

The Canadian Missionary Link

CANADA INDIA

The Gentiles Shall Come To Thy Light

And Kings To The Brightness Of Thy Face

SEPTEMBER, 1902.

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No. 1

VACATION NOTES.

LAKE OF BAYS.

"Here, drawn from different homes and sundered wide
Meet friends unknown and those long known before,
Blending with pleasures that too brief abide,
Those that will live in memory evermore."

AMID the unfading pleasures of our month's holiday was that of forming Christian acquaintances. Prized among them was Rev. Murdock McKenzie and wife, returned missionaries from China, who suffered much and narrowly escaped death in the Boxer Movement. With his consent THE LINK publishes the following extract from one of his sermons :

WITNESSING FOR JESUS.

"Ye shall be witness unto Me . . . unto the uttermost parts of the earth."

"Christ is addressing His followers here for the last time. He is now giving them His parting command and promise. They are to receive power that they may be His witnesses to the uttermost parts of the earth. He meant His words to be taken literally. His power is sufficient to enable His Church to accomplish the work given to them. He is the Church's Head and heart. The Apostolic Church flourished so long as it believed in and rendered obedience to His commands. So will it be with the Church in every age. Just as the healthy human heart sends the warm life current coursing through all the veins and arteries of man's complex body, so would the Church's heart have His love and light, His truth and life, carried out by the Church, which is His body, to earth's remotest bounds. The Church of God can never expect to be the spiritual instrumentality which Jesus meant her to be in the world until she undertakes that world's evangelization. This is the purpose for which the Church was formed and endued so regally by her Divine Head. He waits to see the work undertaken. He has been kept waiting for nineteen Centuries. "Awaken Thy Church, Thou blessed One, for the work so dear to Thy heart."

HOLIDAY MUSINGS.

ALITTLE way in from the dusty road bubbles a clear cold spring. Here the golden rod rears its yellow head above the granite stones. The thirsty cattle come hither to drink and as they wait, crop the grass, so that all about the spring is green and smooth like the best kept lawn. How pleasant to step aside from the dusty road to rest beside this wayside spring ?

All about lies the quiet country, fields of golden grain beautiful in their frame of waving trees. We think of David's song, "He leadeth me beside still waters, He restoreth my soul." After the dusty highway of life we come away from the toil and noise to rest and think, beside this cooling stream. See the little birds how they sing as they dip their wings in these cooling waters ! Soon we must take up our busy life again ; like the birds, we have been refreshed, and like them we must fly away to gladden the world with our song.

An hour ago it was very warm; the wind tired out had sunk to rest, now, like a young giant refreshed by sleep, it comes forth blustering and jovial bringing with him refreshing rain. Now every thing looks fresh and beautiful. The flowers with washed faces smile at you as you pass. "The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, but can'st not tell whence it cometh, or whither it goeth, so is every one that is born of the Spirit." How we have seen the withered life take on new beauty and the barren life become fruitful. There is rest and stillness in the air, but also a music soft and sweet that can only be heard in the quiet, away from all world noises. How often Christ took His disciples apart to pray, often walked in the wilderness, and we His children must also find time to go apart and listen for the voice from Heaven that always speaks to listening souls. When the day's work is well done, we can wander alone in the solemn eventide. To-morrow, busy life will crowd our life, eager-eyed responsibility will claim us as her own.

F. F.

A LETTER FROM CHINA

DEAR SISTERS:—

NOTHING tends to draw Christians, of whatever name, together more than Foreign Missionary work. This, with the fact that your Editor is my very dear friend, encourages me to tell you how the money and the site for the two splendid new hospitals now being built in Swatow, in connection with the English Presbyterian Mission, have been secured. This I do in the hope that your faith may be strengthened, and that prayer for medical missionary work may be increased.

Nine years ago I noticed an account of a Christian man in Toronto who was carrying heavy responsibilities in connection with the China Inland Mission, who depended almost wholly upon prayer. As I read of his praying for definite sums and receiving just what he asked, I resolved to do likewise. My husband, who was then, as now, in charge of the Swatow Mission Hospital, had long been feeling the need of a hospital for women. Some years previous to this, a noble and prosperous Chinese merchant, then an idolater, had placed in the Bank on interest a generous donation towards a Women's Hospital, on the condition that some provision be made for better class Chinese women. One of the ladies of the Mission who had gone home on furlough, had been asked by my husband to see if she could raise sufficient funds with the sum already promised, to build such a hospital. Months passed bringing no response. On the occasion referred to, encouraged by what I had just read, naming the sum that seemed sufficient, I pleaded that if it seemed good and for God's glory, this sum might be given. The very next mail proved the truth of the promise, "Before they call I will answer." The money began to come in, and within a year the whole amount at that time thought sufficient, had been secured, followed by an urgent request from the Society to "arise and build."

But now we had to face a new difficulty. No suitable site was available. This was a "lion in the way," more formidable than we had dreamed of, which was in the form of a very anti-foreign mandarin, who again and again refused my husband's urgent appeals for a bit of foreshore adjoining the general hospital, as the only suitable situation. Years passed with our desire still unfulfilled, till two and a half years ago a medical lady was sent out for the Women's Hospital. The situation had become acute—something must be done—but what? Very earnestly we prayed, assured now that the burden of prayer for this matter had fallen upon many others. Presently the news came that Li-Hung-Chang was coming to this Province as Viceroy. Li had for years been a warm friend of medical missions from the medical side. A daring idea suggested itself to my husband. The coveted bit of foreshore was Government property. He would

appeal to Li for it! When Li opened his Yamen just after the Chinese New Year one of the first petitions laid before him was this request. We cannot here give the whole story with our varying alternations of hope and fear, at one time settling to seeming utter hopelessness. Still we prayed, feeling assured that our prayers were to be answered—and they were! One of Li's last acts before leaving Canton for the North, that terrible summer of 1900, was to stamp the deeds for the long coveted site! We had received more than we had asked, or had even dared to hope for, but prices had gone up and the original sum was far from sufficient for the building of the Women's Hospital. In the meantime, however, profits were realized from teaching Chinese women a new industry, not only enough to furnish the Women's Hospital and a new hospital for the men, but to help in the building fund of each. Already the General Society at home had made a grant for rebuilding the men's hospital, and a titled friend of the mission had supplemented it by a generous donation. A few weeks ago, a merchant friend of the foreign community, on retiring from business, donated \$1000 to the building fund of each hospital (in all about £200), saying that he and his wife wished to help the poor of this district, and they knew no better way than through the hospitals. To-day our Chinese friend has crowned his liberality of over twenty years by giving us another \$1000, that the Women's Hospital, to which he had already given \$5000, may lack nothing in efficiency.

