

Canadian Missionary Link

Dyresse, Mrs. E.

XLVII

WHITBY, MARCH, 1925

No. 7

AN OPPORTUNITY

For renewed consideration of our Missionary Obligations

For more generous giving

For prompt remittance of funds on hand

For unceasingly remembering the Treasury in prayer.

OUR STANDING (February 1st)

Circles ahead of 1924 standard \$1131.00
(This is partly Jubilee Fund)

Y. W. Circles behind by \$69.00

Bands behind by \$ 3.00

Individuals behind by \$700.00

Miscellaneous sources behind by \$685.21

Regular giving behind by \$1511.00

See Note on Page 2

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NOTE CONCERNING THE TREASURY

There is room for concern regarding our financial position. Last year at this time twenty-eight per cent. of our regular estimates had been paid in. This year, only nineteen per cent. has been placed in the Treasurer's hands. An unforeseen situation has arisen. Exchange has again become an item to reckon with and a very serious item. At the time of writing it cost us \$168.84 to send \$1716.54 to India. That is, we had to send \$1885.38 in order to have it realize \$1716.54 in India. This is something less than ten per cent. It means that each circle should try to increase by ten per cent its gifts in order to provide the money to send its share to India.

Another additional amount in our estimates this year is six passages to and from India instead of four, which is our usual obligation. What shall we do about it? We must not let this work suffer.

Could you increase your own gift by ten per cent., and so pay the expense of sending your money to India?

Let each one of us try.

JANUARY REPORT FOR LINK

225 Lists sent to Agents
276 sample copies sent
350 Agents heard from (16 Y.W.)
52 Individuals have sent in subscriptions
11 Clubs have been heard from
2013 Renewals have been received
176 paid arrears (1 yr.)
39 paid arrears (2 yrs.)
112 reinstated
315 new subscriptions
4 new complimentary
276 discontinued
NET GAIN 155.
Our Objective 10,000 subscribers
Number on mailing list 7,455
WANTED—2545 MORE NEW SUB-
SCRIBERS.

The Honour List

(Every name reported on for Convention, November, 1925): Ailsa Craig, 20; Brantford (First) 50, Caledonia 10, Campbellford 19, Carnduff, Sask., 2, Colchester 9, Dalkeith 10, Daywood and Leith 11, Delta 21, Drummond 3, Fonthill 16, Grimsby 28, Harrow 14, Hartford 16, Huntsville 2, Invermay, Sask., 1, Kingston 10, Kitchener (Benton) 30, Meaford 14, Ormond 18, Osnabruck 17, Peterboro (Park) 10, Renfrew 10, Sawyerville, Que., 6, Simcoe (Walsh) 6, Snelgrove 3, Sparta 12, Stonewall, Man., 5, Toronto (Christie St.) 11, Toronto (Memorial Y.W.) 6, Vankleek Hill 14, West Lorne 16, Whitevale 6, Wingham 18.

Objective Reached for New Subscribers
Estevan, Sask., Edmonton, Alta., Arnprior, Stratford (Memorial), Summerland, B.C.
N.B.—All exceeded the objective set, Summerland, B.C., giving 8 more than was asked.

TWO New Agents

Carnduff, Sask., and Simcoe (Walsh).
THIRTEEN New Places on the Mailing List
For these subscriptions we wish to thank the Agents of West Lorne, Kitchener, (Benton), Prince Rupert, B.C., Hanover, Whitevale, Buckingham, Que., Summerland, B.C., Colborne and Renfrew.

From Our Agents and Friends

"My work has been very encouraging so far. No person has refused to renew and everybody speaks so highly of the 'Link'."

"Wish I had a longer list from Sawyerville, Que., The 'Link' is fine now."

"I must thank you for the privilege I had of receiving the 'Link' free for one year, as I was leader of a newly-organized Mission Band. Although I had never taken the paper before, I have come to look forward to its arrival both for my own enjoyment and the help I have received from it for my Band programs. I used the medical mission studies and got pictures of the missionaries from the Literature Department, 66 Bloor St. W., Toronto. I

made a chart and I think I can safely say that every child looked forward to our meetings."

—A Mission Band Leader.

A good friend in Brockton, Mass., says: "Would not think of being without the 'Link'."

"I do thank the busy people who print this most interesting 'Missionary Link'. We do get so much good out of it. I want to tell you how we use it.

First of all I am sixty years old and a very busy woman in my home, but I gathered all the girls together and taught them in Sunday School. We have no Baptist Church here. We wanted something to enjoy ourselves with so I tried in my feeble way to show them it was no good to have a party somewhere every week and nothing to show for it. We prayed to God to show us plainly what he wished us to do. The call came to help educate a boy in India. We organized and called our club 'The Cameron Clever Clan'. We have our yell. For three years we have paid \$60 and now we are well in our fourth. I have the mid-week meeting the second Wednesday in the month. I manage the Mission side of the Canadian Girls in Training program. I hope we can start a Baptist Church this summer. May God show us the way."—A Saskatchewan C. G. I. T. Worker.

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

A PRAYER-SONG

By Washington Gladden

O Master, let me walk with Thee
In lowly paths of service free;
Tell me Thy secret, help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee
In closer, dearer company;
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong;
In trust that triumphs over wrong.

In hope that sends its shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way;
In peace that Thou alone canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live.

—Missions.

DEVOTIONAL

Mary Slessor's Testimony About Prayer

My life is one long daily, hourly, record of answered prayer. For physical health, for mental overstrain, for guidance given marvelously, for errors and dangers averted, for enmity to the Gospel subdued, for food provided at the exact hour needed, for everything that goes to make up life and my poor service. I can testify with a full and often wonder-stricken heart that I believe God answers prayer. I know God answers prayer. I have proved during long decades while alone, as far as man's help and presence are concerned, that God answers prayer. Cavilings, logical or physical, are of no avail to me. It is the very atmosphere in which I live and breathe and have my being, and it makes life glad and free, and a million times worth living. I can give no other testimony. I am sitting alone here on a log among a company of natives. My children, whose very lives are a testimony that God answers prayer, are working round me. Natives are crowding past on the bush road to attend palavers, and I am at perfect peace, far from my own countrymen and conditions because I know God answers prayer. Food is scarce just now. We live from hand to mouth. We have not more than will be our breakfast today, but I know we shall be fed, for God answers prayer.

Mary Slessor,

to Mr. Smith of Dundee, in answer to a request for her testimony re prayer.

A Morning Prayer.

Dear Heavenly Father, Thou who dost neither slumber nor sleep, I thank Thee for Thy protecting care during the night watches and for the dawn of a new day. Cleanse my life now of every stain of yesterday's sin and create in me a clean heart. The hours of this day are golden, for it can be lived but once; therefore, reveal Thy plan for its life. Let me not mar that plan by any omission of service because of fear, timidity or unwillingness; let me add nothing to it which mere human impulse or selfish ambition dictates.

My life is but one, but as Thou didst multiply the lad's meagre luncheon so that it was enough to feed thousands, with food to spare, so multiply my life that it, through prayer and rich self-giving, may bless multitudes.

Dear Lord Jesus, touch me before the hurrying world touches me, so that the fever of haste and restlessness may leave me and I may rise and minister unto others with a still heart, testifying through my life of the blessed heritage of peace Thou didst bequeath us. Teach me to enjoy life not so much through the retrospection of a dead past and the anticipation of an uncertain future as through a hearty separation of my whole being unto the things and people of the living present.

Tender Father, I thank Thee for the many loving kindnesses and tender mercies with which Thy children are constantly crowning my life; to-day may I be as kind, good and thoughtful to others. There will be many weary, discouraged, tempted, lonely, heart-sick, needy ones in the crowd to-day. O tender Son of Man, live in me, so that, as I pass through, I may feel the touch upon the hem of my garment, and by a smile, a letter, a word, a touch of sympathy and love, meet the need and satisfy the longing of some human soul. If it be only a cup of cold water for one of Thy little ones, let me carry it for Thy sweet sake, and to-night may I hear Thee say, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

To-day my life may be the only Bible some person will read. So teach me how to understand and incarnate Thy Truth, that my life may be a living message, written with the Spirit of the living God. To-day, precious Christ, let me become more like Thee, and let each to-morrow be but a daily transformation into Thy image, whom, having not seen, I love, until that promised day comes when I shall be really like Thee, for I shall see Thee as Thou art. Dear Father, grant these petitions in the name of Thy dear Son, the little babe born in Bethlehem two thousand years ago and one day born in my heart. Amen.

Ruth Paxson. —Sel.

"THE CLASH OF COLOUR"

We were picking our way through the mud in a tiny Nova Scotia fishing village, a Canadian Girl in Training and I. We had only the stars to light us and our own voices to break the stillness. Or so it seemed at first. But gradually another sound penetrated my consciousness. "Are there some trains shunting near here?" I asked, puzzled.

"No", she answered with polite gravity, "That is the surf you hear."

