

Canadian Missionary Link

VOL. XXXV.

TORONTO, MAY, 1920.

No. 9



New Ladies' Bungalow—Tuni.

Published monthly by
Women's Baptist Foreign Mission Board
of Western Ontario.

Canadian Missionary Link.

Editor—Mrs. Thomas Trotter, 63 Prince Arthur Ave., Toronto, Ont.
Business Manager—Mrs. W. Holland Pettit, 67 Woolfrey Ave., Toronto.

\$5c. a Year in advance.

The address label shows to what date the subscription is paid. Please notify Business Manager of change of address. No subscription is discontinued without a definite request from the subscriber.

Money may be paid to local agent, or sent by Money Express Order, Post Office Order, or Registered Letter to.

Canadian Missionary Link, 67 Woolfrey Ave., Toronto Ont.

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SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL PRAYER.

"It is nearly twenty-two years since Mr. Reekie, the first missionary to Bolivia, opened our Mission there.

"Those were dark days, when the hand of an intolerant Romanism held in its firm grip every department of the life of the Republic—political, educational and religious—and no one but a brave man, conscious of the divine call, would have ventured to begin a Protestant propaganda in a country which, by law, even forbade the exercise of any religion save that of Catholicism."

There have been many changes since then; there has been great progress along educational lines. "Step by step, the power of the Roman Catholic Church has been broken, until now there is religious liberty for all." And our missionaries have had the joy of leading souls to the Saviour who have, by their changed lives, borne testimony to the power of the Gospel when received in the heart.

Some time ago Mr. Reekie wrote that while there was much progress along some lines, yet the visible spiritual results were disappointing. "And when we ask why, we seem to hear the Master say, 'Because of your little faith.' 'This kind goeth not out but by prayer.' More prayer is needed on the part of workers and supporters."

Is not this a challenge to us at home? Are we not conscious that we have not given the needs of Bolivia, and our workers there the place in our prayers they should have had?

Let us faithfully remember them at the Mercy Seat, not only as specific needs arise, but let prayer be made without ceasing unto God for them.

We are asked to pray that at least two men may offer for Bolivia. One is greatly needed to relieve Mr. Reekie, and one should be preparing, by mastering the Spanish language, to open the school for native workers in Oruro, in January, 1922.

Pray that the Board may have divine guidance in securing a nurse to relieve Miss Mangan, whose furlough will be due in two years' time.

Miss Mangan, after assisting others till much run down physically, was taken with a severe attack of influenza, which made a prolonged rest necessary after her recovery. She is doing all that is possible to meet the many demands on her time and strength, and is rendering sacrificial service which calls for much sympathy and prayer on our part.

E. F.

FOREIGN MAIL BOX.

Tuni, Godavery Dist., India,

Jan. 23, 1920.

Dear Friends:

The dear partners across the seas are much in my mind these days, and although I cannot take time for a personal letter, my new friend (the typewriter) is going to help me to get a little message ready to send to you this week. As we are not very well acquainted yet, we sometimes make mistakes; but as we get to know each other better, my little Corona and I hope to work together to get you into closer touch with the work over here. It is good to be back once more and to find that there is still some part for me in the great service of making Jesus Christ a living reality to this people.

It is one month to-day since I reached Tuni, just in time to enjoy Xmas with our people. This is a land where the stories of gods and goddesses are handed down from generations past in song, and when the young men and boys are through with the day's work and their evening meal, they gather around a little lamp and sing these stories away into the night. How often, when I have heard them singing, my heart has longed for the day when all these give way to the stories of Jesus! So, when the Christians, especially the children, make the midnight air ring with their Christmas hymns, I am more than glad to be wakened by them, for it is the Xmas message that is going to get down under the wrongs, the ignorance, and superstition that has held them in bondage so long, and lift them up to take the place God has in His thought for them.

It is great to think of how the Xmas message has spread through the world and in how many languages the story is sung and told! When we gathered in the church on Xmas morning for our service and thank-offering, a new pleasure awaited our people, for I took over the fine Victrola which Mr. Davies gave me, and before we left the church, treated them to some good music. Some of the tunes they recognized as they have learned them in Telugu, and even though the others were new they enjoyed them all. Among others, I put on the Hallelujah Chorus, first telling them that this is a song we shall hear in heaven some day. How you would have enjoyed watching their faces as they listened to this grand anthem. Last of all we put on the laughing one. That was wanted the second time, and all were urged to keep their faces straight, and that made all the more fun as you can guess.

Mrs. Scott had been able to procure a bag of rice, and gave enough to each family to ensure a good rice meal that day. And in the evening we folks had a little reunion in the Elliot bungalow, when we enjoyed together some of the love-gifts that came across the seas with me—chocolate, music and other things. Somehow Canada did not seem so far away that night, and we thanked God for the fellowship into which He had called us.

After Xmas came Conference in Cocanada, to which nearly all our missionary family gathered, and we spent seven busy days together. Dr. Campbell's visit was a great pleasure and inspiration to us all, and his messages to us in the devotional meetings will long be remembered, also his fatherly interest in us all and in our many-sided service. Before he left, Dr. Cross arrived and spent two days with us, and gave us some thoughtful addresses. It was certainly a record Conference in that we had two CANADIAN-American visitors.