Now, instead of the old buildings, nearly finished are two fine hospitals, sufficient for all present needs, with ample accommodation for 300 in-patients, and at a cost when done of little less than £4000. As we review the past, we feel that God has indeed answered our prayers, and we believe He will use these hospitals not only for the physical benefit of multitudes, but for the bringing of many into the Kingdom. But best of all, we count the conversion of our Chinese friend. Six years ago he declared that though he believed our teaching was true, yet because of his business connections and his domestic entanglements, it was an utter impossibility for him to become a Christian. About that time the hospital Bible-woman, a friend of the hospital, and one who had shared in his benevolence, speaking of his helpfulness to all in distress, said, "he lacks but one thing to be perfect, and that is to become a follower of Christ." Devout friends at home became interested in him, and prayer began and continued to be offered for his conversion, until two months ago he was baptized and received into the Church. The story of how he was won to Christ is a very wonderful one, and is closely connected with the hospital work. And now will not you who read this pray with us that our friend, Houteng Tai, may have the joy of seeing his whole family won for Christ.

SOPHIA L. LYALL,
Swatow, China.

OUR MISSION AND COMMISSION.

PERHAPS one of the most impressive features of the Student Volunteer Convention, was the watchword, "The Evangelization of the World in this generation." And equally suggestive was the utterance of Bishop Thoburn, "If the people who are living in the world to-day are to be saved, then people who are living to-day must give them the Gospel." That a watchword so apparently in harmony with God's thought of love for lost men and women, should be challenged in this twentieth century, by a professed follower of Jesus seems incredible. And yet some there are who question by what right or authority is such a watchword adopted. Some ask, have not the "Student Volunteers" allowed their youthful zeal to outrun the Divine command? Did Jesus really intend His disciples in each generation to be witnesses for Him, in all the world to every creature? Is a world-wide knowledge of a Saviour a mere fancy of fevered brains? Let us examine our marching orders once again that we may walk surely. "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." This is the definite, unmistakable command of God. Is it not written, "It hath pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." Who then is to preach? Not the apostles only, for we read, "They that were scattered abroad went everywhere preaching the Word." Not Philip only because his daughters also prophesied. What then is the preaching indicated, but the simple, telling out of full hearts the story of the wonderful love of God to every listener. Not all are called and set apart by the Spirit as Paul and Barnabas were, to go to the uttermost parts of the earth. God's world includes also Jerusalem, Judea, and Samaria. That for us, is at home, in outlying communities, as well as to remote corners of the earth. Can any command be more definite and inclusive? That Jesus did intend the Word to be preached to each generation, throughout the ages to the end, is made very apparent by the promise, "Lo I am with you alway even unto the end." Certainly the God who will have all men to be saved and to come unto the knowledge of the Truth does intend each child of His, to put forth effort to extend that knowledge. The marching orders are plain, and unto Jesus our Captain, has "all power been given in heaven and in earth." What He was in the first generation He is "to-day and forever."

"Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to man benighted
The lamp of life deny?"

Verily upon us shall be the blood of souls, if we obey not the Divine command.

(Mrs.) S. D. COLLINS.

St. George.

EXTRACT FROM "VILLAGE WORK IN INDIA."

IN the history of Buddhism one cannot look but with admiration on the life of its founder and his marvellous spirit, and with amazement on its sudden decline, especially in the land of its birth. However this may be due to its atheism, its fatal compromises and the strength of its opponents, Mr. Barth traces it to the decline of missionary zeal. Buddhism has only flourished in the land of its missionary effort; the successes of Mohammedanism have run parallel to its spirit of aggression; and in the history of Christianity this principle is not without its marked illustrations. May its lessons be burned into the heart and conscience of the Church to-day. Let the little Christian, whose narrow horizon is limited by the spiritual comfort of his own soul, give up his monastic selfishness, and rid himself of the narrow, parochial view of Christian effort; let him climb the mountain top, and standing beside those who have caught the Christ vision of the kingdom, behold its unbroken sweep over every kindred and tongue and people and nation.—NORMAN RUSSELL, late Missionary Canada Presbyterian Church.

The "Little Green God" by Caroline Atwater Mason, author of the "Lily of France," is one of the latest additions to missionary literature. It is the story of a returned missionary from India who beholds with amazement the headway Hinduism is making in America. After parting with his only daughter lest her purity should be breathed upon by the foulness and corruption which are eating out the heart of India, he finds her in a land where Christian people import with incredible zeal that very heathenism from which he has tried to shield her. His heart is broken and he turns from so-called Christian America to seek a refuge in heathen India. The story is pathetic, humorous and terribly in earnest. Let mission worker read it and be awake. Publishers, Fleming H. Revell. Price, 75 cents, 146 page

MISSIONARY HYMN.

A cry as of pain,
Again and again,
Is borne o'er the deserts and wide-spreading main ;
A cry from the lands that in darkness are lying ;
A cry from the hearts that in sorrow are sighing.
It comes unto me ;
It comes unto thee ;
O what—O what shall the answer be ?
O ! hark to the call ;
It comes unto all
Whom Jesus hath rescued from sin's deadly thrall ;
Come over and help us ! in bondage we languish ;
Come over and help us ! we die in our anguish.
It comes unto me ;
It comes unto thee ;
O what—O what shall the answer be ?
It comes to the soul
That Christ hath made whole,
The heart that is longing His name to extol,
It comes with a chorus of pitiful wailing,
It comes with a plea which is strong and prevailing ;
For Christ's sake to me ;
For Christ's sake to thee ;
O what—O what shall the answer be ?
—SARA GERALDINA STOCK, in the *Missionary Helper*.

MISSION PROBLEMS.

"The missionary problem is an enormous one. At every turn there are problems financial, social, and religious, that almost stagger one and call for as great wisdom as statesmen ever needed. We do not wonder that the worldly mind has little sympathy with such an enterprise. To worldly wisdom it has ever been, and probably ever will be the supremest folly. But, nevertheless, He whose foolishness is wiser than human wisdom, having inaugurated this movement, stays with it and gives it all its success." As a lady worker writes: "The Bible women often say, 'How God is working among these women! Before (Among the Telegus) they would not even listen, and now they beseech us to teach them.'"

And so from India and Africa, China and Japan, and indeed, from all parts of the world, where hitherto the Gospel and its heralds were excluded, comes the pleading cry, "Come over and help us." Surely to the Church to-day, as never before, is the Spirit saying, "Behold, I have set before thee an open door. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the churches."—*Rev. 3: 8, 13.*

MISSIONS AND GROWTH.

"It is only since Baptists began to send the Gospel abroad that they have really begun to multiply at home ; showing that the *surest guarantee of success in Home Missions is a strong Foreign Missionary spirit in our churches.* And this is illustrated in the history of the missionary and non-missionary Baptists of America. While the one continues weak, divided and dwindling, the other has grown in 88 years from 125,000 to nearly 4,500,000."—*Rev. J. G. Brown, in "Baptist Hand Book, 1900-1."*

COMMERCIAL BENEFIT OF MISSIONS.

