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WHITBY, SEPTEMBER, 1921

No. 1



DR. MARJORIE CAMERON

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DR. MARJORIE CAMERON.

By Miss Lida Pratt.

The news of Dr. Marjorie Cameron's death in India on June 11th was a great shock to all who knew her, and filled us with a sense of personal loss. He who doeth all things well knew which would serve His glory best, her ministry here, or, released from the limitations and frailty of body, to serve in joyous freedom "over there." To us is left the privilege of communicating to others somewhat of the fragrance of her noble life that it may be an inspiration to all, and who knows, may be a call to many to take up the work she has thus laid down.

As a child she was interested in missions, due to her mother's influence and teaching in the little white house at the foot of the hill in Leeds, Quebec. She used to say, "If there is still any place left when I grow up I want to go as a missionary." To this purpose was soon added another. When she was about ten years old she broke her arm. One day when her mother was dressing it she said: "I believe doctors can do more good than any other people," and she held firm to that conviction. She graduated in medicine from the University of Illinois in 1913, after which she was connected with the Battle Creek Sanatorium for two years, specializing in eye, ear, nose and throat work. Although tempting offers were made to her to remain at home and practice, these could not hold her. She had heard the Master's call, "Go ye," and she gladly responded. She sailed for India in the fall of 1915.

The first work of every missionary on arrival in India is the study of the vernacular. The love of her profession was so strong in Dr. Cameron that she wondered how she could live if she had to sit all day at Telugu and not have any sick folks to attend. She was then living in Cocanada where the large central Girls'

Boarding School is. Among 140 girls there are always some ailing, so she undertook to care for them, and the verandah by her room became a small dispensary. After hours of Telugu study this was a real rest and relaxation to her. How the girls loved her and admired the wonderful things she was able to do! Many a hearty laugh was heard as they tried to teach her some new word. She passed her first Telugu examination at the end of her first year.

In the following spring Dr. Allyn left on furlough and Dr. Cameron was appointed to take charge of her hospital work in Pithapuram, which then included building operations always so taxing to any missionary.

Her enthusiasm in her profession overran all bounds. It was more to her than her rest or food. There was an utter abandon of herself and an absolute unselfishness. One year she was invited with a party of missionaries to another station to spend Christmas, a time when perhaps more than any other there is a taste of real home life. Naturally she was looking forward with great pleasure to the day. But a little child in a high caste home was very ill at her station, and so she remained at home to stay beside the child. She and the nurse took turns throughout the day at the bedside, and each went alone to the bungalow to eat a solitary dinner without thought of Christmas festivities. When a friend remarked on her self-denial she made light of it saying she was more than repaid by having the child's father say that he now could better understand the Christian religion after seeing her love and sympathy.

In addition to her regular hospital and dispensary work in Pithapuram, she had many calls from the Europeans in the district. This work was particularly heavy at that time owing to the fact that many of the Government medical men

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were on military duty. She was glad to do this, as she said it was her "bit" toward the war. If any wished to come as in-patients she had to receive them into her home and be hostess as well as doctor, as she had no separate ward for Europeans. The testimony of one and all was the same, "So clever, so capable, so cheerful and so young."

After two years there she was appointed, on Dr. Allyn's return, to the hospital at Chicacole. There had been no missionary doctor there for some time and things were at a low ebb when Dr. Cameron arrived to take charge. In order to reach a greater number than were coming to the hospital, she opened a dispensary at the railway station nine miles distant. At first only a very small and unsuitable building could be secured—a room 9x12 in a bazaar. People from miles around flocked in until the narrow street in front was blocked and they lined up, waiting their turn to tell of their ailments and get medicine. They said, "No one ever came here to help us before but now you've come." The doctor said she felt like a clerk at a bargain counter, they swarmed about her, and as quickly as she could see one, make a diagnosis and hand out medicine, the next one was starting to make his wants known. On alternate mornings she visited this dispensary, and had from 100 to 140 each day. As the work had grown so rapidly she decided to build a suitable dispensary. Help came from unexpected quarters, and soon there stood a neat, two-roomed building with plenty of light and air—a monument to her zeal and energy.

Except for our missionary, Miss Day, a trained nurse who was studying Telugu, and therefore could only give two hours a week to dispensary work, but who was always "Happy Day" to her, Dr. Cameron was without trained help, but she was undaunted by hard work. Whenever anyone needed her the response was prompt and hearty. Last year she treated more than 14,000 patients.

When she was really worn out, she de-

clined to go for a rest, so anxious was she to see her work well established. Even this year she thought she would rather stay on the plains and "carry on." But with reluctance she consented to leave the scorching plains and go for a time to Kodaikanal, a beautiful health resort on the hills of South India. After five years without a real holiday, we can imagine how she enjoyed the month that followed. Her buoyant nature soon responded to the freedom from the burdens she had carried. She was radiantly happy with her missionary friends during the delightful intimacy of those days. Her mornings were spent in study, but the afternoons in recreation, walks, games, etc. Her ready wit and infectious humor were such that no one could be dull in her company.

On the Thursday she attended prayer-meeting, and on the way home talked with great animation of her plans for the future. Little did anyone think that so soon she would be taken, after only five years of work which appeared to be preparatory to still greater service. Dr. Cameron was only thirty-three years of age at the time of her death. On the Saturday, June 11th, a few friends were invited in for tea. She had been most active in helping to prepare and also in serving. When the guests were leaving she walked part way home with one who owed her much, for help given to a sick child. A sudden heart pain caused Miss Cameron to stop, and the friend led her to a low wall by the side of the road where she might rest. Just then Dr. and Mrs. Smith and Dr. and Mrs. Wölverton came along the road. They carried her into a nearby cottage and did everything possible, but in fifteen minutes she was gone.

