



# Canadian Missionary Link

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No. 6



*A Glimpse of South America.*

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# Canadian Missionary Link.

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## CUTTINGS.

On of the inevitable results of the war will be the break-up of the caste system of India. A smashing blow will be delivered to that most utterly anti-Christian system. Probably 300,000 troops have crossed the sea from India, and by so doing have broken caste, and in order to be reinstated into caste these men must go through a very contemptible ceremony, which no self-respecting Hindu will submit to. It will be impossible for India to insist on that when the soldiers come back as victors from this great world war.

Japan has one of the largest Red Cross organizations in the world. It was started in 1877 and the present membership is said to be 1,737,449. The present war gave Japan her first opportunity to do relief work in Europe.

Tent evangelism has a very pretty name in the picturesque Japanese—"The Evangelism of the Heavenly Curtain." How prosaic "tent" seems after that!

## TRY IT AGAIN.

The vessel was marred in the hand of the potter, so he made it again." (Jer. 18: 4.)

I played with my blocks, I was but a child  
What towers did I raise, what castles I piled!  
But they tottered and fell; all my building was vain;  
Yet my father said kindly, "We'll try it again."

I played with my days—what's time to a lad?  
Why pore over books? Play, play and be glad!  
Till my youth was all passed like a sweet summers' rain;  
Yet my father said kindly, "Well, try it again."

I played with my soul,—the soul that is I,  
The best that is in me—I stifled its cry,  
I lulled it, I dulled it, and now O the pain  
Yet my Father says kindly, "Well, try it again."

—Selected.

**Wanted, a Girl.**—A girl who can do things and does them every time she gets the chance; who having seen a worthy end, works towards it, though it be ten thousand miles away; who cannot stand the reproach upon herself of good things left

undone; who believes that anything worth believing in, is worth working for; who marshals forces and produces forces where they are not at hand; who has the knack or is hunting for one; who, charged with energy, charges others; who puts ginger into all she sets at, and leaves out the mustard and vinegar; who is all on fire, yet never scorches people; who is humble enough to accept "nobody's business" as her business; who says: "Come on, let's do it, and then does it, whether anybody comes on or not; who takes hold, and lets go only for a new hold; who undertakes all she ought, neglecting to ask whether she can.

In more than seven months among United States troops of almost every class I think I have found but one man who was really afraid he was going to be killed. They realize, however, that they are coming face to face with a possibility that before has been only most remote. They are talking not of a religion to save them from hell, but one that will fit them to face the biggest job ever put up to men, and make them ready for the great adventure if it comes to them. I think the average American soldier would be perfectly willing to adopt the following reconstruction of his childhood prayer:

'Now I stand me up to fight;  
I pray thee, Lord, I do it right.  
If I must die while in the trench,  
I pray thee, Lord, I may not flinch.'

A Y.M.C.A. SECRETARY.

That Negroes want more and better schools is shown in the fact that 30,000 Negroes in Texas recently gave in a single month \$26,000 for educational work.

"Years ago in India a missionary became discouraged in his work. He wrote to a friend of his, 'I am leaving India. I am accomplishing nothing. God wants a better man than I am, and I am going home to make room for him.' The old friend replied, 'You are perfectly right. God does want a better man where you are, but He wants you to be that better man.' The missionary learned his lesson, stayed on and became the better man."

There is nothing in the Christian revelation which warrants us in hoping that we shall be given tasks within our powers. What is promised is that power will be available sufficient for our tasks. The only thing open to us is to go forward. We must pray to be made big enough for what we have to do. We must ask that there may be a growth in moral stature sufficient to deal with the problems which material progress has created. And in going forward we shall find salvation, for we shall be driven to lift our eyes beyond the world to God.—Oldham.

South America is thinly peopled. The Spanish and Portuguese governments, which divided South America between themselves in 1494, made little effort to attract immigration of their own people and denied admission to people of other

lands. The lands were administered as crown colonies. Large land grants were made to court favorites. There was little opportunity for individual enterprise, even if the continent had been open to enterprising men. It was only after the Latin republics had thrown off the rule of Spain and Portugal that South America threw open her doors to the immigration of the world. But revolutions and epidemics decimated the populations, and the continuance of the great land holdings, which were just being broken up, prevented the close settling of the country, & that even now South America, with an area of 7,276,000 square miles, as against North America's 8,559,999, has a population of only about 50,000,000. Yet she has millions of acres of soil as rich as the world knows, and mines whose richness passes belief, and waterways reaching to the heart of the continent and opportunities almost unmeasured. Yet, perhaps, the greatest opportunity is the opportunity to preach the Gospel.