When Charles Darwin returned from his voyages around the world, he sent a generous contribution to the London Missionary Society. The greatest scientist had discovered that in lessening her wealth through missions, England had increased her treasure through commerce. Traveling in foreign lands Darwin noticed that the Christian teachers in schools that now touch 3,000,000 of young men and women in India, were really commercial agents for England's trade. In awakening the minds of the darkened millions the teacher had created a demand for books, newspapers and printing presses. In awakening the sense of self respect, the teacher had created a demand for English clothing, and the product of English looms. Also the influences of each home, with its comforts and conveniences, created a demand for English tools and improvements of labor. Summing up his observation, Lord Havelock said that each thousand dollars England had spent upon her missions had brought a return of a hundred thousand dollars through her commerce. Hitherto, the interior of China has been closed to English merchants. To that dark land England has sent 200 teachers whose homes are centres of light and inspiration. When two-score years have passed, English fleets will be taxed to the utmost to carry to China, as now to India, her fabrics of cotton and wool, presses, looms, sewing machines, pictures and libraries. In giving her wealth to found schools, England will increase it a hundred fold by finding new markets among 300,000,000 people.—*Investment of Influence, Hillis.*

In China, in 1900, more Christians died for their religion than in any other year in the world's history, and these were Chinese Christians.

The Work Abroad.

LETTER FROM MRS. DR. P. S. CHUTE.

"ELMSIDE," KODAIKANAL,
PALM HILLS, INDIA.

MY DEAR MRS. PORTER :

Your request for something for the LINK arrived when I was too busy to think of anything but immediate duties. But a holiday was coming so I kept the reminder.

We have come to spend the hot season in these beautiful mountains called the Palui or Puluey Hills, in the Southern part of the Western Ghats; the change is doing us all good. The air is refreshing and the flowers are beautiful. Roses, geraniums, fuschias and calla lillies all grow wild but not in such profusion as in Coonoor. The callas are the finest I have ever seen, one measured twelve inches long and nine across. Easter Sabbath the church was beautifully decorated with lillies and white orchids.

Now what for the LINK? It may be an incident or two from the medical work might be of interest.

Last year our little "Star of Hope" Hospital was practically self-supporting. A small charge is made for medicine, but with few exceptions no charge has been made for services. Hospital work occupies the mornings and school and home duties the afternoon, so it is only rarely that we visit patients in their homes.

One hot sultry afternoon last July some men of the Razu Caste called on Mr. Chute and asked him if he would send his wife to attend a female relative who was very ill, and it was impossible to bring her to the hospital.

Mr. Chute enquired whether I felt equal to a palanquin ride ten miles into the country and back. I was glad of the opportunity of reaching another heathen home and thought too, that it might increase our hospital funds, so I said, "Yes, I'll go if they will give fifty rupees," i.e. \$16.00. To my surprise they agreed at once, and a Hindu never allows one to break a bargain, so there was nothing to do but to get ready and go.

First, there was the medicine satchel to pack, then wash basin, towel, soap, comb, etc., for they could supply none of these. Besides I took a plate of curry and rice and drinking water, as we never drink water in India that has not been boiled

and filtered, if we can help it. Had I wished they would have gladly given me curry and rice, but it would have been so seasoned with pepper that it would burn my mouth and throat, so I provided my own.

The palanquin was brought to the door and made comfortable with a small mattress and pillows—the bearers were waiting, eight of them—I crawled in taking my little Gordon with me for a little ride. Away we went out of the yard and across the canal bridge with Ho! Ho!—Ho! Ho! of the bearers, followed by the salaams of all the children of the neighborhood.

How my little lad enjoyed his ride. As he sat on my knee I wondered if he too, would someday be a medical missionary, and I thought, how honored I would feel if God called him to the work. Earnestly praying that it might be so, I kissed my baby and sent him back to stay with his father.

Several villages were passed on the way with crowds of naked children running out to get a peek at the "dorassane," and shouting, "Salaam! Salaam! Salaam!"

About dark we left the main road and began to pick our way along the small banks of the rice fields and to ford a number of small canals. The moon came up early and spread its silver light over the water and waving green of the paddy fields, but suddenly clouds began to gather and the rain to fall though I was well sheltered in the palanquin. It was nearly ten o'clock when we reached a slumbering village and made our way in and out along the narrow streets until we came to a big covered gateway where we stopped.

I was ushered into a small courtyard and left sitting there until my arrival had been announced to the household and the patient prepared to receive me. While waiting I inspected the courtyard. A few feet from the front door was a rectangular platform of earth four feet square and raised about a foot from the ground. It seemed so much in the way that I inquired why it had been built there and was told that it was the "wedding seat." Each time there was a wedding in the home the bridal couple were seated on this platform for the ceremonies. At one side of the court the eaves of the house came far out over the wall and formed a sort of veranda two or three feet from the ground. I afterwards

learned that on this veranda I was to spend the night upon a wooden bed.

Finally my patient was ready. I entered the large quadrangle of the house which was roofed over, except a small opening in the centre and just beneath this was a pit in the floor to catch the rain water, which was carried off by a drain.

On the far side was a young girl about 18 years old seated on a rug, and leaning against a board by the wall. She looked very uncomfortable, but feared it would not be good manners to receive me lying down, and was quite relieved when I bade her lie down.

The room was full of men, old and young, father, uncles, brothers, brothers-in-law, cousins and friends. All had gathered from far and near to express their sympathy. Two or three elderly women stood watching from a doorway. After a few questions the men were asked to retire, but the father remained and he, not the mother or the girl herself, gave me the symptoms of the case, which was really nothing serious after all. The girl was needing rest and quiet instead of being wearied with so much sympathy. I suggested that they bring her to the hospital. All the friends were called in for consultation and with one accord they declared their affection and said, "We cannot leave her, we will never, never leave her while she is sick, we must stay to express our sympathy and it would be impossible for us all to come to Akidu. I assured them that I didn't want them to come, but only her and her parents, but it was useless, again they swore not to desert her. My persuasions were of no avail, so I gave some medicine to her father and spent a long time in telling him over and over again how it was to be given. As soon as I had finished with my patient, tho' it was near twelve o'clock, every one began to ask questions. Was I really a woman? Yes. Was I married? Yes. Did I have any children? Yes, two of them. Boys or girls? One of each. Did my husband trust me to go off alone? Wasn't I afraid? And why had I come to this country. Was it because it was so much nicer than my own. This gave me a good opportunity to tell them of Jesus, many of whom had never heard of Him before. Oh! how they listened and asked questions. Finally, I said I was very tired and must rest. They showed me the old wooden couch out on the narrow verandah in the court yard, where I was to spend the night.

