

MARCH, 1903.

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.. of Canada..

THE
Canadian Missionary Link

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Address,

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THE Canadian Missionary Link

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VOL. XXV.

TORONTO, MARCH, 1903.

No. 7

ZENANA, BIBLE AND MEDICAL MISSION.

LAST month our city was favored by a visit from Hon. Miss Emily Kinnaird, and Miss Edge, principal of the girls High School at Bombay, head quarters of their mission. The society is undenominational and its objects similar to our own:

1. "To send the Gospel to the women of India by female Missionaries.
2. "To alleviate their sufferings in sickness and minister to their spiritual needs.
3. "To promote education based on Holy Scripture amongst the women and girls of all classes."

They have 436 workers, 75 girls schools, with 3,320 pupils, visit 9,679 Zenanas, have three hospitals and dispensaries. The pressing need of woman's work for the women of India was brought vividly before us and made us feel our responsibility more keenly as our happy Christian lives were contrasted with theirs.

We rejoice in the good work being done and would gladly help our sisters in it, still, our first duty seems to be to our own Telegu Mission which we have accepted as a sacred trust from the Lord. To carry on this work more effectually, our sisters need to be more generally informed concerning it, and all the women of our churches to become members of our Mission Circles, and thus increase the prayers and contributions necessary to its development.

REPORT OF BOARD MEETING.

The quarterly meeting of the Board was held Friday, Feb. 13th, at 2 p.m., Mrs. Freeland presiding. Owing to illness the attendance was not as large as usual, only eleven being present. It was a great pleasure to have Miss McLaurin with us.

The Treasurer reported a decided falling off in receipts as compared with the same quarter last year. Will not the treasurers of Circles having money on hand please remit as soon as possible. It

was decided to accept the invitation from the Aylmer Circles for the Convention to meet there in November.

Very interesting letters were read from Miss Hatch, Miss Folsom and Miss Corning. The meeting closed with a number of earnest prayers for the work, and that the money needed might be provided.

A. MOYLE, *Rec. Sec.*

NOTICE.

Will anyone who has a copy of the Roll of the large Illustrated pictures of the Sunday School Lessons for any quarter of the year 1901 kindly let me know, especially those illustrating the life of Christ. If any one having them would kindly let me know, I would send them the address and remit money for postage, as an English lady has ordered them through me to be sent to India. Kindly address,

S. ISABEL HATCH,
1407 Clay St.
Topeka, Kansas.

So many Circles have been asking Miss McLaurin to speak for them that she has no chance of getting the needed rest for which she has come home. Will the sisters, therefore please take notice that she must make no more engagements with the Circles for some time to come, and then only through the Foreign Secretary.
J. B.

We are thankful to those who so promptly renewed subscriptions during the past month, for the number of new subscribers, and the payment of arrears, but we would kindly remind those who are still one, two, and even three years in arrears, that the payment is needed for the successful publishing of the paper. When the paper is to be discontinued subscriptions should be paid up to date and the Editor notified.

GETTING A VISION.

By Sarah Pollock.

IT was Mrs. Lowell's last day at her summer home, and she had risen early to enjoy once more the beauty of the morning. On her dressing table lay her invitation to the September Thank-offering meeting, opened the evening before; and the words "*Come and give thanks with us,*" met her eye.

"I cannot give thanks this year," said Mrs. Lowell, "but I will give my offering all the same. From henceforth, all the years of my pilgrimage, I must walk in the shadow of my great life-sorrow," and she quickly tucked three dollars into the envelope lest it should be forgotten in the confusion of flitting back to the city.

Stepping out upon the wide porch, the exquisite beauty of the island lake lay before her in its perfect stillness. The woods, the bending trees, the golden harvest fields that formed pictures along its banks were given back in soft reflections. They brought a sense of perfect peace; and as the pale gray of the sky began to give place to an almost imperceptible pink, the silver mist rose up and lapped the foot of the tiny island near the opposite shore in a snowy billow. On the hither shore, brilliant clumps of goldenrod and purple-red milkweed gave a dash of color to the scene.

Mrs. Lowell's eye and ear were keenly attuned to beauty; it "stole away her sadness ere she was aware." Her eye kindled, her heart swelled; the gnarled oaks between her and the lake gave a sense of protection. As the first bright ray shot upward the liquid notes of a scarlet tanager-voiced her praise.

"Truly 'He leadeth me beside the still waters, He restoreth my soul,'" she exclaimed. "One joy still remains; I do thank Thee, O, my Father, for this inexpressible beauty!" and, entering the house, she quickly added a dollar to her offering.

The loneliness of her first evening in her city home was relieved by a call from her life-long and breezy friend Mary Holding. "You'll come to the Thank-offering meeting to-morrow, Helen?" she said, before leaving."

"No," said Mrs. Lowell, "I shall not be at the meeting, but I have my offering ready and will send it.

"I'm so glad, Helen! for it is sorely needed. These poor hunted Christians in China have come

to the front before the Indian famine children had a good square meal, or the Armenian orphans had time to grow up, and the Board women are well nigh distracted. Mother's illness has diminished my gift this year—I've only made out twenty—and I'm praying that somebody may be moved to make it good."

"But are not the Board women always distracted?" said Mrs. Lowell, with a half smile.

"I should think they would be. Our colored washerwoman says, 'It's pow'ful ha'd to make fo' pair of shoes do for the six chillen';" and Mary went off laughing.

Mrs. Lowell stood wondering. "Twenty dollars from Mary Holding, who supports herself and her mother on a teacher's salary! Can it be possible? I wonder how much it would take to make it good," she said, as she turned away.

The morning of the Thank-offering meeting found Mrs. Lowell busy re-arranging her pleasant home, in which her artistic sense found perpetual delight. As she draped a beautiful piece of Chinese embroidery over the piano, she paused to enjoy once more its rich color and delicate stitches.

"I must secure at once that elegant piece I saw yesterday. Thirty dollars seems a good deal to give, but that peculiar knot-stitch is growing more and more rare, and I may not be able to match it later." Some quaint Chinese characters caught her eye; she paused to examine them. It had once really been in that "poor, suffering, disordered China," Mary Holding cared so much about! How far it had come to give her pleasure.

"I wonder who made it! She certainly loved beauty. Does she know the truth? Is she suffering for it? Is she now one of the poor, hunted Christians chilled, hungry, ragged?" These questions passed through her mind in quick succession, and the bit of gorgeous color became a connecting link between Mrs. Lowell and its unknown maker. As her imagination kindled, her conscience stirred uneasily.