Since then I have been busy trying to gather up the threads again, and though some of the days are filled with "the trivial round, the common task," they all bring opportunities of helping others, for even though we do not go out, folks come to us. One day a crowd of about fifty came, and not only did they

enjoy some of my new music, but a number of them stayed for our women's meeting after tea. Then there are my Saturday boys, who are getting back into their old habit of coming on Saturday afternoons for a class. Last week there were 25 of them, and one of them had the whole of a hymn I had given them to memorize the week before.

This will do for the first chapter; the next will have an account of some more Canadian visitors and also of a social evening with our evangelistic school workers.

Yours in the Master's service,

ELLEN PRIEST.

This letter was not written for the LINK, but it is too good not to be shared by all our readers. Taking it with the sketch of Tuni, in the Young Women's department, and Miss Priest's letter to the girls and boys, any Circle could arrange an interesting programme on Tuni and its Missionaries.

Dear Readers of the LINK:

Many of you have attended Associations, so I thought you might be interested in hearing about the Kistna Association, which is for the three fields in the Kistna District—Akidu, Vuyyuru and Avanigadda. This year the Association met at Kaza, on the Avanigadda field, and it is about the two women's meetings that I wish to tell you.

The meetings began on Friday, January 30th, and we had one of our women's meetings Saturday morning. The president, Chouogadu Jemima, was in the chair. Jemima comes from the Akidu field. Her husband is a teacher, and she also teaches a school. After a hymn and prayer the president gave her address. She spoke first on "Knowing Oneself," then "Knowing One's God," and lastly, "Knowing Others and Working for Them." It was a good address, and given in quite a dramatic style.

The next item on the programme was the election of officers for the coming year. Jemima was re-elected; Mary, a nurse in Dr. Hulet's hospital in Vuyyuru, is the new vice-president, and the daughter of one of the pastors on the Avanigadda field, who is now studying in the Vuyyuru Boarding School, and was sent as a delegate, is the secretary, and I am to relieve Miss Selman of the treasurer-ship. Miss Lockhart, who has been appointed to the Vuyyuru field, was welcomed, and the meeting closed with prayer.

Sunday at one o'clock we had our second special meeting. The ladies—Miss Selman, for Akidu; Miss Lockhart, for Vuyyuru, and Miss McLaurin, for Avanigadda—reported what the women on their field had given, and the total at the present rate of exchange, amounted to one hundred and thirty dollars. This is splendid giving, especially when one remembers the hard times. The Akidu women help support the work in one of the Akidu churches, and the pastor of the church gave a report showing what had been done in that church. The Vuyyuru and Avanigadda women give their money towards the support of two Biblewomen, Ameliama and Suntoshma, and they, in turn, told of some of their experiences of the past year. Ameliama told of how in one village she was nearly beaten, but in the end they came and begged to hear her message. It was astounding the number of villages they had been able to visit on the two fields, and the number of meetings they had held. Suntoshma was loaned to the Bobbill field for a few weeks, and the women listened with keen interest as she told them of the hilly country, and the difference in the customs. Much blessing had been the result of her work, but the glory was all given to Him, whose servant she is.

We could easily have had a longer session, as far as the interest of the women was concerned, but the pandal (shed) was fast filling with the people who had come for the afternoon service, and we had to close.

The women have gone back to their homes, but we pray and believe that it is with a resolve to do more for others this coming year, to be faithful in attendance at their monthly women's meetings, and to give even more than they have this year for the spread of the Kingdom, that many may hear, and, having heard, receive, and, having received, be blessed.

Yours in His service,

MARY STILLWELL McLAURIN.

Camp Ghantsela, Feb. 17th, 1920.

FROM A PRIVATE LETTER.

Samalkot, Feb. 13th, 1920.

This school is really, to me, quite wonderful. Whereas, in 1915, we had sixty-five boarders, four classes and four Telugu teachers, we have now one hundred and sixty boarders, eight classes and nine Telugu teachers. And our apparatus, equipment, etc., have grown in proportion. We received not only one, but three, classes, from the McLaurin High School, in accordance with the plan outlined by the Educational Committee in July, 1917, a new one each year for three years. Now we have become a complete Higher Elementary School. We have some fifty day pupils, drawn from all grades of society in the town. The opportunity is unique beyond words. Do please pray and ask the members of the Women's Board to pray for this work. It is a great opportunity to influence numbers of dear young boys. And that is just where the feeling of tremendous responsibility comes in. So do plead with God to honor His own name and work here in this corner of the great harvest field, and raise up not only the ones and the twos, but the dozens and the scores, of mighty men of valor to go forth in His Name to conflict and victory against the forces of evil. Pray for these nine Telugu teachers, that the three Hindus may realize that Christianity is more than a mere ethical, intellectual teaching, and that the six "Christian" men may indeed be Christians, showing forth Jesus Christ by life as well as word. And oh! do pray for me, that the Lord may take me, fill me with His power, and use me indeed in His own wise providence to build up the forces of righteousness in this land.

I realize all your tasks and burdens in this new year of work. Yes, our work in every branch is expanding and reaching out, out. . . . May God make all possible, and fulfil in the Board and in the laborers here on the front line, His own words of Matt. 28: 18-20.

Our weather is beginning to warm up already. Indeed, at noon it is really hot.

Yours very sincerely,

JANET F. ROBINSON.

From a letter written by Miss Brothers to the McMaster Girls about her stay in Japan.

SHOPPING IN JAPAN.

