

Canadian Missionary Link

XLVI

WHITBY, JUNE, 1924

No. 10

THE JUBILEE FUND

The objective of the General Board—

\$50,000

Our Share - \$5,000

\$1,000 for Evangelism

\$4,000 to provide a bungalow for
single ladies at Yellamanchili

To help collection of this fund, "Might and
Mercy" Boxes are supplied free of charge at
the Literature Rooms, 66 Bloor St. W., Toronto

Contributions may be sent at any time to the
Treasurer. Many gifts, large and small, will
be needed if we are to reach our goal.

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Editorial Notes

LETTERS FROM MISSIONARIES

It is delightful to have this month so many messages direct from our missionaries. These are all the more appreciated because we know something of their strenuous lives and can understand how very difficult it must be for them to find leisure for writing. On behalf of the Link readers the Editor wishes to thank all the missionaries whose contributions from time to time have so greatly enriched our pages. Also she would like to invite those who have not yet helped us in this way to do so if possible. The Link would gladly give space to many more letters from India and Bolivia from both old and new correspondents. Interesting photographs, too, illustrative of the work are very welcome.

May the editor take this opportunity of expressing her regret that she finds it impossible to personally acknowledge notes which frequently come with letters for publication? The monthly demands of the Link are inexorable, and as these must be met in the leisure of a fairly busy life there is little time left for correspondence.

A CHAT WITH CONTRIBUTORS.

1. Will all who write for the Link please remember to write only on **one** side of the paper. If you write on both sides every second page must be copied before sending the material to the printer. If you turn over your last sheet and finish on the reverse side, that has to be copied.

2. Please use **letter** not note-paper and leave a margin of about three-quarters of an inch at the top and on the left side of the page. If note paper must be used, open it out and make it one page.

3. Please do not use the sign & for the word **and**. When you do that the editor has to go through your letter or article

and write the word **and** in full wherever it occurs.

4. If you have anything to say to the Editor about your letter or article please put it on a separate sheet.

5. Let your contribution be in the Link office by the sixth of the month if you wish it to appear in the next month's issue.

Do you wonder why this is necessary since you do not receive the Link until the first of the month? Please remember that the Link is printed in Whitby, that the "copy" for its pages must be sent there to Mr. Goodfellow, the publisher, and that time must be given for first the galley-proof and then the page-proof to be printed, sent back to Toronto, corrected and returned to Whitby. Just here the Editor would like to give recognition to the painstaking, efficient and sympathetic help and oversight given by Mr. Goodfellow in the bringing out of our paper each month. He is a Baptist and familiar with our work which counts for a great deal. His judgment and advice as to details of the "make-up" are often very helpful.

THE WHITBY CONFERENCE

Be sure to read Mr. Priest's article on the Whitby Missionary Summer Conference, on page 293. Notice especially its distinctive purpose.

Baptists have special reason to be interested in this Conference because some of our own Baptist leaders have a large share in its organization and work. It would greatly stimulate missionary enthusiasm in our churches if many of our young people would take advantage of this delightfully educative holiday. Those who go always give glowing accounts of what they have enjoyed and learned at Whitby.

MIGHT AND MERCY BOXES.

Read Before One of the Mission Circles When the "Might and Mercy Boxes" Were Introduced and Distributed

"I have always understood that one should know something about one's subject in order to speak well on it. When our President asked me to introduce these boxes to-day I thought it would be well for me to know my subject, so I got a box, punched a hole in the top, and started to live with a 'Might and Mercy Box.' I can assure you I have had an interesting time and I will warn you right here not to start out too liberally or you won't have money left to buy bread and butter for your family. The days are so full of mercies, if we only see them.

Now this is somewhat personal, but here in this church, we are like one big family, sharing each other's joys and sorrows, so you will understand.

I thought I must have a new dress, as this one was getting too warm. I went to my closet and discovered a perfectly good blouse,—by just getting enough for a skirt, I have a dress. I might have had to buy a new one, so something for the box!

The back yard was full of clothes almost dry, when we noticed rain almost here. I ran to one end of the yard and my husband started at the other,—just in time we had them in. It dropped rain and soot all night and most of the next day,—some coppers for my box for the dry clothes, and some for a good husband who was willing to help.

A load of coal came the other morning and I thought, dear me, a dirty cellar to clean! But when I went down, the wind had blown in one window and sent the dust out at the other, so with very little rapping, the place was clean,—a few more coppers.

A visit to the freight yards to ship parcels, which usually takes a long time, was accomplished in five minutes, leaving time for rest before dinner, so a few more cents.

You invite some of your husband's relatives in to dinner, and isn't it a mercy when everything turns out well!

A beautiful Sunday morning one might ride, but a lovely walk and a ticket for the box!

I am not sick, but suffer quite a bit from that tired feeling, (you read about it in the papers.) The moment my children get home at night, I am free and dare not enter the kitchen. Isn't that worth a little!

A visit to the hospital,—what a mercy I was not there! Of course, some day I may have to drop in a few coppers for good nurses and doctors, but I'd rather be on the outside.

A little in the Box for a good cake recipe, by Katherine Kent of the Globe, which brought me some credit.

Now these boxes are not very large, and we do not expect to have the first emptying until January, so when yours gets full, just put the whole box into a larger box, and be sure to glue the lid on, so you will not be tempted to borrow from the Lord."

GUNGA, THE RUN-AWAY BOY.

He was born a Brahmin, this little Orissa boy, and wonderful were the ceremonies celebrating his birth, and 12 years later—just 12 years—he was married, and equally wonderful were those ceremonies. For a year after this he went to the village school, and soon knew all the teacher could give him. But he wanted more. He wanted to be an educated man, learning English and Sanskrit. He was hungry for knowledge. He coaxed and begged his father to send him to another school, but just think of it, his father, though perfectly able, would not do it. So what do you think Gunga did? He ran away. Send to 66 Bloor West, Toronto, and get "Gungardah Rath" (15c) and see what happened to the boy.

THE MISSIONARIES

Out from the doomed Jerusalem, in days
of long ago,

By two and two they sallied forth to lands
of sun and snow;
And each slow century since then has seen
this loyal clan

Break out to bear the blessed news to all
the sons of man.

Beside the slim, tall temples, where the
tawny rivers run,
They set their tents where shining stars
looked down on Babylon.

Through Memphis' linteled gates they
passed, and sang a holy psalm,
Where carven gods looked down on them
in immemorial calm.

Their bare feet pressed the beaten shore,
beneath dark Nubia's cliffs;
They ate the corn from out their scrips,
where Karnak's hieroglyphs
Tell how the world's gray mother, dead,
beside old Nilus lies,
And held the lifted cross before Assyria's
glazing eyes.

Down to imperial Rome they drew, o'er
the Campagna's turf,
Nor halted where the rocky shore flung
back the roaring surf,

But spread the sails, and, unafraid, across
the seething main

Steered where the wild Atlantic lashed
the pillared front of Spain.

In single file, on lonely paths, they walked
through forests dim,

And stirred the Saxon silence with their
solemn matin hymn;

The bloom of Irish primroses fell on their
wandering feet,

And heather on the Scottish hills made
all their garments sweet.

Beside the stormy Northern capes they
taught the Vikings bold,

And in the English meadows green the
wondrous tale they told;

Amid the cairns, among the oaks, they
reared the holy crypt,

And dared to tell of dying Love, where
Druid altars dripped.

And still o'er all the earth they fare,
where'er a soul has need;

My heart leaps up and calls to them: O
Brothers mine! God speed!

What time within the jungle deep ye
watch the daylight die,
Or on some lonely Indian steep see dawn
flush all the sky.

Far is the cry from here to there, yet
hearken when we say:

Ye are the brethren of the Book; in Khar-
toum or Cathay,

'Tis ye who make the record good, 'tis ye,
O Royal souls!

Who justify the Chronicles, writ in the
ancient scrolls.

O Missionaries of the Blood! Ambassadors
of God!

Our souls flame in us when we see where
ye have fearless trod

At break of day; your dauntless faith our
slackened valor shames,

And every eve our joyful prayers are
jeweled with your names.

—Robert McIntyre in "Christ in the
Poetry of To-day."

—Missions.

THE LEAVEN WORKS.

During 125 years Christian missions in
India may as yet have produced but the
nucleus of a church, but they have per-
meated the Indian mind with Christian
ideas and ideals. Mission schools have
trained India to know the worth of edu-
cation. The uplift of the Christian con-
vert has shown to her the possibilities lying
dormant in her millions of people, even in
the most degraded. Christian brotherhood
has shaken the system of caste to its founda-
tions and though it may take a long time
to destroy a system which is so woven into
the fabric of the national life, yet there are
signs that a crumbling process has begun.
—David Walters, in "India Through New
Eyes."

HONORABLE MENTION FOR PROMPT RENEWALS.

(All names on last year's list accounted for and paid in advance of Convention, November, 1924).

Almonte 9, Alvinston 5, Beebe, Que., 5, Brooke and Enniskillen 19, Burlington 8, Hamilton (Stanley Y.W.) 7, Hamilton, (Wentworth) 16, High River, Alta., 9, Hillsburg 9, Kamloops, B.C., 5, London, (Maitland) 9, Macleod, Alta., 2, Midland (Calvary) 4, Nakamun, Alta., 2, Ponoka, Alta., 4, Pt. St. Charles, Que., 10, Saskatoon, Sask., 21, Strathroy 24, Thornbury 4, Timmins 15, Toronto (Bedford Pk.) 3, Toronto (Birchcliff) 6, Toronto (Jones) 14, Toronto (Oakwood) 7, Vancouver, B.C., Karrisdale) 1, Wallaceburg 23.

Monthly Report

Increase 1010
Discontinued 564

NET GAIN..... 446

Last Year's Arrears

336 have paid
497 OWE

A Good Example

Dear Supt. of Agents of Link:

Will you kindly send the "Link" to (name and address). Send it with the compliments of our Circle.

Yours very truly,
Agent for Centre St.,
St. Thomas, Ont.

Watch for Association Reports.

Which Association will have *most subscribers*?

Which Association will have *most new subscribers*?

Will your church have all subscriptions *paid in advance*?

Has the name of your Circle appeared in the "*Honorable Mention*" list?

If not, why not?

Mrs. J. C. Doherty,
(Supt. Agents Link).

WHITBY MISSIONARY SUMMER CONFERENCE

July 2nd to 9th

Rev. H. C. Priest.

Among the many summer gatherings the Whitby Missionary Conference holds a place peculiarly its own. Conducted as it has been for the past nineteen consecutive seasons by the Missionary Education Movement, through which the Mission Boards of the various Churches co-operate, an exceptionally strong and representative leadership is ensured and a rare and rich opportunity presented. And all under such delightful conditions as to provide an ideal eight days' outing.