It will be a comfort to her dear ones in the homeland to know that within the few minutes after the attack, the missionary doctors were with her, some of her dearest friends were about her at the last, and many of her fellow missionaries were near and did for her as they would for their own sister. And they mourned for her as for their own sister.

At the funeral service the next morning it was with difficulty that Dr. Smith spoke to the weeping company. "There is a green hill far away," which was dearly loved by the deceased, was sung, and a male quartette sang, "I have heard of a land." Our own missionaries walked beside the casket, which was covered with beautiful flowers. About two miles down the Ghat road from Kodalkanal on the side of the hill, overlooking a beautiful valley, is the spot where rest many of God's saints whose lives have been

spent for India. That place will now be sacred to Canada, for there lies one who represented us among the Telugus, who lived the Christ life among them and has now finished her work.

When Dr. Cameron turned the key in her hospital to leave for the hills, little did she think it must be left for other hands to open. Who will go to open it? A wonderful opportunity awaits the one who like Dr. Cameron surrenders all and goes in obedience to His call to live and work for him among the Telugus.

OUR WORK ABROAD

STORY OF ARTLA BUCHAMMA.

By Dr. Zella Clark.

Lying on the eastern slope of a low range of mountains with Mahantigiri towering above on the west and the silvery line of sea on the East, sleeps the little town of Sompetta, where between five and six thousand of our Indian brothers and sisters live in the darkness of Hinduism, bound by fetters of caste and prejudice, not realizing that the light which has been lighted in the hearts of a very few is the True Light which will eventually shine more and more until all darkness is completely dispelled and their fetters are broken. It is indeed a pretty and picturesque spot, and the people are very lovable, and we, who have lived among them and know their qualities, covet them for the Master.

Our story is about one of these jewels now day by day shedding a tiny ray in the darkness.

About thirty years ago she was born in a very humble dwelling. With black sparkling eyes, a dainty little baby, she must have been the joy of her mother's heart. Her parents were silk-weavers, so very early in life their little tot,—Buchamma, was taught to spin and prepare the web for the hand-loom. This, besides adding to their small store of pennies, taught her industrious habits and was a great help in the formation of her character.

In a very few years she and her older sister, Ramalachami, were betrothed to

their mother's younger brothers, and all too soon, before they realized the meaning of life, or the responsibility of marriage, both of these little tots were decked out with pretty clothes and many jewels, and the solemn ceremony of marriage was carried out with much pomp and splendour. They were thus robbed of their childhood, but as they were too young to realize their loss, they did not miss it.

Buchamma's husband was very kind to her, and so her lot was much better than that of a great many of her sisters, but when her only baby boy was taken she felt that the brightness had gone out of her life. Her health was broken, and even pilgrimages and fasts were of no avail, so in spite of the love of her husband and sister's family she was very unhappy.

In 1911 we opened our Mission Dispensary in Sompetta, and she came as an out-patient, and not only found help for her body but also for her soul, as she listened to the Gospel message in our morning service. She began to desire to learn to read, so she would be able to read God's Word for herself and her family. As she was a woman, this desire was considered a very improper one, but she had made up her mind and "where there's a will there's a way." Before long she had her husband's consent, and could have been seen sitting on my compounding room floor pegging away daily with what help I could give her between treatments, and her persist-

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ence soon conquered. In six months she was able to read small words, sentences, and at length verses from the Bible. Her husband was very much surprised and secretly pleased with her progress and began to help her at home. With this increase of knowledge came increase of faith, and in two years' time she was ready and willing to follow her Lord in baptism, but the time for our furlough had come, and no missionaries were available to take our work, so we advised her to wait. Her faith was beautiful, and her prayers an inspiration, but she was still unhappy. On our return we could not return to our old work. This was a great sorrow to her, but again persistence won. She came to us in Chicacole as an in-patient, and here she was free to learn more about Jesus daily. Very soon, at her request, I wrote asking her husband's permission for her baptism, and to our great surprise and delight it was granted. We lost no time lest he change his mind, and on the next day she was received and baptized in the river just below the Hospital Compound.

It was a happy day for us all. When her husband came to take her home she told him plainly that she had eaten with the Christians, and so had broken caste, but he, very brave in the absence of any relatives, said, "What is caste. I do not care; please cook for me." She did so and the next day both went home together. He told the people that she had been baptized but had not broken caste, and in spite of her word, as she was only a woman, the people chose to believe him and she was received into the home as before. For some time all went well. She was allowed to attend services, and was not compelled to follow their caste customs, but as soon as her people grew afraid of the influence of the new religion they began their persecution. She was forbidden to go to church and was told she must follow her former caste rules, and even though her husband did not beat her, he said he was powerless to prevent her from being persecuted day and night. Many times she was discouraged, but she bore it all bravely and

was given strength to stand in the midst of her tormentors and witness for Christ. They were amazed and said, "How can a woman stand up and argue with us men? This is something we cannot understand." So when they were thus foiled they would give up the struggle and for a time she would be free to follow her conscience. In the meantime we had again returned to our work here and could help her in many ways. Things went on in this way till January, 1920, when one of her relatives was baptized. Immediately steps were taken. All the caste leaders met together and made out a list of rules for her. At first her husband tried to stand up for her, but how can a man with no backbone stand. Very soon he surrendered and handed her over to my sister, saying, "Take her and care for her, I can't have her here unless she obeys these laws, and I know she won't."

She came to our Compound and we gave her a room, where she cooks for herself, and where her husband can come and see her.