"Perhaps I may as well wait a little before getting that other piece, then I can give twenty-five dollars and make Mary's offering good," she said. "I'll just go over to the meeting this afternoon and carry it myself."

"An answer to one prayer is walking in this minute," said Mary Holding to herself, as Mrs. Lowell entered. "I've been praying that Helen

Lowell might come to this meeting and get a vision."

But Mrs. Lowell had not come for "a vision." As she listened to the opening prayers and hymns, she half wondered why she came at all. "For hard-working Mary Holding's sake," she said. Her mind reverted to her old habit of retrospection until the missionary speaker of the day arose. She was from India.

"If there is a widow here to-day," she began, "she may well give thanks that her widowhood is in a Christian land."

A flash of indignant pain shot through Mrs. Lowell's widowed heart. How could any one give thanks whose life had been made desolate, whose home was so bereft! Submission, not thanksgiving, must be for such the limit of attainment.

But the speaker all unknowingly, went on with graphic touches to portray the gloomy, windowless room, the bare walls, the mud floor, the close atmosphere of the Hindu widow's home. Without conscious effort on Mrs. Lowell's part, the comfort and beauty of her own home began to stand before her in contrast; her well-made, suitable clothing stood over against the shorn head and the one dirty garment of her Hindu sister, her own dainty table beside the scant pot of porridge, set, once a day, upon the mud floor. As she listened to the reviling, the reproaches cast upon the other, the tender sympathy of Christian friends that had soothed and sustained her, seemed anew to fold her in its embrace.

The speaker went on: "With no knowledge of her Heavenly Father's care, nor of her Saviour's love and sacrifice, this abused drudge, this overworked, ill-fed child is often not even allowed to retain the flower of a blameless life," were the closing words that fell upon Mrs. Lowell's ear,—yes, and upon her heart. She had heard such things before, but a new light had fallen upon them. She was getting her "vision." She dropped her offerings in the basket with a sigh of relief, glad it was not less.

Among the ladies who spoke while the offering was being counted, a mother said, "I give thanks for my children. I shall never forget the words of Mrs. Howard Taylor, of the China Inland Mission. 'The woman who came to be with me,' she said, 'impressed me so much. She was tall, handsome, intelligent—a woman about fifty, but her hair was

perfectly white and there was a hardness about her as if she had no heart. But she was fine material, fine native power. She had been married when about eighteen years of age, and had eight little girls in succession. She had been allowed to keep only two out of the eight. No wonder her hair was white and her heart seemed cold!"

"I," said another, rising, "give thanks for the unspeakable gift—my Saviour, my Redeemer. He not only forgives my sins; He sets my feet in the upward path, quickens me by His ennobling spirit, inspires me to follow Him to the higher levels, where the soul gets glimpses of the meaning of His sacrifice. To take Him and the hopes He inspires out of my life would be to take the sun out of my sky."

"I am grateful," said a third, "that we understand through the Chinese martyrs, as never before, what Paul meant when he gave thanks to God 'who always maketh us triumph in Christ.' Both missionaries and Chinese Christians for weeks were in death; yet they not only endured, but triumphed! Think of that Shansi Bible woman putting on her best and sitting quietly in the front court waiting for the blow of the Boxers to send her to her Lord!"

"And I rejoice," said Mary Holding, "in my partnership with Christ. He has lent me a little bit of the capital and lets me do my best with it, and by and by I am to share in the dividends. I wouldn't change it for Vanderbilt stock, or J. Pierpont Morgan's best preferred. I haven't very much, but it never depreciates and the endorsement is good, the final profit immense. One of the promissory notes says to the Son, 'I will give thee the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possessions,' and we are partners with Him!"

These and other thoughts, winged of the Spirit, came home to Mrs. Lowell. She came back to her house, and it had never seemed more lovely, but the picture of the sorrowful child-widow came with her. She returned to her work in the parlor and dining room; it had lost its charm. The stony, white-faced woman, robbed of her darlings, rose up before her. The great depths of her ingratitude were broken up. How rich her outward life in freedom, in sunshine, in beauty, in comfort, in friends! And the inner life! What heights of intelligence, of culture, of purity lay between her and the little bowed figure on the mud floor!

And then the life hid with Christ in God! How

much it meant! How unspeakably precious her Saviour was! And the "partnership" that Mary had expressed in her own peculiar way—the fellowship, the co-working! It was a partnership in the Kingdom of God, a fellowship and a fellow-heirship with its Leader, a co-working for its final triumph. Why had she never seen it all before! Why had she never followed Christ to those uplands of sacrifice, where she could look away to the advancing battle and get glimpses of the ultimate outcome. Was she not a part of that mystic "body" of Christ, the fulness of Him who filleth all in all?

"Wherewithall shall I come before him? What, O what, shall I render?" was the cry of her awakened soul. Mary Holding's prayer was answered; Mrs. Lowell had her "vision."

"I am awakened out of my sleep. I cannot rest until I have made some offering as a token of my gratitude."

Heretofore Mrs. Lowell had given for the uplifting of the women of the world the fragments of her funds, the loose change of her comfortable income. Now, for the first time she seized her book and wrote eagerly a cheque for a sum that would have rejoiced the heart of Mary Holding, and it was truly a *Thankoffering*.—*Mission Studies*.

"LUX CHRISTI."*

An Outline Study of India.

THIS is the day of "combines." We do not "like the word very well, but when the "combine" means a union, not for self aggrandisement to the detriment of others, but a united effort for the world's evangelization, and to gain information to this end, the "combine" is one to be desired. Such a "combine" is illustrated in the united study of Missions for the Circles of the various denominations inaugurated at the great Ecumenical Conference in New York. Last year's study was "Via Christi," giving a summary of Missions the world over, from Paul to Carey.

This year's study is "Lux Christi." As our Circles are more particularly interested in India, this book is peculiarly adapted to them, having a fund of inspiring information relative to that great country. Besides the six chapters of the book, the author has added a valuable list of books to be consulted if so desired, an interesting table of statistics on many things, a glossary of Indian terms found in books on India, and some 100

illustrative selections of writers from the Vedic down to our own times, Hindus, Parses, Mohamedans and native Christians, English officials and civilians, American travellers and newspaper correspondents, missionaries and non-missionaries, any or all of which would make suitable reading for our Mission Circles. The Mission Circle here has taken up the study of the book with great enthusiasm, and about 20 copies have been ordered. If individuals cannot purchase it, let every Circle secure one, study it as fully as possible, and keep it as a book for future reference.