A glance at the daily schedule will indicate the happy manner in which pleasure and profit, study and play, inspiration and recreation are combined. Bible study, group study of missions, under most inspiring leadership, and discussion of methods for promoting the missionary life in the various organizations of the congregation occupy the mornings. The afternoons are given over to rest, outings and various forms of enjoyable recreation. Twilight talks on the lawn and a platform meeting at which addresses are given by outstanding representative missionary leaders fill the evening. A unique feature of the Conference and one of the most delightful is the presence and fellowship not only of representative leaders and delegates with problems similar to your own but more particularly of the many missionaries from many lands representing the various Mission Boards.

The Conference is held at Trafalgar Castle (Ontario Ladies' College), Whitby. This splendid castle-like building, with its wide halls, its dormitory accommodation, its excellent equipment, including an exceptionally fine gymnasium and swimming tank, its spacious lawns and tennis courts providing facilities for a variety of out-door sports and its proximity to the lake, furnishes an ideal home for such a gathering.

The dates of the Conference this year are July 2nd to 9th. The cost is very mod-

erate, the rate for entertainment for the entire Conference period being Twelve Dollars and the registration fee Three Dollars. Enquiries should be sent and applications made just as soon as possible to Rev. H. E. Stillwell, 223 Church St., Toronto.

A Distinctive Purpose

The purpose of this Conference, which has come to be regarded as one of the most enjoyable, inspiring and helpful of

all the many summer gatherings, is distinctive. It is a Missionary Conference planned to provide training for leadership in developing the missionary life of the congregation, to inspire to larger and more effective service, to discover the best methods for promoting missions in the Sunday School, Young People's Society and other church organizations, to deepen the prayer life, and to lead all to relate their lives definitely to the plan and purpose of God.

Kodaikanal School For Missionaries' Children

Mrs. R. E. Bensen.



GYMNASIUM OF HIGH CLERC SCHOOL

In the Spring of 1901, Highclerc School for Missionaries' Children was opened in Kodaikanal, a hill station of South India, by two of the leading missions of the South—the Arcot and Madura Missions. For some time the need for such a school had been felt, and in April, 1901, it was opened with Mrs. Eddy, the mother of Dr. Sherwood Eddy, as principal. There were nineteen children in all (eleven being boarders), and three teachers—one, a mu-

sic teacher. One who worked with Mrs. Eddy in the early years of the School, testifies to her untiring energy, her courage in face of difficulties, her great kindness and love for the children, and her willingness to help those who worked with her. The children who first started in the school represented the Wesleyan, Methodist, London and United Free Mission besides the Arcot and Madura Missions.

The school has grown during the twen-

ty-three years of its existence, but in the early years, the burden of its finances rested heavily on the missions which had the responsibility of it. From time to time other missions have joined in undertaking some of this responsibility. The school has acquired more property and the need for larger and better buildings is sorely felt, for even this year, children had to be turned away from the school as boarders, because of lack of accommodation. There were nearly seventy boarders this year and about thirty day pupils. A new school house is badly needed, and dormitories for the larger girls. Dormitories for the

The school is run as an American school, the principal and his wife, Dr. and Mrs. Wilson, being former American Presbyterian Missionaries. There is now a staff of ten. The teachers are nearly all college graduates, and a fine type of women, for they consider their work real missionary work. In the school there is a fine Christian atmosphere and the Bible is taught as it is taught in a few of our schools in Canada.

Perhaps the readers will wonder why this article is written. It is because many of our Canadian Baptist people are interested in the school and several of our



THE BAPTIST CHILDREN IN ATTENDANCE IN 1923

smaller girls and boys are in process of building, but not yet finished. In order to keep up the equipment and to help towards new buildings, the school committee is asking for \$10,000 from each mission which has not heretofore helped towards the expenses of the buildings. They are also asking for \$1,000 a year or the expenses of a teacher from each mission connected with the school. This means exemption from fees for the children of that mission.

children are in attendance there. In former years the parents were forced to leave their children in Canada, and no one but those who have experienced it can understand what such a separation meant. Missionary children have been weaned away from their parents and bitterness has grown up in their hearts and a dislike for missionary work that has not been overcome. Now it is possible to bring the children back to India and place them in a school

where there is a Christian influence and where also there is an ideal climate and where the parents can be with them several weeks each year. The children are able to go to the plains for a couple of months in the cool season and the parents can spend some time with them during the hot season. In this way the children keep in touch with their parents and have the home influence which is invaluable. They are also sympathetic with mission work, and one of the impressions that the school tries to make upon the children is that they are helping their parents to bring India to Jesus, by being happy and contented in school, although they are separated for a time from their parents. And they are a happy lot and play and have just as good times as the children in Canada. They are unusually well and healthy and their rosy cheeks testify to good food and care.

Many of the former Highelere students are back in India as missionaries and delight to recall the happy days spent there in their youth.

Our Mission Board has promised to give \$500 (just half of what is required) for two years, towards the fees of those children who are in attendance at the school. The parents have to make up the balance. The fees amount to about \$7.00 a month for each child. Music, book-rent, stationery, etc., are extra. This makes it very heavy for missionaries on missionaries' salaries. But the expense is much less than it would be if the children were left in schools in Canada.

We would like to have the sympathy of our Canadian friends in the Highelere School, and hope it will be possible before long for us to be a fully contributing mission.

A. M. B.

FROM MRS. J. B. McLAURIN.

Dear Link:

Here we are at home again, and what a lovely home-coming it was! I made up my mind I would not worry over the settling of the Mission house, but try as I would, I could not help thinking all the things that

would have to be done, and I would add to myself "there will be only a week before the Jubilee meeting!"

We arrived in Toronto at half past seven in the morning, and were met and taken up to the Mission House, and had guests for breakfast! That, I am sure you will agree with me, was rather rapid work even for Canada, where people do move rapidly.

The secret of it—well the Board ladies decided they would have things ready, and they were ready. There were provisions in the cupboard, beds made, curtains up, and flowers and plants as the finishing touch. There was a lovely breakfast on the table, and Mrs. Senior and Mrs. Henderson were at the house to meet us and serve us.

No wonder I was a bit dazed, but I did try to say "thank you." It was really the next day I fully realized all that had been done. When the days of Jubilee meetings came, I was able to attend without thinking of a house partly settled, and so was able to thoroughly enjoy them.

Sincerely yours,

Mary Stillwell McLaurin.

April 20th, 1924.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Those wishing to send parcels to Bolivia please notice:

1. All parcels must reach 31 Wells St., Toronto, not later than August 15th.
2. On inside wrapper have name of sender and to whom sent, also weight of parcel.
3. Please send a letter containing invoice with value of articles, if new, also a postal note or money order to cover cost of shipping, which is 13¢. per oz.

MRS. M. C. McLEAN,

31 Wells St., Toronto

Dr. August H. Strong well said: "What are churches for but to make missionaries? What is education for but to train them? What is commerce for but to carry them? What is money for, but to send them? What is life itself for, but to fulfil the purpose of missions, the enthroning of Jesus Christ in the hearts of men?"—*Sel.*

Our Work Abroad

Samalkot, Godavari Dist.,
India.
March 18th, 1924.

Dear Link Friends:

I thought when we had our special Jubilee meeting on the twelfth of March that you might be interested in how we spent the day.

A holiday is an unknown quality in Samalkot School usually. But just lately as we had time off on account of teachers' exams, and the whole school taking the hook worm medicine provided by the Rockefeller foundation, it did not seem as if a holiday would be the very special event it might be at an ordinary time.

We arranged for a special meeting in the afternoon and invited all our outside pupils, some sixty odd, to attend. Then we had the school boys as well as the teachers take part. I did want the boys always to remember that our mission's fiftieth birthday was a special day and I wanted those who will be there to tell the story when the next fifty years pass, to have happy memories. The children and the teachers told the story of the coming of the McLaurins to Cocanada and the early days there. Then they recalled some of the things for which we as Christians should be very thankful. Then there was reading, songs of thanksgiving and prayer. Even the little fellows in the first standard took part in the prayer.

As a special feature of the event we began a new mite box for our Home Mission work at Chodavaram. This mite box is made of baked clay. One of the boys took great pleasure in decorating it with some coloured paper. I explained its purpose to all the children. I hoped our boarders would respond well. You know they find it just as hard to give their pennies as Canadian girls and boys do. What was my surprise when I saw our outside pupils, Hindus and Mohammedans, join in the giving. Some who forgot asked if they might give the next day. When I went to the eighth standard class, I could see there was great rejoicing there. They said, "Every boy in the class gave something."

When the meeting was over, we gave a tiny bag and a picture from Canada to each child. They were very delighted. If the little folks at home who made those bags, could have seen these happy faces, I am sure they would feel rewarded.

I think none of the children will forget the day. Perhaps when some of these boys are old men, and the present with all its ups and downs has passed into the "good old days," they will be telling other little children of how they celebrated the first Jubilee.

I must say, "thank you," again for the nice papers which are supplied to our school by the home people. The big boys are very fond of primary papers from home. That is just about their style in English. The teachers appreciate the more advanced papers.

Yours very sincerely,

Muriel Brothers.

Chicacole, India,
March 19th, 1924.

Dear Sisters:

I do feel I need your help. India never seemed to be so hard to live in as NOW. Really I have suffered since my return. There was my uncle's sickness and passing; then four of our dear Christians passing away. Everywhere I go there are evidences of the awful Cyclone of last November. Would not your heart ache to see the fallen houses and school buildings—to see the people living in the open and with no money to buy thatch, which is so dear, as the crops were destroyed. About our own Mission buildings—one side of this Ladies' Bungalow is nearly a wreck. Yesterday I visited a hamlet from which about ten Christians have come. They said: "It makes us so lonesome not to have the school." These are hard days in our district. The prices are terribly high and famine is impending. Two miles out there was a splendid school. The children learnt finely, but the Christian teacher's house and school have been levelled to the ground. Everything looks so ugly and delapidated as a result of that terrible cyclone. We have

asked for some help to repair the devastation in our Mission buildings. This must be an *extra*. Dear friends, just as you gave to help Japan after the earthquake I hope you will give to help our mission recover from this devastation.

I had such a perfect furlough that it is a little hard to settle down to this life among the brown people, where there are no concerts or English sermons or pretty houses or beautiful lawns, or attractive entertainments. But, dear friends, I am relying on your prayers and loving sympathy to carry me through. Oh pray that I may be filled with the Holy Spirit day by day and find my highest truest joy in being a channel of blessing to these needy souls. Without the Comforter it would be impossible to happily live here. God has heard your prayer for me in many ways. Pray on that the Holy Spirit's power may descend upon all the workers that every Christian may become a witness for Jesus.

It is impossible to give you an idea of our burdens. Just now a woman has come 17 miles to tell me there is no way for her unless I help her. Her husband has left her and gone off with a Hindu woman. Her sorrow is great. She and her husband became Christians a few years ago and we hoped they would lead their relatives to Christ. Another woman came three miles to tell about no crops and no home as a result of the cyclone.

But I must close.

Yours lovingly in Christ.

Mabel E. Archibald.

Pithapuram, Godavari Dist., India,
March 3rd, 1924.

Dear Friends,—You have no doubt all heard that I am taking an enforced holiday here under the care of Dr. Smith. This is to get me over the results of malaria which I probably had most of last year, tho' I did not know it. Naturally, I should prefer to be in Akidu at my job but want to point out some of the compensations.