She had always wanted to learn nursing, so now her chance had come, and she began in the dispensary, thus earning her food and clothes.

It wasn't all easy. She had never had any care of money, and had always had all she wanted without counting the cost. So now many times she was very much grieved to find her money gone and a week more in the month. Often, had her faith wavered, she would have given in and gone, according to her husband's wish, to live in a separate house near her home, and be thus classed with the fallen women, but not her faith stood firm even against her husband's daily pleadings.

In spite of many difficulties, real and imagined, she has stayed with us, and is growing in grace and earnestly praying for her husband's conversion; but he loves his caste more than the things of God, and we cannot see that he is much nearer than when she first took her stand for her faith.

But such faith must and will conquer, and so we believe that some day she and her husband will stand united in Christ.

FROM DR. FINDLAY.

Vuyyuru, India,
April 25th, 1921.

Dear Western Friends:—

Now that I have come back to our own mission for a few months, I'd like to give you a few impressions of the medical work in Vuyyuru. Perhaps when I have been here for a year or so things won't seem so startling, but just now I stand breathless as I see what has been done and what is calling so loudly to be done.

You, who have had the experience of starting out in practice after graduating from a medical college, please recall your first few days. Did you start the day at seven a.m., go the rounds of a hospital (?), visiting nearly forty patients and having some half-dozen dogging your steps with tales of ulcers and cancers, headaches and stomachaches, coughs and colds, etc., etc.? Then did you enter your office, drive your waiting, clamoring patients outside on to the veranda, close the doors and command silence, while you and some half dozen helpers carried the needs of your work to the throne of grace and sought for strength and wisdom to meet the oncoming tide of misery? Then patiently, one by one, did you examine and interview over eighty patients in the space of three, or three and a half short hours? And all the time did you say to yourself, "Oh, if I only had a microscope, or a pair of ear forceps," or this or that or the other? Hampered by lack of space, incompetent through want of instruments, helpless from the absence of needed drugs, yet had you the joy of knowing that you were able to relieve nine-tenths, or even more of those who came to you, some of them almost gone through ignorance or neglect or both?

No, you say, "that doesn't sound much like my first days." Don't you envy me my big job? And think what it will be when the new hospital comes into being, with wards and nurses, operating room and equipment, medicine and bandages. Oh, it is going to be great, simply great. And Dr. Hulet has the land; the plans

are in the hands of the building committee; there are new instruments here and on the way; two trained nurses are working night and day and many more are in training at larger centres; our clinics are increasing daily; the choultry is full to overflowing;—wait—you say you don't know what a choultry is. It's a row of rooms where the relatives of the patients can live. At present our rooms (twelve of them) are quite full—two patients and their families in many of the rooms, sometimes more, for when a man gets sick in India his wife must come and cook for him, and where she goes the children go. Then one couldn't leave the old folks to shift for themselves, so they must come, too. Each family has its own fireplace, and the smoke blows gaily in at the back door, so that one chokes and splutters as one goes on one's rounds and one has numerous interviews with Venkataswamy begging him to get the cook-house built soon, before the patients die for want of fresh air and you choke in your attempts to talk with the sick ones!

This is going to be an especially nice choultry when it gets finished, and even now it is a wonderful convenience.

But all our patients are not in the choultry, oh no! Room 14 is a hut we call "Rose Cottage—a most disreputable affair, made to hold lime, but housing now two men and their friends. The students gave it its name, possibly because of the thorns about the door. We visit there daily and call out Ramaswamy and Thirapatayya. He is tall and emaciated and wears a big smile and a bigger turban. If you could only hear him describe his symptoms—rumbblings inside of him which he says are "just like a harmonium," and then see him dig into his abdomen to find a growth he thinks he has. Then he guides my hand to the spot and I cannot find a thing! We always have a good time at Rose Cottage. Then the hospital proper! One room we've given to the Christians. There are as many as twelve patients with their families in that one room—twelve by twelve I suppose. Oh yes, of course as you say, they are not really in

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the room but are scattered around the compound, on the verandah, and under the trees beside the road. Several of them are living in the culvert ditch—not such a bad place as long as it doesn't rain, which it did with a vengeance the other night. Since then the verandahs are their wards!

I don't know how many patients I've seen. If you want to know just reckon up—two months and say eighty, on the average daily, but —“I ain't got weary yet!”

Lovingly,
Jessie Findlay,
In Western Baptist.

Note.—Readers of the Link will remember that Dr. Findlay is taking charge of the medical work in Vuyyuru, while Dr. Hulet is home on furlough.—Ed.

WHAT'S THE NEWS?

As to our Missionaries on furlough: Miss McLeish is with her folks at Arkona. Miss Folsom is visiting friends in U.S.A. Miss Hatch is visiting in Ontario. Miss McGill is in Mission Bungalow, Muskoka. Miss Clara Hellyer, our new recruit, is at her home in Waterford. All these will, D.V., sail for India this fall. Miss Mangan, being improved in health, hopes to rejoin her work in Bolivia this year. Miss McLeod is with her sister, Mrs. P. A. McEwan, Ottawa. Miss McLaurin is at her home, 33 Hawthorne Ave., Toronto.

The fierce heat of the hottest part of the year is over in India. It was 10 to 15 degrees worse than here. One writes: “It was 107 degrees at 5 p.m. yesterday. It has ranged from 101 to 108 degrees for the past month.” In Cocanada the last official report was 114 degrees in the shade. “It has not been less than 100 degrees day or night for a month,” etc. And our friends who were kept at their stations by special stress of work, were not only *living* but *working* in that terrific heat. One writes that birds by thousands dropped dead from the trees.