Our first excursion of interest was shopping. We climbed down the forty-one steps leading from the Bluff, then down a hill, and found ourselves in the quaintest little street I ever saw. Low shops ran close together along both sides of a long muddy road. Here Europeans, Japanese women, men and children, walking, running, and playing, kuruma men, men with long bamboo poles from

which were suspended tubs containing their wares, men on bicycles, push-carts, horses dragging loads, and themselves dragged by their masters, Ford cars and limousines, all jostled together. I even saw one small kimona-clad youth sailing by on a kiddie-kar. He who made most noise or did most jostling moved in the van. But we were contented to be among those who stood and waited. There were vegetable shops containing many strange-looking fruits and vegetables, Japanese radishes, tangerines, persimmons, Japanese pears, grain stores, fish stores, cake shops with queer little cakes made mostly from bean curd, candy shops with candies not made from sugar, china shops that would make you long to play house, brass shops, toy shops, displaying many things Japanese, but also Teddy Bears, kewpies and wee models of Santa Claus, paper shops, and many other kinds. In with the rest were little shops where one might buy some of our hideous (?) concoctions of felt, fur and feathers, the Singer Sewing Machine Agency, stores where foreign dry goods were sold, a drug store, and, yes—really—an ice cream parlor—not Hunt's, you know, but one that sold some imitation of the real thing. In all the stores the sliding paper door opened right on the street. The thickly matted floor was raised a foot or so above the entrance. The proprietor, smiling and unobtrusive, waited patiently while you gazed longingly at his dainty wares. He couldn't speak English, but he always knew your question was "How much"? When at last you made your selection he wrapped it carefully, tying it with paper string, shaped into a little handle, and bowed you out, saying, "Sayonara, Sayonara." (Good-bye).

TRAVELLING.

Once more we are all aboard. We have a journey of four hours ahead of us this time. Our fellow-passengers study us. We study them. Two toothless old folk sit across from us. Two quaint little maids—evidently daughters—saw them off. They stood outside the low windows like two young turtle doves, bowing and cooing till the train went out. Everyone in the car shows the old folks such deference, offering them fruit, candy and tobacco. Browning must surely have seen Japan when he wrote:—

"Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be."

They sit up sedately and stiffly. But the rest of the men and women slip off the wooden shoes and crawl up on the low seats, sitting on their feet. Everybody, men and women alike, smoke. Some use cigarettes. More use the little, long Japanese pipes, which have a bowl about half the size of a thimble. This is filled with very fine tobacco. Its owner takes three puffs at intervals of a minute or so, blows the smoke through the nostrils and puts the pipe away, but not too far away. It is soon produced again. Unfortunately for us no one seems to want fresh air, and only our windows are open. Nearly everyone buys a lunch at some station. The lunch consists of a little wooden box of flaky rice, dried fish, a bottle of milk, a pair of chopsticks,—and perhaps, some persimmons. At last, during the evening, we reach Nikko. The taxis wind under the dark forms of giant trees, bringing us finally to a wide low hotel, gay with lights, shaped like long Japanese lanterns. The whole staff assemble to greet us, bowing and smiling a true Japanese welcome.

SIGHT-SEEING.

We are awakened next morning by the beat, beat, beat of a downpour of rain. I thought the story books used to say "Sunny Japan." But she may be like "My Lady of the Snows" and wear different guises. However, having been dampened before in lesser causes, we sally forth protected by huge paper parasols.

What a morning we spend! We wander in a world where all is beauty, the beauty God created, the beauty He gave man the vision to create. On all sides are great hills, flaming red with maples, vivid green with pines. We walk along a splendid gravel road beneath giant cryptomeria, centuries old. We catch sight of a gateway, and soon we are in a fairyland of temples—temples of red and black lacquer, ornamented with brass. Every corner reveals a new one. Some of the gateways we are not allowed to enter. They are entered only by "our" Emperor, once a year. But the ones we do enter are works of wonder.

Later in the day we visit the famous lacquer bridge. It is beautiful in itself—an arch of red lacquer over a rushing mountain torrent, with six maple-clad peaks towering above it. It has, in addition, the charms of the past hovering about it. Centuries ago the founder of Nikko, in his journey across the mountains, found his way barred by the angry stream. Kneeling amid the trees and rocks of the mountainside, he lifted his face to heaven in prayer. In answer, two serpents, intertwining, formed a bridge. Rushes grew up. The hero passed over. The lacquer bridge is a memorial. At one end is a little shrine, where the pilgrim pauses to express his gratitude. The lacquer bridge has another charm. It is that curious charm of the forbidden, which our grandmother Eve felt so strongly. For no one passes over save the Emperor, and he only once a year. President Grant was offered the privilege, but tactfully declined. Wouldn't it be exciting to crawl out of bed when all the world was sleeping, climb the little red lacquer bridge that bars the way, and run across the lacquer bridge? But what would "our" Emperor say then?

The next day brings more wonders. We are going to Lake Chuzenji and to Keyon Falls. We take the street car to within a distance of three miles.

After crossing the river we reach splendid roads, roads that zigzag back and forth across the face of the mountain until the summit is reached. Now and again, the men rest at a quaint little tea house. A smiling, bowing maid of Japan brings us pale, milkless, sugarless tea in a handleless cup. Truly, the smiles are sweet, but the tea is bitter—to me. After a long climb the men let the shafts down. We have reached the summit.