The next week after I arrived there was great excitement here as the Govern-

or of Madras was expected to come to confer upon the Rajah the title of Maharajah. Through the chief Minister of the latter, Dr. Smith was able to secure for me, at that late date, invitations for the functions. The conferring of the title took place at the palace and consisted of brief addresses by the Governor and the Rajah. All then proceeded to a piece of land, the site for the buildings of club houses for both the men's and ladies' clubs. The Governor, Lord Willingdon, was to lay the corner stone of the latter and Lady Willingdon of the former. Before this was done, we all gathered in a sort of shed which had been erected as a protection from the sun. The leaf covered roof was supported by bamboo poles. The roof was 'ceiled' with strips of cotton cloth from which were suspended all kinds of coloured tissue paper decorations you could imagine. A red carpet was laid from the road, up the central aisle to the platform. The Maharajah was dressed in a long black coat, white trousers, a pale green turban with jewelled tiara up the front and sword at his side. The sons, who are aged about thirteen and eleven, were similarly arrayed, even to the swords, the hilts of which they very fondly handled. With them on the platform on the two sides were Mr. Huggins, the Godavari District Collector (or first officer), the Governor's Private Secretary, and two or three Aides de Camp. The latter, with bright red feathers rising from the centres of their white sun helmets, and with spurs on their shoes, were quite imposing. Lord and Lady Willingdon took seats behind the table. They were soon garlanded with flowers and strings of camphor balls. We "females" being decidedly human, eagerly watched her Excellency for a demonstration of the latest styles and straightway resolved to let down the hems of our frocks. (When ladies of Madras appear in her presence twice with the same dress, she is not at all shy in telling them and in asking them to get something new.) After a rather ponderous address from the Maharajah to his

Excellency, the latter replied in a happy, free way. We were all presented to their Excellencies and then the corner stones were laid, and several photographs were taken.

In the afternoon there was a lovely garden-party at the palace. The English residents and missionaries from Cocanada were nearly all up. The greatest pleasure of the day, for me, was to be among a number of ladies taken inside the palace to meet the Maharani. She is charming, just as cordial and free as you could imagine. Her English is splendid. It is so amusing to hear her frequent "Goodness," or "My goodness!" We also saw her little daughters and were so sorry for them that they could not be outside as our little girls would have been. When we went out to the garden again a juggler was performing some clever feats. When it became dusk we saw a display of Rs. 500 worth of fine fire-works. (About \$150 worth). When these were over we went home. The next day their Excellencies, with all their retinue, visited the Mission Hospitals here. Our Missionaries were highly complimented on their buildings and work. The press reports, the next day, covered them with honours.

Next day the Scott-Day wedding took place at Cocanada. This was my first opportunity to attend a Missionary wedding. I went from here in the car with Dr. Smith and Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong. Miss Day surely looked beautiful as she came in on Mr. Craig's arm. Dr. Stillwell performed the ceremony and Dr. Smith led in prayer. Miss Evelyn Eaton sang during the signing of the Register. Photos were taken at the front of the church and then we all went up to the Harris Bungalow where Miss Baskerville gave a reception. On behalf of the Missionaries Mr. Craig presented Mrs. Scott with a gift of money. Mr. Scott gave Miss B. a beautiful amethyst brooch. There was a wedding dinner that night up here at Dr. Jessie Allyn's. I had the pleasure of helping in the preparation of decorations and amused myself in painting place-cards and writing silly rhymes for them. Sixteen

were present. We had such a happy time. The next a.m. they left for a trip to Ramachandrapuram, and the three Kistna stations.

My next event was a visit to Waltair, my first Indian home. For a number of years there has been in Vizagapatam a Hindu Women's Association, a sort of literary affair. Miss Blackadar used to be asked and sometimes attended. The promoter is an educated Brahmin widow who is a strong non-co-operator. During more recent years she has not asked Miss B. to attend. However, while I was there, this Bulusa Suryanarayanama Garu came to Miss B.'s school and asked her teachers to come and her school girls to give a sort of May-pole performance which our Indian girls do very cleverly. Miss B. asked if I should like to go too. I was glad to do so for my line of work gives little opportunity for much contact with high-caste women and girls. We found the meeting proceeding in the inner court of the house which, with the verandahs of the rooms surrounding the court, were filled with well-dressed high-caste women and girls. An old grey-haired woman was reading a paper. When she finished that, she sang some verses in honour of Ghandi. Every time his name was mentioned, many of the women there, clasping their hands, raised them to their foreheads, which is the symbol of veneration and worship. What with this and a regular non-co-operation paper given by another woman, we soon realized we were in a political meeting. Those present were urged to throw off this yoke of bondage to the British Government, and to maintain their rights. Rather than study English, which could do them no good, they were encouraged to study some Indian language, Hindi, for example. They should show loyalty by not buying foreign goods, etc., etc. A pillar of the verandah on which we were sitting somewhat cut off our view of the platform but we soon realized that a table at the centre front looked suspicious. It was covered with a rain-bow colored silk cloth. On it were several brass and silver

vessels, ornaments and candlesticks. In the centre at the front was an image of the god, Krishna, in a sitting posture. Below, on the floor, was a small square of carpeting. On this were two candlesticks. On top of each lay horizontally a plantain or small banana. In each banana was stuck a burning incense stick. It was nothing short of idolatry. When we realized this, Miss B. said,—“What do you think? We can't stay with this going on can we?” I heartily agreed with this sentiment. The teachers, who had just come in, said it was idol worship so we all went out. The Brahmin widow came rushing after us and said it was not time to go. Miss B.—spoke very plainly to her, saying she should never have asked us to come where such worship was going on. She replied by saying that when they attended Miss B.'s school affairs they had to listen to prayers to Christ. She was reminded that she knew what to expect when she came, but that we never dreamed that we were coming to a political meeting or to a place of idolatry.

Now I am back at Pithapuram. Dr. Smith says I may go to Akidu to attend the Association next week and to get the clothes I need for the Hill trip, but that I had better not teach again till after the hot season. This is naturally a great disappointment to me but I must try to be patient. My Hill address for May and June will be Fir Grove, Auckland Road, Darjeeling, India.

The weather is warming up these days. Personally, I have nothing to complain of as I am out so little.

Loving greetings to all,

Susie Hinman.

“At last, there are no distant lands, no foreign peoples; the whole world is one neighborhood; those who were afar off are brought nigh. Once, to love one's neighbor meant to love him who lived next door; but now everybody lives next door—and by that law we must love the race of man.”—
A. T. Pierson.

EXTRACTS OF PRIVATE LETTER FROM MISS MUNROE

Parlakimedi, Ganjam Dt., India,
Jan. 25, 1924.

The big cyclone that visited us on November 17-18 held up the mail service, both sending and receiving for three weeks and suspended railway traffic from Berhampur to Vizagapatam from November 17 to December 24.

Jubilee Conference

I was at Jubilee Conference and Convention—it was inspiring to hear and know about what the Lord hath wrought these fifty years. I wonder if He has received His meed of praise fully from these souls that have been redeemed through His precious blood, in these fifty years. If here on Earth, we could just once get an echo of the praises that the ransomed sing before His Throne—how different our song would be! I know I don't praise Him enough,—I don't know how, and yet I long to!

Headman Interested

To-day has been a busy and joyous one. This morning I felt constrained to remain at the bungalow. I didn't know why. I hadn't done so since coming on tour. But, when, about eight o'clock, the Bissole (Headman) of Old Gumma came to the bungalow, asking for instructions concerning the Christian religion, I knew then why the restraint had come. He listened for nearly two hours. He has, like so many other educated Hindus, read all their own shastras, and tried in other ways to find peace. . . . I believe he is an earnest seeker after truth.

“Gopinatu, Bessoye” is his name,

Work With Women

When he left there was still an hour before breakfast, so Ruth (Oriya Bible woman) and I went over to Gumma and we had two classes, one for the women, which she conducted, and one for the children which I took. This afternoon I had the three biblewomen go to Borodingi to the women's meeting and I went to a village to bring some medicine to a sick

woman and afterwards gave a talk to the women of Gumma, using that verse from Timothy—"In conversation, practice, love, faith, etc., be an example." I was surprised how much we got out of it, especially from the second thought, "practice." I'm not quite sure whether that is the word used in the English rendering. The Bissoye took my bible, so I couldn't look it up, but that is the Oriya translation. It offered such a field for comparisons—Hindu practice versus Christian; what the latter should be. Just as I was going to the church a baby had been brought to me—three horrible burns right across its little tummy—infected and raw. Just one of the many examples of Hindu practice. And the wearing of jewels brought out such a nice comparison. I drew their attention to the beauty of a newborn baby—the perfect work of the Creator, and how, according to Hindu custom, His beautiful workmanship is marred and disfigured, nostrils and ears punctured, the latter till they split, often, and loaded with these ornaments. At the new birth (of the Spirit) these should be all removed and the jewels of the heart,—love, peace, humility, forgiveness, etc., together with the garment of righteousness, worn in their place. One thought just developed another so naturally,—the jewels (of the heart) being the characteristic features of Christian practice. I'm sure I enjoyed the lesson as much as they did. It was a lesson of such practical help to them and one not too complex for their limited grasp. It does seem silly, on reading this over, to have written all this, but I really was so happy over their responsiveness that I bubbled over when I sat down to write.

Building

Dr. West is at Serango overseeing building operations. As there are only footpaths up these mountains, and everything has to be transported by coolie, it is impossible to make rapid progress, and too, trained masons and carpenters in Parlakimedi, will not risk their lives to come up into this fever ridden Agency, so raw recruits have to be trained. Nevertheless

in spite of difficulties the work goes on steadily, even though slowly, and God's Hand is seen in many ways. I shall be glad indeed when the hospital is built and we can take in these poor neglected sufferers and care for them. This week, in going to different villages, I have found a number of pitiful cases—such as having seen, one can't forget.

I love the work, and as I get a better knowledge of the Sa'ora language, its going to mean still more to me, and infinitely more to them,—to get the good news in their own tongue. It has been such a joy to find, on my return to Karregorda, (the first Sa'ora village to which I came and concentrated on for twelve days, that in spite of sickness they have done no puja (spirit worship), and the first time I went there, I found a group of twenty men under a wide spreading tamarind tree doing puja—there had been women, too, but at sight of my big topey they ran for their lives. It took them several days to overcome their fear of me.