"Surf! But I have been here since noon, and I have not heard it till now", and I thought regretfully of a long afternoon spent writing by an open fire in the quaint little hotel, when one might have been watching the surf.

"It is always there," she said.

This is a true story and also it is a parable.

* * *

Coming home on an abominable little train from a mining-town of central New Brunswick, where, in the murkiest surroundings, I had found thirty winsome Canadian Girls in Training, I opened "The Clash of Colour" by Basil Mathews. It is the mission study text book endorsed by all denominations for use in C.G.I.T. groups this year. I have sold many copies of it. Surely one should read it oneself. Was it a book or was it a magic wand? As once I forgot the bumping and the stale tobacco smoke, and was standing on the shores of the Pacific. There I had vivid glimpses of Japan, with its 56 millions crowded into 148,000 square miles, of little Korea, with its ten millions, of China, where one-quarter of the human race surge to and fro, living by hundreds of thousands in house-boats on the rivers because of the congestion. India and Burma—Basil Mathews touches them all with his brilliant pen, until one sees all Asia as a bowl, "a bowl whose millions are spilling over the Pacific brim." They are being urged forward not only by the fearful congestion, but by the industrial revolution, the new education, the broadcasting of Western ideas and ambitions, the popular moving pictures. "Behind those impassive, inscrutable faces, as they sit in their cinemas, or study in their class-rooms, the thoughts of the

west are creating fresh ambitions for the East." In contrast, here we see the Philippines, which could nourish 80 millions and have only 10 millions. In Australia's 3 million square miles we find fewer people than in greater London. British Columbia has an area of 390,000 square miles, with marvelous rivers, mighty forests, fertile soil, and this is but a fragment of Canada, which has a total population less than that of tiny Korea. The United States and South America present similar contrasts. "What can stop the swamping of the minority of whites by the tidal waves of Asia's millions?"

In another thrilling chapter we find discussed the problem of vast Africa, and the more perplexing problem of Africa in America. Again there is, in clear-cut pictures, the story of Britain in India, "another prodigious racial enigma." Perhaps the most challenging chapter is that on "The World-Team". The author describes a football game he watched in Beirut, where an Armenian full-back, whose father had been massacred, passed to a Turk, he to a Greek, he to a Persian, he to an African. Such team-play on a world scale is the only hope of human kind. Before we can have it the will to dominate and the will to isolated self-determination must be broken down, and the spirit of Jesus, which is the spirit of brotherhood, must be substituted. Mathews has some illuminating things to say about the delusion of race-superiority cherished by many Anglo-Saxons.

If world brotherhood come, will it mean the loss of the lovely virtues of heroism and self-sacrifice? No, there is another war, "the real war, not of race against race, not of man against man," but of man with the deadly foes of poverty and ignorance, of vice and disease. It is a competition, not to kill, but to contribute, that is the root of progress for man on the planet.

If people would only be convinced! I am writing on the train. Just now the conductor, a thoroughly kindly person, stopped by the seat to enquire the object of my study. When I explained he shook his head. "That will never be. Fighting is bound to continue", he said. "But it can't. We shall annihilate each other. Surely we shan't be such

fools," I pleaded. But he has walked away quite calmly, and shaking his head. The surging forces of humanity, are they not a rising tide that threatens to engulf our planet? We sit by our pleasant fires in our quaint little houses. We heed not the roar of the surf. But it is there. It is always there. Basil Mathews makes one hear it.

Marjorie Trotter.

St. John, New Brunswick.

P.S. My good friend the conductor has returned with sixty cents (for that is all this golden book costs) and has purchased from me "The Clash of Colour." He has promised to read it. There is yet hope for the world! M. T.

THE WASHINGTON CONVENTION

It was said, in olden times, "All roads lead to Rome". But there was a week during January when, if one chanced to be in Washington, that beautiful Capital city of our neighbors across the Line, one could with truth be permitted to say,—"All roads lead to the Auditorium." And, lest the visiting stranger should miss the way in the multitude of roads, on signposts at the important street corners, were placed large cards, an arrow pointing in the required direction, and the words, "To the Foreign Missions Convention." Even in a city where great Conventions are in the ordinary course of events, there was really no reason why the inhabitants thereof should fail to realize that one very extraordinary convention was being held. One reason appealed especially to an employee in a Hotel almost filled with delegates. Said he, "What sort of a Convention is this anyway? Usually delegates attending conventions here in Washington wear great badges, but these delegates have neither ribbons nor rosettes!"

How beautiful a city is Washington! Over and over were the words repeated. No wonder the people of the U.S.A. love their Capital city, no wonder their thoughts turn toward it as to their Mecca. How can one fitly describe its wide streets,—its great avenues crossing those streets diagonally leaving all those many corners, small and large, which have been converted into the charming parks, each

with its one or more groups of statuary, which are of never-failing interest to the visitor. One could fill pages with descriptions of the great buildings,—the Capitol itself, high above the city, a thing of beauty at any time, but a scene from fairy-land at night with the flares from search lights playing upon it; The White House, the home of each successive President; the wonderfully beautiful marble shaft in memory of Washington; the imposing and exquisitely beautiful memorial to Lincoln, with the colossal figure seated in a chair in the centre, facing the entrance, and the many other structures one would like to mention.

The Auditorium, where the Convention was held, is a newly erected building, indeed so newly erected that it is far from being completed yet. But the huge assembly room and its great balcony, together capable of seating 6000 people, were ready. Hanging over the desk, where the speakers stood on the platform, was a microphone, connected with the powerful amplifier, which solved any doubt as to whether all might hear. Every word went clear and true, even to the last row of the balcony. On the stage two pianos, side by side, played as though a single instrument, led by a young man who played the cornet, and directed by one who made the vast audience just one more instrument to play upon,—and the volume of the harmony of human voices and instruments mingling together was something never to be forgotten. On the first day, as each accredited Delegate showed his ticket and entered (the ticket had to be ready each time) he was given together with a program of the sessions and a map of the city, a copy of the Convention Hymnal, containing over a hundred hymns, most of them grand old favorites, with a few grand new ones which became favorites. At the back of the Hymnal were Scripture selections, which were used from time to time for responsive readings. Each delegate was presented with a large envelope and in this he could carry the program, map, hymnal, note book and any other material required for Convention use.

But all this is but the exterior,—the real heart of the Convention,—those three daily sessions,—what can be said of them? Trying to report them, it seems as if they were still

too close to be grasped,—as if one must wait until they had somewhat receded,—until they came into better perspective. Of a truth no report can ever do them justice.

The first session, the afternoon of Wednesday, Jan. 28, was opened by prayer by Dr. Abernethy, Pastor of the Calvary Baptist Church in the city. Then came the address of welcome by the President of the United States. It was good, quiet but vigorous, no oratory, but all felt its sincerity.

From that first session, on through the days, to the final one on Monday evening, Feb. 2, the quality of addresses meted out to us was of a high order, indeed sometimes one felt almost overwhelmed by the volume of it. Many sides of many topics and many varied subjects were discussed, at times one might scarcely agree with the speakers, at other times be fully in accord with them, but one thing is a joy to remember. All through those six days, Christ was uplifted, Christ and His Cross, the only reason and the only foundation for Foreign Mission endeavor. Taking the first and last addresses only for example: Dr. Mouzan, whose address came that first afternoon, spoke on "The Compulsion". "The compelling power of His Cross, and the compelling power of the risen and reigning Christ." One of his forceful sentences was "Tell the story of the Cross, never cease to tell it, and as you tell it, men will turn from their false gods. As Jesus and His Cross come into the world, the faces of false gods vanish."

And the last night of all, in that masterly address which held that vast concourse hushed and yet deeply stirred, Dr. Robert E. Speer, spoke on "The Call of Our Unfinished Task." He spoke of the challenge of the present days as being calls to us, and one of these calls, he said, was "to set and to keep Christ in His rightful place,—His central place,—Jesus Christ, God's Son." One of Dr. Speer's sentences was, "If there is a language which can give Christ a larger place, let us learn that tongue."

B. C. S.

Be sure to read that charming story by Margaret Applegarth, in the Young Women's Section, "The Great Grab."

SHAPING A COLLEGE COURSE WITH A VIEW TO MISSION WORK

By Margaret E. T. Addison, B.A., Dean of
Women in Victoria College

The following paper was written by special request for the Mission Circle of Trinity Methodist Church, Toronto, and was read before a joint meeting of the Circle and Auxiliary of that Church.

—The Editor of Outlook.

The title of this article would seem to indicate a subject simpler than it is. Let no one expect definite details regarding subjects and courses, for though the curriculum of instruction is definite enough, the human factor of the candidate is variable, and the past in which she may one day find herself, an unknown quantity. However, if in the term, "college course" we include not merely the curriculum, but all the extra curricular contributions to an education, if we discuss the candidate herself, and her education, and also the needs of the mission field, there is quite enough for a short paper.