Besides the calm and beauty of the Hills to which the missionaries, who can, escape for part of the worst of the heat, the yearly Convention for the deepening of the spiritual life and other devotional and social gatherings refresh the souls and minds of the worn and weary. At the Convention in Kodae in May, Dr. Abraham, Metropolitan of the Syrian Church of South India, gave four addresses by request. “He spoke earnestly and well” it is said. He is an M. A. of our own McMaster.

Here's an extract from a late private letter one of the brethren writes: “Miss— is out here to put her life into the work and she does not count the cost. Always happy, always ready to help, even at serious inconvenience to herself, always putting the first things first—the glory of His name. Your Board may feel proud of its missionaries. No moping or self pity or martyrdom nonsense about them. They're the right stuff.”

Miss Munroe, trained nurse, who went out last year, is associated with Dr. and Mrs. West, so needs both Oriya and Telugu. While on the hills she gives forenoons to the study of one and afternoons to the other. Up there in the coolness, the missionaries get a good chance to study, write letters, and do translation and other literary work. Miss Munroe writes: “I was as much struck by the similarities as by the differences between the people of India and ourselves. Given the same complexion and dress who could tell us apart? The very fact of the similarity adds intensity to the meaning of heathenism. Had the Gospel not been brought to us they might now be doing for us what we are trying to do for them.”

As to the babies. “One out of four dies under one year of age. They are dear wee things, and good as gold, but they go at this appalling rate, ten million annually, as a sacrifice on the altar of ignorance.” Then follows an illustration which must appear another time as space is limited.

Just a glimpse of a wedding scene. It

was night, there was music, lights, a crimson palanquin carried shoulder high containing the bridal party. A little girl of 6 or 7, and "I have not words to describe the object of 45 or 50 to whom she was being married. When told it was a wedding I was stunned. I never saw anything so hideous before, but many since."

Abundant and tender testimony is given in many letters to the value and beauty of Dr. Marjorie Cameron's life. She was a rare woman. Her yoke fellows, hospital and the suffering ones all round about feel deserted. A large and Christlike service awaits the fortunate one who takes up the blessed work she has laid down. President Weston of the Madras Christian College, gave this beautiful tribute at the service: Yesterday, toward the close of a day of abounding cheerfulness, Dr. Marjorie Cameron, of the Canadian Baptist Mission, passed away, after an illness of only a few minutes' duration, and this morning was laid to rest in the quiet God's acre among the hills. She came to India six years ago, and gave herself to the ministry of healing in the footsteps of her Master, with singular loyalty, untiring in her labours, unflinching in her good cheer. Having served but a short time, she has fulfilled a long time; having been faithful unto death she has been given the Crown of Life. For a father, mother, and sisters in Canada, on whom this news of separation will fall with heavy, saddening blow, our hearts go out. For her who was given and has now been taken we give God thanks, considering the end of her conversation, Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and today, yea and forever.

With tender and thankful thought of her in our hearts we may say: "And so the Word had breath and wrought With human hands the creed of creeds, In loveliness of perfect deeds More strong than all poetic thought."

There are six Christian Colleges for women in the Orient. One in Japan, two in China, three in India, including the Vellore Medical College, to which Canadian Baptist Women have made a (tempor-

ary?) grant of the Drs. Jessie and Elizabeth Findlay.

Mrs. Montgomery, leader in Missionary work and author of several Mission Study Books, has been elected President of the great Northern Baptist Convention.

M. B. McL.

SUCH A HAPPY, HELPFUL HOLIDAY

Who are,
Who are,
Who are we?
Don't you,
Won't you,
Can't you see?

If you don't you MUST be dense!

Whitby Missionary CON-FER-ENCE!

That's where, every first week of July, for sixteen years, a most inspiring event has taken place. Each year, eight days of rare opportunity were spent in training for leadership, deepening the prayer life, and discovering the plans and purposes of God.

Here's a glimpse at the 1921 program. At seven-ten a.m. all lifted their hearts to God in intercession. This quiet time toned the progress of each day.

All the studying was done in the mornings. Dr. Stillwell, of India, took his class up onto the mountain peak where they gained a splendid survey of the whole world. Another class from the same vantage point realized "Canada's Share in World's Tasks." The study of these general text books brought the feeling that the world was small, after all.

How would you like to study "The Goal of India," with Mr. Frank Russell, of Central India? Or "New Life Currents in China," with Dr. E. W. Wallace, of West China, and Dr. Leslie Kilborn? Those who studied under the personal direction of such active missionaries could not help feeling that the Orient is not so far from the West after all. Yes, in our new vision we must use the "I" and say —not "far" India and "far" China, but "fair" India and "fair" China.

Nor was Canada forgotten. One class just discussed how to make our country "His Dominion."

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A new feature was added to the Conference this year in the presence of a group of thirteen year old girls. These "Pathfinders" had a special class of their own, taught by Mrs. Jamieson, formerly of India, and now in charge of the home for Missionaries' children in Oshawa.

The Mission study was followed by an hour of discussion on methods of promoting missionary interest. In this space the delegates learned schemes from each other, and even formed some new plans. A list of literature suitable for various uses was also compiled. This period in particular was of profit to Christian workers.

During this hour the Pathfinders had their special privilege of sitting at the feet of some missionary. So alluring was the picture out on the lawn that sometimes big folks besought time to turn backward in her flight and stole out to join the happy group.

Mention might here be made of a lively group of leaders of juniors who gathered at various times with Mrs. Mills, of London. They, too, exchanged and formed plans.