I made myself as comfortable as I could with the cushions from the palanquin, but men kept passing back and forth giving no privacy or rest. At last, everybody seemed asleep but the mosquitoes, they were wakeful and thought I should be. After a time I slipped in to see the sick girl. They had put her on a cot and given her her baby to look after. Near by, her father and uncle were sleeping on cots, while several women were lying on the floor. I slipped out without awaking anyone.

By this time rain was falling and my resting place was becoming rather damp though really not wet. At four o'clock I began my toilet as I did not want an audience. At dawn the whole family was astir. They brought me some fresh milk in a brass pot and a few sticks of wood. The servant who came with me boiled it in a corner of the courtyard with three stones for a fire-places. When the milk was ready I ate my cold curry and rice and had a drink of hot milk, while a crowd of wondering children stood by to see me use a fork and spoon. After a visit to my patient and another talk to the family (there were only twenty-two people living in the house besides the crowd of visitors) I tried to hurry up the palanquin bearers that I might get home before the sun was hot. But it was 8 o'clock before we got started.

As we passed through the villages several people begged of us to come and see their sick ones, but I was too weary. In one village a Brahmin widow called to me from her gateway; I recognized her as one who had been to the hospital; she was very friendly and quite disappointed that I could not make her a visit.

I reached home at noon and went to bed and there remained for a week with malaria fever. The Razus paid half what they had promised, but though rich, it was a long time before they paid the rest. Finally, one day the old grandfather came and put the money on the floor at my feet, not out of respect, but because he was afraid to defile himself by touching my hand.

This I think will be my last visit to patients so far away. It was not satisfactory, directions were not followed, and it took too much strength that was needed for duties near at hand. But India is in pain both of body and soul, and there are so few to help them, and to tell them of the One Physician, Jesus.

The Work at Home.

CONVENTION NOTICE.

THE Annual Convention of the Women's Home and Foreign Missionary Societies of Eastern Ontario and Quebec, will be held in Brockville, Ontario, October 7th and 8th, 1902. The Twenty-sixth Annual Meeting of the Foreign Society will be held on Tuesday, Oct. 7th.

A union platform meeting of the two Societies will be held on Tuesday evening, Oct. 7th, at 8 o'clock, at which addresses on Home and Foreign Missions will be delivered.

DELEGATES.

Each Circle has the right to appoint delegates to this meeting, according to the number of its members as follows: for a membership of twenty or less, two delegates; for each additional twenty, one delegate. These delegates must be full members of the society, that is either life-members or contributors of at least one dollar a year.

Each Band can send one delegate over fifteen years of age.

All are invited to attend the meeting and take part in the discussions, but only delegates and the officers, who are members of regular Baptist Churches, shall be entitled to vote.

BILLETING.

Delegates requiring billets will kindly notify Mrs. J. Stuart Copeland, Box 689, Brockville, Ont., at an early date. A committee will meet delegates at the station, to direct them to the church, where another committee will be in attendance to direct them to their respective billets.

The work of the committee will be greatly lessened if delegates will state explicitly their route and time of arrival in Brockville.

PROGRAM.

The program which is in course of preparation will be an interesting and instructive one.

Both sessions will be preceded by a prayer and praise service.

After devotional exercises, the address of welcome, and reply and President's remarks, the morning session will be devoted chiefly to business, appointing committees, reception of report from Recording Secretary, Associational Directresses, Bureau of Literature, the Roll Call, Election of Officers, Executive Board.

For the afternoon, reports from Corresponding Secretary, Treasurer, Superintendent of Mission Bands, Superintendent of Post Office Crusade will be read and an address by one of our returned lady missionaries will be followed by a conference on "How to Make the Circles Grow," with five minute talks under the heads; (1) "In Numbers," (2) "In Knowledge," (3) "In Offering," (4) "In Spiritual Life," (5) "Hindrances to Growth and How to Remove Them," led by some of our earnest workers.

It is expected that both Miss Murray and Miss McLaurin will be present and give addresses, and we are looking forward with much pleasure to meeting these workers who have endeared themselves to us by their interesting reports and earnest work in India.

It is desired that the Circles will appoint their full quota of delegates. If each of the smaller Circles would send two of their members and the larger ones according to their membership, we should have a good representative Convention and give our young lady missionaries a fitting welcome.

Negotiations are being made with the Railway and it is hoped that a reduction in fares will be had, if sufficient number of delegates attend Convention.

Full program and further notices will be found in the *Canadian Baptist*.

L. C. AYER, *Cor. Sec.*

ASSOCIATION REPORTS.

CANADA CENTRAL ASSOCIATION.—The Women's Circles of this Association held their annual meeting on Wednesday, June 18th, at Athens. The meetings morning and afternoon were most helpful. Though death and removal have weakened the membership of many of them, the reports from Circles and Bands were very encouraging. One new Band was reported at Algonquin. The officers elected were the same as last year: Pres., Mrs. A. N. Frith, Smith's Falls; Vice.-Pres., Mrs. W. C. Weir, Carleton Place; Director of Circles, Mrs. J. Moulton, Westport; Director of Bands, Miss Thompson, Carleton Place.

M. E. SYCAMORE, *Sec.*

MISSION CIRCLES.

PALMERSTON.—A Home and Foreign Mission Circle was organized here on the 9th July, with the following officers: Mrs. McKillop, President; Mrs. W. Hayward, Vice-Pres.; Mrs. R. Brooks, Secretary; Mrs. H. Bible, Treasurer.

MARY W. BROOKS, Sec.

MISSION BANDS.

BRANTFORD.—We are glad to report that we have again organized a "Mission Band" at North Star Mission, which was disbanded two or three years ago. For some time we have felt the need of work for our boys and girls. The Lord has blessed our efforts and several are being brought into the Heavenly Father's fold, as human nature is ever craving for something. We are trying to instruct our boys and girls in the great mission Christ has left for us and its great needs. We organized Feb. 16th, 1902, we have a membership of about thirty-five; we hold our meeting every second Sunday. We are taking up Wm. Carey's life and then our own missionaries and the great work they have done, with readings on the work in India, China, etc. We have the Pyramids and will collect them every three months. We ask an interest in your prayers that our Band may be growingly useful.

HATTIE TREMBERT, Sec.-Treas.

PARK HILL.—The new Mission Band in Park Hill is a source of much joy to the members. There are about thirty-four on the roll, and the attendance and membership are increasing. The meetings are held on the first and third Sundays of each month. They have undertaken the support of a little girl in India, for whom they have already sent twelve dollars to the Treasurer. Miss Pearce the Secretary of the Band writes: "We very much regret the departure of our President, Mrs. (Rev.) Manthorne; she was our Organizer and was always willing to do anything that would help the Band. A social given by the Band on June 13th was very much enjoyed, the room was prettily decorated. A collection of seven dollars was taken, and the Band felt much encouraged by the sympathetic interest of parents and friends.