We look over the railing into a deep chasm. Is this the fall? It seems so small and it is so soon lost from the view. Was it worth the climb? A kuruma ya points to a path which we follow. It goes down, down, down the face of the cliff, to a fenced-off ledge, directly in front of the fall. We are no longer disappointed. A rushing mountain stream tumbles over the rocks in one mad little race after another. Then it makes its master leap—three hundred and seventy-five feet—into the chasm below, a thin, filmy, shimmering curtain of lace, lost finally in the hazy clouds of mist that rise from the seething cauldron and float up the bright maple-clad mountainside. From between the layers of softly-colored jagged rocks which enclose it, horseshoe fashion, a dozen tinier falls break forth and plunge to join the great one in its new race for freedom. I turn from long gazing to find on the ledge beside our party a Japanese gentleman with hat lifted, as he looks steadily at the fall.

After seeing placid Lake Chuzenji, from which the river drains, we descend by the mountain roads to the valley and to Nikko. In our ears the fall still thunders. Before our eyes still gleams that vision of perfect beauty.

We can all do more than we have done,
And be not a whit the worse,
It was never loving that emptied the heart,
Nor giving that emptied the purse.

AMONG THE CIRCLES

The Osnabruck Mission Circle held their annual business meeting at the home of Mrs. D. Warner, on March 1st. Mrs. N. Warner presided. The treasurer's report showed that over seventy dollars had been raised during the year, which is a considerable increase on any previous years. Our mite-boxes brought in thirty-two dollars, which was given to the Slavic Work. Besides our regular monthly meetings, we have had two special ones. In June we had a visit from our dear missionary, Miss Murray. His visit will long be remembered by us for her lovely personality, as well as for the very interesting story of her work. In the Fall we had our annual Thank-offering meeting, when we had with us Rev. C. C. Fournier, of Hull. Mr. Fournier is an able speaker, and he gave us a very instructive and entertaining lecture on "The Spiritual Struggle of the Roman Catholic."

We have now 21 members on our roll. Our slogan is Every Member of the Church a Member of the Circle, and this we are gradually attaining to.

The officers for the year are: President, Mrs. N. Warner; Secretary, Mrs. Baker; Treasurer, Mrs. D. Warner. The Forward Movement has given us an impetus in our work, and we are expecting under God's blessing to do still better work in 1920.—J. S.

Kelowna, B.C.—There passed away at her home in Kelowna, B.C., on Feb. 27th, 1920, at the ripe age of eighty-four (84) years, Mrs. Annie Reekie, widow of the late John Reekie, of Kincardine, Ont. Mrs. Reekie has been a life-long Baptist and leaves a family of seven sons and daughters to mourn her passing. Two sons are in the Christian ministry—Rev. A. B. Reekie, missionary in Bolivia, and Rev. W. P. Reekie, Social Service Secretary, Saskatchewan. Many readers of the LINK will know of the loss the Baptist cause has sustained in the death of this devoted Christian worker, always intensely interested and active in missions and in everything pertaining to the cause and work of her Lord and Master.

MRS. H. W. SWERDFAGER,

Pres. B.W.M.C.

Midland, April 3, 1920.

Midland.—It is with deep gratitude to our Heavenly Father we record the work our Mission Circle has been doing in His Name.

On October 29th the Annual Thank-offering meeting was held in the church. After a short programme we had the pleasure of hearing Miss Pratt, our returned missionary.

Her address on India was full of interest and information, as she forcefully presented the great work to which God has called us as women. Her earnest and instructive words will long be remembered by all who heard her.

The Thank-offering amounted to \$23.43.

At our January meeting it was decided that we increase our giving from ten cents a month per member to twenty-five cents, every member expressing her willingness and pleasure to do so.

February 3rd we met at the home of Miss Rich (who is one of the oldest and most faithful members of this Church and Mission Circle) and presented her with a Foreign Mission Life Membership Certificate. We look forward to the future with hope.

E. McDONALD.

Paisley.—One of the most enthusiastic and inspiring meetings of this Circle was held at the home of Mrs. A. E. Pickard, on Thursday, March 11th.

In the absence of the president, who was away as delegate to the Prohibition Convention, Miss E. Dewar, vice-president, took the chair and very ably presided. The devotional part of the meeting took the form of a Bible reading on the duty and privilege of giving. Then a letter was read from Miss A. J. Baker, of India, telling of her work there, and of the urgent need of more workers.

Two letters of the Open Board meeting were read, and were much appreciated by the Circle.

The outstanding feature of the meeting was the presentation of a Life Membership Certificate to Mrs. A. E. Pickard, and also the welcoming to our Circle of nine new members.

The Map of India is a very great help to us in the Watch-tower Study of our mission fields.

This year the Circle has set its financial objective at \$100.00, and the prospects are promising of fulfilment. The Circle are looking forward to the visit of Miss Pratt in the near future, and trust that her visit with us will give us inspiration and vision of "The fields already white unto the harvest."

Toronto Mission Circle Union.—A very interesting meeting of the Women's Mission Circle Union was held in the Jarvis Street Sunday School room on the third Thursday in February, with a large attendance. The devotional half-hour was led by Mrs. Fenton.

Miss Frances Trotter reported on the recent convention at Des Moines.

Mrs. Zavitz brought greeting from the Eastern Board.

Miss Pratt of India spoke on her work in the Girls' Boarding School in Cocanada.

Miss Jean McLean sang.

Mrs. Woodburn of India was called to the platform and introduced to the audience. Mrs. McLaurin made the closing prayer.

Officers elected for next year were as follows: President, Mrs. Ralph Hooper; vice-president, Mrs. Henry Daney; secretary, Mrs. Hull; Program Committee, Mrs. McLean, Mrs. Boyd, Miss Yorston.