For all present the Bible Study Hour will never be forgotten. Dr. Pidgeon so thoroughly explained the Ethics of the Cross. And he didn't stop there, either, for in his big-hearted way he was always on hand to help with personal problems, even sacrificing his leisure hours for the purpose.

Then came dinner. Meal times were especially looked forward to, because the missionaries moved from table to table and it was such a good time to get acquainted. Fun was never lacking. From the nonsense songs which echoed from table to table, all will agree that the Conference was anything but "stiff."

The afternoons were given over entirely to rest and sports. Tennis tournaments, baseball matches, hikes, and frolics were the rule. For the younger people in particular the swimming tank, and gymnasium and watermelon feeds will long be cherished pictures on memory's wall. On the first of July a pro-

cession of hay racks appeared. Everyone climbed aboard, and away they went, chattering, laughing, singing. Where were they going? To hold a picnic at the lake five miles away. If you want a rollicking good time just come to Whitby.

Play was not the only afternoon occupation, however, for here and there were groups of young people, gathered around a missionary, eagerly questioning. Missionaries were there from all over the world.

Wouldn't you enjoy such a privilege? Then come to Whitby next year.

At the sunset hour all gathered on the lawn for informal heart-to-heart talks by the missionaries. Just such personal experiences were related as would help those seeking guidance in choosing life work. A precious sacred hour.

When darkness fell, the chapel welcomed the delegates for formal addresses by other missionaries. It is impossible in such small space to do justice to those inspiring times. Wiser only to mention them, leaving those who read to value them at their worth and come next year to hear.

One evening Mr. McKay conducted the Conference through Formosa via lantern slides. These were most interesting and instructive.

Such is the daily routine of the Whitby Missionary Conference, and there are usually eight such days. Everyone was deeply disappointed this year because Trafalgar Castle could only be secured for seven days.

Yes, it was such a happy, helpful holiday. When parting time came, all felt that religion had more snap and vim, prayer a deeper throb, and Bible Study a wider fascination than they ever had before.

Baptists were ahead this year, with seventy-eight present, but Presbyterians ran a close second, with seventy present. The whole registration totalled two hundred and seven. Shall Baptists lead next year?

Pearl Scott.

ASSOCIATIONS

Niagara-Hamilton.

Held on May 31st, in Welland, Ont. Mrs. McMaster, the President, conducted the opening exercises, and gave a helpful address on Philippians 2:5. Mrs. Stewart, of St. Catharines, represented the "Link" and "Visitor."

The report of the Director showed a total from Circles and Bands for Foreign Missions, of \$1,726.25; and for Home Missions, of \$1564.94, which includes several life memberships and the special giving for the year. A new Circle has been organized at Hughson St., Hamilton, and a Mission Band in Port Colborne. The Conference with Women's Circles and Y.W.M. Circles, was conducted by Mrs. Sloat, of Niagara Falls, and that with Band leaders by Mrs. Veals, of Hamilton.

In the afternoon, Miss Helen Brown, of Fonthill, gave an address on "Our Objective," and the needs of our work were presented in a clear and convincing manner. When the request for \$205.00 as our share of the "extra," for the Girls' Schools at Coconada, was mentioned, a good many looked thoughtful, but later it was decided to raise this amount.

Mrs. Rogers, of St. Catharines, led the "Quiet Hour," on "The Friendship of Christ." This was followed by a prayer service in which many took part. The feature of the afternoon session was an address on Bolivia by Mrs. C. N. Mitchell. One could not help wishing it might be published in leaflet form, and placed in our Bureau of Literature. The Welland Mission Band gave a very enjoyable exercise, under the leadership of Mrs. Woolford.

The first part of the evening program was given by the Y. W. M. Circles. Miss Edith Robertson, of Niagara Falls, led the song service, and Miss Irene Arnold, of St. Catharines, conducted the devotional part. Then came our own Dr. Pearl Chute, who delighted everyone, even the children, as she depicted conditions in India, showing the lights and

shadows of the life of a medical missionary.

A tableau, "Help Our Sisters," was then given by the Y. W. M. Circle of Port Colborne.

Rev. C. H. Schutt, gave a stirring address on the work of our own Home Mission fields, particularly in New Ontario, where the missionary must face many special difficulties and exercise great patience.

Solos were rendered by Miss Racely Clark, of Fonthill, Mrs. Kabelin, of Welland, and Mrs. Cowl, of St. Catharines. A selection was given by the "Good Will Quartette," of Welland, and Port Colborne. These and the anthems of the Welland choir were greatly enjoyed.

The officers for the year are: President, Mrs. Campbell, Welland; Program Committee, Mrs. Camelford, Dunville; Mrs. Davey, Hamilton; Mrs. Good, Niagara Falls, and Anna. M. L. Dayfoot, Director.

Collingwood

Held in Collingwood June 21st. The afternoon session opened at 2.30 with Mrs. Coumans, President, in the chair. After singing, Mrs. Spidwell, of Midland, read the scripture and offered prayer. An address of welcome was given by Mrs. Gordan, of Collingwood, also greetings from representatives of the Presbyterian, Methodist, Anglican, and W.C.T.U. societies of the town. These were responded to by Mrs. E. C. Carr, Thornby.

We also extended to Mrs. Holman and Miss Aldridge the courtesy of the Association. A Questionnaire, conducted by Mrs. Dennis, Director, proved very profitable. Mrs. Holman, of Toronto, led the quiet hour. Mrs. Phoelman, of Collingwood, favored us with a solo, and this was followed by a splendid address by Miss Aldridge, of Toronto, on our papers, the Visitor and Link. The Link is well named, being a real link between the foreign field and the friends at home; and the Visitor is a "visitor" in the true sense of the word.