The first chapter takes us far back to when our Aryan brothers with their civilization, literature and religion descended into India, mingling with its uncivilized peoples and taking the first place among its conglomerate nations, a time when our own ancestors were still barbarians, not having yet come into contact with the more civilized people of Europe. The next tells us of the great invasions of India, ancient and modern, whereby the political geography was continually changed, up to the present, when British rule is paramount. The British received perhaps a little too much adverse criticism by the author.

The third chapter deals with these oft-conquered people, every paragraph being full of interest, even for the most uninterested. The next tells us of the Invasion of Love, of Christianity, how and by what manner of men Christ came to India during the last century. A most helpful and instructive review is given of all the various Missions that are working together for India's salvation, in different localities, languages, etc. Following this is the chapter on "Woman's Work for Women."

"For mercy has a human heart,
Pity, a human face,
And love, the human form divine,
And peace, the human dress."

The last chapter summarises the Forces of Light and of Darkness in that twilight land; for the struggle has begun. Is it to be day, or is it still to be night? As we read, we begin to ask ourselves, what forces are we? Are we for the conquest of love and light? Or have we sounded the cry of "Retrench, Retreat"? When our comrades fall in the conflict, are we ready to step into the breach? In our own Canadian Mission when two extra men are disabled and only four equipped men are left to eight stations, what are we going to do,

let the Forces of Darkness prevail, or give ourselves to give light?

As we see the Forces of Darkness in this chapter, we realize that no matter what we may have been or done in the past, henceforth we must give of our strongest and best for this mighty conflict. Our prayers, our sympathies, together with our great

over-coming love will at last bring India to bow before her loving Lord and Master.

Says Keshuh Chunder Sen : "None but Jesus, none but Jesus, deserves to wear the bright and glorious diadem of India, and Jesus Christ shall have it."

S. I. HATCH.

Topeka, Kansas, February 10th, 1903.

Our Work Abroad.

MISSION TO LEPERS.

THROUGH the kindness of Mrs. Kellock, we are enabled to publish this letter and give these pictures of the Leper Asylum in Ramachandrapuram.

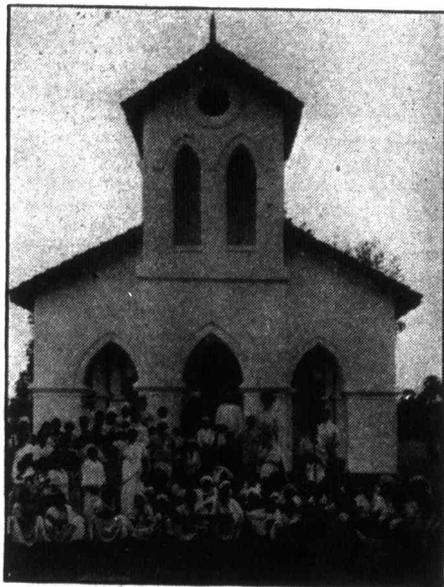
Mrs. Dr. Kellock gave money for the buildings, and other gifts were added, until there are now, besides the doctor's residence, in the other compound, six buildings in all. The chapel occupies almost the centre, having on the west side three rows of rooms for the leper men, and on the east side two rows, one for Pastor David and his family, and one far back for the leper women. The chapel is picturesque, being built so according to the wishes of the donor. Under the last arch at the back is a dispensary, from which the lepers are treated by the Christian doctor in charge.

The chapel seats one hundred or more, on mats. A railing divides it, separating the well ones who may wish to join in the service, from the sick ones, that is, from the lepers.

There are now seventy-three lepers, and some of these have to live in leaf huts as the rooms only accommodate about sixty. These have all to be fed and clothed from year to year, and their number is continually increasing.

The property is in the name of the Mission to Lepers, a mission doing such noble work in so many parts of India, where they work in unison with many different societies, their help being supplemented by these different societies. Their grant to Ramachandrapuram also has been supplemented by friends of our mission in India, Canada and elsewhere.—S. I. H., in *Canadian Baptist*.

Leper mission work requires more grace than almost any other kind of Christian service; but it also presents richer results of Christian service.

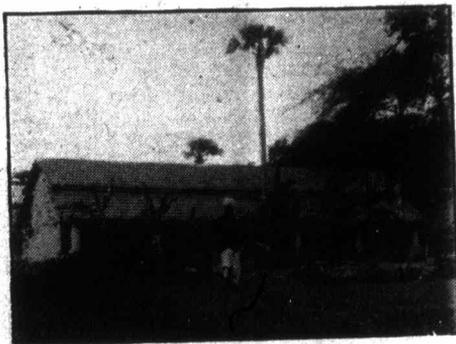


Leper Church on Day of Dedication.

THE DR. KELLOCK MEMORIAL ASYLUM.

My Dear Mrs. Kellock :

My husband (who is Hon. Organizing Secretary of the Leper Mission for India), and I have just returned from visiting the leper work in South India, and amongst other places we visited Ramachandrapuram, in which you are specially interested, and for which you have done so much. We were very pleased with the buildings which have just been put up, and the management of the asylum



Block of 5 Rooms with Small Cooking Rooms Behind, 13 Rooms for Men and 4 for Women.

generally. Miss Hatch is such a splendid worker, and is so sympathetic with the poor lepers, they feel they have a real friend in her, and are very distressed that she has to leave now; but she sadly needs a change and rest, and I have no doubt that Dr. Hulet, who takes over the charge from her, will be as true a friend to the poor creatures. We were there for the dedication of the church, and it was a most interesting ceremony. It is in every way a most suitable building. We took some photographs while there, and I trust you will like them; we tried from several points to get a photograph of the asylum as a whole, but it was impossible as the houses are not near enough to each other to get all into one photo; and the trees hide one house from another, but it looks very well as a whole. We were so pleased with the appearance when we drove up to it. It is a great thing, having a good space between the houses, as there is plenty of room for ventilation, and then there is abundance of space for the poor lepers to move about. David, the caretaker, seems a most capable man, and very bright and pleasant. There is so much to depress in the life of a leper, that it is nice to have a cheery person to look after them. After my husband had been speaking to them in the church on the Sunday we were there, two of them stood up and expressed their wish to become Christians. It makes a wonderful change in their life when they accept Christ. They show the change very quickly, and are nearly always contented with God's will for them, and are bright and happy. My husband

joins me in kind regards to you, and many thanks for all your goodness to the poor suffering lepers.

Yours sincerely,

MARY BAILEY, in Faithful Witness.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS TO THE SECRETARY.