Scores of children are picked up on the streets of Buenos Aires and cared for by the Boca Sunday School of the Methodist Episcopal Church, located in one of the neediest sections of the city. The police records state that there are 5,000 abandoned children on the streets. An influential magazine, "Mundo Argentino," is doing its best to stir up the public mind to a realization of the neglect to which these children are subject. This publication states that the principal amusements of the children are gambling and smoking. The children of South America have not yet come into their own.—Sel.

#### THE CHILDREN OF TOIL.

Out of the lanes and alleys,  
Out of the vile purlieu,  
Summon the wee battalions,  
Pass them in long review.

Grimy and ragged and faded,  
Say, if you choose, with a tear,  
"These are the ones of His kingdom,  
And thus do I keep them here."

Here where the tenements breed them,  
Gather them, gather them in,  
Heirs to the kingdom of Heaven,  
Bound in a maze of sin.

What have ye done to uplift them,  
These whom He loves so well?  
Oh! tiny and worn, unkempt and forlorn,  
What shall our answer tell?

"Suffer the little children"—  
Is this the answer we bear?  
That they live their lives in the haunts and hives,  
The children of dumb despair?

—Selected.

**FOREIGN MAIL BOX.****VARIED EXPERIENCES ON TOUR.****Boat Elizabeth, Near Narsapudi.**

Wednesday evening, the Lock Master, his wife and two little ones were with us in our good-night prayers. The wife, Suramma, had no faith or courage enough to be baptized when her husband was baptized near Kotapilli more than a year ago. Now, however, she wished for baptism. The Godavari Delta Mission Work borders our work here, and one of their workers, an earnest, faithful man, has been visiting the Lock-Master, while his wife has been teaching Suramma to crochet and to want Christ. Our nearest pastor is some five miles away.

Thursday morning I sent a message to him, while the women and I went some three miles to Narsapudi. On this tour I have with me Elizabeth, who has become a good, helpful Biblewoman, but who is not very well these days, (I think her constant headaches must be caused by her eyes), Ncrayamma, at the boat and at home, a laughing, teasing little chatterbox, but in the work very earnest, and having a real experience of God and the saving power of Christ. She needs more training and Bible knowledge, but even now is useful, though her sweet little voice, which cannot carry a tune, but loves to sing, rather upsets our attempt at singing. The third is Kantamma, much more educated, able to sing, but lifeless in speaking voice and movements. She wants to learn, so may succeed, but will need not only training, but some years of growth.

So we went to Narsapudi, where Elizabeth's brother, a rattle-brained, unsteady young man, and his wife, a steady, helpful little woman, are the settled workers. It was harvest, so school was given a few days' leave, but a few children and the Christians gathered for a few moments' prayer and to recite the few verses they had learned. From the Christians we went on to the village. As a rule, we have time to visit only two houses here, for Suramma and Sundaramma have wanted all the time we had to spare. Now the old homestead was locked up and empty, for their father, an old man, passed away. The new home, in which one room had been set apart for me, was also closed, for Suramma, the loved wife, elder sister and mother, had fallen asleep in Rajahmundry Hospital. After some searching we found her elder brother's home, or rather home-to-be. For the present he is in a rough hut while the house proper is in building. His wife and children welcomed us very heartily. A group of Rajah children were delighted to see us again and led us to their home, where we had good earnest hearers. Some four other homes opened. The women had had their noon meal at the teacher's and I a small lunch, so we stayed until after 3 p.m. By walking and cycling, I reached the lock shortly after 7 p.m., where I found the pastor ready for the baptism, while they completed arrangements and the women walked from Narsipudi, I was able to have my late breakfast, for which I was very hungry. We had a service at the Lock-Master's house, and then the baptism was given in the weir behind the lock. We had the Lock-Master and his wife with us again that evening!

Friday morning we drifted down some two miles and had the mile-coolie and his wife, who are Christians, join us for morning prayers. It had rained during the night, and we found just how badly our boat, the Elizabeth, needs the repairs that are planned for next year. The writing table, if pulled out a little, escapes

the leaks; the bed, if pulled away at one end, gets wet only at the far corners. By seating myself just right I can escape the drops while at meals, though a few fall into the eatables. The women's room leaked so that only one could sleep there. One found a dry place under my cot, and another in the passageway. The worst of it was that we were unprepared, and our clothes and bed covers got badly soaked.

A little farther on we reached the road to Jannada. At Jannada we heard thirty children recite the Ten Commandments, while a few of the Christians and others managed them, too. The teacher came here only in June. Just two days before a wee daughter had arrived, so things were rather upset.