We shall begin with the curriculum of a university. Generally speaking there are honor courses in languages, history, philosophy, mathematics and science, and a pass course. There are also practical courses in medicine, dentistry, pharmacy, engineering, forestry, commerce, education, theology, household science, social service, public health nursing, music and art. No one course may be said to excel any other—all are good, and they offer a student a wide choice wherein she may find full play for her own particular gifts and aptitudes.

The study of languages develops linguistic ability, very valuable in acquiring foreign languages. Knowledge of the history and literature of other peoples gives a sympathetic human background for the study of a new people, with whom the student is to live, and whom she is to understand. Philosophy, with psychology, teaches much about the workings of the mind, and is invaluable in the study of Oriental character. Mathematics and science the most universal studies of all, bind different people together by common research, shared by all alike.

The pass course offers more options than

the honor courses, and is less exacting than an honor course, thus leaving more time for supplementary subjects if desired. The men in theology carry one or two theological options a year in addition to their arts course, and it is possible and advisable for a young woman who hopes to go to the mission field to do the same. For woman missionaries will need much more theological training now than twenty years ago, and such training, to be effective, cannot be compressed into a single year. To study one or more subjects in theology during each of four years gives time for the adjustment of the minds to truth, which it must incorporate as its own. Then there may be added a final year of consecrated study in theology.

On the mission field there are many positions to fill. Teachers are wanted in language, literature, history, mathematics, science, art, music; evangelistic workers are needed, and doctors, nurses, dentists, druggists, architects, social workers, child welfare experts. In other lands, as here, more spheres of work for women are opening up. No knowledge that has ever been acquired will come amiss, and the more experience of a right kind which a candidate can have, the better. Now that Christian Colleges and universities are established in China, Japan and India, women who are learned specialists, if possessing the right spirit, will be welcomed among the young women students of these higher seats of learning.

Let there be no remnant of the idea once held that missionaries are sent to foreign countries to convert an inferior race called heathen. Missionaries go now to share with their foreign brothers and sisters, who are not only their equals, but in some ways their superiors, the wonderful message of the love of God to all His children. Let them go to learn from those of a finer culture than their own, and with the deep humility which should characterize the messengers of the love of God.

It is highly desirable that a candidate for the mission field should make connection with the Board under which she is to serve at as early a date as possible. For a Board will know what specific positions there are to be filled, and can therefore direct the studies of the candidate accordingly. While it is true

that some women who have not attended college are better educated than many who have, it is also true that the most thorough preparation is imperative. Every Board has to think ahead, and a person who may be able to do tolerable work for a short time, may, because of deficient preparation, do very poor work as time goes on. Youth and enthusiasm will carry people for a few years, but when youth loses its bloom, and enthusiasm is sobered by the grave facts of life, a great deal of solid character, good habits of study and of concentration, and mental resourcefulness is necessary for the continuous grind of constructive, permanent work. Without spiritual power no missionary dare go out to teach Jesus' way of life, but we are seeing more and more that outlook and social grace are integral parts of spiritual life. Jesus taught us to love God with our bodies and our minds as well as with our hearts and souls.

But to return to the extracurricular education of a college: many a student will tell you she has received her greatest inspiration in some voluntary study group; or in some outstanding lecture; or from some person she has met; or in her friendships; or in some chosen society; or in residence. In addition to such definite contributions as are made in these ways, much that is the best of all comes through the traditions of the college, by means of its atmosphere. If a College is a Christian one, its traditions are that a student shall leave it with zeal to follow the Christ, with mental equipment to give balance to her outlook, with staunch, steady character to see her object through—"to minister and not to be ministered unto." And if the student is to go to a far-off land, to learn to live among a people of another race, with a different heritage, she will do well to learn to live and to work among her fellow Canadian students, to show just consideration to them all, to keep herself free of class distinctions, to acquire the sympathy and tolerance so difficult to youth, and to associate as far as possible with persons older and wiser than herself.

For it is the candidate herself who matters most—what she is, what she thinks, her habits of mind and of manner; whether her desire for self expression takes on a bizarre form

peculiar to herself, whether she is a solitary, self-centered creature, immersed in individualism, with little idea of voluntarily submerging herself to serve a cause. She has to lose her life if she is to save it. "The man precedes the citizen," says Renan—and a poet gives this picture of a man:

"What 'twas to be a man! to give, not take;
To serve, not rule; to nourish, not devour;
To help, not crush; if need, to die, not live."

A college in a city gives opportunity to see; to enlarge the vision of the candidate; to hear and to meet distinguished persons; to listen to the best in dramatic art and in music, as well as in literature, history and science; to appreciate pictures; to use great libraries—in short, to widen her experiences that she may become a citizen of the world.

Some years are likely to intervene between a young student's decision to go as a missionary and her appointment. These years can be well employed in proving to her own satisfaction as well as to that of her Board, her ability for effective mission work. Also, as many a woman missionary returns home to care for the aged or invalided of her family, it is essential before she leaves her own country to have some profession or trade by which she can earn her own living if she finds it necessary to come home.

May a word be added with regard to the graces of life. We are a young country, placing more emphasis upon efficiency than upon culture. Yet, our men and women go to countries rich in the oldest of culture, with the finest flower of courtesy. Moreover, it often happens that a small group of Europeans find themselves housed together in a tiny place with no outside resources. Then comes the test! Eccentricities and peculiarities that may be borne in a great city where individuals are lost in the mass, become intolerable, and stand in the way of manifesting the spirit of Jesus Christ. It is necessary to subordinate non-essentials in ourselves (and to be humble enough to learn what they are), to the great and dominant good we go out to teach. It is as necessary to love what is beautiful as what is good. For God is the Creator of beauty as well as goodness.

(Continued on page 238)

Our Work Abroad

DEDICATION OF THE FIRST PROTESTANT CHURCH IN LA PAZ

By Mrs. Mary Pattullo Plummer

The long awaited "estreno" has at last taken place. The dedication of the first protestant church in La Paz, our Baptist church, was fittingly celebrated at very interesting services on December 14-17. This may mean little to those who do not know the history of the work here, but to the missionaries in Bolivia it means a great victory; an overcoming of ever-increasing difficulties and of seemingly insurmountable obstacles. Even after the first church that we were building had to be given up because of the strong Catholic opposition and the second was successfully started on a much superior site, troubles did not cease. The city council demanded that one wall be torn down because they claimed that it was not exactly in accordance with the plans, but although several months have elapsed they have not yet been able to find the alleged variation from the plan. Two weeks before the opening, the carpenter who was making the benches decided to move to another city and carefully sent word to Mr. Wintemute after he had gone; as it is exceedingly difficult to get one man to finish the work of another here, this did not make the troubles of the "pastor" any lighter. Then the day before the opening the electric light company being Catholic and prejudiced refused to turn on the light. But everything worked out right, because unknowingly these people were working against an overwhelming majority, as we heard one minister say, "One and God are a majority."

Saturday night saw the La Paz missionaries, those from the farm, from Cochabamba, and Oruro working hard to put on the finishing touches. There was carpet to lay, curtains to hang, sweeping and tidying and arranging of flowers to be done, but by eleven o'clock all was ready, and we were able to stand back and say that it was well. The interior of the church has a quiet, dignified, worshipful appearance, quite unlike the gaudiness displayed in the cathedrals of South America. Also this little church has a steeple to beckon the many passers by on the Prado



THE NEW CHAPEL

to come within and hear of God. It has an excellent situation on this important boulevard, very much better than that of the first church which was forced to come to naught.

And now what about the services? They began with Sunday School at ten o'clock on Sunday morning. There was no lack of audience. The place was filled with representatives from all classes in society who eagerly listened to Mr. Hillyer's object story on Gideon. Although the Indians generally have their lesson in Aymara they sat quietly, getting what they could of the Spanish. At eleven an English service was held at which Mr. Plummer, the new missionary for Peniel Hall Farm, spoke from Ephesians 2: 20-22. At this gathering there were many "gringos" or foreigners present who had not attended an English service for many years, although one has been held quite regularly in the Methodist Hall. This was an inspiring service. The home-like appearance, the sermon, and realization of what this temple meant brought a tear to more than one eye. But the evening meeting was the big event of the day. From eight till eleven it continued, the building packed to the doors; even the street car outside was stopped because of the huge crowd. Among the people, a policeman could be picked out here and there, a precautionary measure, as one man had sworn he was going to throw bombs into the building! But

nothing of this sort happened. The only unforeseen event which occurred was the presentation of a medal to Mr. Wintemute, in which three native workers told what he and Mrs. Wintemute had meant to them in their work here. The church members fairly beamed; they surely approved of every sentiment of admiration, love and loyalty that was being expressed; and the Wintemutes do deserve congratulation for the way they have gone ahead, never doubting that the church would be finished, giving strength, health and money to bring it about. To them it must have been a glorious occasion.