Collection amounted to \$22, to be equally divided between Home and Foreign Missions.

Our next meeting comes in October and the programme will be on Home Missions.

E. HULL, Secretary.

ASSOCIATION NOTICES.

Middlesex and Lambton Association meets in Adelaide Street Church, London. Women's Day, June 8th. A good programme has been arranged. All delegates requiring billets please send names to Miss G. Pickett, 712 Colborne St., London.

Norfolk.—The annual meeting of Circles and Bands will be held in First Houghton Baptist Church, Tuesday, June 8th, at 1.30 o'clock. Churches where there are no Circles are especially invited to send delegates. Miss Pratt, our missionary to India, will give the Foreign Mission address, and the Home Mission Rainbow exercise, given at Convention, will be given. Miss Maude Fleming and Miss Marion Pearce, McMaster delegates to the Des Moines Convention, will bring inspiring messages from that great gathering. Help the work of His Kingdom by your presence and prayers.

FANNY M. PEARCE, Director.

Guelph.—The annual meeting of Circles and Bands of the Guelph Association will be held in Brampton, June 1st, commencing at 11 a.m. Will every Circle and Band send delegates?

MARTHA McALPINE, Director pro tem.

THE YOUNG WOMEN.

TUNI.

The town of Tuni is situated on the Government Trunk Road that runs N.E. to Calcutta. This road divides the field into two parts. On one side are the hills; on the other side are the fields of rice and other grains, reaching to the sandy dunes of the shores of the Bay of Bengal. To some the name Tuni stands for tigers and fever, and in the earlier years before the railroad came through these parts there was good reason, as the tigers found a good home in the near jungles and used sometimes to prowl near the homes of the first workers placed here. The iron horse has driven them back into the hills, where there are still enough of them to do a good deal of damage at times. As for the fever, some of us know from experience that it is no idle word!

The station was opened in 1878 by Mr. and Mrs. Currie, and in June of that year two and a half acres were purchased for a compound. The next year a small bungalow was built and served the purpose of church and school as well as home for the missionary for some time. In 1883 a permanent Mission House was erected, and until 1891 the small bungalow did the duty as chapel, when it was re-roofed and made ready for the Missionary Lady (Miss Rogers), who came to take up the work among the women. From then until 1918 it was the home of the single woman missionary, and if those walls could speak, what stories they could tell of battles fought and victories won in the name of the Lord Jesus. It was in that the Revival of 1909 broke out, and the little sitting-room became verily holy ground. Since the fine new home has been provided for the single women, two rooms are used as a school and the rest as a home for our pastor, T. Cornelius, who graduated from our seminary in 1886, and is with us still.

In 1880 the first convert came out of heathenism on the Tuni field, and now there are 620 Christians living in 53 out of the 200 villages on the field. Mr. Scott has thirty-four, some teachers and some preachers, and ten Biblewomen are at work among the women and children. Five of them have been taken on recently, and two of them take the place of old helpers who are much missed, while we rejoice for them that they have exchanged the weariness for the joy of the Father's house. One of these was dear old Martha, who came to Tuni with the Curries, and loved to sit down beside me and talk about the things as they were when she first came to Tuni and what God had wrought in her lifetime; these were to her a pledge of what He will yet do in this field, and many times my heart has been quickened by the faith and hope of my Telugu sister. The other was Malaksmi, who suffered much at the hands of her people when she became a Christian. She never learned to read, but always was ready with her testimony for her Saviour, and most tireless in visiting the villages, telling in her simple way the story of the Cross. One of her favorite expressions was: "My Father knows." These women, like our Canadian women, have "gifts differing," and how I shall miss Martha, for her gift was personal work. Some day we will have a chat about "these Biblewomen of mine."

Among the helpers of to-day are sons of those who in those early hard days turned to God and became helpers to Mr. Currie as he turned over the barren North field, some of them pastors; for the reaping time has begun and there are now seven organized churches on this field, which was so slow to respond to the gospel message. Mr. Currie's death was a great loss to this work, for he had

gained a place in the hearts of the people. In one village they were asked if anyone had ever come to them with this message before, and they replied, "Yes, a man with an angel face came years ago." It was some time after his home call that Mr. and Mrs. Garside came to take up the work, and among the new developments was a girls' boarding school, some of the fruits of which we enjoy to-day. In the early struggles of the writer of this with the strange sounds and other intricacies of the Telugu language, those girls were a great help. The Garsides did not return from furlough, and in the larger interests it was decided to move the Girls' School to Cocanada; and later on, when Mr. and Mrs. Priest came to Tuni, a boys' school was started, looking forward to preparing workers from amongst our own people. And now we have a band of workers who have grown up on our own field, and hence have a deeper interest in the work and in its development than those brought in from other fields.