The boat was only half a mile away, so we went for breakfast and came back to a full afternoon's work. I wish I could make you see the children who follow us from place to place. The others are in school, and we know when school is out. I persuaded the pupils to take me back to the school, for I saw no place but the road to entertain such a crowd; so they ran before me, and sang or shouted for my entertainment a loyal song, in return for which I gave small books, or papers, or pictures, according to age. I have run out of picture postcards and little lesson pictures. From the school we went to a group of goldsmiths, where what seemed to be our best afternoon's work was done.

I had hard time to get into the Munsiff's (Mayor's). I called him to discuss the health of the town, and found him quite intelligent, but not at all disposed to invite us in, especially as the womenfolk were afraid of us. Two English-educated young men came along and asked questions, such as, "What advantage in higher caste Hindus becoming Christians?" "Why must we become like the lower-caste Christians and intermarry with them?" "Why do you call Jesus Christ the Son of God?" "How had God a Son?" I said at last, "Come to the boat later and talk with me; but let me get at my work among the women now before they begin their cooking." One of them took me inside, and I had an audience of three sweet women, who listened well.

The young men came in the evening and we had a long talk. They assented when I said, "Do not call Jesus the Son of God, or God, unless you see Him to be that. It took the disciples of Christ three years to find out Who He was. Let me tell you about Him, and what He did. If you like, I will tell you what I believe about Him, and why." There was no cavilling after that. I wish I had a stock of books in English to give to such young men, and that work such as this could be followed up. I wonder if some earnest, educated Christian young or old man at home, who has longed for work in foreign lands and been prevented by health or other reasons from that work, might not like to be put in touch with some intelligent Indian young men who are searching for the truth.

Yours in the Master's service,

LUCY M. JONES.

#### SAMALKOTA.

##### Central Boys' Boarding School.

Our school opened the middle of July with the greatest number of boarders we have had in my time. Altogether, one hundred and thirty-seven (137) boys entered, but almost immediately some went out. Some were too small, some were too large, some too weak physically, some too active physically, and some

(shall we say?) too weak mentally to remain with us. Then, later, five became suddenly fired with patriotic zeal (or zeal for a better financial condition), and so actively did it affect them that they left instantly for Busra. However, the road to Busra goes via Rajahmundry and the Recruiting Officer, at which point two of the zealous were turned back as "unfit," and later returned to our fold, sadder, but, let us hope, wiser. Later still, two boys were found repeatedly breaking the rule against the use of tobacco while in residence here, and had to be dismissed. So, though we began with 137, and had 131 most of the quarter, we are now (late in October) down to 120, most of whom will probably remain.

The health has been comparatively good. An epidemic of influenza struck us the first week of October, which accounts for the lateness of this report. Within ten days we had seventy cases among the boys. Three of the teachers took it, not to mention the writer. A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind, especially when it is a feverish, headache, pains-all-over feeling; consequently, quite a strong word of sympathy bound us together those two painful weeks. The medicine given ran up into the gallons, but we saved a the food bill. However, that is all over now, and we are normal and cheerful again, not to mention hungry.

Conference in July having approved of our estimate for new kitchen and storeroom, Mr. Timpany began operations at once, the funds being loaned from the paddy money. He hastened the work so that he might get off on tour, and as a consequence the new rooms are already completed and in use. The boys refer to the new wing as the "palace" or "fort," so grand does it seem in comparison with the old apartments. It is floored with stone slabs laid in cement, so that it can be washed. It has three windows instead of two. The walls are white-washed instead of smoked black. All of these conditions tend to make the kitchen cleaner and brighter, but the climax of all the improvements is the fireplace. This provides several cooking-places more than the old kitchen had, and has a wonderful flue and chimney, whereby—wonder of wonders—the smoke does not remain in the room, coating the walls, stinging the eyes, saturating the body and destroying the temper, but escapes above into the outside air! The first time the fire was lit in the fireplace the boys called me in great excitement, saying their house had become a railway train, the kitchen being the engine with the smokestack!

Time and space both fail me to tell of our loyal celebration of Bulgaria's surrender, when our school spent a half-day marching with a big procession about the town. Our boys carried our big Union Jack, also a large framed picture of King George and Queen Mary, and nearly burst themselves with pride and cheers! To-day, being Trafalgar Day, was celebrated by an early morning talk to the assembled school, on Nelson, the British Navy, and the tremendous power and achievements of that glorious navy during the present war.