A rather humorous part of the programme was a musical selection given by the native choir. In honor of the occasion Mrs. Wintemute wanted a chorus with an obligato. The natives think everyone should sing the same tune; part songs and obligatoes are foolish and very difficult besides, so she had to reinforce the choir with stray missionaries. We were discreetly placed so as to keep the natives next to us up to time and tune and if possible to drown out anyone who insisted on singing differently. It was quite an effort, but was fairly successful. The sermon was preached by Mr. Turnbull from Cochabamba and although I could not understand it, I realized by the close attention of the audience that it was a powerful message.

The following Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday services were also held. Monday it was conducted creditably by natives. Tuesday and Wednesday Messrs. Hillyer and Haddow spoke. The attendance continued good all the time.

Now what is this going to mean to the work? Is the expense worth while? We think so, for already people are coming to the services who, because of their superstition, would not come to a rented hall. They are people of influence and intelligence, a class that was very difficult to reach before. Yes, it is for us here, and for you at home to praise God for the way He has made it possible for this place of worship to be finished and opened, and to pray that He may make it a House of blessing to the thousands in La Paz who do not know Him.

APPRECIATION OF NEW MISSIONARIES TO BOLIVIA

In a note to Mr. Stillwell from Rev. H. E. Wintemute occurs the following paragraph which, we believe, will be of interest to all our readers:

"We are all delighted with the last three missionaries who have come from Canada. Miss Palmer is doing splendid work. In her nursing she has been very highly praised by the Chief of the Health Department of La Paz, and by everyone whom she has treated or who has seen her work. She literally saved Mrs. Daniel Ruiz's life not long ago. It was an extremely critical case, and the doctor has frankly stated that it was only Miss Palmer's skilful nursing that saved her. The Plummers too are very fine people. They have the right spirit and the right attitude toward their work. In these three we have a very fine addition to our staff in Bolivia."

SAMALKOT

As time goes on it again falls to our lot to write a report for "Among the Telugus," but this time it is not such a fearful bore. The reason for this is that we are now really in the work and a part of it. It presses in upon us from every side and we are glad, truly glad that the work which we have is bigger than we are. We often think of our many friends and wish to write to them far more than we do, but the task at hand claims the best of all that we can give.

Let us think up events since writing our last report. During the greater part of last year Mrs. Armstrong had charge of Miss Sanford's work in Bethesda Hospital and she greatly enjoyed putting her nurse's training into this practical service for the Lord. We can never fully know the inestimable value of medical missions, when it is actuated by the love of Jesus Christ. It is one of our most potent factors today in breaking down the barriers of caste, in establishing the brotherhood of man, and in proving the saving grace of Jesus Christ.

In the reports which were written a year ago, both Dr. Smith and we mentioned the man who travelled over forty miles by walking



Dr. D. L. Joshee's older brother, one of the pastors of the Samalkotta field, baptizing a new convert. Taken by Mr. Armstrong while on tour.

and getting rides on bullock carts to come to Bethesda Hospital, how his whole arm was amputated to save his life because he had a bad cancer of the shoulder, and how he became a Christian and went away with a glad heart. In February I was on tour near this man's village and he came to see me. His shoulder had healed up beautifully and there was no sign of a recurrence of his trouble. The dull, hopeless expression of pain and suffering had not returned to his face, but he was all smiles. This is a concrete example of why Mrs. Armstrong has been glad of the privilege to identify herself with her father and mother in this great work.

Doubtless you are aware that Mr. Timpany, our Samalkot field missionary, had to go home earlier than he had expected owing to Mrs. Timpany's illness. Although Dr. Smith was already overloaded with work, he was given the added care of being placed in charge of Samalkot field. However, at our January Conference, it was decreed that we were to have temporary charge. We were very glad because Samalkot is only eight miles from Pithapuram and we could also take up a definite share of the work along with our fellow missionaries. One of our experienced missionaries told us that he considered Samalkot the hardest field in the mission to work. But it does not daunt us in the least, for we take

courage from the spirit and words of Nehemiah, "And they said, let us rise up and build. So they strengthened their hands for this good work."

We hope we have awakened your interest to know something more about this field. There are some twelve hundred and seventy Christians who have come almost entirely from the depressed classes or out-castes. These castes are termed by the upper castes as untouchables. They are usually the poorest of the poor, the most ignorant of the ignorant, and the most unclean of the uncleanly. In Hinduism there is no bright zenith to their horizon. When there is work to be obtained, they perform the most menial tasks; when there is none, they live on the verge of starvation. Is there any hope in working with such people? We wish you could see some of the Christian medical assistants, the teachers, the pastors, the fathers and mothers who are coming from these people. We would like to introduce you to kind, wholesome Davidas who is in charge of Samalkot dispensary. We would like you to sit in committee with Yesudas, the headmaster of Miss Brothers' school, and listen to his words as he soothes contentious feeling when the debate becomes warm, and brings it back to the spirit of Christ. We wish you could have seen Pastor Guraviyah as he baptized a whole group of Miss Brothers' boarding

school boys. We wish you could have sat with Gnana Ratnam one Sunday afternoon as her eager, searching mind sought for the explanation of passages in Romans and Corinthians. It would have done your hearts good. Of course there are many failures, many, many disappointments among our people, but let us not forget that it has taken Hinduism many generations to make the unfortunate people of India what they are today. It takes time for the spirit of Jesus Christ to permeate the social customs of the home and community and produce the individual Christian as he should be. The other day it was said of certain Indian brethren that they could not help being the men they were because they were reared in the atmosphere of prayer. At an appointed time every day their mother would withdraw from her duties and spend a definite time in communion with God. Some people think that Hinduism is inflexible, but we thank God for these lumps of leaven which will inevitably leaven the hearts of many men.

Because our Christians are nurtured in an environment of poverty, of oppression, of superstition, of ignorance, of deceit and of moral degradation, it is difficult for them to grasp their responsibilities and obligations to their fellow-men. These twelve hundred and seventy Christians are giving, on an average, less than one cent per member per month toward the payment of their workers' salaries. But we believe the day has come when they will attempt to systematically give a little more than this. We were encouraged when several of our workers said, "We will do our best to encourage the people to give." Our churches at home find their financial problems spoken of in terms of thousands of dollars; but though ours are only spoken of in terms of cents they are just as big or bigger in their call for sacrifice.

The motive for financial gain sometimes influences people to become Christians. So it is necessary for us to keep an eye open for ulterior as well as sincere motives. Recently, however, I received a fitting rebuke. At one of the baptismal services conducted in one of our outlying stations, I noticed a predominance of poor, middle-aged women. With some doubt in my own mind, I asked what the de-

termining influence was which had led these people to become Christians. The pastor told me that the late Miss McLeod was very devoted and faithful in her work among the women and that these were some of the results of her work for the Master. It must be at least four years since Miss McLeod had the opportunity of working among the people; but it is a lesson for us not to be discouraged and to trust God to give the increase.

We cannot conclude this report without expressing our appreciation that we are associated with Miss McLaurin. In all your thought and prayers for Samalkot please remember her as well as us. The need for Jesus Christ is very great. It excites our imagination, it arouses our optimism, it stimulates our faith and gives us an unbounded conviction.

E. W. Armstrong,
Evelyn S. Armstrong.
—Among the Telugus.

COMING INTO THE LIGHT

Dear Sisters:—In the village of Konayavalsa on Bobbili field, some years ago, a farmer named Sanyasi Naidu was converted, and baptized by Mr. Churchill. He was a very godly man and was the means of bringing several of his caste people to Christ. In God's providence he became ill and was "called higher", leaving a wife and two little girls. Before his death he expressed his desire that the girls go to Boarding school, but they were too small to send them. Some time after the mother died and the two girls were cared for by a Hindu grandmother and other relatives. The older sister died, and the younger girl was betrothed and married, according to the Hindu rites, to the son of one of the women who became a Christian during Sanyasi Naidu's lifetime, but had not done much at practicing Christianity.

This boy's name is Sanyasi Appadu. He attended the village school conducted by B. Chinnami and was baptized there. He was anxious to go to Bimlipatam Boarding school but his parents were bitterly opposed for they wanted him to stay at home and work the land. After much coaxing and being refused

he finally decided that he would go to Bimbi. His parents were greatly enraged, but he went; and after spending a year there he was anxious that his wife of about twelve years should attend the Boarding at Bobbili. This meant she would have to leave her Hindu relatives; but as he was getting an education he wished his wife to be educated in order that she might be a help-mate in the days to come.

So he went to her village and brought her to Bobbili, not telling her he was bringing her here until they had left her people. She at first said she did not want to study or go to the Boarding. A little persuasion resulted in her going with the girls and she seemed perfectly content. Sanyasi Appadu went on to Bimbi and from there wrote to his mother what he had done. The mother was wild and replied that if he ever set his foot in the village they would put out his eyes.