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The Collingwood Mission Band gave a dialogue showing the need of workers in the Foreign field. Mrs. Denniss gave the Director's report, which showed some progress and advancement, but we all could see room for improvement, and will try to make the next year's report even better. Mrs. Holman closed the afternoon session with prayer. Evening session opened with devotional exercises, followed by the report of the Nominating Committee, which was as follows:

Director—Mrs. Denniss, Bracebridge.
 President—Mrs. H. Boyce, Collingwood.
 2nd Vice President—Mrs. Bunt, Barrie.
 Secretary—Miss Marjorie McEachren, of Stayner.

The Y.W.M.C. then gave a dialogue followed by a selection from the Collingwood choir. Both these numbers added to the success of the meeting. After singing, the Quiet hour was led by Miss Watterworth, Orillia. Miss Aldridge again spoke, giving us the Foreign Mission address. She made a strong appeal for the people at home to be true and real christians and in this way support Foreign Missions, and in fact every phase of Christian life. Mrs. Holman then gave us the Home Mission address. Our President was introduced, followed by the benediction.

MRS. W. J. CHALK, Cor. Sec.

Thornbury, Ont.

THE YOUNG WOMEN

A MOHAMMEDAN WEDDING

By Dr. Chute.

I got my invitation in this wise. One night a little Mohammedan lad was brought to the hospital with a broken arm. He was coming to Akidu in an ox-cart to a wedding, but managed to fall out of the cart and break his left arm. He was only a little chap and it hurt a good deal to have it set, so I was talking away and trying to cheer him up, and said,—“Well, it was a good thing it was not your right arm or you could not have eaten any wedding dinner”. (You know they never eat with their left hand, that is kept for any dirty work and for washing themselves). Then I asked him if he would send me some of his dinner for dressing his arm. Immediately his relatives gave me a most pressing invitation to come to the wedding, and said they would send an ox-cart. The day of the wedding a friend came up in the morning to make sure that we would come, and he just mentioned that “the men had married the bridegroom at the Mosque that morning, and that the women would marry the bride that afternoon at the house.” Mohammedan women are never allowed to go to the Mosque. This made me curious, so I decided to go. The ox-cart arrived about 8.30 and Miss

Hinman, and the two little lads and I climbed in and sat on our thumbs,—or rather the boys were squatted on their knees by the driver, while Miss Hinman and I had to let our feet hang out behind.

When we got to the house we were ushered into the courtyard which was almost a room, for the eaves of the house jutted out so far that they nearly covered the whole space except a little in the centre which was open to the sky. Here the women guests were assembled in all the gorgeous colors of the East, and were bedecked with jewels of every kind and description. There were jewels in their hair and their ears were loaded down with ear rings, (I have counted 20 ear rings in one ear), many had nose jewels, some of them immense, one woman's big gold nose-ring was about 2 inches in diameter and protruded like a half moon. Then there were necklaces, bracelets and anklets, and finger rings and toe rings as well. We saw the bridegroom arrayed in satin trousers, a bright red silk embroidered coat, and a velvet cap embroidered with gold thread, seated on a chair with a mat in front of him. At his side stood a little girl about twelve, heavily bedecked with jewels, who was fanning him. At first we thought she must be the bride, but in a few minutes the crowd was asked to stand aside, and

we discovered the bride sitting in a heap on a native cot, a few paces in front of her lord and master, and perched beside her were three or four other girls to keep her company—bridesmaids, I suppose. The poor girl was so overcome that she kept her head in her lap all the time except when her grandmother came along and forcibly lifted her chin that we might see her face. Her eyelids had been pencilled, and on her cheeks gold dust had been sprinkled which made one think of the old frosty Christmas cards with sparkling snow. Of course the bride had jewels from head to toe. A woman in India would rather have jewels than clothes—even the poor women must have some kind of jewelry. I know of a poor old woman, (70 years old), who was nearly starving, whose son sent her Rs. 10, and she bought herself a pair of silver bracelets.) We could not see much of the bride's dress as she kept so huddled up, but it seemed to be a bright green silk cloth with a brilliant red border. Chairs were placed for us near the bridegroom, but before I sat down I gave the bride a jar of homemade strawberry preserve, and Miss Hinman gave her a little clock. She looked at them out of the corner of her eye, then they were taken from her and given to her husband. After we were seated the women of the household came and showered almonds, dates and rock candy over the bride's head. Of course it fell on the ground, and the guests had a scramble for it. Then they gave her a shower of tiny silver pieces shaped like a small flower and these also were gathered up, and—"finders were keepers." The almonds, dates, etc., were passed to us, so we did not have to scramble. After this the assembled guests formed a procession and marched past the cot, putting a present of roupees into the old grandmother's lap as she sat perched beside the bride. Each present was carefully counted, and I imagine if anyone did not give what she expected of them they would hear about it later. This ended the ceremony and we went to another part of the house

for the wedding feast. Here there were only men,—the women had to eat by themselves, but the men did all the cooking. Mohammedan men always do the cooking for a feast but the women prepare the daily food. Such great big pots as they had, they would hold as much as a maple syrup cauldron, and there were quite a number of them, some full of rice, and some full of most delicious curry. It had been cooked by placing the pots on mud pillars out in the yard and building fires underneath, cow-dung cakes forming a large part of the fuel. In one long room we saw twenty or thirty men seated on the ground eating with their hands from an enamel or brass bowl. They told us that the day before at the bride's house, food had been prepared and given to all the Mohammedans in the village who had cared to come, and on that day the feast was more particularly for the invited guests, but anyone who was hungry could come too. Between two hundred and three hundred had eaten that day. We were not asked to dine at the house, but when we left a servant accompanied us with a large supply of rice and curry—oh it was good—we never looked at our own dinner. The Indians can certainly make their cooking most savory, it just makes me hungry to write about it.