Door Opened

We had an experience there at the very outset that has opened a door for Christ as nothing else could have done. One morning I had read in Mark about the paralyzed man, in Oriya, and Sundaramma was explaining it in Sa'ora. In the midst of the story, a woman dragged herself into sight and drawing my attention, pointed to her mouth, which she could not open, and to her arms and body, dreadfully emaciated. I asked how long she had been like that. They said for nearly a month—that her mouth had been fast shut. It was lock-jaw of course. The muscles were tense as iron bands. She was starving. I had no medicine for her case, but I don't believe she was thinking of medicine. I think she felt that the same One that had healed the paralytic could help her. I told her I had no medicine that would help her, but if she would trust this Jesus we would pray for her. Her people promised that they would not do any puja, so placing our hands on her head, Sundaramma prayed for her—the

first prayer she ever prayed in the Sa'ora language. God heard it and answered. The next morning her mouth had opened enough that she ate rice. In five days it was normal and she was out working in the fields. That was in October. I hadn't seen her since till one day this week and I didn't recognize her at first. She is so well and fat. She said—"gija! Ee-a" (look mother), and she put her whole hand into her mouth, "Before I couldn't put my little finger into it. "Who did it?" Sundaramma asked. Pointing upward she answered, "Katoongau." (God). Everyone in that village is convinced of the power of God and they are gradually realizing the meaning of the love of Christ. The Ministry of Healing is our point of contact. Are there those in the homeland who will band themselves together to pray for these people? There are—I'm sure there are, but how to get grouped and into action. Definite needs need to be definitely dealt with. Oh, just to know that somewhere at home a dozen or fifty or a hundred Christians were praying definitely for the Sa'oras, at a definite hour every day! A dry sob comes in one's throat just to think of their deep, deep need. We have Christ,—Christ in us our Hope of Glory! They have nothing, nothing, nothing!! Is there any way that the home folk can be made to **feel** this thing? I know that they are thinking of the work and praying and giving and helping in many, many ways but Oh! if they could **feel** this people's need in their very souls—could realize what it would be if the tables were turned, and they as the Sajoras are—"other sheep on the broken steep at the edge of eternal doom."

Feb. 2, 1924.

The Scott-Day Wedding

Here I am again. I came down from the Sa'ora hills Monday and taking Gwenie Freeman with me, to be Miss Day's flower girl, left Tuesday for Cocanada to attend the Scott-Day wedding. "Happy" looked a queen in her beautiful wedding dress and veil. Her bouquet was of white roses and chrysanthemums. Gwen wore a dear little frock of pale yellow and carried a basket of tiny white and cream

chrysanthemums. The platform of the church was banked with Eucharist lilies and ferns and made such a lovely background for the bridal party. Dr. Stillwell performed the ceremony. Mr. Craig gave the bride away and Dr. Smith led in prayer. Miss Evelyn Eaton sang "Oh, Perfect Love." Miss Craig played the march. Miss Baskerville gave a reception at the Harris Bungalow for all the guests and afterwards we motored to Pithapuram where Dr. and Miss Allyn gave the wedding dinner. Dr. and Mrs. Stillwell, Dr. and Mrs. Smith, Misses Baskerville, Hatch, Priest, Folsom, Eaton, Hinman, North, Gwennie and I dined with the newly-married couple. On Friday, when they were leaving for a tour of the south stations of our Mission, we followed them to the station and hid in the baggage room until their train came in and as they went to their compartment, absolutely oblivious of our presence, we trooped along at their heels and showered them with confetti. It was a lovely wedding.

I must close now . . . Have you read Pearce Carey's "Life of Wm. Carey?" It's grand! I just got it as I was leaving for Cocanada and have nearly finished it on the train. Mr. Carey told me a good deal about the book last year while he was writing it. Truly it is "a book that will make missionaries."

It hardly seems possible that I have made a beginning of my fourth year in India . . . Lovingly,

Annie C. Munroe.

ASSOCIATIONS

Whitby-Lindsay

The Circles and Bands of the Whitby-Lindsay Association will meet at Fenelon Falls on Tuesday, June 10th. Miss Robinson will speak on the foreign work and Miss Copp on the Home. Delegates are requested from all the churches whether there are Circles or not.

Oxford-Brant

The Circles and Bands of Oxford-Brant Association will meet in Burgessville on June 10th, beginning at 1.30 p.m.

Anna Layman, Director.

Among the Circles

ASSOCIATION NOTICES

Norfolk—

The Circles and Bands will meet in Villa Nova, on Tuesday, June 10th, at 1.30 p.m. Mrs. Lipinski will speak on our foreign work in Hamilton, and Rev. Clark Timpany will speak on our Foreign work. Circles and Bands are requested to send delegates.

Martha Stillwell, Director.

Peterborough—

The annual meeting of Circles and Bands of Peterboro Association will be held in Port Hope, June 3rd, at 2.00 p.m. Will all Circles and Bands send as many delegates as possible.

Mary A. Nicholls, Director.

Niagara-Hamilton—

The one hundred and fifth annual meeting of the Association will be held in Main St. Church, Niagara Falls, Women's Day, June 3rd. We are looking forward to a helpful and happy time.

Will delegates requiring billets please send their names to Mrs. C. V. Stewart, 74 Victoria St., Niagara Falls, Ont.

Collingwood—

The Circles and Bands of the Baptist Churches of the Collingwood Association will hold their annual meeting at Barrie June 17th. Afternoon session at 2.30; evening session 7.45. Let all circles and bands send delegates. It is expected that Mrs. Harry L. Smith, of Toronto, will conduct a Band Conference and Mrs. Boris Klochhoff will speak of her work among the foreigners of Toronto.

Barbara M. Dennis, Director.

Middlesex and Lambton—

The Association will meet at Forest Women's Day, Wednesday, June 4th. A splendid programme has been arranged. Special speakers: Mrs. W. L. Kingdon, Miss Lida Pratt and Rev. P. G. Buck, Bo-

livia. Plan to be present. Pray earnestly that God will richly bless our gathering.

Rosa Baldwin, Director.

Welland—

The Welland Baptist Mission Circle report a very successful year. Our attendance and membership increased with each meeting. The meetings each month have proven wonderfully helpful. Our topic leaders have been most earnest in preparing the programs. We held our Thank-offering meeting on March 13, when Mrs. Klochhoff, of Toronto, gave a splendid talk on the work of the New Canadians, and also at this meeting we entertained the sister circles and missionary societies, of this district. The members of the Circle undertook to raise talent money during the winter months for special purposes. Our membership at the present time is thirty-five, our average attendance twenty-eight.

Mrs. Tattersall, Secretary.

Hespeler—

Our Circle has enjoyed a year of blessing. We have a membership of 30 with an average attendance of 13. The executive arrange programs taking up different phases of missionary activities and give one to every member of our circle which keeps them in touch with the work whether they find it possible to attend the meetings or not. We held our thank-offering meeting in October at which we had Miss Mabee with us to give an account of her work at Memorial Institute, which was inspiring and created a much deeper interest in that work from our Circle. The offering amounted to \$50.50, which was divided equally between home and foreign missions. Total amount raised this year \$203.12.

Mrs. Theo. Buck, Secretary.

Barrie—

The Women's Mission Circle held their monthly meeting at the home of Mrs. Warren Johnson on April 24th.

After an interesting program Mrs. Johnson was made a life member of the Foreign Society by the Circle, as a token of appreciation of her faithful service of twenty-five years as Treasurer.

It came as a surprise and she responded very feelingly. Then, Mrs. W. E. McLean, a charter member of the Circle who had made herself a life member, also of the Foreign Society, and Mrs. Johnson, were presented with L. M. pins. After the meeting Mrs. H. Urry, Mrs. Johnson's daughter, served dainty refreshments.

Then on the evening of the 25th the Mission Band held a birthday social at the Parsonage, when they made Miss E. Morley an honorary L. M. of the Home Society for her ever readiness to help the Band.

The proceeds of the social were over thirteen dollars.

L. Jones, Secretary.

Perth—

A special meeting of the Home and Foreign Mission Circles of the Perth Baptist Church, was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Robertson, on the evening of April 21st. Miss McNaughton, Vice-Pres. of Foreign Circle, presided. Miss A. Enid Robertson, of Toronto, who was spending a few days with her parents, gave an interesting account of the proceedings at the Jubilee meetings held in Massey Hall. At conclusion of Miss Robertson's address, Mrs. C. A. Farmer led in prayer.

This was followed by the announcement that Mrs. H. S. Robertson had made her daughter, Jean, a Life Member of the Foreign Mission Society. The presentation of certificate of Life Membership was made by Mrs. Hugh Robertson. Miss Jean Robertson, although taken by surprise, made an appropriate reply. In expressing her thanks and appreciation, she said she would prize this certificate as long as she lived. A very hearty vote of thanks was extended Miss Enid Robertson. After refreshments were served, a profitable meeting was closed by singing

"Praise God From Whom All Blessings Flow."

Agnes A. Robertson,

Sec'y. Foreign Circle.

Port Colborne—

In accordance with the request of the Board our Women's Mission Circle held a membership campaign. A list was made of the lady members of the church and the list divided up amongst the circle members. Our February meeting was held Monday, Feb. 4. In spite of the fact that it was a bitter stormy night we had an attendance of twenty-six which is a record attendance for us. Four new members were added to our roll. Several of our members have been added recently so that our circle has really made quite a gain in the last few months and though these results may not seem large to you it is a cause for great rejoicing to us, for our Mission Circle for many years has had a hard struggle to keep alive owing to adverse conditions which I cannot describe here. At times it seemed to be scarcely breathing but a mere handful of brave hearts though much discouraged, held on and kept it from passing out. Our pastor's wife with her boundless courage, faith, determination, missionary zeal and untiring efforts has given us fresh hope and courage. Consequently we have taken heart and though conditions are still somewhat against us our Circle is in much better condition than it has been in many years.

(Miss) M. L. Spencer, Sec.

RECEIPTS FOR THE MONTH OF APRIL

W. B. F. M. S. O. West

Circles—Petrolia \$10.21; Toronto, Olivet \$15; St. Thomas, Centre, \$37.50; Grimsby \$15.00; Aylmer \$42.00; Acton \$4.55; Guelph \$5.50; Burlington \$25.00; London, Wortley Rd. \$18.; Acton 50c; Niagara Falls, Jepson, \$12.50; Toronto, Dufferin, \$18.53; Mt. Brydges, \$6.50; Chatham \$32.00; Sarnia, Central \$40.01; Toronto, Jones Ave., \$21.00; Ailsa Craig \$30.50;