A few days later this mother with a relative came to the school and demanded the girl, telling her that her grandmother was lying at the point of death. Naturally the girl was upset. But I knew they were not telling the truth and took the girl to the Boarding. Then I tried to reason with them but could not do anything. Finally they went off. The girl soon got over her homesickness and seemed happy again, when Sanyasi's parents came and she was again upset. I told them that their son had given the girl into my charge and until he gave permission I was bound to keep her. They went away and the girl soon forgot them. Then when I was least expecting anything to occur the relatives with about ten men from Bobbili watched their chance and kid-napped her when she was going to school. The servants pursued and caught her; but, as the people would not give her up we let them go.

As soon as Mr. Matheson could do so he presented the case to the Collector who pronounced it a clear case of kid-napping, and issued orders that she should be brought at once as the husband has the authority over the wife as long as she is a minor, and no one can interfere. The police brought back word that the girl had gone to another village, (an untruth) and could not be brought for a week. So the Police Inspector kindly gave them until

Wednesday noon to deliver up the girl. Wednesday noon came and no girl; Thursday noon and no girl. The police were sent to bring the man who kid-napped her. He was lodged in jail that night, and Friday noon the compound was filled with the wails of the girl and two women who were being dragged along by the police. The Police Inspector talked to them plainly and ordered them to give the girl over to me. Such a looking girl! Her hair had not been combed for days; her body was filthy; and she had only an old rag which did not quarter cover her. She had to be carried by force to the Boarding, and then came the time of getting her willing to remain. She tried to throw herself into the well, and refused to eat. The girls were very kind to her and finally she came to realize that she must do what her husband wished her to do, and that we were not her enemies but her friends. In a few days she was feeling happier and she went to school. Since then she has shown a disposition to do what we want her to do and is learning splendidly. She is even learning to crochet. She is a very bright, attractive girl and very affectionate. About a month ago we (Miss Knowles and I) took the girls for a little picnic. As we were going along the road we met some people from Pidamma's village, and at the sight of them she began to cry, the girl had a great struggle for control and when Miss Knowles asked her if she did not love the Missammagaru, she came up close to her and said "I do love her," and from that time she has not shown any desire to go back to the old life.

When a few days later she asked that her nose jewels be removed we knew that she was ready to become one of us.

And when Miss McLeish was with us for a few days and held special meetings with the girls this little Pilamma who only two months ago threw herself on the ground and kicked and yelled and tore her hair because she did not want to go back to the Boarding, rose and asked God to forgive her sins and make her a good girl. Can you imagine how happy her husband in Bimbi is? Oh! we do pray that in these days that she is with us strong Christian character may be developed, and that some day she may be a blessing to her own people. Will

you not pray for her and her young husband
and for us who are trying to lead her?

Yours in His Grace,
Cora B. Elliott.
—Tidings.

**COPY OF A RESOLUTION PASSED BY
THE RAMACHANDRAPURAM
CHURCH AFTER DR. STILLWELL'S
DEATH**

Sent By Mrs. Joshee

At a meeting of the Church held on Sunday, Nov. 2nd, it was resolved that the church



Dr. J. R. Stillwell

send to the bereaved members of the late Dr. Stillwell's family, their deep condolences.

They take this opportunity to express their unanimous appreciation of all that the life and work of their beloved Missionary meant to them. They feel blessed indeed to have witnessed, for the last twenty years nearly, the unstinted labour of love for them, the miserable people of this insignificant part of our sad and lost India. To have watched Dr. J. R. Stillwell, day by day, pouring his life out, in the service for the down-trodden, the ignorant and the wicked, is to have realized more and more clearly the greatest sacrifice, that of our Saviour Who left his life

of glory to live a life of humility among the poorest of this earth. May we, the members of Ramachandrapuram church, endeavour to let this sad and sudden home call be but the beginning of a great season of fruit-gathering for the Master of our much-lamented missionary. With many an earnest and sincere prayer for your comfort in this your hard trial,

We remain,

The Members of the Church
Ramachandrapuram, Nov. 4th, 1924.

TRAINING SCHOOL FOR MISTRESSES

Evangelism and Christian Education are to the Church what wings are to the bird, progress is slow and crippled if either are broken or maimed, is a saying quoted by Rev. H. E. Stillwell, in his 1924 report.

Almost ever since the beginning of our Mission in India we have had Christian Education, and it has been a wonderful force for God. And it has been a strengthening force year by year. It was not so very long before we realized that we would have to have a Training School for teachers. Later as the new day for women dawned in India, we had to have our girls trained for teachers, as well as men. Those of us at home who are responsible for the education of children, will realize how necessary good teachers, the very best trained teachers, are for our children. Why not give our Indian sisters the same?

For years we have been sending our girls who wished this training to the A.B.M. Training School at Nellore, or the Lutheran Training School, or to a Government Training School at Rajamundry. Now these schools have been so crowded, and over-crowded, by their own pupils, that they cannot accept our girls. Some women, especially the wives of students at the Normal School in connection with the Seminary, have been attending the school there. But the Government of India has objected to co-education there. In this conclusion, our Conference has most heartily concurred.

Therefore, for these two reasons, it has been found necessary to establish a Training School for Mistresses of our own and separately from



Miss Baskerville and Her Biblewomen

the Normal School and the Seminary. So the Conference of January, 1924, included this school in its estimates, and recommended that it be built in the Davies Compound at Cocanada.

The following July this was again re-affirmed, but we were told that seeing no funds were available for building, they proposed taking part of the new dormitories at Cocanada School for this purpose reserving accommodation for 40 students, and suggested that the class be received every other year.

The women thus trained will pass the Government examinations, receiving education under our Missionaries, and from our viewpoint, and will go out in the fields of our Mission to teach in the lower schools, thus laying better foundations for the women of the future generation.

For this object \$100 is set aside in our estimate for this year. \$100 sounds a large sum, does it not? But how much would it be from 100 women? How many women are there in your Circle? How often do we spend 10 cents

so carelessly that we do not know where it went? \$100 does not seem a large sum, when thought of in ten cent pieces does it?

E. D.

MISS BASKERVILLE

This interesting picture of Miss Baskerville at work is taken from "The Enterprise."

In a few weeks Miss Baskerville will be in Canada and she will have a warm welcome from all who know the story of her long years of service. She went to India in 1888. In 1889 she took charge of the Cocanada Girls' Boarding School, in which work she remained for twenty years.

During her first term she superintended the building operations on the Davies Memorial Compound, on account of this delaying her first furlough until 1899.

Since 1910 she has been in charge of a large Zenana and touring work as well as of the Caste Girls' School in Cocanada.

Among The Circles

PHEBE

"A Succorer of Many"

To the Women of the Missionary Societies of America.

By Anne Wood Cantrall

She lives on that far corner there
In that grey house so homelike, where
The children play. Each day a round
Where petty, trying tasks abound.
"A narrow, weary lot," you say,
"To bake, cook, sew from day to day,
Hemmed in, held down, acts, thoughts and all,
Bound, measured by the foursquare wall
Of that small house she calls her home."
Aye, but beneath the sky's blue dome,
There's none so free as she you deem
Confined by walls that only seem,
And trying toil. For through the days
Her soul goes winging wondrous ways.
Where'er the children of the Cross
Have gone, nor counted gain or loss,
There she in loving fancy flees,
Each time she drops upon her knees.
And such is love's deep sympathy
She seems with them indeed to be—
Has faced with them each danger wild,
Wept with their tears and with them smiled
As o'er her baking board she bends,
To India's starving hordes she lends
Her thoughts, and prays they may be fed
The earthly and the Heavenly bread.
When busy with her home's sweet cheer
She thinks of heathen homes so drear,
And filled with pity, seeks her store
And gives till she can spare no more.
She knows no bounds of time or place,
No prejudice of hue or race,
But gives and prays and hopes for all,
Responsive to their need's sharp call.
Though routine tasks control the hand,
Her heart the Master's great command
Obeyes. Her love as free and broad
As the horizons wide of God.
This then her life, a seeming toil
Of narrow duties, trying toil.
But oh, her vision of the love
And mercy of the God above!
The happy faith, the daily joy,
The resting heart above annoy!
Thrice blessed, daughter of the Lord,
Thy love itself thy sweet reward.

—The Missionary Messenger.

WHY SEND BOXES OF FREIGHT TO INDIA?

The reason the Women's Board of Ontario West appointed someone to be responsible for sending boxes of freight to our missionaries in India was in order to help our Circles and Bands to send their parcels more cheaply and also to save our missionaries from having to pay duty on parcels received through the mails.

In some measure we have succeeded, but relative expenses seem rather complicated at times. We feel sure that those who pay postage on printed matter to get it to Toronto for packing would save by sending it by mail direct to India. Printed cards, etc., marked "Printed Matter, No Commercial Value" go at the rate of two ounces for two cents, which is practically the same as the freight rate without the extra postage. That is the cheapest way for a small parcel, but beyond 4 pounds it would pay to ask the cost of sending your parcel as printed matter and also by parcel post "via Vancouver and Hong Kong." Parcels marked that way take longer to reach their destinations but also cost much less than those sent by the usual route via England. It may be cheaper to send larger parcels of printed matter that way.