It is nice to get to know these people in their own homes and we have many kind friends among them, yet I always thank God for our Christian homes in our Christian lands. Indian women have their own idea of happiness. We feel sorry for them for being so shut in, and they feel sorry for us for being so bold as to go out into the streets.

"Habit is a cord strong and stout, which binds with the power of iron, and steel. We are not responsible for the cord, only for the few threads we are called upon to contribute daily to its making. God help us to make these threads pure, strong, irresistible."—Margaret Slattery.

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OUR MISSION BANDS

THE LITTLE BUILDERS.

In the Pacific Ocean there were once long ago, many broad, empty spaces without any land. The ocean was blue and beautiful, but there was no eye to see it. The sun shone brightly, but no flowers nor trees could grow beneath its rays. The seeds that fell from other countries into the water floated by, but there was no soil where they could stop to rest. The Master saw that if there were only some islands there might be lovely homes for men and animals. "My little builders can do this," said He. So He called for the coral insects, and told them to build three islands in one place, five in another, seven in another, and so on. The little workers were so taken by surprise that they popped their heads out of their windows and looked at each other in astonishment. "We," they exclaimed; "we are not bigger than pinheads; we never could build one island, to say nothing of a whole oceanful!" "If the whales would try, now! a whale's work would amount to something," said the Astrea.

"But the whales have their own work to do," said the Master Builder; "and if they come down here to make the islands, who will keep the North Pacific free from seaweeds? I do not ask one of you alone to build an island. Think how many there are of you."

"But we do not know how to shape the islands; they will all be wrong," cried the Madrepora.

"I will take care of that," said the Master; "only see that each one builds one little cell."

So the corals divided the work among themselves. Some began to build the middle, and some the outer edge. Very busily and patiently they wrought. The islands grew higher and higher, until they came to the top of the ocean. Then the waves and winds did their part by bringing sand and weeds and leaves to make soil. The nuts and seeds that had fallen into the water, and were so tired of bobbing up and down all the way from

India to South America, found a nice bed to sleep for a few days. When they felt rested they got up and grew into thorn trees and bushes and cocoa trees. Long vines began to creep across the sand, and sweet flowers blossomed; men and animals came to live there, and little children ran about and played beside the ocean. One group of islands was named the Friendly Islands, another the Caroline Islands, and so on.

"Who would have believed we could do it!" said the little corals when they saw the result. "The whales could not have done it better. And to think it was all done by our making one cell a piece!" They felt so proud of their islands that they put a lovely fringe of red and white and pink coral around the edge, and today thousands of people are enjoying the work of these little coral builders.—*Sarah Pollock, in Mission Dayspring.*

And so the Lord used the lives of His tiniest creatures to do such a great work. Measure yourselves by the mountains or the stars and you will feel tiny, too. Can the life of one man do anything great? Let us see! And remember, the corals did not build by carrying sand or stone, but *just by living*. They drew into their bodies the lime from the water and passed it out as a tiny layer on the cell around their bodies. So that every day they lived the cell was a tiny wee bit higher and nearer to the sunlight above the waves. Does it remind you of your own life? Just as *they* lived in the water—so God's Word says *we* live in Him, in "God, in whom *we* live and move and have our being." By prayer and the reading of His Word we take God into our souls, just as the tiny coral insect draws in the lime—and then—He comes forth in our helpful words and loving ways, and our lives lift the earth up nearer heaven's sunlight. Do you see? And—when we are bad?—oh—then we tear down the building—but—let us ask Him to help us never to be naughty again! One cannot bear to think of that.

L.W.R.—Sel.

This month we publish the program of the Convention of the Eastern Society. Look in the October number for the program for Ontario West.

Begin to think and talk about the coming Conventions. Pray for those who carry the responsibility for these meetings, and for those who will speak there.

Delegates should be appointed a month ahead.

Every Circle should send the largest possible delegation.—Ed.

EASTERN SOCIETY, ATTENTION!

The Annual Convention of the Women's Home and Foreign Missionary Societies East will be held in the Fourth Ave. Baptist Church, Ottawa, Oct. 12th and 13th, 1921.

Convener of Billetting Committee is Miss Mary Ardley, 191 Second Ave., Ottawa.

The Constitution reads as follows:—

Each Circle is entitled to two delegates for a membership of twenty or less; for each additional twenty one delegate. These delegates must be full members of the society, that is life member or contributor of at least one dollar per year.

Each Band has a right to send one delegate over fifteen years of age.

All are invited to attend the meetings and share in the discussions, but only delegates, officers, members of the Board and life members are entitled to vote.

We are expecting a full delegation this year, as Ottawa is nearly midway between Eastern and C. Central Associations and we look specially for many of our sisters in the latter Association who found Quebec too far away to be with us last year.

Our programme is more than usually interesting as we are to have the great pleasure of hearing Miss Kate S. McLaurin, from Avaniagada, who has not addressed our convention for over fifteen years. We are also promised that, health permitting, we shall have the privilege of listening to Miss C. M. McLeod, of Samal Kot, who will tell us of one of the stations not so well known to our Society.

Let us plan and work and pray that this gathering may make us better equipped to carry on our work, and may inspire us with more love and devotion in all our service for the King.

PROGRAMME.

Forty-fifth Annual Meeting of the Women's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of Eastern Ontario and Quebec, Ottawa, Thursday, October 13th, 1921. Key-word: "Wait on the Lord."