St. Thomas, Brod. Mem. \$13.50; St. Williams \$5.00; Harrow \$5.00; Toronto, High Park, \$58.80; Dundas \$12.00; Collingwood \$10.00; London Adelaide \$76.00; Toronto, Bloor \$106.24; Owen Sound \$6.85; Gravenhurst \$10.60; Bentinck \$3.00; Toronto, St. Clair, \$28.10; Mt. Forest, \$6.18; Binbrook \$3.25; Hamilton, Victoria \$48.15; Hamilton, Stanley \$107.75; Minesing \$4.20; Toronto, Bethany, \$3.15; Mimico \$3.00; Toronto, Jordon, \$6.00; Thornbury \$4.85; Brant, Immanuel, \$15.55; Toronto, Boon, \$9.97; Alviston \$3.15; Toronto, Walmer Rd., \$65.22; Cochrane \$5.00; Windsor \$60.81; Ridgeway \$1.55; Southampton \$5.00; East Flamboro \$5.10; Southampton \$14.00; Toronto, Annette \$21.00; Kincardine \$10.00; Barrie \$50.00; Salford \$5.00; Campbellford \$3.38; Toronto, Danforth \$35.70; Galt, \$20.00; Strathroy \$25.35; Dunnville \$18.00; Long Branch \$10; Otterville \$8.00; Alviston \$13.85; Wilkesport \$2.00; Brantford, Shenstone Memorial, \$18.00; Paris \$55.36; London, Egerton \$50.00; Walkerville \$15.80; North Bay \$29.10; Brantford, Calvary \$67.50; Peterboro, Park, \$13.50; Toronto, Christie \$2.50; Springfield \$10.00; Toronto, Mt. Pleasant, \$5.70; Toronto, Immanuel \$1.50; Petrolia, \$57.82; Listowel \$6.80; Dundas* \$4.00; Port William \$7.00; Gladstone \$34.10; Hamilton, Immanuel \$10.00; Toronto, Bethany \$5.00; Kingsville \$25.00; Forest \$42.00; Stratford, Ont., \$20.00; Burch \$19.00; Binbrook \$5.75; Haliburton \$4.00; Hamilton, Wentworth \$42.82; Peterboro, Murray, \$81.00; Brant. Riverdale, \$14.50; Vittoria \$5.95; New Sarum \$2.50; Niagara Falls, Main, \$6.90; Toronto, Century \$15; Woodstock, First \$27.75; Gravenhurst \$38.50; Hamilton, James, \$73.30; Lakefield \$12.50; Preston \$12.85; Wiarton \$11.10; Port Hope \$21.17; London, Adelaide \$49.50; Gravenhurst \$31.00; Mitchell Square \$3.50; Chatham \$5.00; Belleville \$25.00; St. Mary's \$5.00; Toronto, College \$39.25; Leamington \$26.50; Villa Nova \$51.50; Snelgrove \$3.00; Scotland \$3.65; Lakeview \$38.00; Colchester \$17.00; Kitchener, King \$59.58; Paisley \$17.00; Toronto, Memorial Institute \$11.00; Essex \$6.50; Daywood & Leith \$2.25; Midland \$3.55; Barrie \$12.35; Toronto, Woodbine \$14.05; Alviston \$2.00; Erin \$5.87; Woodford \$4.35; Wheatley \$13.00; Aurora \$5.15; Georgetown \$6.80; Toronto, Jarvis \$20.20; Port Colborne \$15.00; Beamsville \$5.00; Hamilton, Victoria, \$25.00; Brantford, Park,

\$51.90; Waterford,, \$23.15; Toronto, Century, \$50.00; Oxford East, \$7.00; Cobourg, \$9.35; St. Thomas, Broderick Memorial, \$4.13; Wyoming \$3.00; Toronto, Beverley \$8.85; Zone Centre \$5.00; Hamilton, Hughson \$5.00; Stratford Memorial \$5.00; Hartford \$9.00; Barrie \$4.00; New Liskeard \$16.50; Brooke & Ennis-killen \$25.00; Toronto, Dovercourt \$17.62; Villa Nova \$4.00; Weston \$5.00; Morley \$17.00; Toronto, First Ave. \$11.36; Bloomsburg \$13.50; Toronto, Calvary \$20.00.

Y. W. Circles—Niagara Falls, Jepson \$12; Wiarton \$29.85; Toronto, Bloor \$20.00; Toronto Walmer, \$58.50; Petrolia \$2.50; St. Thomas Centre \$15.00; Brant. Riverdale \$13.50; Wiarton 15c; Owen Sound \$23.40; Toronto, St. John's \$2.70; Leamington \$18.00; Peterboro, Murray \$50.00; Barrie \$7.00; St. Catharines \$5.00; Guelph \$6.23; Toronto, Olivet \$1.80; Hamilton, Victoria \$10.00; Toronto, First \$14; Toronto, Parkdale \$25.00; Toronto, Annette \$7.75; Toronto, Dovercourt, \$10.00; Toronto, Danforth \$12.50.

Bands—Petrolia \$6.85; Burgessville, \$8.15; Brant Immanuel \$15.00; Chatham, Bensen \$7; Stouffville \$18.50; Preston \$10.00; Barrie \$2.25; Port Arthur \$9.00; Port Arthur \$10.00; Kingsville \$24.00; Sarnia, Central \$5.00; Peterboro, Murray \$19.85; St. Marys \$1.41; Norwich \$14.75; Dunnville \$7.00; Wiarton \$4.00; Windsor \$5.00; Ridgeway \$9.85; Mimico \$3; Freeton \$10; Campbellford \$3.80; Woodstock, First \$15.00; Port Arthur \$4.25; Walkerville \$16.97; Harrow \$2.50; Turcarora \$3.75; Timmins \$16.73; Malahide-Bayham \$13.00; Orillia \$12.; Lakefield \$3.00; Yarmouth, First \$17.58; New Liskeard \$1.25; Haliburton \$3.12; Galt \$7.00; Niagara Falls, Jepson \$20.00; Townsend Centre \$13.50; Brant, Park \$10.85; Paisley \$1.30; Paris \$5.00; Brant. Riverdale \$13.50; Chatham \$2.33; Port Hope \$6.63; Brampton \$17.00; Villa Nova \$7.74; Daywood & Leith \$2.75; Jaffa \$5.55; New Dundee \$5.00; Colchester \$9; Southampton \$6.25; Kitchener, King \$3.85; Hanover \$32.00; Port Colborne \$4.00; Townsend Centre \$3.00; Georgetown \$3.00; Blenheim \$3.57; Beamsville \$3.75; London, Talbot \$28.85; Stratford Memorial \$5.00; Thornbury \$6.00; Kitchener, Benton \$5.00; Strathroy \$14; Thessalon \$6.00; Niagara Falls Main \$10.00; Parry Sound \$3.00; Hartford \$8.00 Aylmer \$2;

(Continued on page 315)

The Young Women

Y. W. M. C. NOTES

Dear Girls,—Does it seem a long time since those wonderful Jubilee meetings in Massey Hall when we were thrilled by the story of the marvellous progress of the years gone by and were given a vision of the glorious possibilities of the future? When you read this the "Across Canada Jubilee meetings" will be over and we will have settled down to the routine again. But can we ever be the same again? No, we have seen a vision. We have heard a call. At that impressive closing meeting in Massey Hall, among those who dedicated themselves definitely to Christ's service either at home or abroad, were some from our Young Women's Circles! When some have given their lives is it not a call to the rest of us for greater consecration of prayer, time and gifts. Let us make prayer more central in all our meetings and all our work. Without it our efforts will be fruitless.

Good reports still keep coming in of more Y.W.M. Circles being organized. How fitting that two of these should be in the historic town of Woodstock. Your Secretary had the pleasure of spending two evenings there, one with the young women of First Church and the other at Oxford St. Church. Both groups were enthusiastic over organizing and recent reports show how well they are carrying on.

Another happy evening was spent with the brave little band at Lorne Park, who have just organized a Y. W. Circle. Oakwood Ave., Toronto, was the next group visited, and although few in number were eager to do their bit and have organized.

Beside these we are glad to report new Y. W. Circles at Benton St., Kitchener, Paris, and one in the far north, New Liskeard. Isn't that splendid! One more item of special interest. A class at Memorial Mission (all New Canadians) have decided to become a Young Women's Circle. How about some "old Canadian" classes who think they cannot!

Be sure to read this month's Visitor for a few suggestions about your work.

Yours sincerely,

Petrolia, Ont.

Lida Pratt.

A JUBILEE PAGEANT

The Jubilee of Canadian Baptist Missionary work in India was very fittingly celebrated and visualized at First Baptist Church, Vancouver, B.C., on the evening of March 19th last, when a striking Pageant was very splendidly presented by 60 or more people, portraying in a very vivid manner, 50 years of missionary work in India by Canadian Baptists.

The text of the Pageant was prepared by Mrs. A. A. McLeod, who, having spent some years in India as a missionary, was able to create the necessary atmosphere and to put the emphasis in the right place. Not often has so much information been crowded into so short a space of time and in so interesting a manner.

Working side by side with Mrs. McLeod was Mrs. E. E. Crandall, a missionary enthusiast who is always ready to give her best to any missionary effort. Together with Mrs. McLeod, Mrs. Crandall worked indefatigably for the success of the Pageant; choosing the parts, arranging for costumes and training those who took part. It may not have been an easy task, but it was certainly well worth while.

To Mr. R. E. Knight and Mr. H. Etter are also due much of the success of the production, the former preparing all the banners used and the latter having charge of the very appropriate music.

The Pageant opened with lowered lights and a group of heathen people groping in the darkness, while a voice was heard, speaking in words from Holy Scripture and closing with the quotation, "Whom shall I send? And who will go for us?"

Immediately the room was flooded with light as the "Spirit of the Missionary Society" came swiftly forward saying, "Here am I, send me!" After telling of the answer to the call of the unconverted millions 50 years ago, she summoned the Five Decades to appear and to tell what they had done to bring light to the souls that sit in darkness.

One by one, at the call of the "Spirit of the Missionary Society", the Decades represented by five young women garbed in flowing robes of gray appeared to

tell how, from the very small beginnings in 1874, the work had grown and prospered under the guidance of God's Holy Spirit.

The First Decade told how, in response to a cabled message from Canada, Mr. and Mrs. John McLaurin, who had been working under the American Baptist Missionary Union, went to Cocanada and started the work there, being supported by the gifts and prayers of Baptists in Canada; told how God blessed the Churches in Canada, and how, during the first ten years, 18 missionaries were sent to work among the Telugus; told how God set his seal on the work in India, and blessed it abundantly, more than one thousand Telugus coming out of heathen darkness into the Gospel light during the first 10 years.

The Second Decade told of the Canadian Baptist Women's work for the Telugu women of India, of the organization of schools, the training of Biblewomen and teachers, the visiting among the shut-in women of the Zenanas and of the Gospel message carried to the women of every caste, in villages far and near. When the Second Decade closed, there were on the field 43 single women missionaries, all supported by Canadian Baptist women.

The Third Decade told of the inauguration and increase of the Medical Work in the several mission stations, of the crying need for such work, and of the thousands who receive medical treatment and care at the hands of our missionary doctors and nurses. It seemed almost unbelievable that one of our women doctors had in one year treated more than 6200 patients. Altogether, 9 doctors are now doing valiant service among the Telugus, relieving the suffering, saving precious lives, and demonstrating to India, that God loves the individual.

The Fourth Decade told of the development of Christian education and training, showing that from the schools must come the qualified workers and leaders. So schools were multiplied and a High School erected at Cocanada in which 300 students are at present enrolled, one-third of whom

are Christians. The aggregate attendance in all our Canadian Baptist schools in India, including the 400 village schools numbers well over twelve thousand, and the influence of the daily Bible study can scarcely be estimated.

The Fifth Decade told of the importance of the little village Mission Churches, stating that these constituted the very heart of the missionary work among the Telugus. It is here that the daily struggle is being waged. It is here that the process of transforming an idolatrous people into a redeemed and purified people, goes on from year to year. The despised and the "untouchable" have come in numbers and gladly hear the Word. Fifty years ago, one weak, struggling little Church, and to-day, 80 Churches, with a membership of almost 17,000! What hath God wrought!