Those parcels that contain personal gifts or new articles which are dutiable must be sent by parcel post or by freight. On a small parcel or a very large one the freight rate is cheaper than mail and for all it is advisable for it saves the missionary having to pay duty. You see, duty cannot be paid here, but in sending by freight we have asked for a certain per cent. of the value of the articles and the money has been sent out to India for the expenses there.

Those of you who have sent parcels to missionaries who have not written personal letters to you in acknowledgment must not feel discouraged. Missionaries have so little time for letter-writing that often such letters, important as you feel them to be, get left week after week probably because the missionary, like many of us, thinks she will have time to write a "real" letter next week. Sometimes a letter to all those who have sent parcels to one missionary appears in the Link, and thus

saves the writer many hours in her busy life.

We do love to have our gifts acknowledged, but after all, should we by chance, be missed, let us remember that it is for the Master we do this work and that. He will repay us abundantly. Remember, too, that we send the cards, bags, picture-books and dolls to give pleasure and joy to those who have so little of that sort of thing. We must not fail them.

Most of the things sent in the boxes are for the use of the missionaries in their work, and if personal gifts are sent it is because the senders desire to show their love for the missionaries in this additional way.

Plan to have the parcel for your missionary ready to send in by June, and if you do not get assistance from the list of articles printed herewith write to Mrs. C. W. Dengate, 508 Markham St., Toronto, for further information.

Articles That Are Useful in India

1. Attractive colored picture cards suitable for children, remembering they are to be used in Christian work. Used post cards pasted back to back or with plain white paper pasted over the written side, whereon a Telugu Bible verse may be written, are good.

2. Scrap-books. Little ones are very nice. Remember that the pictures in these must also be attractive and pleasing but not silly—not the "funnies."

3. Bags made of any nice strong material, with double drawstrings. Small ones, quite tiny, are used to hold a little treat—roasted parched peas, perhaps. Larger ones do for work bags, and very nice large ones perhaps are given to the Bible women.

4. Dressed dolls; celluloid are light and can be washed.

5. Quilts made of cotton or flannelette with one layer of wadding between. Size 4 feet by 7 feet.

6. Hospital supplies — pads, bandages, gowns, sheets, pillow-slips, etc.

7. Baby shirts made from old stocking-tops. Two tops make a shirt, then crochet around neck and sleeves.

W. B. F. M. S. ONTARIO WEST RECEIPTS FOR JANUARY

From Circles.—Haldimand, \$4.00; Windsor, \$16; Toronto, Dufferin, \$9.18; Leamington, \$15; Boston, \$4; Oshawa, \$25; Toronto, Central, \$41.10; Toronto, Central, \$82.43; Gilmour Memorial, \$8.95; Springfield, \$10.45; Toronto, Bloor, \$284.68; St. George, \$13.35; St. Thomas, Brod. Mem., \$5.25; London, Wortley Rd., \$24.50; Walkerville, \$20.15; Toronto, Annette, \$6.24; Beachville, \$9; Vittoria, \$2.60; Toronto, Central, \$50; New Hamburg, \$5; Gravenhurst, \$11.55; Chesley, \$8; Bracebridge, \$19.78; Scotch Line, \$8; Toronto, Calvary, \$17.50; Hamilton, Victoria, \$36.80; Mount Forest, \$10.68; Campbellford, \$5.75; Wheatley, \$24.63; Toronto, Bedford Park, \$5; Thornbury, \$7; Burgessville, \$25; Galt, \$8.25; Toronto, Boon, \$4.75; Toronto, Immanuel, \$11.55; London, Adelaide, \$21.25; Burch, \$8; Waterloo, \$13.45; Burlington, \$5; New Sarum, \$5; Weston, \$5; Cochrane, \$10; Toronto, Christie, \$6; Toronto, High Park, \$23; Toronto, Danforth, \$60.63; Toronto, Immanuel, \$29.75; Gravenhurst, \$18.50; Toronto, Parkdale, \$33.67; Sarnia, Central, \$44.27; Southampton, \$5; Blenheim, \$3.75; St. Thomas, Central, \$14.75; Hespeler, \$17; Ailsa Craig, \$16; Brant, Calvary, \$9.50; North Bay, \$3.10; Hamilton, James, \$15.80; Toronto, Jarvis, \$14.52; Toronto, Walmer, \$38.45; Flesherton, \$2.15; Bothwell, \$12.50; Barrie, \$19.50; Orillia, \$5.10; Vittoria, \$2; Caledonia, \$8; Sparta, \$5.43; Lakeview, \$31.50; Toronto, First, \$18.38; Southampton, \$4; Meaford, \$12.30; Aurora, \$10.72; Cheapside, \$7.30; Scotland, \$26.15; Kitchener, Benton, \$60; Stouffville, \$12.50; Wilkesport, \$2.60; Hamilton, James, \$15; Toronto, Indian, \$10.75; Paisley, \$1.65; Denfield, \$25; Jaffa, \$2.35; Ridgeway, \$22.70; Port Arthur, \$10; Stratford, Ontario St., \$21; St. Catharines, \$40.25; York Mills, \$34; Picton, \$3.10.

(Continued on page 234)

CORRECTION

In money sent for Might and Mercy boxes, from Owen Sound Assn. to Woodstock Convention the \$5.50 was sent by Bentinck Circle, not Paisley.

E. Day.

The Young Women

THE GREAT GRAB

By Margaret T. Applegarth

There never was a "grab" like it in the history of man. It was unbelievable! It was staggering! It was amusing! It was depressing! It was devastating! Yet, if the Man himself had not said that the grab could take place, it would never have occurred; at least, not on such an overwhelming scale. One by one, perhaps, the things might have disappeared just as they had been disappearing for four years—black feet would tiptoe secretly into the hut, and black hands would close covetously on a much-envied object: but that was theft, and everyone knew it; whereas this other greater grab the Man himself permitted—oh, it was unbelievable—staggering—amusing—. How people laughed! Long and low and guttural, at first; then in high glee. The little stars winked down in sheer surprise. Had such very special laughing ever risen from that jungle village in all the history of man? Never! Never!

You will be wanting to know all about it, for there is wonder in it, and dismay, and glee, and a happy ending. Moreover, every bit of it actually happened to the actual Man.

When he first came, he was better than a circus would be to you. Speaking very reverently of him, it is still true that he was like a continuous side show to the people in that village on the Congo.

"What a lot of trouble he is to himself!" everybody thought, for he was surrounded by the most peculiar set of objects. Not a person in that village could guess what anything was. Surely this man was foolish above all men, for he took a little stick with stiff bristles on one end, and with these bristles and some water, he scrubbed his teeth. So silly of him! The very babies gurgled over such absurdity.

"He must be very proud of his teeth!" people chuckled, nudging one another. But by and by it was whispered in awe: "He has gold teeth. Not all. But some!"

Now nobody in all that tribe had ever had a gold tooth. People stopped laughing at the stick-with-bristles. They accepted it as necessary for the proper respect due to precious gold teeth. But although they accepted the

toothbrush, there were still the hundred and one other queer belongings. For instance, he sat on specially-prepared pieces of wood, raised up in the air on legs.

"As if the ground weren't made to be sat on," people said, their eyebrows raised.

"It is those tight pieces of cloth he puts his legs into! Can a man sit just *anywhere* when his body is sheathed in such stuff as he wears?"

In fact, his clothes caused talk for a whole year. Shoes, for instance. What atrocities they were! Why should any sensible mortal want to wedge five toes into one big round leather toe so stiff and tight and airless.

The only possible answer was: his feet are white. White feet must be very soft and tender. White bodies must be very sensitive, they evidently needed all sorts of nonsensical things: clothes, peculiar sticks of wood to sleep on—for a bed was the prize surprise, there was so much trouble to it! The funny legs, the queer mattress, the punchable pillows, the white sheets. All absolutely unbelievable, except, of course, that one could see and feel and handle with one's own eyes and hands. Or even steal these unbelievable things, when fortunate enough to succeed.

Here then was a man who was a great deal of trouble to himself. But otherwise quite harmless. He seemed to have come to live among them forever. Also, he seemed to have no other purpose than to talk.

Well, talk was a good thing. There was always plenty of time to sit in circles around him on the ground and let him talk. But their eyes were busy with his belongings. So that for a long time his talk went in one ear and out the other. They would interrupt him frequently with their deep questions:

"Are you really white all over?"

"Can a black man grow gold teeth?"

All this time the Man talked. It was good talking. About someone called God-the-Father. It took four years to tell them over and over how God-the-Father said: "Don't do this!" and "Don't do that!" They always nodded their black heads at the appropriate times: yes, this was a good talking. Yes, this was a wise talking. Yes, they had no doubt that it

was all true. But the Man became discouraged when he saw that they kept right on being the same kind of people—black feet still crept on tiptoe into his hut, black hands still closed covetously around much-envied objects, in spite of that well-known "Don't" of God-the-Father: *Thou shalt not steal.*

The Man began to think. He thought very hard. He decided that "Don't" is a very cold part of the Bible; he decided that there was something warmer in it—the warmth of the Lord Jesus to whom little children ran gladly, and for whom great men had left profitable businesses to give back dishonestly-earned gain.