HESPELER.—Our Band was organized on March 22nd, 1902, and meets semi-monthly. On June 23rd, the Band held an entertainment in the church

the children were well trained by the President, Miss McGuire, assisted by Miss Kirschke, and gave a very enjoyable missionary program. The President gave a map exercise on India, which was very interesting and instructive. The first quarterly offering which amounted to \$23.00 was given towards Miss Pratt's passage to India. The name of our Band is "Sunbeam Mission Band," may it ever be worthy of the name and help lend the sunshine of God's love to those who sit in darkness.

GRACE WILKINS, Sec.

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

Receipts from June 16th to July 15th, 1902, inclusive.

GENERAL ACCOUNT.

FROM CIRCLES.—Ayr, \$2; Peterboro', Murray St., \$9.95; Bentwick, \$7; Hespeler, \$9.65; Paisley, \$2.75; Windsor, \$5; Markham, Second, \$3.50; Barrie, \$3.30; Toronto, Jarvis St. (\$2.50 add. Thank-offering and \$1.91 other specials), \$30.26; Toronto, Jarvis St., Girls, \$1.31; Toronto, Bloor St., \$45.03; Bloor St., Y. W. Aux., \$7.60; Toronto, Immanuel Ch., \$8.80; Midland, \$2; Pine Grove, \$2; Selwyn, \$1; St. Marys, \$1.90; Ingersoll, \$3.55; London, Talbot St., \$16; Atwood, \$2.15; Claremont, \$10; Grimsby, \$5; Beachville, \$2.60; Colchester, \$3; Woodstock, First Ch. (\$2.10 from drawing room meeting), \$11; Cramahe, \$2.75; London, Maitland St., \$5; Petrolia ("A friend of missions" for Miss Pratt's salary), \$50; Toronto, Parliament St. (\$25 to make Miss Amy White a Life-member) \$35.10; Burch, \$5; Nissouri, West (\$1.40 Thank-offering), \$7; Sarnia Township, \$6; Westover, for Bible-woman on Peddapuram field, \$16; Meaford, \$2.80; Guelph, First Ch., \$4; Port Hope, \$9.20; Toronto, Century Ch. (\$5 for Bible-woman), \$9.20; Bruce, North, \$2.60; Chesley, \$3.35; York Mills, \$3.25; Wheatly, \$2.60; Brantford, First Ch for Miss MacLeod), \$50; Hamilton, Victoria Ave. (\$5 for Miss Pratt's outgoing expenses), \$17.85; Mount Forest, \$7.41; Hamilton, James St., \$12.60; Toronto, Dovercourt Rd., \$9.30; Toronto, Ossington Ave., \$4.75; Arkona, \$1.50; Bethel, \$3.88; St. George, \$7.65; Listowel, \$3.45; London, Adelaide St., \$13.55; Norwood, \$1.25; Brantford, Calvary Ch., \$16; St. Catharines, Queen St., \$6.38; Tiverton, \$7; Chatham, for their Bible-woman, Lizzie, collected by Mrs. Mellish, \$25. Total, \$541.77.

FROM BANDS.—Vittoria, \$4; Glammis, \$1; Park Hill, for Jakkula Mahalakshni, \$7; Guelph, First Ch., \$10; Hespeler, for Miss Pratt's passage, \$23; Port Arthur, for Matta Samuel, \$4.25; Paisley, for Kandala Esther, \$8; Wilkesport, for Bellapa Martha, \$17; Lon-

don, Talbot St; \$3.04; Scotland, \$3.50; Petrolea, for Miss Pratt's Passage, \$13; London: Adelaide St., Y. P. for Student Fund, \$5.70; Toronto, Christie St. Mission, for Yadide Benjamin, \$17. Total, \$116.49.

FROM SUNDRIES.—Berlin, Ladies' Aid Society, \$4.82; Investment Miss Nellie Davies' gift, \$10.

ASSOCIATION COLLECTIONS.—Owen Sound, \$4.25; Western, \$4.87; Oxford-Brant, \$3.45; Peterboro', \$2; Whitby and Lindsay, \$3.55; Northern, \$4.09; Elgin, \$5.50. For new missionaries: Mrs. William Craig, \$10; "S." \$50; "M. F." \$10; Mrs. D. W. Booker, for Miss Corning's salary \$25. Total, \$137.53.

Total receipts during the month . . . \$795.79

DISBURSEMENTS.—By General Treasurer, for regular work, \$483.00. *Extras*, for lepers, from London South M. C., \$6.60. Total, \$489.60.

EXPENSE ACCOUNT.—Share of entertainment of Interdenominational Conference in February, \$3.24; Towards expense of Northern Association Director, \$2.50; Postage and envelopes for Miss Buchan, \$4; Collection on cheque, 15c. 42 copies of "Among the Telugus," \$5. Total, \$14.89.

Total disbursements during the month . . . \$504.49

"MEDICAL LADY" FUND,

Disbursements.—By General Treasurer, for Dr. Gertrude Hulet, . . . \$45.83

VIOLET ELLIOT,
Treasurer.

Receipts from July 16th, to August 15th, 1902,
inclusive.

GENERAL ACCOUNT.

FROM CIRCLES.—Sparta, \$3.21; Toronto, Western Ch., \$6.95; Guelph, Trinity Ch, \$5; Toronto, Jarvis St., a member for Bible-woman, \$50; Dresden, \$2.15; Hartford, \$4; Petrolea, \$7.17; Jaffa, \$3.23; Lakeshore, Calvary, on Life-membership account, \$17.15; St. Catharines, Lyman St. (\$2.68 spec. coll.), \$6.74; Woodstock, Oxford St., \$5; Brantford, Immanuel Ch., \$5; Collingwood, \$2; Malahide and Bayham, \$5; Sarnia, \$7.75; Wilkesport, \$2.75; Brantford, Park Ch., \$12; Gladstone (\$3.65, spec. coll.), \$9.25; Hamilton, Wentworth St., \$4; Wingham, \$1.90; Cultus, \$8; Georgetown, \$2.25; St. Thomas, Centre St. (\$10 for Bolivia), \$21; Toronto, Olivet Ch. (formerly Sheridan Ave.), \$2.97; Burford, \$3.50; Poplar Hill, \$4; Received from Mrs. Mellish, of Chatham Mission Circle. \$25 (to make Mrs. Hatcher a Life-member); Daywood, \$5; Toronto, Beverley St., \$7.17; Toronto, Bloor St., \$25; Waterford, \$10.40; Brooke and Enniskillen, \$2.55; Cheapside, \$4; Ailsa Craig, \$4.85; Port Arthur, \$5. Total, \$290.94.]