This term we have put in an extra teacher for half-day work, a Brahmin pandit, to teach Telugu only. This adds materially to the work and standing of the school. We record with sorrow and regret that one of our Christian teachers, P. Ishmael of Avanigadda, has had to resign on account of tubercular trouble. He has gone to his father's home, where he is taking treatment, while his place here is temporarily filled by a Brahmin. Our new Headmaster, K. Yesudas, of Ramachandrapuram, is doing well, and promises to make a strong man. Our new class, Standard VII, has 25 boys, most of them wide-awake and ambitious.

J. F. ROBINSON.



## MISSION CIRCLES.

AT THE MERCY OF A MOB.

By Henry W. Newman, M.D., of Ungkung, South China.

(Dr. Newman is a son of Mrs. A. H. Newman, who was for sixteen years Editor of the LINK. He is himself a graduate of McMaster University, 1899.)—Ed.

On the afternoon of June 18, I was at the mission residence at Ungkung when about four o'clock a number of people from the village, about half-way between the residence and the north gate of the city, came running to tell me that a band of soldiers of the northern army were looting their village. I went with them and found soldiers in regular uniform everywhere through the village carrying off the people's clothes and other property.

I went among a number of them and was about to try to persuade them to leave the people of the village in peace. I started by telling them that I was the American doctor from the hospital; my house coolie was standing beside me, and I had hardly started talking to the soldiers when one of them standing behind aimed a blow with a club at my coolies' head. I reached up my cane to ward off the blow and at the same instant was myself beaten to the ground with blows from heavy bambœ poles and wooden clubs from all sides. I got to my feet and took more blows, my coolie taking a good deal of the punishment intended for me.

One of the soldiers in the crowd of twenty or more had a rifle; he stood off and loaded the rifle and urged on by the others (who then stood off to give him room) was apparently about to shoot me point-blank. My coolie put himself in front of me and as he did so I stepped back through a doorway into a family courtyard. My coolie followed me in and tried to close the gates, the soldiers all the time beating him and beating at the gates. While he held them for the minute, I went through a further door into a compartment of a house. The coolie followed me and managed to close the doors of the compartment. The soldiers beat upon these doors and then fired several rifle shots through the doors aiming toward the different corners of the room. Finally they were successful in beating down a second door to the same room; as they did so I opened the first door and stepped out into the court holding up my hands.

The mob of soldiers rushed upon me and beat me with clubs and poles. By this time my clothes were in shreds and I was bleeding profusely from several wounds—scalp, one arm and both legs. They then bound my hands behind my back with ropes, and still beating me, ordered me to march. They marched me out of the village over the open road toward the north gate of the city, passing the hospital compound with the American flag flying on the left. I stopped and faced them and in spite of their beating and urging me forward told them that I belonged to that hospital and to that flag.

By this time there were two hundred or more soldiers in the mob, and as it gained in size the mob spirit rose. Going by the hospital, one of my assistants tried to join me, but was beaten and kicked into a rice field, and fired at as he made his way off. They drove me, at the end of the rope and with constant beating, in the north gate and through the streets of the city, I leaving a trail of blood

on the road. Finally they stopped on the edge of a pond, evidently to decide what to do with me next. Some were for tying my feet also and throwing me into the pond, others were for beating me to death, and still others were for just shooting me and being done with it quickly.

While they were arguing I saw one soldier close by who was looking directly at me. I called him over and called his attention anew to the fact that I was an American citizen. He spoke to the leaders who had been beating me and advised them to turn me loose. Evidently there were a good many in the mob who were of like mind, and for a minute it looked as though there might be a free fight to decide the question. Finally this fellow came and untied the rope from my wrists and told me to go. I did so and returned to the hospital without being troubled further.

There I had my wounds dressed and learned that as soon as the mob started to beat me the word spread very rapidly. All four of the city gates were closed, preventing any civilian from entering the city where were all the officials. At the beginning of the affair one of my assistants hearing that the soldiers had attacked me had tried to come out to the village to help me, but had been driven off by rifle shots. He and several others from the hospital compound had then tried to run to inform the army officials inside the city, but had been prevented by the armed sentries from entering the gates.

About fifteen minutes after I had reached the hospital a messenger from the commanding general came to me to find out for him the extent of my injuries. I dictated a short statement in Chinese, and signing it, sent it to him, asking verbally for a guard for that night for the hospital and for the mission residence. This the messenger promised I should have. By daylight the next morning when I left for Swatow I had had neither answer nor guard from General Cang nor from any other official.

On examination I proved to have no broken bones, and no internal injuries, but after several days' rest I was still quite weak, presumably from loss of blood and nervous shock. After nearly three weeks I have almost entirely recovered from my injuries. We are resting in Shanghai in the Stafford's house, and expect to go shortly to Mokansan.