Morning Session

9.30 a.m.—Hymn; Scripture Reading and Prayer, Mrs. L. E. Weeks; Introduction of Pages; Minutes of last Annual Meeting; Business; Appointment of Committees on Nominations and Appropriations; Report of Recording Secretary, Miss Bentley.

10.00—Report of Bureau of Literature, Miss Dakin; Report of Supt. of Mission Bands, moved by Mrs. Ramsay, seconded by Mrs. M. E. Cole; "Our Literature," Mrs. C. G. Smith.

10.30—President's Message, Mrs. H. H. Ayer; Hymn.

11.00—Report of Nominating Committee; Election of Officers and Members of Board; Prayer and Dedication, Mrs. J. B. Halkett.

11.30—Quiet Hour, Mrs. A. N. Frith.

12.15—Adjournment.

Afternoon Session

2.00—Prayer Service, Mrs. W. G. Rickert.

2.30—Minutes of Morning Session; Report of Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. P. B. Motley; Report of Treasurer, Mrs. John Kirkland; Report of Committee on Appropriations.

3.30—Question Drawer.

4.00—Memorial Roll, Mrs. A. Walford; Hymn.

4.15—Address, Miss C. M. McLeod, of India.

5.00—Offering; Hymn.

5.10—Adjournment.

Evening Session.

8.00—Hymn; Devotional Exercises; Report of Committee on Resolutions; Hymn; Address, Miss K. S. McLaurin, of India; Offering—Music; Hymn; Benediction.

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Canadian Missionary Link

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FOR THE EASTERN SOCIETY SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Treasurer's books close on Sept. 25th, and at date of writing the need is \$2,000 to meet our budget. Will Circles pray and work that we may close the year without a deficit, and let treasurers send all monies as soon as possible. The Lord has been giving our missionaries on the field a great harvest of souls during the year, let us never forget that we are co-workers.

Remember also the Vuyuru Wall and its need. Yours in the work,

(Mrs. John) Kurkland.

There isn't a day passes that we may not do something for the Master, if we will. Begin now. Do something for Him. Bring forth a little fruit at least. Ask God to help you bring forth some fruit to-day.—D. L. Moody.

IMPORTANT NOTICE FOR CIRCLES.

Will the readers of the Link take notice that the work of the "Muskoka Rest Home" Committee has been enlarged.

The General Board requested that our Board take over the care of the Ellsworth Avenue Mission Houses, so now we have three homes to care for, and there are many things needed at Ellsworth Avenue.

In view of the increased needs our Board would like all the Circles to take a special collection once a year for the upkeep of these three homes. If this is done however small the amount it will be gratefully accepted and carefully disposed of by your committee.

Please send money for this purpose to Mrs. Chas. Senior, 168 Davenport Road, Toronto. Your Circle will be given credit for it through the Board Treas.

LILLIE SENIOR,

Sec.-Treas.

Our Literature Department

Dear Sisters of the Circles and Bands,—

Just a wee friendly talk on our Literature this month. Now that you will be making plans for your season's work we want you to make all sorts of use of your Literature Department.

In the first place, do you not think it would be a good idea to take up a course in Mission Study, a real interesting one, so interesting that you will not realize it is study? And if we know more about our work we will surely love more, pray more, and give more, and thus help to fulfil the Great Commission, don't you think so?

We have a very highly recommended book, "*Canada's Share in the World Tasks*," edited by Mr. H. C. Priest, who surely needs no introduction to Baptist women. The first and last chapters are written by him on "Facing the Task" and "Meeting the Challenge," and the intervening five chapters are on Japan, China, India, Africa and South America, the last one written by our own Mr. Baker. It is a most concise, emphatic, interesting and altogether readable book. We could specialize on India and South America, also using the Literature which we have on hand and have advertised these last three months. A list will be sent on application. This is the Senior book in a graded course of three. The next, for teen age boys and girls, is called "*Canadian Heroes of Mission Fields Overseas*," telling in a bright way the life story of 8 heroes, Canadians all, among whom are John E. Davis, our own hero of India, and Rev. C. N. Mitchell, our late beloved missionary to South America, of whom every Baptist should surely know. For Leaders of Juniors is "*Talks on the Maple Leaf in Many Lands*," with accessories. Oh, those accessories! You must surely see them all. A

map, Maple leaves to be colored and placed in position, stories, pageants, hymns, suggested games, on every lesson, and above all this book makes a very real effort to impress upon the boys and girls that they do their part in carrying out the Marching Orders. These, taken together, would form a splendid course for different organizations in your Church, and what delightful talks and stories you could have at home if mothers and children, and perhaps fathers too, were studying or reading the same books "only different." Don't you think it would be fine? Does it not offer an inviting field of study on South America and India? Below we list the prices of books referred to. Let us make the coming season a time of real work and study to the end that we may know more about our great responsibilities and the meeting of the challenge.

Just one thing more,—The Missionary Review" for June is just brim full of interesting things. It includes among other things an article on "Women who are transforming the Orient" among whom is Dr. Nandamah, with a photo, who is a Telegu doctor, a granddaughter of one of Dr. Clough's famous 2000. You will all want to read this and you can borrow it for 3c.

Yours in this great work,

Secretary, Literary Dept.

Books Suggested

"Canada's Share in the World Tasks"	
	Cloth, 75c; Paper 50c.
"Suggestions to Leaders"	10c
"Canadian Heroes in the Mission Fields Overseas"	25c
"Talks on the Maple Leaf in Many Lands" with accessories	50c
Address all orders and letters to Lit. Dept., W.B.F.M.S., 473 Palmerston Blvd., Toronto. Phone, Coll. 3810.	