Mrs. McLeod writes Nov 3 '02: I wish I could tell you how I appreciate the action of the Ladies' Board in deciding to pay my passage home. It was very very good of them to think of it. Please convey to them my most hearty thanks.

"Mr. _____'s return to C—has made it more difficult for us to get away next year. Including our own there would be four fields vacant. . . . The only question is can we hold out. In Bangalore Mr. McLeod had two doses of fever and was but little benefitted by the change. Every day here he is fighting off the fever, his greatest enemy. I was feeling splendid when in Bangalore but am already back where I was before we went. Every attempt at work—a women's meeting, visiting in the houses, or Sunday Schools, means sleepless nights and a feeling that unless I hold on to myself I will certainly fly all to pieces. It is dreadful to be all nerves."

"When we are both feeling pretty fair, we decide to stay on another year at least. Then when, perhaps the very next day, life is a weariness, we think we cannot possibly hold out and must get away. Come January and Conference we are hoping to know just what we can do, and what we ought to do. Pray for us that we may be quick to recognize the Master's guiding hand and voice."

"It may seem strange that Mr. McLeod should be thinking of home now. Could you see him and know the struggle he has to keep on his feet here, you would understand that he needs the furlough home after four years, just as much as I do after fourteen. Were it not for the vacancies here, his going home after four and a half years, at his own expense and without furlough allowance, ought to be a contribution to the work. It is our being so shorthanded out here that makes it so difficult."

DECEMBER 15, 02.

Only a line or so to tell you of our plans. We have

at last decided to go home. Fancy going home, after fourteen years! Think of seeing home, loved ones and friends again after fourteen years! and the dear homeland itself, and the home birdies and home flowers, and of inhaling again the pure, invigorating home air, it seems almost too good to be true.

We plan to leave here about the middle of February, go by way of China and Japan to Vancouver, where my husband will spend a busy month or more among the B. C. Churches before we go on to Ontario. About the first of August we go to P. E. Island (Mr. McLeod's home) and in October Mr. McLeod expects to be back in India for the cool season campaign here. We leave early so as to take two months while Mr. and Mrs. Chute and Mr. and Mrs. Priest are still on the field, and go to British Columbia, because we can land there fully two months earlier than we could dare venture to land in the east.

The plan provides for a good long holiday and rest, and two long sea voyages for Mr. McLeod, and enables him to stay by the work here just when it needs him more than it has for years.

EXTRACT OF LETTER FROM MISS PRATT.

YELLAMANCHILLI, DEC. 21ST, '02.

We did receive such a hearty welcome into the "family circle." At Bombay several welcome letters were waiting for us. Then, when we came to Samulkot we were received by Mr. and Mrs. Craig, Mr. Laflam, Miss McLeod, Mr. Madden, Dr. Woodburne and Mr. Priest.

Mr. and Mrs. Cross went down to Cocanada, while Miss Priest and I came up to Tuni. The native Christians were at the station to welcome us, and hung garlands around our necks and filled our hands with flowers. Then they all accompanied us up to the bungalow and sang welcome songs. A large banner of welcome was put up over the gate, and another at Miss Priest's bungalow. They are all so glad to have her back again. I wish you could have seen the real joy in those people's faces that night and heard their songs of praise.

After spending a very pleasant day at Tuni, Dr. and Mrs. Woodburne and I came up here, where another welcome awaited me. It was worth coming a long way to receive these really heartfelt welcomes, and my heart is filled with gratitude to God, who led me here to work for Him, and I do want to be so filled with His Spirit that I may be used by Him to lead many souls into the light. What an honor to be a co-worker with Him.

It is like beautiful July weather now. I cannot realize that Christmas comes next week. We are going down to Vuyuru to spend Christmas. Also I am looking forward to Conference which meets on January 9th, when I shall meet the rest of our missionaries.

I realize, as never before, the truth of "The harvest truly is great." We are praying constantly that more laborers will be sent out. If our young people only knew the joy and peace with which Christ fills the life of one who leaves all, I am sure they would be willing if He calls them.

Our Work at Home.

TO THE CIRCLES AND BANDS.

Dear Sisters:

In comparing the first quarter of this year with that of last, we find there has been a "falling off" in the regular offerings amounting to \$446.00, and this too in the face of increased expenditures. How may we account for it? Last year 100 Circles and 35 Bands sent in money before the 21st of January, and of this number 56 Circles and 3 Bands reported Thank-offerings amounting to \$456.37. This year only 76 Circles and 28 Bands made any return the first quarter; of these, 35 Circles and one Band reported Thank-offerings amounting to \$279.97.

Will those Circles where Thank-offering meetings

have not been held, kindly arrange for one as soon as possible.

Will the Treasurers of Circles please send in all the money on hand as speedily as you can.

LIZZIE LLOYD,
Home Secretary W.F.M.S.

DAY OF PRAYER.

The time has come around for a reminder to the Circles in Eastern Ontario and Quebec, that the first Thursday in April (the 2nd prox.) is one of the days set aside by our United Boards, for special prayer for the Home and Foreign Mission work.

"And all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive." E. C. A.

MISSION CIRCLES.

SALFORD, BAPTIST MISSION CIRCLE.—A Mission Circle was organized at Salford, May 21st, 1902, under very favorable auspices.

The following are the officers:—Pres., Mrs. E. G. Bodwell; 1st Vice-Pres., Mrs. O. Foster; 2nd Vice-Pres., Mrs. Turner; Sec.-Treas., Mrs. S. P. Ranney; Organist, Miss Myrtle Haycock.

As this was the first organization of the kind in Salford, Mrs. Gray, the district director, kindly consented to be present at the first meeting and gave a very interesting account of the work done in the home and foreign fields.

During the short term of nine months this Circle has contributed \$5.10 to Home Missions and \$12.20 to Foreign Missions, besides a box of bedding valued at \$20 donated to "Feller Institute."

The membership has increased very favorably since the Circle was organized.

LOBO.—The First Baptist Church, Lobo, organized a Women's Mission Circle, last June, with a membership of twelve, since increased to sixteen. President, Miss M. Irvine; Vice-President, Miss M. Alway; Secretary, Edythe Fonger; Treasurer, Mrs. H. Fonger; Organist, Miss E. Irvine; Agent for *Link* and *Visitor*, Mary Alway. Our meetings have been very pleasant. We ask your prayers for God's blessing on our efforts in the good work.

E. FONGER, Sec.

EAST TORONTO.—The Annual Thank-offering meeting of East Toronto Baptist Mission Circle was held Friday, December 5th, Rev. Mr. Radcliffe presiding. Our Mission Band, which was organized in May, provided the program, consisting of recitations and songs. A very pleasant and enjoyable time was spent together. The Thank-offerings were brought in envelopes, accompanied with texts of Scripture. The amount realized was \$16.67.