Following the speeches of the Decades, the Spirit of Missionary Society called on all present to rise and honor the memory of our missionary heroes who had given their lives for the Telugu people, after which was sung the hymn, "For all the saints who from their labors rest."

After this came 9 Messengers, each of whom brought a special plea, the first one being for more Mission Sunday Schools; the second for more Biblewomen, the third for more support for the boys in Boarding Schools. Then followed appeals for the education of more native women doctors; for a Children's Hospital Ward; for more Village Schools; for the 6340 villages which are still without the Gospel Light; for the thousands of child widows and for the needed work among the poor lepers.

In response to these appeals, up the aisles to the platform, came several groups, representing the different missionary organizations in the Canadian Baptist Churches. The first group represented the F. M. Board, following which came the Women's Mission Circles, the World Wide or Y.W.C.'s, the Mission Bands, the Baby Bands, and last of all came the Missionary volunteers who asked, "Will you send us forth? Will you support us by

your gifts and your prayers? Will you hold the ropes?" and all responded with one accord, "We will, we will!"

Thus fittingly concluded a very vivid presentation of Fifty Years of Canadian Baptist Mission Work in India.

A copy of this pageant may be borrowed from the Literature Department, 66 Bloor St. W., Toronto.

THE MESSAGE OF A COLLEGE CAP AND GOWN.

A Typical Illustration of the Influence of a Graduate of a Christian College in the Mission Field.

A graduate of Isabella Thoburn College was living at home, keeping house for her widowed father, a prominent government official in a large town in North India. She was anxious to share the opportunities she had had with women of that city who were not only ignorant and superstitious, but who, in so many cases among the high born, were shut away in seclusion because of the custom of *pardah*, which prohibits women appearing in public. She asked her father's help in organizing a club for such women, and his suggestion was to begin with a gathering at their home when every effort would be made to keep their customs unviolated. Arrangements were made for utter seclusion from men, and with the promise of this a number of families consented to allow their women to attend. The father suggested to his daughter to wear her college cap and gown, and though she felt it would be rather inappropriate among such ignorant women, she followed his advice. To her surprise, one woman immediately remarked on it for, though utterly illiterate herself, the men of her family were well-educated and were possessors of college degrees. The woman expressed surprise that a cap and gown just like those her sons wore could be worn by a woman, and there was great excitement when it was told that it stood for the same learning as in the case of men. Before she knew it, our college graduate was setting forth what education had meant to her, and she had called forth decided response from the women

whose lives had so little in them, when one crusty dame explained, "After all, what is the use of education? See, she is not even married!"

This might have fallen as a damper on the newly aroused enthusiasm of the women, had not the girl been able to tell them that it so happened that she was engaged to a young college graduate who was at that time working to get sufficient money to start a home with her, and she hoped to make her education of practical use in her home. She was able incidentally to give a blow to the dowry system, which is the cause of so much misery in Indian homes and to uplift ideals of married life. But another woman sighed, "That is all very well for you to talk about, but our children are married so young, what can they do to have such homes as you speak of?" The girl eagerly replied, that her own grandmother and great grandmother had been under just such conditions, but that the acceptance of Christianity had brought with it better things for the girls of the family, and that was why she had the privileges she had. Thus, in that one gathering, she had been able to make a plea for education of girls, for higher marriage ideals, for resistance to dowry and child-marriage customs, and for the acceptance of that which opened the way for woman's greatest good—the Gospel of Jesus Christ. In various ways this experience is being repeated wherever girls go forth from the college. Can we refuse to think of the college cap and gown as a missionary message when it can stand for such things and convey such lessons.—*Missionary Ammunition.*

To every man there openeth
A Way, and Ways and a Way,
And the High Soul climbs the High Way,
And the Low Soul gropes the Low,
And in between, on the misty flats,
The rest drift to and fro.
But to every man there openeth
A High Way, and a Low,
And every man decideth
The Way his soul shall go.

—John Oxenham, in
"The King's Highway."

Our Mission Bands

A Mission Band in Every Church in the Convention in Three Years.

A WORD FROM VANCOUVER

When I remember the miles that separate me from Ontario, and when I think of all the wonderful Associational gatherings being prepared for, I just feel like hailing one of the aeroplanes that are constantly hovering over Vancouver and directing the pilot to start for the East and ask no questions. How eagerly I read the "Link" and the "Visitor" and you don't wonder that a feeling of homesickness creeps over me when I think of all the dear friends, and Mission Band Leaders doing such splendid work, and all the boys and girls that are helping too, so far away. I will have so much to tell you when I return. I fear you will grow weary in listening. See "Visitor" for further word.

Anabel Sage Mills.

1159 Bay St., Toronto.

Dear Band Leaders,—The time of the Associations is almost here, and again we look forward to the help and inspiration they give us. I am wondering in how many Associations there are to be Band Conferences. If none has been arranged where you attend would it not be possible for those interested in Band work to lunch together and informally discuss aims, methods and problems? Perhaps you have had something particularly good in your Band this year which others would be glad to try, or someone else may have a possible solution to one of your biggest problems. Talking things over with others whose interests lie in the same direction is always a fruitful source of ideas. I hope we will all be the gainers for these meetings and that the Bands will present splendid reports. It would almost break Mrs. Mills' heart I think if we failed in any way to "carry on."

Sincerely yours,
Hildegarde Smith.

THESSALON MISSION BAND.

The Thessalon Mission Band was re-organized on January 20th, 1924. The "Willing Workers" meet twice a month. We have at present a membership of 24 and are always on the lookout for new members.

We had a very successful entertainment April 17th. A good Missionary program was rendered by the members of the band to an appreciative audience.

The proceeds of the evening and mite box offerings totaled \$14.60, which we think was very good for a beginning.

Our earnest desire is to do all we can for the Master, and in our work we have the help and encouragement of our beloved pastor and friends.

Following are the names of our officers: Leader, Mrs. J. H. Harris; President, Miss Lena Chisholm; Vice President, Miss Winnie Nolin; Secretary, Miss Norma McCreight; Treasurer, Mr. Ross Ganton; Organist, Miss Laura Harris; Asst. Organist, Miss Gladys Harris.

BURGESSVILLE MISSION BAND

Sunshine and shadow have been our portion. Late in March our Band gave the pageant "The Bible and Missions" followed by a social evening. The children did well. Receipts \$20.00. Soon after one of our little fellows, Wilfred Buckwell, was called up higher. Although only about three years of age he loved to talk about Mission Band. But now, we like to think of him as being one of that throng of children, a holy, happy band, who surround the Throne singing. "Glory be to God on high." Since Wilfred's going we have a new interest in the Band up there.

THE WISH OF WURDIAH.

By Grace H. Patton.

Away we go to the Land-of-No-Clothes-for-Children, and see what's going on over there!

"Is there such a place," you ask, "where



The Hagerville Band was ninth in the Honor List last year. Miss Helen Ferguson, Leader. Members, 24.

they don't have to be bothered with these old Things—Things that button up the back, and things that have to be laced on to your feet and put on night and morning, and queer round things that will never stay on your head if you want to run real fast in the wind? O joy! how we'd like to be where the children can wear just their birthday clothes!"

But—are you quite *sure*? Think what sport it was to go to town with Mother to pick out those fine, brown, shiny Foot-Things? And when you could appear at the party with those dainty pink and blue Ribbon-Things twined around your waist—wasn't there great fun in that? Besides, in the Land-of-No-Clothes-for-Children there are nights during the Great Wet Time when the rain, coming down for days and days and *days*, shuts out the sun, and at night one's little brown body, almost naked, hugs up against one's Mother, shivering with cold, and one envies the bigger children who may have the great privilege of clothes.

But, on the day that we take a peep at hot, dry, dusty, old India—for *that* is the Land-of-no-Clothes-for-Children — (you guessed it, *didn't* you?)—it seems *so* good to little Wurdiah as he sits there on the ground in the scorching sun, not to have the Hot Things wrapped round him and to feel the tiny, tiny, hot breeze dry the sweat from his little thin body.

For Wurdiah is pretty thin — (he often gets only one meal a day, for his parents are very poor)—and his legs are long and his eyes are so black in his face that one doesn't notice at first his nose and mouth, and his very beautiful white teeth when he smiles; and his hair is black and straight like your best paint brush, and sometimes, when it is too terribly hot, he has it all shaved off and his head looks like the brown coconuts that grow near his hut.

Wurdiah has come a little distance from this same mud hut, covered with thatch, which he calls home, and is sitting quietly by the side of the road near the edge of the village. Sitting there in the hot sun, letting a few round stones run lazily through

his fingers, his gaze is fixed on Something just in front of him. It is Something that you never saw anything like—a long slab of gray stone, set up in the ground, a good deal like old tombstones in a cemetery, only much narrower. At the very top of it someone has painted a face—a very hideous face with features only a daub of reddish-yellow paint; while the eyes, being round splashes of white paint with a black spot in the center, look very awful and very ugly. There are many stones like this set up along the roadway in India, and the children are used to them, and they call them Idols and stand very much in awe of these queer, grinning, painted faces.

Wurdiah, sitting there looking at the queer stone, is thinking very hard—harder than you'd expect a little fellow to think. For he is only a *small* boy—though his legs are long—and, if you should ask him how old he is, he could not tell you; for, in his land, birthdays are not remembered. His mother would probably tell you that Wurdiah was born at the time when the Big River, which is not far away, was filled to overflowing by weeks and weeks of rain and spread over its banks, flooding out all the little mud huts so that they fell down, and Wurdiah's family had to leave their home and go to the next village for shelter. It was there that Wurdiah was born and, if you happen to have lived in India at that time and know just when it was that the Big Flood came, you will know that Wurdiah is a little more than eight years old.

But Wurdiah is not worried about his age—for he has more perplexing thoughts to think of to-day as he sits in the hot dust of the road, occasionally throwing a small stone at the trunk of a palm tree near him. The other little brown-skinned, naked boys that play with him make fun of Wurdiah because he is always puzzling over something and asking questions. He is always wanting to know *Why* Things Are and *Who* Made Things So. From the time he could utter the first musical words of the language of his village, he has never ceased asking questions. But he has never had any satisfactory answers. His older brothers



The Barrie Band was Sixth in Last Year's Honor List of Bands Which Gave the Highest Per Capita Contribution to Missions. Mrs. W. I. Bunt is the Leader

and sisters have laughed at him and told him that they cannot read in books, so how should they know Learning? His father is away in the fields all day, and for some strange reason, he finds that grown-ups do not like answering questions. For a long, long time he felt sure that his Mother really knew the answers but would not bother to tell him; but finally she told him plainly that she did not know, that being a woman she was only a buffalo, and how can a buffalo answer all things? And if one's mother cannot answer one's questions, what can one do?

Many months before this day when we see the little boy sitting in the sunlight, a strange thing had happened in his village—so strange, in fact, so utterly unheard-of that ever, since it has been the talk of the grandfathers as they sat chewing betel nut in the sun, of the fathers as they walked back and forth from the rice fields, of the mothers as they ground the meal or sat together in the sun, fondling their little naked babies and combing their long black hair.