"I will try love on them," he said. And so, after four years of "Don't" he began that very day with the really fascinating Book of Luke. Every day he translated twelve verses into the dialect of that tribe, and the black people sat in circles on the ground around him listening with the first interest they had ever shown, for these stories were very real. All about a baby—shepherds—presents. These were things a person liked.

All well, therefore, until one day the Man came to the sixth chapter and the thirteenth verse of that chapter. Put yourself in his place and see if you would want to read it to such a circle of covetous savages: "*Give to every man that asketh of thee; and of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again.*"

How dared he translate those words? Would not all the feet that had stealthily crept into his hut, now come openly and—grab? Of course, he dared not translate. Moreover, he felt sure that the Saviour would understand why he skipped that verse—He would know that His missionaries needed proper equipment to carry on the work and sufficient simple comforts to keep them well and strong. Of course it was only right to omit the thirtieth verse.

But you know how it is with us; there's that little Something-Inside-Us-That-Talks-Back-At-Us. Conscience! And it began to talk back at the Man: what business had he to decide what to skip and what not to skip? Was it not all God's Word? It took him days and days—I think he probably had review lessons, to pass away the time while he debated—debated—oh, the dismay of it; The terrible inde-

cision!

But there came a day when he stood in the usual spot with the usual crowd around him, and on the amazed ears of those listening people fell the thrilling words: "*Give to every man that asketh of thee—etc.*"

If the Man's heart beat faster than usual, consider how theirs beat! The bliss of it! The wild bliss! Would he never stop talking? For nobody was listening now; there was that momentous question to decide; what to take? What to take?

But when the Great Grab finally began, it was no longer a question of what to take, for everybody wanted everything, and the problem was to keep the thing you grabbed.

Picture it to yourself: the tropical sun beating down on palm trees, on bare black bodies busting here and there, grabbing. See the strut of pride that young black brave displays as he sallies off with an umbrella, grinning from ear to ear. For of all things, an umbrella is the most laughable. In dry weather, a mere stick; in wet weather behold it spread out its black branches like some strange palm tree! Hitherto in the rainy season, it had been sufficient to tear off a huge banana leaf and balance it on the head; what style, therefore, to carry this collapsible bit of magic! He held it tight—clapsed in his arms, and no one could pry it loose, although I assure you there were many who tried.

The grab went merrily on.

There was a general rush for that comical little round gleaming thing with a white face, which tickled inside as a tiger's kitten purrs, and slowly moved its two black whiskers over its face. Impossible as it was to believe, it was with this thing that the Man had been telling the time of day for four long years—no matter whether the sun rose visible or invisible. Now surely this was something to grab! It was grabbed! You would have thought it a Harvard-Yale football match, the way the new owner ran for home, tackled on all sides by rough hands, now tumbling down, now hurtling forward.

How shall I tell you of that congregation? Of the women who took boots for their bare feet? Handkerchiefs for their flat black noses? Spoons and forks—when hitherto fingers had

been plenty good enough? How shall I tell you of the desperate pillow fights? The mattress match? The awful pom-pom-pull-away of which each chair became the center? As for the bed, it was envied by whole families, who pummeled each other lustily over it; and the books—the food in tin cans—the dishes—the tables—the pencils—who did not take what he could?

The Great Grab kept up for hours; and articles which belonged to one person one minute, belonged to another person another minute; for the muscles of some were better than the muscles of others. The girl who prinked into the mirror amazed at her own loveliness, prinked only a minute, for a warrior grabbed it from her, who needed to know how he looked as much as she. For the fiercer the war-paint, the more startled the enemy.

Yes, the Great Grab went on.

Down every little forest trail the Man saw his possessions disappearing in a whirl of flying arms and scurrying legs.

There never was a Bible verse so upsetting—so devastating. At nightfall he walked into his hut, and it was just a hut. Just a roof, like other roofs, thatched with palm leaves; woven walls; a floor. It held nothing else, nothing.

I do not like to picture the Man lying down to sleep that night. With nothing but the floor. Yet surely he remembered that when the Lord Jesus was here among men, He had no place to lay His head, either. But I can feel the loneliness of it seeping into his very bones. I can feel his utter dismay. What was he to do now, dear God? What, indeed!

And all this time there was wild laughter in the other huts. The stars winked down in sheer surprise. There was the family with the umbrella, bent nearly double with laughter as they did the simple trick which made a foolish stick spread its black branches in the air above them. The mattress family rolled on the mattress—bounced up and down—proved a hundred times how soft it was! How shock-proof! They laughed and laughed.

The Spoon family practiced eating; the Fork Family also. They couldn't do it! They spilled things. They dropped things. They seemed all thumbs. "Here, let me try it!"

ordered a vainglorious father, only to be doused with the spoonful of liquid or spotted with the drippings from the fork. Laughter! As for the Clothes family, their problems were legion: where to wear the various articles? How to climb in? How to walk in them? Which was front? Which back? How to climb out?

In fact, all over that kraal and far out in the deep black forest, the same mirth has seized everyone. The Great Grab had been a complete success. Even the surprised little stars could see that.

The Man who was a hero to God could hear the sounds of it. I think the angels covered their faces with their wings. But God-the-Father is patient, He knows how to help heroes. And sinners.

Mirth has to die down sometime, and one by one the gay persons lay down on their floors to rest. And then, the high excitement over, a curious thing happened. That little "Something-Inside-That-Talks-Back" began to talk back to them, too.

"Selfish person," it said to each one's soul, "how about that White Man? A long way from his brothers in the tribe of White Men is he. He must be low in his heart, always, missing his father, his brothers. And what did he come for? To teach you the things of God-the-Father. To make your children wise enough to read the magic medicine. Yet think of him tonight—no bed, no pillows, no sheets, no candle, no table, no chair, no food, no book, no clothes—nothing. You have made him uncomfortable; he, used to the soft things of white men. His heart is low within him. Yet what word did he say to stop you? What word?"

There is nothing like such inner conversations. They twist us, and turn us. We writhe! We deny! We stand up for ourselves. But black men and white men have a hard time of it when consciences begin to talk back at them. A very hard time, indeed. Even in the depth of an African jungle. Such a hard time of it, that toward morning down the forest trails came the soft patter of stealthy footfalls—somebody's bringing a mattress—somebody is bringing a pillow—somebody is bringing a chair—a table—a mirror—books—spoons—clothes—

"This must be Nzambi's (God's) Man," these somebodies whispered, awed. "We must not rob God's man."

If they had learned a lesson, God's Man had also, in the morning, when he saw the stack of his possessions at his door.

With a new joy in his face he read them the other chapters in Luke's Gospel, and the people listened earnestly. They wept as if their hearts would break when he came to the death of the Lord Jesus; but when they heard about the first Easter, it was as if Christ Himself had risen in at least one heart, for the first convert came forward—Lutate was his name. He had to be hidden in the White Man's house for safeguarding, for his enemies tried to poison him. Then the chief's son was converted, and before long there were ten eager believers.

The Man took all ten of them with him on a trip through the surrounding forest villages, telling the story of Jesus. The ten grew to be a hundred. The hundred, two hundred. The two hundred, five hundred. The five hundred eight hundred. More. More. Then a thousand.

But it all dated back to the Great Grab!

News of this marvelous revival reached America: The man who was first "White Man" to the African was known by name in America as Mr. Henry M. Richards. It became known that there was no church on the Congo big enough for those thousand persons and a beautiful thing happened.

For there was in the city of Boston a famous church. The minister's name was Dr. A. J. Gordon. The members of Dr. Gordon's church decided to send a chapel to Mr. Richards! It was in many sections, all ready to be put together. In the course of time, these sections arrived at the end of all transportation facilities, which was exactly sixty long, hard rough miles from Banza Manteke where Mr. Richards lived. What were miles to those new Christians! They wanted that chapel; therefore, they volunteered their services and walked those sixty miles there and sixty miles back carrying the entire chapel on their heads, in seven hundred separate loads. Each trip took a week, yet some of them made that rough and tedious journey five times—their faces

glowing with a new love and happiness—a happiness which had kept on growing ever since the Great Grab.

Surely you are remembering a Bible verse: "Freely ye have received, freely give." If it is true that the Lord loveth a cheerful giver, then how He did love those new Christians in their new church. In the King's Book of Friendship their names are all written side by side with the name of the heroic Mr. Richards: "For ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you."—Everyland.

ANOTHER "JUBILEE" CIRCLE

Such a bright, happy gathering was held Friday evening, January 23rd, 1925, at the parsonage, of the Ontario St. Baptist Church, Stratford, when twenty-one young women organized themselves into a Y. W. Circle, and chose the name "Jubilee" to designate their particular society. Mrs. J. W. Emery, President of the Women's Mission Circle, who, with the pastor's wife, Mrs. H. McDiarmid, was instrumental in having the new Circle organized, occupied the chair, and after the Y. W. Circle Constitution was carefully read and explained it was unanimously adopted by the charter members. Great enthusiasm was shown when the following officers were elected by ballot:

President—Miss Olive Hunter.