Our annual business meeting was held Jan. 29th, when the following officers were elected; President, Mrs. Fenton; Vice-President, Mrs. Radcliffe; Treasurer, Miss M. Rossiter; Secretary, Miss H. Dudley. We also elected three collectors. We have realized the guiding hand of our Heavenly Father during the past year, while we have become better acquainted with one another, and enjoyed the privilege of being co-workers in our Master's vineyard. Our membership is now twenty-eight.

H. DUDLEY, Sec.

BOTHWELL.—We have had some very interesting meetings in connection with our Mission Circle here, during the past few months. On the after-

noon of Nov. 6th, we held a Thank-offering meeting at the home of the President, Mrs. (Rev.) M. P. Campbell. Envelopes containing a text of Scripture and the offering were opened, and passages of Scripture read. The amount thus collected was \$1.65. We have also held two open meetings in the church, one on the evening of September 26th, which was interesting and profitable. Another on Friday evening, February 6th. An excellent program was given on this occasion. Mrs. S. C. Walker, of Chatham, gave an instructive paper on "Mission Band Work." The same lady also sang two solos very effectively; Mrs. M. P. Campbell and Mr. George Johns, also rendered some excellent duets. Missionary readings, recitations and a missionary dialogue by four ladies filled in the remainder of a pleasant evening, well enjoyed by all present. At the close Mite Boxes were opened and a free-will offering taken up. Our regular meetings are held on the first Saturday afternoon in each month. We only number eight at present, but are looking for increased interest and larger numbers in the near future.

MRS. A. DANCY, Sec.

MISSION BANDS.

The Secretary of Bands is frequently written to for books, leaflets, or information about our various mission fields. We would refer all our Band work to Mrs. Dancy, who has charge of the Bureau of Missionary Literature, and whose address, and a list of books, leaflets and music, is always in the *Link* and *Visitor*.

Another rich source of supply will be found in old copies of the *Link* and *Visitor*. These papers should never be destroyed, they are invaluable to Mission Band workers. Bands wishing to start a "Baby Roll," can find an article giving information thereon, in the *Link* for October, 1899. Baby Band certificates can be obtained from Mrs. Dancy.

The new Pyramids are a delight to our Band workers. We hope that all Bands will hasten to send for them and use them.

T. TAPSCOTT.

We are all interested in Bardsville Band and are glad to know that they have been meeting with encouragement in the way of new members. The Master will have a glad "Well done" for some of the young people who continue so loyally to work and to pray, even when circumstances are very discouraging.

A. M. T.

PARKHILL.—Our Mission Band is still prospering. We have thirty-five members and an average attendance of twenty-four. During the year of 1902 we have raised enough money to support a girl student in India, and have still a surplus on hand.

We have studied Grande Ligne and are now studying Africa and find it very interesting. It is

our hope and prayer that this year may be as successful as last.

Your fellow worker,
FLORENCE PEARCE, Sec.

MOUNT FOREST.—Our Mission Band, though a small one, is endeavoring to do a little to spread the good news of God's love. This year we are undertaking the support of a little girl in India. As Posapille Muthyalamm, is not an easy name for little ones to remember, we generally speak of her as "our little girl," and have a deep interest in her welfare. Last fall we sent a bale of clothing for Indians to Mr. R. W. Sharpe, Peguis, Man., and shortly before Christmas we sent him a box containing books, candies, dolls, etc., all of which the members of the Band contributed. The following extract from Mr. Sharpe's letter will give you an idea how the box, in particular, was appreciated:

"Your box of candies, toys and books was received just in time. Of course 'if wishes were horses beggars would ride,' but if on Christmas eve some of your Band could have squeezed into our little log church and seen your dolls and candy bags, and everything on the tree, and then turned about and looked into the eighty happiest faces—and mostly clean—of our boys and girls, that would have been enough. You would have said it was worth all the expense and time and trouble.

The Mount Forest Mission Band is a strong help in the Indian work on St. Peter's reserve, and have given our boys and girls lots of pleasure. This is work you cannot see, but we see it and feel it, and best of all, Jesus sees it."

E. GREGORY, Leader.

WALKERTON.—The Mission Band held their annual sale of work on Dec. 11th, at the home of Mrs. Menzies, at which we made \$19.15. We have taken the support of a student in Miss Murray's school at Cocanada, and also sent to Miss Baskerville three bundles of Sunday School papers.

M. MENZIES, Sec.

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

Receipts from January 16th, 1903, to February 15th, 1903, inclusive.

GENERAL ACCOUNT.

FROM CIRCLES.—Bentwick, \$2.50; London, Maitland St. (50 cents for lepers), \$3.50; Mount Forest, \$6.33; Toronto, Jarvis St. (\$4 for leper woman), \$26.74; Warton, \$4; Toronto, Walmer Rd., \$48.76; Petrolea, \$7.80; Georgetown, Thank-offering, \$9.50; Stratford (\$10.30 Thank-offering), \$12; Brantford, Park Church (\$16 Thank-offering), \$27; Collingwood, \$2; Toronto, First Ave., coll. from open meeting, \$2.75; Toronto,

Century Ch. (\$15 for Dora, a Biblewoman), \$18.95; Brownsville, \$4; Walkerton, \$4.10; Oxford, East, \$8; Toronto, Dovercourt Rd. (\$5.38 Thank-offering), \$13.18; Toronto, Immanuel Ch. (\$8 Thank-offering), \$17.70; Glammis, \$3.65; St. Thomas, Centre St., \$14.95; York Mills, Thank-offering, \$5.70; Denfield, \$13.18; Toronto, Kenilworth Ave., \$9.07; East Toronto, \$5; Pickering, \$4; Cheltenham, \$2.50; Haldimand, Thank-offering, \$1.25; Arkona, \$5; Cobourg (\$4.15 Thank-offering), \$10.50; Salsford, \$5.20; Sarnia Township, \$3.50; Vittoria, \$4; Lobo, \$9; Woodstock, First Ch., special collections, \$15.10; Toronto, Beverley St. (\$17 for Pendurti John), \$24.75; Bothwell, Thank-offering, \$1; Brantford, First Ch., for Miss MacLeod, \$75; Port Hope, \$8.40; Paris, \$4.25; Binbrook, \$4. Total, \$447.81.