The Consul has said that for the present none of us shall return to Ungkung without first consulting him. I think he is quite right about that. Personally, I could not consent to having my wife and baby go back until there is a discontinuance of fighting in that vicinity. Since December we had lived right under the aim of the northern batteries mounted on the hills to the north and east, and when fighting was resumed on June first and second our house was used as cover by southern troops, and was hit by rifle bullets and was in the line of shrapnel fire. We got out only when the shelling started up anew in the night time, the shells flying and bursting all around the house. I returned after taking my family to a place of safety and stayed two weeks or so longer. I stayed because I had many wounded people in the hospital, both civilian and soldiers of both armies. Mr. Lewis came up and stayed with me several days and together we tried to get the army officials to control the looting and other barbarities. I stayed after he left because I still had the sick, and because the people of Ungkung begged me not to go away.

The morning that Mr. Lewis left I walked with him as far as across the river and on coming back by the same road saw a number of people already preparing t

leave because we were leaving; they stayed when I assured them I was not leaving. Shopkeepers came and begged me to just come in and sit in front of their shops a few minutes. Many came begging for my card for protection against the soldiers; that of course I could not give them, even the Christians.

A brief account of experiences previous to this attack may be of interest. When the northern troops attacked the city of Ungkung, on June 1 and 2, several wounded soldiers of both northern and southern armies found their way to our hospital. On Monday, when I returned from taking my wife and family to a place of safety, I received a call from an officer representing General Cang and bringing the Generals' card, asking me to take care of whatever wounded came, until the Army Red Cross detachments could move up. The people of Ungkung were fleeing in thousands to escape the barbarities of the northern soldiers. They had already commenced the looting and killing of innocent people. I went to General Kau and protested against these barbarities. He excused himself by saying that the local bandits were responsible for most of it, but that he would constantly try to catch any bandits, or soldiers either, who were mistreating the people.

On Wednesday, June 12, the Chief of the Red Cross with Cang's Army came asking, for Cang, whether in case of necessity I could handle two or three hundred wounded men. I said that I could. He then presented me with a proclamation from Cang, designating me as a Red Cross Agent, and the Mission Hospital as a Red Cross Hospital. This proclamation was posted outside the hospital (and was in plain view of the soldiers as they drove me past the hospital). This proclamation was also posted in duplicate in prominent places about the city by Cang's own agents.

On Tuesday, June 11, the Provost Marshal of General Kau came to return a call at the mission residence, Rev. George W. Lewis and myself receiving him. He promised us that he would speedily put a stop to all looting and disorder. He said he would be glad if we could help to get the Ungkung people to return and open their shops. We said that we were not in a position to make any promises toward helping to get the people to come back.

Four days later General Cang arrived in Ungkung. I wrote him a letter saying that I expected to call upon him and expressing sorrow over the fact that atrocities were still being committed every day in and about Ungkung. He replied the same day, thanking me for calling his attention to the disorders and promising to deal vigorously with them. On Monday, June 17, four soldiers caught looting a shop were publicly beaten at Cang's orders and driven through the streets. This I learned only after the attack on myself on Tuesday, the day following.—Missions.

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### HERE AND THERE.

**Kingsville.**—Our annual Thank-offering meeting took place in the church on the evening of Nov. 21st, the same having been postponed for a month on account of the prevailing epidemic, and was well attended. Our President, Mrs. Everett Wigle, occupied the chair and conducted the opening exercises.

Mrs. E. Hanson, of Wheatley, our former President, was present and spoke a few words of appreciation.

The Treasurer, Miss Ritchie, gave the financial report for the year, showing that \$81.20 had been sent to Missions.

The Rev. A. Hilliard Jones, of Wheatley, gave an excellent address on the Reflex Influence of Missions, referring to the people going back to Jerusalem.

Four girls sang very sweetly "Keep the Work of Missions Moving," and Miss Esther Fitch gave a recitation entitled "A Little Chinese Girl," very acceptably.

The interest in Mission work is well sustained, and the spiritual tone of the meetings good.

The offering amounted to \$33.55. Refreshments were served at the close.

JANE RITCHIE.

**Bothwell**—Our Mission Circle held its Thank-offering meeting on Thursday evening, Nov. 21st. We were pleased to have with us Rev. A. C. Bingham of London, and listen to his very earnest address. The offering amounted to \$14.35, which was equally divided between Home and Foreign Missions.

We are few in number but are striving to do a little to help on the great work of sending the Gospel to those who are not favored as we are.

MRS. JAS. BRANDIE.

