$10.00; Perth, support Mura Chandravati, \$15; Kemptville, support student, \$15.00; Miss Murray, passage, \$1, \$16.00; Dixville, \$5.00; Kingston, 1st Church, Miss Murray's passage, \$3.00; Delta, support Malta Chilikkamma, \$7.50; Perth, support boy, \$15.00; Allan's Mills, Miss Murray's passage, \$2.00; Smith's Falls, support Golta Williams, \$10.00. Total, \$83.50.

From Sundries—

Estate Miss Jenny McArthur, \$6.48; Friend, for Valluru School, one quarter, \$39.00. Total, \$45.48.

Summary—

Total from Circles, \$488.49; total from Bands, \$83.50; total from Sundries, \$45.48. Total, \$617.47.

JESSIE OHMAN, Treas.

1212 Green Ave., Westmount.

As our Board meeting was held on March 3rd, a week earlier than usual, some remittances are too late for insertion in this quarter's report. They will appear in next quarter's report.

J. Ohman, Treas.

Young People's Department.

MY FATHER.

Who fed me with the living bread,
And smoothed the path in which I tread,
And kindly watched where I was led?
My Father.

Who taught my timid heart to pray
For God's kind guidance day by day,
To keep me in the narrow way?
My Father.

When sleep forsook my open eye,
Who was it soothed my every sigh
And loved me for (I know not why)?
My Father.

Who gave me wisdom from above,
To understand His dying love
That I might know the "Spirit Dove"?
My Father.

Who watched me that I should not fall,
And listened to my every call,
To guard and keep us one and all?
My Father.

Oh, Heavenly Father, love me still;
Thy works of grace in me fulfil,
That I may do Thy every will,
My Father.

When I am feeble, old and gray,
Thy loving arm shall be my stay
Till Thou dost call my soul away,
My Father.

Lake View. —Mrs. R. Mc.

THE LITTLE TWISTED-HAND.

I want to tell you of one little girl of whom I know out here in India. You could not pronounce her name, so we will call her "Mary," though that is not her real name. If you go to shake hands with Mary you will notice that her little brown hand is all twisted and crippled.

When she was a little girl of five or six she was married to an old Brahmin priest. When she was eleven she had to go and live with her cruel old husband as his wife. All her happy childish days were over now forever. She was shut up in a big dark room without any books or toys or sewing, with the three other wives of the old Brahmin.

One day a missionary lady came into the house, and asked if she could teach this poor little girl to read.

The old man said: "You might as well try and teach my cow."

But in a few months he was astonished to hear little Mary read. Now all this time Mary was learning about Jesus, and how he had died for her, so one day she told her husband that she could not worship the idols any more. Our parents send us to Sunday School and are glad we love Jesus, but when the old Brahmin heard this, he took little Mary and beat her cruelly, and sent the missionary away.

But down in a dark corner Mary had hidden a little Testament and hymn book, and every moment she could get she spent in reading them. One day her husband found her with the testament, took it away and tore it up, then beat the little girl again. But still Jesus kept His little Lamb, and said: "No one shall be able to snatch her out of my hand."

At last one day her husband found the hymn book. In a rage he tore up the little girl's last treasure and then dragged little Mary to the fire, and with a red hot iron burned away all the palm of her hand. But even this was not enough. He gave her another cruel

beating and kicked her into the street half dead.

The Lord Jesus sent one of his Missionaries along and the little one was carried safely to the Missionaries' house where she was loved and cared for. Mary is now a happy little Christian in a Mission School, and she is singing to-day from her little hymn book "I am so glad that Jesus loves me" to the same tune that you sing it. She loves her Bible, she loves to pray, and she loves to work for Jesus, and every day she is growing to be more like Him.

G. S. Eddy.

CHINESE STAGECOACH—A NEW MISSIONARY GAME.

Directions: Prepare thirty cards, each bearing the name of one of the parts. Appoint one player to be reader, and let the other players each draw a ticket stating the part he is to represent. If there are only a few players, one person can represent all the blue cotton coats, etc. One player reads the story aloud. When a player's part is mentioned he should rise and turn around, or pay a forfeit. At the word "Chinese" all the players rise and turn around.

List of parts: 1, Miss Brown, 2, Dorothy; 3, Judy, 4, 5, 6, 7, coolies; 8, 9, 10, 11, blue cotton coats; 12, 13, 14, 15, straw hats; 16, 17, straw sandals; 18, 19, sedan-chairs; 20, 21, 22, 23, poles of sedan-chairs; 24, 25, seats of sedan-chairs; 26, 27, 28, 29, windows of sedan-chairs; 30, World-Wide.

Dorothy had a dream. It was truly a most remarkable one, although there was nothing in it about white rabbits or mad hatters. Perhaps it had something to do with her joining the mission band. Other mission band members will know whether they have remarkable dreams. Dorothy, and Judy, the fox-ferrier, were sitting by the window, and it was getting too dark to read anything except the largest letters on the cover of the World-Wide, when Dorothy heard Miss Brown's voice. Miss Brown was the missionary who had spoken at the mission band meeting last week. Dorothy was surprised to hear her saying, "I have to take some medicine to a woman who is very ill in a village a few miles away; would you like to come for a ride in a sedan-chair?" "I should just think so," thought Dorothy. So

she stood by Miss Brown's side and stared at the scene in front of her.

A crowd of coolies were chattering very fast over some boxes; they wore blue cotton coats which had certainly not been to the wash last week, or the week before, or the week before that; and above the very important pigtail, each coolie had a broad straw hat, so large that it looked like a small umbrella. Dorothy looked rather doubtfully at their straw sandals, which did not seem made for rough travelling. When they saw Miss Brown, four of the coolies took their places by the poles of the sedan-chairs; and Miss Brown spread some rugs over the hard wooden seats of these, and packed Dorothy and Judy into one, and herself into the other. The coolies swung the poles up on to their shoulders, and away they went, with a chorus of "Slowly, slowly go; quickly, quickly come" from Miss Brown's CHINESE friends who were standing around.—Sel.

WHERE BOYS WEAR BRAIDS AND RIBBONS.

What American boys would think or say if they suddenly found themselves attired in the dress of Korean boys passes imagination. According to "Twelve Little Pilgrims who Stayed at Home," a Korean gentleman in full dress wears a loose tunic, baggy trousers tied around the ankles, stockings padded with cotton, and outside of all a long coat with big sleeves, in which are his pockets. But you should see his hat, or hats. He gets the first of these when he gets engaged to be married. Before this he has gone bare-headed, his long hair parted in the middle and braided and the braid tied with a black ribbon. When he is ready for a hat a spot is shaven on the top of his head. Then his long hair is fastened on top of his head in a knot. A band of woven horsehair is bound round his head, and his big hat of horsehair put on and tied under his chin with ribbons. No wonder an American boy says, "Think how a boy would suffer in such clothes!" But it is the style in Korea.—Sel.

GROW { Go
Right
On
Working