One of the most interesting as well as most promising departments of our work is that of the Evangelistic Schools. The aim is to get as many as possible linked up with this work among the children, to teach them the Bible story, text, and hymn chosen for the month. Often the most inspiring session of the monthly meeting of the workers is that given to reports of this part of the work, when requests for prayer and causes for praise are brought before us. While on furlough the question was so often asked, "What can we do to help you in your work?" In response to my answer, hundreds of small bags and picture postcards came across the seas with me, and last week we put a small treat in over thirteen hundred of them and invited all the workers to the Elliot bungalow for a social evening. Our big front verandah was a fine place for this gathering, and my Victrola added so much to the pleasure, and a fish pond to the fun. Mr. and Mrs. McTavish, son and daughter were with us that evening, and we sang for them the song Miss Murray and I sang in Massey Hall. After a happy time of music and fun, each worker was given a card and bag for each child in his or her Sunday School, and also a present for themselves, and we told them of the loving interest of the boys and girls who had prepared these gifts at the same time giving them as a motto for the year, "By love serve one another." If you could have heard the glad way they cheered, and have seen their happy faces as they told me to send their loving salaams to you all, I am sure your hearts would have been glad to have had a share in giving so much pleasure to them as well as to the hundreds of children for whom they took home gifts. Some folks opened their eyes when I said that we could use over 1,200 small bags, but if they had seen our big baskets emptied out that night, they would have agreed that I knew the size of my family pretty well! This will let you know you need not fear too many, and also sound a note of warning to begin getting ready for next Christmas. Was not it good that a Sunday School had given me money to buy something to put in those bags, for even a little counts up to quite a sum in these days of high prices?

Since coming home from Conference I have been made to realize again that figures, after all, tell very little of the work that is going on in the hearts of the women whom we visit and teach. Last week Lydia told me that one of our women, who has been an intelligent listener for years, was dying, and wanted to see me. On going into her room her face lit up, and though her tongue could not speak words, her face told her joy at hearing me sing of Jesus and His love, and the comfort in hearing of the many mansions, and when I prayed her hand was laid in mine. When we visited her daughters after her death, they told of her joy and assurance and the hymn that she tried to sing, "Oh, our Jesus, to us Thou art the beautiful door to the way to heaven." There are those who ask, "Is it worth while to spend your life among those people?" In wonder if those

who ask this have ever considered whether it is worth while to spend their lives in little nothings, as so many are doing, when they might have the joy of helping someone to find out, as Atchamma did, that Jesus is the Way to Heaven.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott spent two busy terms of loving service on this field and are now preparing for furlough. How much easier it would be for them if there was someone to take over the work into which they have poured their lives; but Tunj, Yellamanchili and Narsapatam have to wait till some man or men come from home. Till then we women must help to keep things going with an occasional visit from some of the men already loaded up with work on their own fields.

And so this message from Tunj closes with the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us."

Yours in the Master's Service,

ELLEN PRIEST.

Bloor St., Toronto.—The Bloor Street Young Women's Mission Circle for a number of years has held an annual open meeting. None has ever roused greater interest than the March meeting this year, perhaps because the girls did it all. More work was involved than in just inviting a distinguished speaker, but everyone agreed that the extra effort was worth while.

"A Brahmin Marriage" in three acts was the main feature of the programme. This we secured from Dr. Stephenson's office, the Wesley Bldg., 299 Queen St. West, Toronto, along with costumes for all the characters, at 25c. each. Mrs. Harry Smith, better known to you perhaps as Hildegard Freeland, devoted much time and skill to the training of the characters, who were all Circle girls except the little bride and groom, whom we borrowed from the Mission Band. It was an intensely interesting pageant. First we saw the bargaining and match-making, followed by the betrothal. Then some elaborate preliminaries of marriage and the ceremony itself were shown, and in the third act the blow fell upon the little bride, the blow of widowhood. The pathos of her forlorn little figure brought a lump to the throat and made one long to tell of the children's loving Friend.

Lest anyone should watch the pageant just as an interesting performance, we asked our beloved missionary, Mrs. McLaurin, to preface it with a little talk on the tragedy of child marriage as she had seen it in India.

Of course an offering was taken—a generous one.

Extract from "The Sunday School Times," sent by Miss Priest for insertion in the LINK.

There is one gift that is supremely desired in every mission station, and that is the large Bible lesson picture roll, "the roll that never grows stale," as another wrote some time ago. These pictures are used for preaching, teaching, lesson study, writing and decorations in natives' homes, to cover the walls of chapels and porches, for special rewards, and scores of other ways.

No roll should ever be destroyed. Send it abroad for even a greater use than it had at home. The price for mailing is only eighteen cents. Picture cards are mailed for two ounces for one cent, and the limit of weight for one package is four pounds, so it will not be possible to spend more than thirty-two cents in postage at one time.

If the pictures are wrapped and weighed in the presence of the children, the interest will be even greater on their part. Then they will wait, almost, with impatience, until the letter of thanks comes from the missionary. At least three months should be allowed before the reply is looked for. The missionaries are very busy, and they may be away on some itinerating trip when your package and letter arrive. Keep on sending your packages frequently.

GIRLS AND BOYS.

A STORY OF A JOURNEY IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

Dear Boys and Girls:

Do you like stories of travel? Of course you do; so we will come over into our corner and I will tell you one of a real journey from Toronto to Tuni, India. Some of you were at the big Farewell Meeting in Massey Hall, October 10th, where eight of the eighteen travellers said good-bye and told in a few words why they were going on their long journey of thousands of miles. It made their hearts brave to see so many come to say good-bye to them. And how very glad they were to receive that loving address and big roll of the names of the Sunday School scholars to take out to India as a token that you are all going to be partners with us in helping to tell the boys and girls in Telugu land about our loving Saviour, Jesus. And we shall look forward to some of you coming on this same journey some day. It takes quite a while to get ready to start, especially when so many boys and girls get busy hunting up their pretty cards and making bags and scrap-books and other things to be packed into boxes to take to the children across the seas. But we managed to be ready to start from Toronto the night of October 13th. The porter did not look very kindly at all our packages, but we managed to get them stowed away, and off we went. Our tickets were bought for Vancouver, but we stepped off at several places on the way—Port Arthur, Winnipeg, Brandon, Regina, Moose Jaw, Calgary and other places. Canada did her best to give us a good taste of cold before we left, by sending the thermometer down below zero. By the time we all met in Vancouver we were feeling very tired, and yet we had to keep busy, for our passports must be signed by the Japanese Consul and the Chinese Consul, and our baggage must be looked after to make sure all would get on the steamer. Also, three of us had received gifts to buy a Vietrola to take to India. So you can imagine what busy people we were on that last day, and besides all these things two meetings were planned for!