FROM BANDS.—Ingersoll, \$1.25; Markham, Second, \$5; Stouffville, \$10.25; Bewdley (\$2.50 for Bolivia) \$9.50; Walkerton, for "Vinakoti Mary," \$20; Mount Forest for P. Mathyalamma \$8.50; St. Mary's for G. Appamma, \$2.50; Toronto, First Ave. Y. L. (\$45, special support for Pulucoory Peter and Elizabeth of Yellamanchili), \$53; Toronto, Bloor St., \$2.50; Waterford (\$1.70 Birthday offering, for the lepers), \$6.70; Cheapside, \$1. Total, \$120.29.

FROM SUNDRIES.—Mrs. E. B. Selman, St. Clair, Michigan, \$2.50; Fullarton Ladies' Aid Society, \$5; Mrs. Duncan Chisholm, Berlin, for Miss Corning's support, \$25; Mrs. T. M. Harris, for Miss Corning's support, \$50; Harold McDiarmid, Orwell, special earnings 50 cts; Miss L. L. Pine, Cleveland, Palsapalli Atchayya, \$5; Dividend from investment by the late Mrs. Forbes, per Rev. D. M. Mihell, \$3.79; Hamilton, James St., Jr. C. E., for M. Karunamma, \$12. Total, \$103.79.

REFUND.—Sale of "Prayer Cycles" from Bureau, \$3.70.

Total receipts during the month - - - \$675.59

DISBURSEMENTS.—By General Treasurer, on account of regular and special estimates, \$589.53. *Extras*—For lepers, London, Maitland St. M.C., \$0.50, Toronto, Jarvis St., M.C., \$4.—\$4.50. For Bolivia, Sault Ste. Marie M. B., \$3.20, Bewdley B., \$2.50.—\$5.70. Total \$599.73.

EXPENSE ACCOUNT.—One-fourth cost of Pyramid Mite-boxes, \$32.06.

Total disbursements during the month - - \$631.79

"MEDICAL LADY" FUND:

Disbursements.—By General Treasurer for Dr. Gertrude Hulet for March, in India - \$41.67

GENERAL ACCOUNT.

Total receipts since October 21, 1902 - - - \$2,432.27
Total disbursements since October 21, 1902 - \$3,030.60

"MEDICAL LADY" FUND.

Total receipts since October 21, 1902 - - - \$111.48
Total disbursements, since October 21st, 1902, \$166.68

VIOLET ELLIOT,
Treasurer.

109 Pembroke St., Toronto.

Youths' Department.

SHOW US THE WAY.

I hear a cry from over the sea;
The idol-worshippers call to me:
"God is a spirit," we hear you say;
Where shall we find Him? Show us the way."
I hear a voice from homes of sin
That little children are dwelling in:
"He suffered the children to come," you say;
Where shall we find Him? Show us the way."
I hear a voice from the homes of want,
Where the poor are cold in their raiment scant;
"He clothes the grass of the field," you say;
Where shall we find Him? Show us the way."
O blind and sinful and weary and poor!
We will gladly show you the open door;
For the Son will lead to the Father's face:
He has gone to prepare us all a place;
And if you hark you shall hear Him say,
"Come unto me," for "I am the way."

Missionary Messenger.

A CHILD WORSHIPER IN INDIA.

BY SARAH POLLOCK.

It was with keen expectation that I left the missionary compound and walked with a party of friends past the great elephant stone in the city of Madura, one shining morning, for was not the temple of Minatchi (one of the finest in all India), with its mysterious quadrangle and towering gateways, still to be explored?

Passing through the great carved gateway under the tower, I saw before me a little boy walking by his father's side. The slim, lythe little fellow had a scant bit of white cloth draped about his waist, and a little black, braided queue standing up on his crown. With one hand clasping his father's, he held in the other a long wreath of pink cleander flowers, strung upon a thread.

With eager interest I followed him on through the big vestibule where are kept the elephants that are so imposing in the great festival processions, and still on through the "Temple Bazaar," from which no master has ever driven the money-makers with a whip of small cords.

Coming into the hall of the gods, he stood reverently before a colossal image of Puliar with the elephant's head. The gross clumsy body of dark

stone was sitting cross-legged upon its pedestal. The four clumsy hands were outstretched. Into the oil of the offerings poured over it, the dust of the city had settled. It was repulsive in the extreme.

A Brahmin stepped forward, took the flowers, delicate, fragrant, a fit emblem of a child's worship, and, reaching up, he threw them over the neck of the Puliar! Then the little brown hands were clasped against the wee lad's forehead, and he cast himself at all his length before the hideous thing!

That was the best ideal that father had to set before his child.

As I turned away from the sight, I came face to face, for the first time, with Kali. She, too, stood on her pedestal of stone; the human victim was under her feet, the string of skulls was about her neck; drops of blood from her victim were painted as if they had fallen from her mouth upon her breast. I must have been standing near the spot where, in the darker days, before the hand of Christian England guarded the lives of the lowly, the appeasing human victim was offered to Kali during outbreaks of cholera.

The bonnie little boy could not go out without looking at this fierce, vengeful idol. Could he see it without a chill of fear? Did not the shadows of a dark superstition haunt his soul forevermore? Did not these debased ideals enter into the stream of his life and pollute it at its source?

Ah, little brown boy! type and representative of tens of thousands of other little boys—"if the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!"—*Mission Studies.*

Little Charlie wanted a penny, and he wanted it so very badly, too. His mother told him she had none, but, on seeing how disappointed he was, took one from her mite-box. Charlie saw her and said, "Mamma, you took some of the 'heathen money, din't you?" She answered; "Yes, dear, but I shall put two in to-morrow."

Charlie stood around, never making a move to spend it, and in about half an hour came back and said, "Here, mamma, put it back; it is to buy the heathen children books, to tell them about Jesus, and I can't spend it.—*W. L. M., in Children's Missionary Friend.*

W. B. M. U.

Of The Maritime Provinces.

All Communications for this Department should be addressed to Mrs. A. J. Christie, Amherst, N.S.

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

PRAYER TOPIC FOR MARCH.—*For Paralakimedi, that the Spirit's Power may graciously descend upon Missionary Helpers, Schools and Out-stations, and that all who are halting may now decide to live for Christ. For Mission Bands and their Leaders.*

THE REVOLT IN THE HALL CLOSET.

By Helen A. Butler.

MRS. NUTTER had just returned from making a call at the further end of her street. She seldom got so far, but the beauty of the day had tempted her out, so now she rather wearily removed her wrappings and sat down to rest.

A member of the family where she had called had politely asked her to make one of a club of subscribers to a bright little home missionary paper. As Mrs. Nutter was a member of the church represented by the paper, the request was altogether reasonable and proper, but it was met by a prompt and decided no.