## THE YOUNG WOMEN. WOMEN WORKERS OF THE ORIENT.

### CHAPTER 3.

Watchman, what of the night?"  
"Womanhood is the greatest asset of any nation. A weak womanhood means a feeble nation; an emancipated womanhood means a nation based on a sound foundation."—Basanta Koomar Roy.

The Old and the New contrasted: Quote the old Mohammedan Sheik and the young Egyptian boy—page 81.

#### 1. Signs of the Times—

##### A. On the part of the Mohammedan men:

1. Comments of newspapers.
2. Formation of societies and clubs.
3. Government encouragement.
4. New ideals, of and desires for companionship.

##### B. On the part of the Mohammedan women: (Their new motto, "How can we be most useful to our people and our fatherland?"):

1. Discontent with ignorance—"Divine discontent."
2. Longings for Life.
3. Longings for Service.
4. Longings for Emancipation from—
  - (a) The veil,—the badge of servitude.
  - (b) Polygamy, "a moral monstrosity."

5. Courage to endure and to dare—for the future of their daughters.
2. **India**.—"A country where Hinduism and Mohammedanism have done worse for women than any religions in any other land."

- A. Name at least 4 great prejudices which, like prison bars, prevent the Indian women from walking forth into freedom.
- B. Quote Mr. Gokhale's opinion,—page 92.
- C. In contrast, pick out the encouragements,—the evidences that the women are entering into a new era:—
1. Influence of Men's Conferences.
  2. Championship by Newspapers.
  3. Pride of the community in honors captured by women.
  4. "Wanted . . . a bride." See page 101.
  5. Courage of the women themselves:—
    - (a) Purdah parties.
    - (b) Speaking in public.
3. China.—Contrast the old and the new social orders.
4. Japan.—Note the problems confronting her and arising from changes in the outlook upon life of her womanhood.
- "Days of broadening horizons . . . are days of danger."  
 "What shall the new life be to which the women of the East are hastening?"  
 Spend a few moments in considering the last paragraph on page 119.  
 What shall be OUR answer?

CHAPTER 4.

"Traditional ideas of 'women's sphere' have burst their bonds."

Changes in lines of work are necessitated by:—

- (a) Changing economic conditions . . . the War, for example.
- (b) Broadening ideals, , , . . . by contact with the West.

The Trail Makers.

Follow the footsteps of these brave pioneer women of

1. Mohammedan lands.
2. India.
3. China.
4. Japan.

and mark the path they have blazed in—

1. The Business world.
2. The Educational world.
3. The Literary world.
4. The Medical world.
  - (a) Physicians.
  - (b) Nurses.
5. The Legal world.
6. The Social and Religious world.

Give short sketches of the work of Pandita Ramabai in Mukti, near Poona, India, and of Mrs. Cheo, in Nanking, China.

BESSIE CHURCHILL STILLWELL.

## SHOWERS.

In these days we hear of many kinds of showers; not all of them come from the skies in the form of rain. Would it not be a good idea to have a Missionary Shower? A Hospital Shower would be something new and please the young folks. Send the following invitation:

"Now the people of the village,  
In these days of Christian teaching  
Buildd for their Indian sisters  
Such a building as was called for  
When on beds of sickness lying,  
Suffering, they needed treatment  
In the land of sore diseases,  
In this dwelling cloth is needed,  
Linen, old and clean, in pieces,  
To be used in sterilizing.  
Washcloths, too, for better cleansing  
These the Mission Band may bring  
To the church on Monday evening  
When the day of school is ended."

Tell the story of our six hospitals in India and show pictures of these and their doctors and nurses. Tell of the false and ridiculous ideas the heathen have of diseases and their treatment. This ought to make a very interesting and profitable meeting.

A doll shower is a fine thing. Each one bring a small, inexpensive doll. Dress some in foreign costume. Try one of these showers. Scrap-books of pictures and postcards with flowers in them are also useful.—Ex.

## GIRLS AND BOYS.

## LESSON NO. II.

Hymn—Chosen by a Member.

Scripture—Read by a Member.

Prayer—Leader.

Conductors examine and mark tickets.

Show native costume, native homes (made with straw and paper), a native stove, as described. Have a girl give an account of the visit to Mary Johnston Hospital.

A boy to tell of Bilibid. Use a map and show American and British flags.