The strange thing that happened was this. One very hot, dry afternoon, when the earth was scorching the bare feet; when the buffaloes and oxen lay panting in the heat, tied to small posts near the mud huts; when the grown-ups lolled in what shade they could find, and even the little naked children found it too hot to play—suddenly the sound of wheels was heard along the road that comes from the fields, and a strange cart with four wheels had driven up, and out of it had alighted the strangest creature that the people of the village had ever seen. He was evidently a man—very tall, very broad, bigger than the biggest man in the village—and his queerly made clothes that covered him all over were so white that it was hard to look at them in the bright sun without blinking. On the top of his head he had a queer, stiff-looking thing that was also very white and came down over his eyes, partly shading his face! In the memory of the oldest inhabitant of the village no one had ever seen anything like it; for the face—yes, and the hands, too,—were white, all *White*—and the hair

that could be seen under the white thing on the head was the color of the yellow rust that covered the road, and the eyes were the color of the sky when there was no rain.

At such a strange sight the people of the village crowded round, eager, excited, half-afraid. Some of the little children cried or ran away, frightened. But, fortunately, there was a man of their own people with the Big White Creature who was very kind and told the people not to fear, that the Big White Creature was only a man like themselves and had come from a far country called America. Then, to their great surprise, the Big White Man smiled and began to talk to them in their own language!

Wurdiah had seen all this wonderful event with his own eyes, but of course he could not understand what the Big White Man was talking about. After he had gone, the whole village talked about what this strange man had told them. There was something about a new *Margamu* (Road) and taking away the ugly idols that were in the village. It was all very confusing to the small boy, but there was one word Wurdiah did understand and had never forgotten. That word was the magical word *Buddi* (School), and the big White Man had said that where he lived—about a day's walk from the village—there was this strange new thing called School, and it was there that many little boys come to have their questions answered, and to find out all about the Big World that lay beyond the village, beyond the next village, even beyond the green rice fields that stretched so far away.

From that day forth Wurdiah's small soul had yearned with a huge yearning to go to that strange *Buddi*. It had been in his mind night and day; and as he gazed across the green rice fields he thought he could almost see the many little boys like himself gathered together, listening to the Big White Man as he told all about the other villages and of the big Outside-World. He had asked his mother about the school but she had told him she knew nothing about it.

All the while a strange change had come over Wurdiah's family and one other family in the village, that of Rutnum, the little boy with whom Wurdiah often played. The man of their own country, who had been with the Big Smiling White Man that day, had come back many times to tell them of what the White Man wanted them to know. Wurdiah, being such a small boy, had very little notion of what it was all about. It had something to do with a Book and a New Road, and that it was wrong to bow down and be afraid of the hideous tall stones with the painted faces. But Wurdiah had all his life been afraid of these grinning, stone images, and, although his father and mother and Rutnum's father and mother told them they must not bow down to or fear them any more, he still had a queer, creepy feeling when he passed one, especially if he had stayed out late and the silent shivery Dark was coming on. He knew, and all the other boys in the village knew, that a Spirit dwelt in the painted stone, and this Spirit was often angry and brought awful things like small-pox and famine to the people to punish them. If one wished anything very hard, one must go and bow down and worship the stone image and offer it flowers and broken cocoanuts.

It was for this reason that, when Wurdiah heard of the strange place called school and wanted so much to go there, he had slipped off many times when his parents did not know and had asked the Spirit in the idol to *please* let him go to the place called School.

But his father and mother would have been angry had they known this, for they had told him that it was very wicked to bow before the idols, and the new God they now believed in would punish him if he did so. They had talked a good deal about a person called Christ and Wurdiah thought he must be another Big White Man like the one who had come to the village. They also talked a good deal about *Prayma* (Love), but Wurdiah could only know that at times when his mother had been specially good to him, and held him tight in her

arms and spoken softly to him with a smile and a *different* light in her eyes, she had used this word *Prayma*. So it had only a queer "comfy" kind of feeling connected with it and he wondered what that had to do with the White Man and his strange New Road. His parents had also learned some new sayings, strange words that they said with their heads bowed and their eyes shut, and they seemed to be talking to somebody. They had called this Prayer.

But all the time, at the back of this small head was the great big Wish to go to the place called School—the *Buddi*—and the Wish was so big that he carried it with him so much that it almost began to hurt. Many sunny, hot days had gone over his head since Wurdiah had first begun to wish his big Wish. But nothing had happened. He had even gone to the grinning-faced Idol many times alone, and brought it *marigolds* in his hot little hands, and had bowed down, holding his little black head many minutes in the hot dust, asking with all his heart that he might have his big Wish. But the Grinning Face had grinned back at him and nothing had come of it.

To-day Wurdiah has come once more to sit before the silent, stony Face. He has been playing hard and is all hot and tired. The boys have been teasing him about wanting to go to School, asking him if he is so much better than the rest of them that he thinks he can become a great *Guru* (Teacher). He is cross and vexed and he has lost all faith in this ugly bit of stone that stands so unmoved before him. As he plays with the small stones that run through his fingers, he suddenly wants to throw one of them at the yellow-red, grinning Face before him. He has suddenly raised his hand and, in a fit of disgust and anger, is about to hurl the stone, when a strange fear comes over him and he drops the stone. The hot breeze had rustled the dry branches of the palm tree above the idol's head and he knows the bad Spirit of the Idol must be up there. He remembers the awful things that the boys in the village have told him about the Spirit and, with a queer, creepy

feeling coming over him, he rises to his feet and is about to run away.

Just as he turns, he meets his older sister coming running toward him. She is calling frantically, has looked all over for him, and is very much excited. She grabs his hand, dragging him along with her. She talks so fast and is so excited that it is hard for little Wurdiah to guess what she says. It is something about a White Creature who has come to the village and is asking for him. He can think only of the Big White Man and, very much frightened, he comes running up to the door of his Mother's hut. There a big crowd had gathered around somebody. At first he cannot see for the many brown bodies of children and the broad backs of the women, but when his Mother grabs him by the hand and drags him into the midst of the crowd, he is so frightened that his little heart almost stops beating.

For there, sitting on the wooden stool, which is the only piece of furniture in his Mother's hut, is a smiling Creature in all white, but not the Big White Man, but a White Woman! Her skin, too, is white, like the Man's, but her eyes are very black and they sparkle and shine. She has on the strangest white garment, so soft and fluffy and lacy, and upon her head is the same kind of white thing that the Man had. Her hair is black like his Mother's, but instead of being smoothed back with oil, like that of all the women he has ever seen, this strange Woman's hair flies in little curls about her face.

Wurdiah does not know what to say or do. The White Woman is talking to him and is holding his hand, but he cannot understand the way she says her words. She smiles on him and looks so friendly that he suddenly realizes he is not afraid any more. Then his Mother and a number of the women all talking at once, try to explain to him that the smiling White Woman has heard—because the Big White Man, her husband, has heard through the villagers and has told her—about Wurdiah's big Wish, and she has come all the way to his village just to tell him that he

is to come, as soon as he likes, to that strange place called School, and he may live where she lives and she will take care of him.

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It is late afternoon of that same day in that little, hot village in India. The sun, having worked hard all day to scorch everything in sight, is about to go to bed with a very red face. Little Wurdiah has somehow managed to slip away for a few moments from his Mother and the excited neighbors, and is standing once more before the Red-Yellow Face. He is tired and excited, finding it almost too good to believe, this wonderful granting of his wish that has at last come to him. In his hand he holds a very large stone. He steadily looks around him. No one is in sight. Then suddenly his eyes meet the horrid white eyes of the Grinning Face. It is getting dark and the staring eyes glare at him in the dim light. He remembers the Evil Spirit and all the Things that come around after the sun goes down, and a great fear seizes him. Then suddenly, with quick defiance, he raises his arm and with all the might of his thin little body, throws the big stone straight in the Grinning Face! He waits a few minutes. Nothing happens. Turning quickly, he runs toward his own little mud hut.

As he runs, he can see nothing but the hideous red Face of the Idol. Then quickly it disappears and he can see plainly the smiling face of the White Woman—there is a glad happy light in her eyes and he can feel her arm around him as she tells him to come to her at the place called School. It gives him a queer, happy, warm feeling, nearest like the one that he has had when his Mother has held him close. Can it be that this strange happy feeling is what they call "Love," and will they tell him more about it in that wonderful place where he is going—the place of his Big, Big Wish, the place that is called School! —*Everyland.*

If you have a very good Band meeting send an account of it to the "Link."—*Editor.*

OTHERS ON THE HONOR LIST.

We have the picture of only one more band. If Windsor, Blind River, Baddow, East, Nissouri, Park Church, Brantford, Leith and Bracebridge would send pictures, we could publish them.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

(Continued from page 305)

Langton \$12.00; Caledonia \$2.00; Toronto, Annette \$4.00; Lindsay \$8.00; Bloomsburg \$7.50

Individuals— Mrs. Baxter \$25.00; Miss H. Kitchener \$30.00; Mrs. Laycock \$35.00; Miss Katie McNeill \$5.00; Mrs. D. St. Dalmas \$20; Mrs. S. Southgate \$28.50; Mrs. Wm. Davies Jr., \$50.00; Anonymous from Jubilee Collection \$5.00; Mrs. Hunter \$10.00; Mrs. Wm. C. Dennis \$30.00.

O. O.—Hanover C.G.I.T. \$10.00; St. Thomas Prod. Mem. Junior B.Y.P.U. \$30.00; Huntsville Ladies' Aid \$5.00; Toronto, Christie Y. W. Class \$8.75; Norwich, Dr. Hulet's Class \$30.

Miscellaneous—Bond Interest. Comm. Cable \$10.00; Wm. A. Rogers \$17.50.

LITTLE MISS INDIA

There is a little Hindu girl—
Just about so tall—
Each morning she has rice to eat
But never eats it all.

Oh no, she takes a little out—
About so much, I think,
And gives it to a wooden god
That cannot eat nor drink.

She lays it down before his face
And says a little prayer,
The idol cannot see nor hear,
I wonder—DOES HE CARE?

She does the very best she knows,
'Tis what her mother taught her,
She thinks the idol old and grim
Can help her little daughter.

Why don't you help this Hindu girl
To love the Lord of glory,
And do all that you can to help
Send her the old, old story?

The Eastern Society

Miss Barker, 4136 Dorchester Street,
Westmount, Quebec.

THE JUBILEE IN MONTREAL.

On Thursday evening, April 10th, the first gathering of the Jubilee meeting was held in Olivet Church, and a large audience assembled on that occasion. Mr. A. Ayer, an intimate friend of the pioneers, Mr. and Mrs. McLaurin, and possessing a knowledge of the beginnings of Baptist Foreign Mission work, presided. After a few well chosen words he introduced Mr. Buck, of Bolivia, as the first speaker. In graphic word-pictures he presented to the audience the difficulties of the early days in Bolivian missionary work, trying to overcome religious and official intolerance and persecution. And at the present time the indifference, immorality and superstition make the task supremely difficult. But the faith which can remove mountains animates the workers and in due time the harvest will be reaped.