"I am not interested in missions, said Mrs. Nutter. "There's a pile of foreign missionary papers on my closet shelf now that I've never read and probably never shall. I don't know what I took 'em for I'm sure."

The petitioner had remarked very earnestly: "That is just the reason of your lack of interest, Mrs. Nutter. If you would only read you couldn't help being interested."

There were whole volumes of expostulation in the speaker's eyes which Mrs. Nutter was not too obtuse to see, but was not moved to reconsider her decision. Nevertheless, she could not quite rid herself of the remembrance, and conscience, which had become callous on the subject, stirred uneasily. Some papers had been scattered about during her absence, and as she laid them carefully away in the hall closet, she suddenly recalled a remark overheard on the street not long before, that "there was enough discarded literature in well-to-do families in town to provide a hundred poor people with reading for the entire winter."

Sitting there in her easy chair, Mrs. Nutter presently seemed to hear strange sounds from her closet off the hall.

"Discarded literature! I never thought I should come to be so classed," snapped a paper devoted to agriculture. "I was made to be useful. I am crammed full of practical ideas which would bless the world if read and carried out, and here I'm doomed to lie in a dark closet with the life nearly pressed out of me."

"It is too dreadful," chorused a large pile of funny papers. "Oh, the ribs we might be tickling if we only had a chance! I should think Mr. Nutter might remember how we entertained him when he was confined to the house that week, and send us out to cheer up some poor gloomy soul."

"And our beautiful pictures!" groaned another pile. "That little invalid over the way would be so happy to have us. We would fly out of this if we could. Can't we do anything to help ourselves?"

Here an enormous pile of religious papers—Mrs. Nutter thought "it didn't look well" not to take one such paper in the house—nearly lurched off the shelf in righteous indignation. They fairly startled their neighbors by the vigorous wish that they "might spontaneously combust, or something; it would be better to be utterly destroyed than to lie here forever idle," said they.

But it was left to the small and unassuming missionary sheets to sting Mrs. Nutter to a keen sense of her short-comings.

Said they, in low, clear tones, while all the others kept silence to listen:

"We are plain witnesses to her indifference to the coming of the Kingdom. Not to be interested in, and work for missions is to ignore one of our Lord's plainest commands. If she would but heed us! We are full of information and pleas for help from across the seas. Our urgent voice echoes from Maine to California. Christians need missions as much as missions need them and their money. Their heaven-born sympathies and charity

will shrivel away if not exercised. They mock the Lord when they pray, 'Thy kingdom come,' and then do absolutely nothing to help it come. Service is the key-note to happiness, and is love's opportunity always. Oh! how is she going to sing the song of the redeemed if she has only sought to save her own poor little soul!"

"She can't! she can't!" burst forth every publication in the closet, moved to utterance by the little paper's touching remarks.

Crash! clatter-bang!

"Of course I cannot!" shrieked Mrs. Nutter suddenly opening to find herself standing with clasped hands in the middle of her sitting-room, while her husband was hastening to put a reassuring arm about her.

"Why Julia! Were you asleep and dreaming?" said he.

"As I opened the outside door I heard a tremendous crash. Was that what woke you?" he hurriedly asked.

"I suppose so," said Mrs. Nutter confusedly. "The noise was in the hall closet, or I think it was," she hastened to add, noticing her husband's look of astonishment.

They went up the stairs together to investigate; and sure enough, when they opened the door a small avalanche of books and papers fell out into the hall. The braces of a shelf had given away, and the shelf falling had carried two more with it.

"My shutting the outer door so heavily was undoubtedly the one touch needed to send it down," said Mr. Nutter.

"But what on earth have you hoarded up all these papers for, Julia?" he queried. "If they weren't all tied up so neatly you would have a pretty job to sort them out. A regular revolt of reading matter, I declare," he said, laughingly.

"It shan't happen again," said Mrs. Nutter, with quite uncalled for decision.

"Of course not," promptly replied her husband looking at her somewhat curiously, as he started off after hammer and nails.

If Mr. Nutter had chanced to look into the hall closet a month later, he would have been considerably surprised to have seen mostly empty shelves. The Y. M. C. A. rooms, the lonely quarters of the Life Saving crew, and the homes of several poor families all received most welcome accessions of suitable literature about that time.

The little invalid was made too happy for words by a great bundle of picture papers; and a package of religious papers, carefully selected, were carried to some dear old ladies who had a mania for scrap-books. These papers, rich in the best thought of the times, were soon converted into neat volumes to be read and loaned as long as they held together.

The missionary papers were piled on a stand in Mrs. Nutter's own room. "I cannot give these away until I've read them myself," she said softly.

It will be remembered that these were papers devoted to the foreign work, but no sooner had she read them than the young friend at the farther end of the street was made glad by a note from Mrs. Nutter, saying she now wished to subscribe for the paper she had before refused; for this woman almost immediately illustrated the truth that to those thoroughly imbued with the missionary spirit the home and foreign fields are all one in the Lord's great plan.

Before many weeks had passed, the missionary societies had a new member; and one day this new member took courage to make a few remarks. Said she, "Too much cannot be said in favor of systematic giving and collecting in mission work; but I want to emphasize another sister's thought, *systematic reading*, also.

"We simply cannot feel interested in what we know nothing about. Faithful and regular reading will surely awaken our interest and move our hearts to action; it cannot be otherwise, if there is a spark of love left in the heart for the Master. It is my profound conviction and experience that missionary literature is the right kind of kindling to apply to that spark."

And nobody in the room doubted but that the speaker herself was thoroughly kindled at last.

There was never another revolt in Mrs. Nutter's closet; for not enough literary matter to breed imaginary rebellion was ever allowed to accumulate there. Every periodical, when read, was sent prayerfully and regularly out on its own special mission.—*By permission, from "Home Mission Echo."*

LIQUOR TRAFFIC IN AFRICA.

I would rather face heathenism in any form than the liquor traffic in Africa. I have gone many times into the native heathen towns to preach the

Gospel, and found the whole town, men, women and children, in excitement over a barrel of rum that had been opened to be drunk by the town people. And when I reproved them they have replied: "What do you white people make rum and bring it to us for if you don't want us to drink it?"—*Miss Agnes McAlister.*

LETTERS FROM INDIA.

VIZIANAGRAM, JAN. 1, '03.