## JACK AND JANET IN THE PHILIPPINES.

Jack and Janet visited many churches, schools, dormitories, Y.M.C.A. and other buildings, but the long list of names would try you should I name them. The twins were astonished at all the wonderful work accomplished since the Americans took possession of the islands. Jack found boys who spoke English, played games, and sang as well as, or better than, he, while Janet was amazed and delighted with all she saw—girls and boys training in all sorts of useful

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accomplishments, orphans nursed and loved, the blind and the lepers tenderly cared for, dormitories making a safe and happy Christian home for those alone in the cities, Junior Leagues and Sunday Schools helping to lead young people to Jesus. At a Presbyterian school, the twins met Joanna Coronel, who goes yearly for a month to the leper colony in Calien Island, where 3,700 lepers, who were totally neglected hitherto, are cared for. Janet wished to help, so she gave Joanna the 5 pesos she had saved to buy curios, to procure pictures and paper dolls which Joanna said the leper children loved. You would think Filipino homes very funny. They are raised high above the ground on posts. They are made of bamboo, thatched with palm leaves, and look like haystacks on stilts. You must climb up a bamboo ladder to reach the door. Hardly any houses have glass windows; there are little panes of thin, flat oyster shell, much prettier than glass, and the frames slide open. Through the slats of the floor are seen, in the enclosure below, pigs, goats, children, etc., at play.

From the Ellinwood Bible School the pupils and other girls go on Sunday to teach village children. They take a baby organ, picture rolls and cards, and have school under the trees.

At a school for the deaf, dumb and the blind, one teacher is a deaf mute who, with his daughter, gives his services as teacher free of charge.

The Mary Johnston Hospital is in a poor part of the city, close to the sea. When Jack and Janet visited it, Dr. Parish took them to visit the "ball-room." Finding the room full of babies, they saw the joke.

Dr. Parish tries to make this institution a real social centre. The Sunday School on the lawn was a pretty sight, and Dr. Parish looked so sweet sitting at her little organ. There is also a kindergarten and sewing classes. Last Christmas six hundred little children enjoyed a Christmas tree on the lawn.

The Holy Child Orphanage shelters girls of all ages, from baby sitting in her big chair, to the grown-up girl. All kinds of useful work is taught to the girls, including good housekeeping. There is an embroidery exchange, helping to support the Mission. There is also a school for the Chinese, who are the shopkeepers of the Philippines. The twins visited the first school for Chinese girls, who had never before had a school.

The Methodist Girls' Dormitory is a lovely building, where some 80 girls live. There is a big roof-garden, divided into study, reading and rest rooms.

At Ellinwood School and dormitory the twins visited even the kitchen and the laundry. Filipino stoves looked very strange to them, for the fire is built on a table, over a layer of sand covered with ashes. The kettles are set on little stands over the coals. Janet said it would be like playing house to cook that way.

In the laundry they saw clothes beaten with wooden paddles instead of washed with soap, which is scarce in the Philippines. The clothes are smoothed with an iron in which charcoal burns.

Jack was especially delighted with the Y.M.C.A. gymnasium, swimming pool, etc. There are three Y.M.C.A. buildings in Manila—Filipino City Y, Filipino Student Y, and an American Y. There is also a Campfire for girls.

Bilibid, the model prison, was reached by electric car at five p.m. The twins watched the prisoners drill from a tower, like the hub of a wheel, the separating walls radiating like the spokes, and the outer walls forming the rim. As the band played "The Star-Spangled Banner" male and female prisoners marched to-

their cells, carrying their suppers with them. Prisoners here learn all kinds of trades. Furniture and embroidery done by them were shown to the visitors.

Soon after this Mr. Howard was obliged to visit Albag, where the finest hemp is grown on the slopes of a famous volcano. Our friends went by steamer from Manila, and Jack and Janet thought it fun to sleep in cots on deck.

How would you like to see hundreds of cocoanuts floating in the river to the city, tied together by their own fibres? And such odd-looking native houseboats, long and low, with rounded tops!

You would also wonder at the famous springs of boiling mud, the rice-fields, and the groves of coconut palms, which the twins saw on the way.

After leaving the boat, the journey was continued by auto. They passed towns and villages, and many groves of abaca or hemp, which looks exactly like a banana-plant. They met carabao loaded with beautiful hemp fibre looking like fine, glistening raw silk. The fibre is in the leaves and stems, and it is a great deal of work to prepare it, for it must all be scraped from the pulp with a knife, and dried in the sun.

On reaching Albag, our twins visited the Milwaukee Dormitory, where they saw the assembly hall, with its fine piano, the dining-room, and the library containing over 1,450 books; 33 High School students live here. There are in connection with it a church, Sunday School, Christian Endeavor, Students' Bible Class and a Boys' social evening. In summer it is a Bible School. The missionary in charge calls his Ford car his assistant missionary.