Some time ago the Sunday Schools of Windsor and Walkerville bought a typewriter for me and sent it to Vancouver, expecting a friend there to take care of it, and I sent the magic lantern given me by Emmanuel S. S. by express to his address.

When I reached the church for the afternoon meeting and enquired for this gentleman, the friends told me he had not been in the city for years! Do you wonder I felt kind of frightened at first, as I thought of those two precious things, and wondered where they were. Soon, however, our Father's word, "Be careful for nothing," came to mind, and a friend offered to go with me to help find them.

It was not long before we got trace of them, and I was so glad to know they were safe before time for the big meeting in the evening. God has helped me so many times that I ought never to get frightend about anything. When Jesus said, "Your Father knoweth," He meant that we should trust Him, and not be full of care and worry.

The next morning when we went to the Customs to get the typewriter everyone was so kind and helpful that I just laughed for joy, as I saw my text worked right out before me. "As thou goest, step by step, I will make the way plain before thee."

Before 12 o'clock on the 30th, our party and their belongings were safely packed away on the big C.P.R. steamer, "Empress of Asia." In our next chapter we will talk about some of our doings as we crossed the Pacific to Yokohama.

Your loving friend,
ELLEN PRIEST.

BUSINESS DEPARTMENT

Remember the United Campaign for the LINK and Visitor! Many Circles have done well; many others have not been heard from yet. Both papers still need several thousands of new subscribers to meet the increasing cost of publication.

Associations are at hand. Last summer many of the reports were lengthy, and it was late in the year before they were all published. It seems wise to ask those writing Association reports to limit themselves to 300 words.

RECEPTION.

A delightful afternoon! This was the verdict of all who were present on Wednesday, March 29th, at a reception held by the Women's Foreign Mission Board in the Board room at 223 Church Street. It was arranged in order that many friends might meet our missionaries, Mr. and Mrs. Gunn, who will soon return to India, and also welcome Miss McLeish and Miss Hatch, just arrived on furlough. Miss Hatch's presence was only hoped for—not quite expected—and when she appeared in the doorway there was general jubilation.

It was a privilege to see all these missionaries, to wish Mr. and Mrs. Gunn a safe return to the work they love, and for Miss Hatch and Miss McLeish a happy resting-time and a speedy renewal of strength for service. These missionaries will not do public speaking for at least three months.

We hope to give an up-to-date directory of all our missionaries in the June number. In the meantime, those on furlough may be addressed at 223 Church St., Toronto.

CIRCLES, LISTEN!

Again we are appealing to you for financial support for the Muskoka Rest Home.

The past year has been a heavy one financially, as many of you heard at Convention.

In building the boathouse (which cost more than expected) supplying some furniture and needed repairs to make our missionaries more comfortable, we went beyond our income, hoping that the appeal at Convention might bring some returns.

Now we are looking to the summer with a deficit and necessary repairs are facing us.

For instance, Mr. Stephens told us last year that it would be necessary to paint the cottage this year in order to preserve it, as when it was built only one coat was put on.

Many thanks to the Circles who responded so heartily last year, and I trust they will not think it too much to bring this need again before their meeting and take a special collection in May or June for this work.

(MRS.) LILLIE SENIOR, Sec.-Treas.
168 Davenport Rd.

EASTERN SOCIETY NOTES.

In January the members of the Board and other women of the Montreal Circles joined in the interdenominational prayer meeting in connection with the Forward Movement. A large gathering assembled in the Emmanuel Congregational Church and it was an inspiring sight to see so many of our sisters gathered together and to realize that we are all one in the great purpose to carry the Gospel to the uttermost parts of the earth. Yet though there were so many, the burden of the women who even in this great day of opportunity still remain cold or indifferent lies heavily on the hearts of the officers of our Board and on the leaders of our Circles.

In February the monthly prayer meeting of our Board was held under the direction of Mrs. O. C. S. Wallace, who gave a helpful, inspirational address. Earnest, intercessory prayers were offered.

In March the first quarterly meeting of the Board was held. Mrs. Orchard, first vice-president, took the chair in the absence of our president, who was delayed by weather conditions on her way home from the South. We are now rejoicing to have her in our midst again in renewed health and strength.

The Treasurer's report showed a total amount subscribed for three months of \$1,492.88. She stated that it was too early to judge of the success of the Pledge Cards issued in January for the Forward Movement, but we feel confident that our women will respond nobly.

Nine names were presented for Life Membership, and the following were duly elected: Mrs. Anne Munro, Renfrew; Mrs. C. Stoddard, Smith's Falls; Miss M. G. Porteous, Westmount; Miss H. J. Porteous, Westmount; Mrs. Norman McLaurin, Vankleek Hill; Mr. K. M. McDonald, Ottawa, 4th Avenue; Mr. C. G. Fraser, McPhail Memorial; Mr. M. A. Morgan, Highland Park; Miss Jessie McNaughton, Osgoode.