FROM BANDS.—Chatham, for Bondru Chinnamma, \$5; Brampton, for Kakileti Santamma, \$7; Dresden, \$2; Ingersoll, \$1.36; Brantford, First Ch., for Dasyam Paradevi, \$10; Wheatley, \$2.87; Bardsville, (Miss Langton, for Karre Daniel), \$5.00. Port Hope, \$7.00. Total, \$40.23.

FROM SUNDRIES.—Miss Lizzie Lee Pine, Cleveland, Ohio, for Polsapalli Atchayya, \$7; Capt. R. M. Melville, \$5; Norfolk Asso. Coll., \$5.24; Toronto, Moulton College Y. W. C. A., \$10; Mrs. Duncan Chisholm, on passage account, new missionaries, \$25; "For travelling," per Miss Buchan, \$10. Total, \$62.24.

Total receipts during the month . . . \$393.41.

DISBURSEMENTS.—By General Treasurer, on account regular estimates for India . . . \$408 00
Furloughs, Misses Priest, Hatch and Folsom . . . 68 75
Extras, for India, Miss Folsom's salary, and Miss Corning's salary and Munshi for the month of October 64 59
Payable here, passages for Misses Priest and Pratt 700 00
Bolivia, St. Thomas Mission Circle 10 00

Total disbursements during the month . . . \$1,251 34

Total receipts since October 21, 1901 . . . \$6,308 87

Total disbursements since October 21, 1901. \$6,588 36

"MEDICAL LADY" FUND.

Disbursements, by General Treasurer, for Dr. Gertrude Hulet \$ 45 83

Total receipts since October 21, 1901 . . . 305 06

Total disbursements since October 21, 1901 . . . 450 21

VIOLET ELLIOT,
Treasurer.

109 Pembroke Street, Toronto.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO CIRCLES AND BANDS.

The Treasurers of Circles and of Bands are reminded that their books should close for the Convention year on October 15th. The amount then on hand for Foreign Missions should be forwarded to me at once, as my books only remain open until the 20th. All contributors are therefore urged to be prompt, so that there may not be a long list of remittances marked "late," such as began this year's books.

VIOLET ELLIOT,

Treasurer W.E.F.M.S. of Ont. (West).

109 Pembroke St., Toronto.

"Whosoever is of a willing heart let him bring the Lord's offering."—Ex. 35 : 5.

Youths' Department.

SOME OF CHRIST'S LITTLE ONES.

DO you remember once when Jesus was teaching the men who followed Him as disciples, He spoke of "the little ones that believe on Me?" I have gathered a few short stories about some of these little ones in heathen lands. In a mission school in Turkey one of the older girls asked the little ones who wanted to serve Jesus to come to her after school. She talked and prayed with them, then said, "Now all who love Jesus try to do something for Him this week, we will meet next Sunday and you may tell what you have done." The reports were very simple. Marta said she had lent her comb to another little girl, it was her best one but she could not refuse when she remembered she was trying to be kind for Jesus' sake. Armen said on her way to school a girl called her to help find her clog. (The clog is a funny wooden shoe, all sole except two high heels, one at each end to raise the foot out of the mud or snow.) She was in a hurry but stopped and helped this girl when she remembered that Jesus "pleased not Himself." The next little one showed a book torn on purpose by a naughty schoolmate, but said, "I had to forgive her for tearing it when I remembered how much more Jesus had forgiven me." These little girls in Turkey did not forget to practice their Sunday School lessons. Wonder if our Canadian girls do as well?

A little girl who was born in Japan heard of a foreign lady who had begun a school to teach the children about Jesus. Her dear mother was dead, so the little girl felt lonely and sad. She asked her father who worshipped idols if he would let her go to the missionary's school. He said "Yes, if you promise never to tell here at home any of the foolish doctrine you hear there." Away ran the wee girl and a most promising pupil she was, learning to read, write and sing. Pretty soon she learned about the dear Saviour who died for her, and wished she might tell her old, blind grandmother about Him. But she could not break the promise to her heathen father. Out in the garden she was singing,

"Jesus loves me, He will stay
Close beside me all the way."

Then her grandma called to her, "What are you singing, Jewel? Who will stay close beside

you? Tell me about it." "I cannot talk about Jesus, grandma, for father made me promise not to, but I will sing my hymns for you," she answered. Weeks passed on and the little girl's singing for Jesus brought not only her grandmother, but her father himself to believe in Him. She is now a member of the church in Yokohama. Wonder how many of you sing your hymns at home for Jesus?

Now we will hear about a boy in China who was all alone, both his parents being dead. He was taken into a mission school and taught to love Jesus. One afternoon he was passing a heathen temple and saw an old man carrying gifts to an idol. He thought, "this old man has not long to live and he does not know the way to Heaven. I am only a little boy and it might not be proper respect for me to try to teach him." But as he saw tears running down the old man's face, he said softly, "Would you mind a young boy speaking to you even if you are so old? I cannot help crying myself to see you going from idol to idol to find comfort and help. You do not know the way to Heaven through my Jesus."

Then he told of God's great love for sinners in sending Jesus to die for them until the old man's heart grew tender. He asked the boy to come home to dinner with him and let his wife hear this wonderful news, too.

As a result of the boy's trying to speak for Jesus, both this old man and his wife were led to believe in the Saviour before they had ever seen a Bible or heard a missionary preach. When Mr. Taylor (who tells us this story) went to see them he found them trusting only in Jesus, and that they had destroyed all their idols. Let us pray very often for these mission schools in heathen lands.

SISTER BELLE.

Ottawa, August, 1902.

THE FIRST PIGMY CHRISTIAN.

The announcement is made of the conversion to Christianity of the first of that strange tribe of pigmies, or dwarfs, which inhabits Central Africa, and whose existence was made known years ago by Sir Henry Stanley. It is hoped that this little one is the first fruits of a harvest of converts, and that though a dwarf physically he may be even a giant spiritually and a great blessing to his people.

MOTTO
FOR THE YEAR
...
"WORKERS
TOGETHER
WITH HIM."

W. B. M. U.

THE
MARITIME
PROVINCES

Prayer Topic for September: For Bimlipitam, its Missionaries and native Christians, that they may live consistent, devoted lives and bring many of the heathen to Christ. For a great blessing to follow the meetings of the Conventions and that the interest awakened may lead to increased efforts on the part of all.

LETTER FROM MISS CLARKE.

IT HARDLY seems possible that seven months have passed since I bade farewell to the home church and the many kind friends in the dear homeland. But such is the case. They have passed quickly, and have been on the whole, pleasant. Have been in my new home for five months. The feelings of strangeness and of isolation from all I hold dear are to some extent passing away. So far I have been very well indeed, and am able to study every day. God is so good to me. With all my heart I would thank Him.