April and May were spent in Bagnio, the gateway of the wild mountain country, 5,000 feet above sea-level, and which took them from a tropical to a temperate climate, sometimes so frosty that a fire of pine logs was pleasant. Jack and Janet had some wonderful trips over mountain trails to different villages, and they saw various tribes of Igorots, or wild mountain people. These tribes are head-hunters. The Negritos are the lowest class of savages. They do not build houses, nor wear much clothing, but roam like animals through the forests; but all are learning that the kind American Governors are friendly and anxious to help them. The Government has good primary schools in all the towns and a High School in each Province.

On one of the trips through the mountain district, Jack and Janet had supper at a banca, a boat made of a hollowed tree trunk, with bamboo outriggers. All along the banks were nipa swamps. Nipa is a palm used for thatch, and also to make alcohol. The glorious sunsets, bright moonlight and trees ablaze with fires were very beautiful.

PAULINE RAMSAY.

Missionaries in China are concerned because of the absence of patriotic teaching in the schools of the land. The present Chinese flag is new, and lacks historic association calculated to arouse patriotic fervor. A concerted effort is being made to introduce drills, salutes for the flag, and other forms and exercises for the inculcation of patriotism. The following pledge of loyalty has been introduced with fine effect: "China is my own land; she has given me my freedom and citizenship. . . . I will do nothing to desecrate her soil, to pollute her air, or to degrade her children who are my brothers and sisters. I will try to make her cities beautiful, her fields productive, and her citizens healthy and glad, so that



China may be a desirable home for her children in days to come. . . . As a sign that I accept these principles of citizenship as my own, I salute the flag."

## BUSINESS DEPARTMENT.

### TREASURER'S CORNER.

During the month money has been coming in to the Treasury splendidly. A very large gift was received from Walmer Road S.S. Their Xmas offering amounted to six hundred dollars. This money they have raised for the complete support of Miss Laura Craig, in India. We appreciate fully the sacrifice of the Walmer Rd. boys and girls. We have also received recently from a number of organized classes. Dovercourt Road "Steadfast Builders" have for years been supporting two teachers at Ramachandrapuram at a cost of \$80. Walmer Road Philathea Class gave to their teacher as an Xmas present an illuminated certificate reading, "This is to certify that the Philathea Class has given to Foreign Missions \$25.00 in honor of their teacher, Mrs. Ralph Hooper." Mrs. Brechin's class, Parkdale; Port Arthur Bible Class; Brantford Park Philathea and Ingersoll "Four-Square" have all sent in money for student support during the past month.

Life Memberships have been issued to Miss Marjorie McEachren of Stayner Circle and Doris Bingham of London (Talbot St. Band).

M. C. CAMPBELL. Treas.

### THE SECRETARY'S WORD.

Palm Beach, Florida, January 14, 1919.

My Dear Directors:—

Quite unexpectedly, I find myself at this place a month earlier than usual this year.

Two days after we arrived we attended a Mission Circle meeting at West Palm Beach Baptist Church. It was held in the main auditorium, and I noticed beautiful flowers had been placed on the table by some thoughtful person. The subject was "China," and, as it was given that afternoon, it was intensely interesting. Quite a number had prepared short talks on different aspects of the work being done there. One spoke on "The Door of Hope"; another on the "Work Among the Little Children of China." One of two interesting anecdotes were told, personal letters were read from one who had given her life to China's millions, and then earnest prayers for the work and workers followed. A young girl with a very sweet voice sang a solo entitled "Teach Us to Pray." The singer vanished on her bicycle before we learned her name, but we will not forget the song.

One of our Toronto ladies was present at the gathering, and she, too, was of opinion it was far better to give a paper verbally than to read it. It helped one to gain confidence. She noticed a marked improvement since she was here one year ago. Then there was hesitancy, whereas now the words came much more freely. Truly, we learn by doing.

This is a very beautiful place to spend a vacation in. The foliage is so wonderful, and the sea bathing is perfect. We hope to be back in time to arrange for the Associational needs. In the meantime, I will be glad to hear from you down here. My address for February will be Box 905, West Palm Beach.

Yours sincerely,

L. LLOYD.

## Women's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of Ontario and Quebec

### ESTIMATES 1918-1919

Akidu .....	\$490 00
Yellamanchili .....	403 00
Vuyyuru.....	877 00
Narsapatam .....	254 00
Avanigadda .....	175 00
Miss Murray (furlough allowance) .....	525 00
Miss Hinman (furlough allowance) .....	525 00
Passage from India, Miss Hinman.....	600 00
Bolivia .....	100 00
Exchange and Home Expenses.....	660 00
Total .....	\$5,149 00

FRANCES RUSSELL,

Treasurer.