Mr. Buck was followed by Dr. Joshee, of Ramachandrapuram. As he expressed to us the gratitude of the Telugu people for the sending of the gospel of Jesus Christ, we felt that the man himself was as impressive as his words—a cultured Christian man, a healer of men's souls and bodies, a triumphant witness of the work of our Christian Schools and the interest and love of a consecrated Christian woman.

Dr. Joshee was followed by Mr. Tedford, of the Maritime Provinces, who brought before us an awakening India. He showed us vividly how industrially, socially, politically and religiously she was rousing from the sleep of ages. We must meet the situation and present Christ in His fulness or they will be led by false teachers or accept a form of Christianity without the power thereof. On Friday afternoon the women of the city had a rare occasion and responded to it by attending in large numbers. Mrs. Ayer presided and the speakers were Miss D'Prazer, and Miss Wilson, of Peniel Hall Farm. Miss Eva D'Prazer, a Eurasian by birth and a doctor by profession, evidenced rare gifts of magnetic speech and personality. After listening to her beau-

tiful and impressive words, telling of her conversion through the instrumentality of Dr. Sanford and Mrs. Churchhill, and telling us some of her experiences in her profession, we realized what such a life must mean for her people as she goes with her healing gift in and out of the palace, the zenana and the hut of the "untouchable" of India.

Miss Wilson, dressed as a Bolivian, then followed. As we looked at her and listened to her story we prayed that more of the self-surrendering spirit which is impelling such women as Miss Wilson, Miss Booker, Mrs. Vickerson and others, might be given to us. They do not talk of sacrifice but we see it as we look at them and hear them tell their story. She told us of the difficult task to arouse in these poor drunken Indians a sense of sin and any aspiration after righteousness. They have some fine qualities, and when converted will remain steadfast, and the love of Christ spoken of in words and evidenced in the lives of such as Miss Wilson will win them for the Saviour.

As there was no pioneer missionary present, Mrs. Ayer then presented to us our loved Honorary President, Mrs. Bentley, who is a charter member of our Women's Foreign Mission Board, the only one who has been continuously a member since its inception. A bouquet of flowers was presented to her as a token of our affectionate esteem.

Space will not permit me to do more than mention the enthusiasm and interest that culminated in the splendid gathering of Friday evening of an audience that filled the church to overflowing. Short addresses by the missionaries, Mr. John McLaurin speaking in thrilling words of the need of the hour, were given and then was beautifully presented the Jubilee pageant by representatives of the different churches of the city—and the visiting missionaries.

On Saturday afternoon the young people had their day, and a happy, enthusiastic gathering listened to addresses and enjoyed the beautiful pictures and received impressions never to be effaced.

PARCELS FOR INDIA.

It has been decided by the Women's Foreign Mission Board that we do not send a box to India this year, but that all gifts be sent direct to India by the Circles and Bands desiring to help in this good work. Such parcels to be sent via Hongkong. Please forward money for duty and be careful to label all parcels which do not contain anything new "*Of no commercial value.*"

In a letter recently received from Dr. Hulet, she says, "We shall be very grateful for any hospital supplies in the shape of infants' shirts, binders, flannellette sheets (1 yard square) for our babies. And perhaps some would like to support a cot. \$50 is what it usually takes."

Dr. Hulet speaks with gratitude of the parcel she received containing quilts, dolls, bags, picture cards, vests, etc.

MISS MURRAY AT NARSAPATNAM.

Owing to there being no ladies' bungalow at Yellamanchili, Miss Murray has removed to Narsapatnam to help Miss Mason in that difficult field. Let us remember these workers in our prayers that their health may be preserved and abundant success may crown their labors.

CANADA CENTRAL ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting of the Canada Central Association of Circles and Bands will be held at Athens, Tuesday, June 17th. Speakers from our Home and Foreign Mission Boards will be present, and questions of vital interest to our Circles and Bands will be discussed.

Let all Circles and Bands plan to be well represented. Do not miss it.

B. MacD. Bryant,
Directress.

OUR INCREASE FOR 1924—WHAT IT MEANS—ALSO OTHER INTERESTING "TREASURY NOTES"

Let us remind ourselves again that our financial objective for the year is \$7453.00, which includes our desired increase of \$550.00. To this increase all our Circles have been asked to give loyal support and co-operation. Do not lest us lose sight of the fact that this \$550.00 is our (contribution) (Jubilee).

But!—since we decided on this, the Jubilee Thank Offering has been raised from \$25,000 to \$50,000, and we are asking ourselves: "Are we doing enough in this year of Jubilee?" We really feel that the amount asked from each Circle is not sufficient for our share in a great task, and earnestly hope that the generosity of Circles will mean that our increase will be found to total much more than \$550.00.

Can we not, in this Jubilee Giving, make it an "every circle, every woman," contribution? Let us at least work towards that end.

One Circle has already sent in \$100.00 to this fund, and three others \$25.00 each. Very encouraging! . . . Would that many other Circles might follow in their train!

TREASURY NOTES: More encouragement!—"March was the best month of the year, with receipts of \$917.03", reports our treasurer.

The total receipts to May 1 (seven months of our convention year) amount to \$3725.72 on General Fund, and \$264.50 on Increase.—Total, \$3990.22.

This leaves a balance, required in the remaining five months, of \$3463.00. Diligent effort and prompt remittances will lift the burden—and delight the Treasurer.

Circles are particularly asked when remitting to state what amount is enclosed for General Fund, and what amount for Increase. And, speaking of this, let us remember that an **increase** is not truly an increase unless General Funds are also maintained.

We confidently recommend it all to your prayerful consideration and action.

Canadian Missionary Link

Editor—Mrs. Thomas Trotter, 95 St. George St., Toronto, Ont.

All matter for publication should be sent to the Editor

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Do not send cheques if you live outside of Toronto. Send money orders.

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The annual meeting of the Circles and Bands in the Ottawa Association will be held on June 17th, in Calvary Baptist Church, Ottawa. Let every Circle and every Band be represented. Send names of delegates to Mrs. F. C. Blair, 85 Frank St., Ottawa. Good programmes are being prepared for both afternoon and evening sessions. Band and Young Women's work specially featured.

This is our Jubilee Year. Come and give thanks. Pray for the power of the Lord's presence with us.

"Without Me ye can do nothing."

—John 15 : 5.

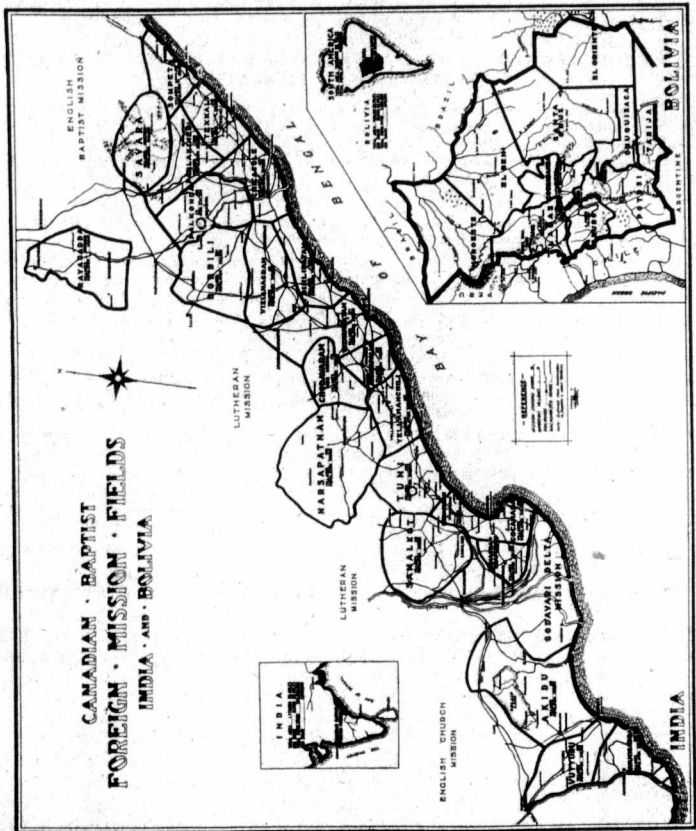
EASTERN ASSOCIATION OF EASTERN ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

The Eastern Association meets at Coaticook, Que., June 24th, 25th and 26th.

The women have the first afternoon and evening, Tuesday, June 24th. Just think! a whole afternoon and evening in which to talk over our work, bring in our reports and listen to the splendid addresses which are in store for us.

We are anxious that every Circle and Band be represented, so appoint your delegates early. Mr. William Wallace, chairman of billeting committee. We need you and you need the inspiration of these meetings. Begin NOW to pray for them.

Mrs. G. R. Tyler,
Directress,



From the Literature Department

66 Bloor Street West (Side Entrance)

Hours—9.30 to 1 and 2 to 5.30

Phone—Randolph 8577F.

TO PUT STEWARDSHIP INTO YOUR CIRCLE PROGRAMMES YOU MAY NEED STEWARDSHIP LITERATURE.

We have come to see in these days, and especially since our Associational meetings, that STEWARDSHIP means something much more than a scheme for raising money, "a glorified means of taking up a collection."

Considering that we are STEWARDS there is no greater responsibility than that of appropriating and using ALL the resources God has put within our reach.

IT MEANS EVERYTHING

For this reason we have selected some new Literature, sane, sensible and pointed, that may help you in your programmes on this important subject.

STEWARDSHIP OF PERSONALITY (3c.) considered under the headings of our occupancy, responsibility and accountability, **not of our money** but our individual personality, and faithfulness in stewardship means increase of personality.

STEWARDSHIP OF LIFE (1c.) The value of life, its purpose and equipment, our resources, calling and opportunities—and faithfulness.

STEWARDSHIP OF POSSESSIONS (1c.) "Down at the bottom of this question is the matter of keeping faith with God. Being a faithful steward pays—because a surrendered life pays . . . it means putting God first . . . and along this road are to be found life's true riches."

STEWARDSHIP OF PRAYER (1c.) One sentence here is, "O glorious privilege of touching the whole wide world daily through the medium of prayer."

A STEWARDSHIP CATECHISM (1c.) is questions and answers along this line. It would make an interesting and enlivening number on your programme if you had some one read these questions and different ones, arranged previously, read the answers.

A PLEA FOR THE TWELVE (2c. or 15c. per doz.) is a plea for 12 out of the 8,748 hours in the year to be given to the Mission Circle.

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We have one paper, perfectly splendid, and apparently covering the entire matter. It was prepared by Mrs. Tingley, of Selkirk, Man. This will be lent to you for two weeks, for 10c.

Another paper, equally good, and shorter, is by Mrs. E. A. Cale, of Toronto. This will be lent for two weeks for 5c.

A Programme on Christian Stewardship can be gotten from this office, with leaflets required, included, for 10c. This was advertised last year.

Come now, let us have a
"FELLOWSHIP OF STEWARDSHIP"

Office closed during August. Order now.