And now, dear friends, what can I tell you about this strange land and people that will be interesting? Things are somewhat different from what I had expected. I had heard of the thousands of villages in India, but had no idea that these villages consisted for the most part of low mud huts, closely packed together, containing very often only one small room, in which human beings by the dozen eat, sleep and live. I did not expect to find the poverty as deep and widespread as it appears to be. I did not know that thousands of men, women and children never in all their lives, knew what it was to have a bed to sleep on; but no matter how sick they were never had anything but a thin straw mat and the hard mud to rest on. They do not seem to mind it, but seem to be quite satisfied as long as they get enough to eat. Even the best off among them have no idea of home life and comforts, such as even the poor in our land enjoy. They will have a number of gold ornaments to adorn their persons, but their homes are destitute of furniture. They sit on the floor and eat off leaves with their fingers.

The men in this country have a very exalted opinion of themselves and dearly enjoy being waited on. I had a Brahmin Munshi (teacher) for a few days. The first day he came the carpenter was busy in my room, so I took my chair and books and

went to the little chapel. It is right beside the mission house. In the afternoon I preferred to remain in my room, so asked Munshi if he would please bring the chair from the chapel. He gazed at me and said, "Madam! is there not a servant here who can do that?" I told him there certainly was not, and that I wanted him to bring the chair. He reluctantly went, but catching sight of a small boy got him to carry it. He told me he was a Brahmin, that all the other castes worshipped them, for they were equal with God. As I looked at him the thought of worshipping him (reeking as he was with tobacco) struck me as rather comical, and I laughed outright.

The father of my regular Munshi died. The body was at once burned. Then followed twelve days of funeral ceremonies in which fasting and purifying were indulged in. All who were in any way related to the family were declared to be defiled and no one must touch them. Every day for twelve days Munshi said he had to prepare food and take it to the place where the body had been burned that the spirit might eat. I asked him if he really believed in what he was doing? His answer was, "No; how can I believe it? Did I not see that neither spirit nor devil touched the food, but at last the dogs eat it?" "Then why in the world did you do it?" I asked. "Custom" was the reply. "Do not dare to do anything else." At one time the missionaries thought he would become a Christian, as he attended the services regularly and appeared to be deeply interested. He lacked the moral courage necessary to take a decided stand, and still continues to do that in which he does not believe, because he is afraid to do otherwise. It would mean the loss of home, and lands; of family and friends. It would mean bitter persecution and hard work to get a living.

Oh, sisters! These people are bound, bound

hard and fast by superstition, and prejudice and fear. Is it any wonder they lack courage, manhood and individuality?

Several have asked me to tell them about my everyday life. Really, sisters, there is not much to tell. My hour of rising varies. Any time from half past five to half past six. It would be looked on almost as a crime if one stayed in bed much later than that. The greater part of the day is spent with my books and Munshi. I always put them away at five and go out for exercise. This consists of a long walk or a ride on my wheel. There is no temptation to go shopping here, for there are no stores to go to. As a town, Tekkali is slightly behind the age. There are no white people here (except the missionaries). Once a week some of the people come from the surrounding country with fruits, clothes, jewelry, stone pots, etc., to sell. These are placed on the ground and people gather by hundreds to purchase and inspect. Such a motly crowd! Such noise and confusion! Such vile odors! These people do not believe much in Godliness, nor in the next best thing, viz., cleanliness. You will see them driving their buffaloes along the road, on coming to a pond they will drive the buffaloes into the water, wash them, pull off their own dirty rags, splash them up and down in the water a few times, wash their bodies and then stoop down and drink the water, after which they will twist the wet rags around themselves and go on their way, quite content. Do not get disgusted, sisters, there is lots worse than that. I'll try and break it to you gradually. Perhaps that will do for this time. As I look at these people so often I ask myself the question, "Who has made us to differ?" With all my heart I pity them. Their lives seem to be so destitute of all that makes life worth the living. Again and again, do the words of the Psalmist, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me," ring in my ears. I desire to render to Him a life of service—a life in which He and His work will have the first place.

By the time this reaches you the Associations will be in session again. May God's spirit be manifested in all the meetings, and His blessing rest upon all that will be said and done.

And now, my sisters, I must not write any more this time. I want to thank you from the depth of my heart, for the prayers that I feel assured have been and are being offered up for me in so many Aid Societies in the dear homeland. You will

never know, sisters, how the thought has comforted and helped me in my hours of loneliness in these first months in this new, strange land. God hears and answers prayer. His loving kindness, Oh, how great!

I am always glad to hear from any of you. Letters from the homeland are a great treat here.

With best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

FLORA CLARKE.

Tekkali, Ganjam Dist., India.

VEERAMMA.

"Ammah! We are hungry! Amm-a-h!"

On hearing this sad and familiar call, the Bimil Lady missionary says, "Ah, there are the beggars! I must go and feed them!" So putting on her large pith hat and taking a basket of rice, she goes out to the gate of the Mission Compound where she met with "Salaam Ammah!" from a crowd of the most miserable looking people you can imagine. Many of the faces are quite familiar to her. There is the little boy and his blind father; the dwarf; the lame man crawling along on his hands and knees, with his withered legs dangling behind him; the leper, with his fingers and toes all gone, and many repulsive looking sores on different parts of his body. Yes, all these are old acquaintances. But who are those two little girls standing together over there? They look as though they had seen rather hard times. Their little faces are so pinched, and they have scarcely a rag to cover their emaciated bodies.

The lady missionary determines if possible to find out more about these children. Upon enquiry she learns that their parents are very poor, and as a result of a visit to their homes, she becomes the children's foster mother. The parents give her a writing stating that they give up all claim to the little ones, and with a beaming face she takes her children to the Mission Compound, where they find a home with several other girls who have been rescued from a similar condition.

They are given a good bath, and then their new mother presents them each with a skirt and jacket. That night, clean and decently clothed, they sit down before a plate of rice and curry, and eat till their hunger is satisfied, probably for the first time in their lives.

The next week's letters to the homeland tell about these little ones. In due time news of them

reached Acadia Seminary. The young ladies there become interested in them and decided to undertake their support. Their names are Veeramma and Chinnie, but as these have a foreign sound, it is decided that their girls shall be known to them as Mary Acadia Graves, and Eliza Acadia-Harding respectively.

A few years pass. The lady missionary must go home on furlough. But what is to be done with her girls? After considering the question it is decided to put them in the Boarding school at Bobbili.

Veeramma, the oldest did not remain there long, however. She was offered a home with Somalingam's family, the Christian Polepilly of whom all have heard. Here I first met her when we came to this field more than two years ago. She was no longer a little girl, but had developed into a fine healthy young woman. She always seemed bright and cheerful, and was quite given to making droll remarks much to the amusement of those about her.