In December the Board had decided to join the Federation of Foreign Mission Boards. The fee of \$5 for registration was paid out of a sum of \$43.47, the proceeds of a birthday party held at the home of Mrs. Wood.

A letter of invitation was read from the Quebec Circle, inviting our Convention to meet there in October next. It was decided that we gratefully accept this invitation.

A vacancy in the Board caused by the death of Mrs. Dyke was filled by the election of Mrs. Martin.

An interesting letter was read from our missionary, Miss Murray, in which she speaks of her great joy at having, through the goodness of God, been permitted to again take up her loved work in India. The following extracts will interest our readers:

"I reached Yellamanchili on Dec. 23rd, and found my coming most timely, as I arrived just in time to relieve Miss McLeish, whose departure for home with Mr. and Mrs. Dixon Smith has been arranged for Feb. 1st.

"At the Conference in January it was arranged that Mr. Timpany of Samalkot be asked to take charge of the work at Tuni, Samalkot and Marsapatnam until October, when Mr. Gunn will have charge of Tuni and Marsapatnam.

"Miss Myers, a Maritime lady, is to live with us here, and to care for Miss Mason's work in Narsapatnam from here. This is the very best provision that can be made. Dr. Smith will care for the general work of the Yellamanchili field until Mr. Gunn's arrival.

"I am glad to find that there has been real progress during my absence. The Lord has been with Miss McLeish and has sustained her during the months of famine and pestilence. She has shown remarkable wisdom and tact in dealing with difficult cases, and has won the respect not only of the Christians but of the Hindoo officials.

"Work has been opened up in several new centres; village schools have been started and souls saved. The situation calls more loudly than ever for a wise, strong, spirit-filled man, and this is my request that you will ask special prayer that if it is the will of God He will send a missionary to Yellamanchili, which has been without a resident missionary for six years. I arrived in time to attend the baptism of a woman over whom and whose family we have long yearned.

The husband died recently, a most triumphant death. Jesus and His Cross were very real to him in his dying hour, and this has resulted in the conversion of his wife. This makes it possible for seven young children to be reared in the fear of God. Please pray for this family, and for us, that we may be able to do the best for the children.

"At my first Sunday service a fine, prosperous-looking caste man and his wife declared their faith in Christ. An out-caste woman was also present at the same service who has been baptized during my absence. The next Tuesday these two women came together. During my absence, a woman who had been a baptized Christian, and even for a time a Biblewoman, who had for many years been living in sin, has been renewed and sent to Miss Hatch to a training school for helpers. Your sympathy and prayers are enlisted on her behalf and for another woman in like condition, that she also may return from the 'far country'."

As we read these instances of what is being wrought by our devoted missionaries we realize somewhat of the burden of precious souls which presses upon them daily. May our readers share this burden and pray constantly, definitely and designedly for the workers and their work.

In April the semi-annual Day of Prayer was observed, and on the same afternoon a Union Meeting of the Montreal Circles was held, at which an address was given by Mrs. Shearer, who had been co-worker with that devoted pioneer missionary, Miss Mary Slessor, of Calabar, West Africa.

In May, Miss Hinman is going to begin a tour among the Circles of our Convention. Earnest prayer is requested that she may be wonderfully blest, and that her bright personality may be the means of a great quickening in the members of the Circles she visits.

Assistant Cor. Secretary.

TREASURER'S CORNER.

The following Life Memberships have been added to our Society during the past month: Circles—Mrs. Betsy Smith, Collingwood; Mrs. Mae O. Marshall and Mrs. Scofield, Windsor, Bruce Ave.; Miss Annie Cameron, London, Wortley Rd.; Mrs. C. A. Parsons, Brantford, Calvary; Mrs. Geo. Davis, Wallaceburg; Mrs. Earl Carrol, Gravenhurst.

Young Women's Circles—Miss Cora I. Wilson, Woodstock, First Church; Mrs. Earl Luscombe, Brantford, Riverdale.

Bands—Miss E. Raymond, St. Thomas, Broderick Memorial; Miss Clara Hilderley, East Zorra, 16th Line.

It might be pointed out that Windsor, Bruce Avenue, made two more life Memberships than the whole Toronto Association put together. In last month's list, Mrs. F. T. Cummer should read Mrs. E. Cummer. Mrs. Cummer is a member of High Park Circle, and was made a Life Member by her daughter.

Middlesex and Lambton Association is loyally and joyfully supporting the missionary of their choice, Miss Laura Allyn. Though Miss Allyn has been laboring in Pithapuram some time, she evidently occupies as warm a place as ever in the hearts of the Middlesex and Lambton folk.

Niagara and Hamilton have undertaken something very "extra special" in respect to the Biblewoman's Training School, and letters containing generous gifts and invariably expressing pleasure in giving, are coming in from this progressive association.

Evidently everybody thinks that sufficient money for Miss Baskerville's car has been raised. Unfortunately, this is not the case. Wouldn't it be a good idea if every LINK reader who owns a car would send in a dollar: and if your car is a specially fine one, better send five.

M. C. CAMPBELL, Treasurer.

Mrs. Glenn H. Campbell,
113 Balmoral Ave., Toronto.

Save Monday Evening, May 10th, to hear Dr. J. L. Campbell, in Walmer Road Baptist Church. Dr. Campbell has just returned from a tour of our Mission Stations, and our Women's Board is fortunate to have secured him for their annual lecture.