Dear Mrs. Martell:

So busy are we, that I am just stealing a moment to write you a line. What a pleasant thing it is to see so many kindred spirits and to have sweet intercourse with each other and with God. So many perplexing questions are being discussed. How much wisdom and grace we need. We want to build on good foundations, on strong, true principles and conduct the work of the Lord in a consistent manner. To do so requires not a little care and wisdom and patience. The Lord is with us. Praise His name! The Telugu Association was good, and the Womens' Meeting, Sunday afternoon, was a new feature. Seainna, from Bobilli, presided, several of the Telugu sisters recited Bible verses suitable to the theme, "Foreign Missions." In connection with the Map Exercise, you would have been pleased to see these shy Telugu women come to the front and read or tell interesting facts about the various countries, "Perfect love casteth out fear." When we were preparing for this meeting, some of the women said: "Oh, I can't I am too afraid; I never took part in such a meeting before." The Holy spirit was in our midst, and He enabled each to do her part admirably. I wish you could have seen the earnest faces of these women and have heard their testimony.

This Conference is rather a unique one, for we have had the presence of Dr. and Mrs. Beggs, and Mrs. Armstrong, and her daughter; Mr. Laflamme, and Miss Corning, also spent a few days with us. We have been here ten days and I fear it will be difficult to finish all the business to-morrow.

The festival for the twenty Evangelistic Schools came off finely, 550 or more came. The church was prettily decorated. Miss Kate Armstrong gave the children a fine talk, and she kept their attention wonderfully. It was beautiful to see the multitude of children bow their heads in prayer. The order throughout was excellent. We had a very nice

Christmas service this year. While my Uncle and Aunt were attending the Decennial Conference in Madras, the children came every day to practice from 10 to 12 a.m.. We prepared two Christmas dialogues and some very pretty music.

I must not write more as the meeting is going on. Please give my love to all the dear sisters, and asking for your continued prayers, and wishing you every blessing,

I remain, yours in Jesus,
MABEL E. ARCHIBALD.

BIMLIPATAM, DEC. 14, '02.

My Dear Sisters:

I believe my last was written when time and thought were monopolized by the organization of the school for the present year. This letter goes to you when the number of hours in the day for work have been increased by curtailing those usually assigned to sleep, because of the extra labor that attends the closing of the school and getting everything ready to give over charge to the headmaster, who, I presume, has just taken his examination, we hope successfully, and returns to us this present week.

We shall be very glad to have Veeracharyulu with us again. He has been greatly missed, both in the school and out, but we trust he comes back to us the better fitted for effective service because of this year of normal training. Judging from his letters and from what we heard from him during the summer vacation, he has been in soul training also during these months, and will be a stronger Christian worker as well as teacher. When this letter reaches you the school will be well underway in New Year's work. Will you not, at that time especially, remember Veeracharyulu? He has an exceptionally strong hold of the boys; they respect him, love him, and have every confidence in his opinion. This gives him the greater opportunity for fulfilling the purpose of the school in pointing the pupils to Jesus as the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

I wonder if, while reading thus far, the same thought has been in your mind as has been in mine while writing. I have been thinking of the request I made that you would pray earnestly and often that there might be a special work of grace among the boys of our school this year. I cannot write of such definite results as I hoped would be my pri-

vilage, but does that mean the prayers have been unanswered?

"Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say ungranted; Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done; The work began when first your prayer was uttered And God will finish what he has begun.

If you but keep the incense burning there,
His glory you shall see, sometime, somewhere."

Naturally we must expect to wait many days before having the joy of reaping much harvest in school; but we have not been shut up alone to belief that God has been hearing and answering prayer. It has been most encouraging to notice the change in a number of the boys. Some, who at the beginning of the year were so indifferent, so utterly lacking in response to the truth, and clearly showed that they suffered the Christian teaching for the sake of the secular advantages, have been quickened—they now evince a good interest and respond to the Word. In the case of some, I have felt that were it not, humanly speaking, so absolutely impossible for them to do so, they would certainly make a public profession of their faith in Christ, for I really believe that, secretly, they do believe. Such boys need your prayers, oh, so much, for as long as they remain in their heathen homes they must, at least outwardly, conform to idolatrous customs, and this cannot be otherwise than most deadening to any spiritual life.

The lessons during the past months have had a very personal application to the boys. Gideon's act in destroying his father's altar of Baal seemed to make a deep impression upon them. When we make practical Joshua's cry, "Choose you, this day whom ye will serve," the perfect quietness and the serious faces of the boys made us feel that the sword of the Spirit was piercing more than one lad. After school that evening one of the Third Form boys told me, that six months ago he decided that as for him it would not be the gods of his father but the living and true God whom he would henceforth serve. Judging from his daily life, I have no reason whatever for doubting his genuineness.

I find he reads his Bible daily, and not only reads it, but finds in the portion read some special application to himself. He frankly says he is confronted by the question of baptism and feels the great hindrance of obeying this command, not so much what he would have to suffer physically, perhaps, as leaving his father and sister. He feels

he cannot say in all sincerity that he loves God more than these, but I noticed when we had prayer together that evening that he asked God to enable him to put Him first, and to be willing to leave father and all for His sake. But his heart yearns to have his father come too. He asked me to pray that he might. I pass his request on to you.

From the tiny tot to the oldest boy, the pupils have been, and yet are, greatly exercised over their examinations now in progress. This has occasioned very earnest talks on the final great examination and the preparation necessary for it. In these talks we believe God has given the message and "winged it with His power." Since beginning this letter a member of the most advanced class, just returned from the Middle Examinations held in Vizianagram, came to say good-bye to me before leaving for his home, some forty miles distant. We had another talk on that great day when all must stand before God. Before going away he asked for a book to read during vacation. When asked what kind of a book he preferred, he replied, "I want a book about God."

You remember Akalayya—the little fellow who made such a brave effort to come and stay with us—do you not? He attends my Sunday School class. Last Sunday, when asking the children for their requests for prayer, this lad said, "Next week we have our grading examination and I want to pray that God will help us to pass." To-day he returned to give thanks, for said he, "I prayed to pass, and I have!" He was then ready to talk of that greater examination. Poor little fellow! we wonder how he makes any progress at all. One eye is quite useless, while the other is so near-sighted he is compelled to press his slate or book close to his forehead in order to see at all.

Well sisters, you see God has been with us. Do not forget the school work that is being carried on at our different stations. It affords an excellent opportunity for teaching "the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom." Pray on, and

"Though years may pass, do not despair,
The Lord will answer you sometime, somewhere."

Very sincerely yours,
IDA M. NEWCOMBE, in *Tidings*.

Payment of arrears, renewals and new subscriptions we always gratifying to the Editor.