One day about a year and a half ago, Mr. Gullison had a call from a Christian young man, Muthealu by name. Rumor had already given us an idea of what this call meant, so I was quite interested in watching his actions. It was rather a disappointment to me when I found there was not to be any of the awkward pauses in conversation, the uneasiness in manner, and altogether amusing conduct such as I had witnessed in young gentlemen who came on similar errands in the homeland! Muthealu very frankly told Mr. Gullison that he meant to marry Veeramma and wanted all necessary arrangements made.

When everything was ready one fine morning in February, about all the Christians at Bimili, men, women and children started for Polepilly. All who could walked, and others went in bullock carts. In the afternoon the Bimili missionaries followed, and soon after their arrival, the little chapel across the street from Somalingam's house was filled to overflowing with relatives and friends who had gathered to witness the marriage of Muthealu and Veeramma.

They were very happy together. In time a little son was born which greatly added to their joy. They named the baby Asheervadtham which means *blessing*. When in here to our birthday in April, Veeramma, in a conversation with one of the

Christian women, told her how happy she was since she married and got a home of her own.

Nobody saw the cloud rising on their horizon. One day, early in May, we heard Veeramma had fever. Her husband came for medicine. There was nothing alarming about it, so the common fever mixture and quinine were given. But the fever continued, so after two weeks Muthealu brought her to Bimili and called the doctor to see her. He pronounced it Typhoid, and a very bad case too. She was quite delirious. The next morning the doctor looked very grave and in the evening he told Mr. Gullison there was little chance for her recovery. "We might try wet pack," he said. So Veeramma was removed from the Christian quarters to a room on the Mission Compound, and Miss Newcomb and I established ourselves as her nurses-in-chief. Her temperature was 105° but at midnight, by the application of wet sheets, it was reduced to 103, and before morning somewhat lower. But with the break of day it began to go up again. The wet sheets were continued. Sometimes we thought the end was very near, and again she would rally so that there would be a glimmer of hope. I don't think she was conscious at all, although once or twice she seemed to be for a few seconds. She asked for her baby several times, and once, when we brought him into the room she stretched out her arms to take him. But when told she could have him as soon as she got stronger she quietly relapsed into unconsciousness.

Nursing a Typhoid patient in the month of May in India, is no play, especially if the patient is unconscious. However, there was no time to think of ourselves. To make the sick one comfortable and to stay that burning fever was our great anxiety. But it was hard to have her suffer so, spite of all we could do. And when after eleven days the end came, we were glad.

"Poor little girlie! We need not be afraid of hurting you now!" might have been heard several times, as we lifted the body in preparing it for burial.

A coffin, the very best we could have had, had the deceased been one of the missionaries, was made as soon as possible. It was covered inside and out with white cloth, and all that remained of Veeramma was tenderly placed in it. Loving hands strewed flowers about her. The coffin lid was bordered with ferns.

"This reminds me of two years ago this month"

said Miss Newcomb. "We are doing for Veeramma now what we did for Miss Gray then. She died of fever and now one of her girls has gone the same way."

One of *her* girls? Yes, Miss Gray was Veeramma's foster mother! How glad she will be to see one of her little ones in heaven! She had the joy of knowing that Veeramma was a Christian, and seeing her baptized before she went home on furlough.

In the evening as the sun was setting we laid Veeramma, "Mary Acadia Graves," to rest in the cemetery under the brow of the Bimli hill, to await the time when "the Lord Himself shall descend from Heaven with a shout, with the voice of the Archangel and with the trump of God, when the *dead in Christ* shall rise first."

NETTIE C. GULLISON.

Bimilipatam, June 10th, 1902.

AMHERST, N.S.—The Thank-offering and Thirty-second Annual Meeting of the Amherst W.M.A.S. was held in the lecture room of the Baptist Church, July 10th, beginning at three o'clock. A devotional service led by our President, was followed by the President's address. Reviewing the past year, she traced the guiding hand of God, with consequent obligations to more strenuous endeavor, urging that our equipment for the coming year be "readiness for service." Mrs. Harding was the first president of our Society when it was organized thirty-two years ago by Mrs. Armstrong, then Miss Morris. Except for a short interval, during her absence from town, she has been our faithful and honored leader from that time until now. Roll-call by the Treasurer, Mrs. Charles Christie, showed a membership of one hundred and fifteen, fourteen of whom had joined during the present year. Mrs. Moffatt, Home Mission Treasurer, reported the receipts, \$30.76. Mrs. Sidney Steele, for some time pastor's assistant at Bloor St., Toronto, gave a most interesting account of her work in that capacity. Mrs. Steele is an old Amherst girl, and we were glad to welcome her back, and to look once more into her face. The report of the Salem branch of the Society, given by the President, Mrs. Logan, showed steady increase and growing interest in the work. Mrs. J. K. Barney, of Providence, R. I., who was to lecture in town during the evening, was introduced and spoke with her usual eloquence and force. By a prison sketch, she showed the

efficacy of the conscious presence of Jesus Christ in saving from the power of sin. Prayer by two of the sisters closed the afternoon session. After social intercourse, tea was served in the vestry. The evening session began at eight o'clock, Rev. Mr. P. Richardson, assistant pastor, presiding. The principal feature of the evening was an address on "Work in the North-West," by Rev. M. Robinson, of Lashville, N.B., who had been several years in the West. In a most impressive manner, he told us of the work among the Indians, the foreign population and the English-speaking people in that wonderful land. An interesting exercise by the Mission Band, was the presenting of a Life-membership to one of their number. Mrs. Smith reported the offerings for the day, including four Life-memberships, \$198.07. The music given was much appreciated, especially solos by Mrs. F. A. Cain, and Miss Dobson. We were glad to have with us during the evening, as a chance visitor to town, Mrs. T. H. Rand, of Toronto. The singing of the Doxology, brought to a close a most enjoyable meeting.

THE W. M. A. Society, of the 1st Harvey Church. A year ago we had the pleasure of having Miss Clark speak to us. Her address was encouraging and uplifting. Her whole soul seemed to be in the work; we often hear from her through *Tidings*. We held our annual meeting in March. Took a collection of \$6.56. "Crusade Day" was observed and as a result several joined. The average attendance is good and the interest well maintained. The Society made our President, Mrs. Fletcher, a Life-member. Mr. Fletcher, our Pastor, gave us an interesting lecture on "London," in June, in behalf of our Aid. We had the pleasure also of having Miss Harman, our County Secretary, with us last month. She seems very much interested in the work. Through sickness, etc., we failed to raise as much money as last year. We raised this year \$56.07. We hope to do better next year. The Mission Band is also doing good work, raised \$17 and over this year.

MRS. G. A. COONAN, Sec.

We were glad to notice in *The Helping Hand* a brief, but vivid account by Mrs. Armstrong of her joyous welcome back to Burma, where she had so efficiently labored some 30 years.