1st Vice President—Miss Adeline Lamont.

2nd Vice President—Miss Ethel Ogden.

Secretary—Miss Florence Corey.

Treasurer—Miss Doris Taylor.

Convenors for the various committees were also chosen, and asked to select the other members of their committees themselves, each member to be on one committee.

Meetings are to be held the second Friday of each month. At the conclusion of the business, a social time was spent when the hostess, Mrs. McDiarmid, served dainty refreshments. We shall watch with great interest the growth of this new Circle and heartily welcome it into our number.

(Mrs. J. W.) Florence C. Rogers,
Director Guelph, Assoc.

Our Mission Bands

A Mission Band in Every Church in Our Convention in Two Years.

GOING TO SCHOOL IN INDIA

Programme No. 2

1. Opening hymn. "Bring them in."
 2. Prayer by leader.
 3. Scripture reading or recitation of John 1: 1-14.
 4. Leader's talk (or assistant) on Scripture reading, emphasizing vs. 4 and 5 and Psalm 118. 130 F.C.
 5. Prayer hymn, sung softly with bowed heads. "God make my life a little light" No. 785 Bap. Hymnal.
 6. Roll Call.
 7. Business: Minutes of last meeting; Treasurer's report; Other business.
 8. Offering. Let "Take my life and let it be" be played softly during this, and when finished let members sing vs. "Take my silver," etc.
 9. Prayer by leader asking that the members may really mean this hymn, and that they will give their best to Jesus.
 10. Story. Our School, told or read by one of the older members.
 11. Study period. Going to School in India. The Village Schools. (This talk may be given by leader, or divided into talks by members, each giving one paragraph.)
 12. Exercise. School in India and Canada, by 24 members.
 13. Story: "Luchmi—the little girl who could not go to school."
 14. Solo "Far away children" (this hymn is in the Levda Pub. Co.'s "Melodies" or "A little study in missions". Can be gotten from Lit. Dept. 66 Bloor St. W. for 15c).
 15. Closing prayer.
- (Note for leader) Review last lesson; use map and common objects around for illustration, leading the children from what they see and know, to far away things they do not see. In No. 12 if your band is not large enough to have the 24 children take this, it can be taken by 2 children, one representing each country. The story of "Luchmi" (obtainable from the Lit. Dept. for 5c) can be told, omitting some parts, it would be much more interesting than having it read. Show the picture of a village school on page 49 and

page 62 of Can. Bap. in India or on page 202 of February issue of Link, or sketch a picture, or have a paper box, painted brown and have a thatched roof made of straw. It will make your lesson far more effective.

The leader will have to ask some of the Band to write a short prayer or give a talk on "A Day in School" as communities differ so that it would be impossible to write a note for this number. See that contrasting and like points are brought out. It will be more effective.

Exercise on Going to School in India and Canada

- No. 1. I go to school in India.
- No. 1. I go to school in Canada.
- No. 2. Our school building is made of mud.
- No. 2. Our school building is made of brick.
- No. 3. Our school building is small and we have only about 20 scholars.
- No. 3. Our school building is large and we have 100 scholars.
- No. 4. We only have one room in our school.
- No. 4. We have three rooms in our school.
- No. 5. We have in our school a desk and chair for the teacher and a blackboard and attendance book for us.
- No. 5. We have desk and chair for teacher, desks and chairs for the pupils, heaters, maps, globes, blinds on our windows, plants in the windows, and other things in our room.
- No. 6. We sit on the floor.
- No. 6. We sit on chairs with a desk in front of us.
- No. 7. We do our sums and writing on the sand in front of us.
- No. 7. We do our sums and writing on a slate or a book at our desk.
- No. 8. We do not wear any more clothes than we have to, it is so hot and it is so much bother.
- No. 8. We wear nice clothes to school. It is necessary because it is colder here.
- No. 9. We do not need a heater in our school, the teacher has to let us go out sometimes to study, it is so hot.

No. 9. We certainly need something to make it warm in our room it is so cold part of the time.

No. 10. We think our school is nicest, it is what we are accustomed to.

No. 10. We think our school is nicest because it is what we are accustomed to.

No. 11. We study how to read, and how to write, and how to do sums, beside learning parts of God's Word and hymns.

No. 11. We study reading, writing, arithmetic, history, geography, composition and a whole lot more.

No. 12. We go to school so as to learn to read and think and thus be more useful men and women.

No. 12. We go to school so as to learn to read and think and be better men and women.

Leader—You see, although there are so many differences in the schools, yet each country thinks theirs is nicest because it is what they are used to, and we are all alike in one thing, that is our purpose in going to school. We are all going to learn so that we can be better men and women, so that we can help others.

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLS IN INDIA

Programme No. 2

The building, which is generally a Church on Sunday, is small, very small, only about as big as the average size bed-room in your home, about 14 x 15 feet. (Have a boy show in the room in which you are meeting, about the size this would be). I want you to get this size of the room well into your mind for then I want you to think for a minute how it would feel to have to stay in this room and study in the hot weather.

What do you suppose the walls are made of? MUD! Mud, baked in the sun till it is hard. What do you suppose the floor is made of? MUD! What do you suppose the roof is made of? Straw or bamboo poles.

Once we are inside this little building what do you suppose the furniture is? Think of your own school, and what it is like. Everything there is in this room is a desk and a chair for the teacher, a blackboard and sometimes a book to keep the names of the schol-

ars in. What do you suppose the scholars sit on? On the floor! I expect they would think our stiff backed chairs dreadfully uncomfortable. Not many have slates, scarcely any. Whatever do they write on you say? The sand on the floor! Its much more convenient. And not many of them are bothered with books. Cannot afford it.

And what about the scholars? There are generally about 30 or 40, little brown girls and boys with shining brown eyes and bodies. They do not wear any more clothes than is absolutely necessary, it is so hot. It is often rather difficult to keep the boys in school for just as soon as they are old enough they have to go mind cattle or transplant rice, or something to help earn their food. They are so very poor. Sometimes it is unbearably hot in this tiny school-house so the teacher takes them outside. This sounds nice, an outdoor school, but it has its disadvantages. When Daddy or Mother want an errand done, and they can see their boy sitting outside on the sand, they just call him, call him when he is in school mind, perhaps reciting a lesson, and off that boy runs quick as anything, perhaps in the middle of a sentence. Then if the parents do leave them alone, there are all the dogs and reptiles to be reckoned with.

And it is a bit hard to get the girls, for their parents think the girls cannot learn, that they have no brains, that one may as well try to teach a monkey as a girl, and beside they want them to mind the baby. But when the parents do let them come, aren't they surprised? Do you remember the story of Jeevamoni? How could Eunice read that paper? Somebody tell us. And Eunice was a girl!

WHAT do they study? Generally the 4 R's. You have all heard of the 3 R's have you not,—Reading 'Riting and 'Rithmetic? Well, teachers in our mission schools have added another R. Guess what? Righteousness! My what does that long word mean? Why Right living, of course. Jesus is the Light of the World and if they love him they will have Light. John 1. 4. Somebody read it for us. In the ordinary village school they may or may not, probably not, have this last R, but in the school under our mission, they

do. They are taught the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments, the 23rd Psalm, other Bible verses and hymns.

There are about 400 of these village schools in this narrow strip of country. That sounds a lot does it not? But remember,—There are 7000 villages in this strip of country. That means 6600 without any school, and therefore not much chance of learning about Jesus and getting their minds' eyes opened.

How are they going to get light? These schools are the very beginning of a great work in our Mission, for there the children are taught, and they begin to think and the best ones are picked out for the Boarding Schools, of which there are ten, and of which we will learn next day.

Now let us think and pray about these teachers and scholars that the teachers may teach the scholars the right things and that the boys and girls will be allowed to attend school, and study well and make real progress.

CORRECTION.

In the February Link in the Mission Band study period, page 204, second column, third line from the top, "42 schools" should read 421 schools.

FROM MISS HELLYER

Bimlipatam, Vizag. Dist., Dec. 15, 1924.

Dear Boys and Girls:—It has been so long since I have written to the Link, some of you will even have forgotten my name. The first half of it isn't very nice so I don't blame you very much if you have. Now supposing that you don't know my name I want you to remember the station Bimlipatam. It formerly was a fine sea port and the early missionaries to Bimli came by boat. During my two years in studying the language here it was a great joy to tramp up and down the sea shore for exercise, and not only that, but many a good swim have I had in the brine of the sea of Bengal.

Now I have been in the work a year and although I feel so insufficient for the task, I am glad to say that work is 100 per cent. better than studying. Time flies when one is busy.

It has been fine to have Dr. Cook here, even if it is only until January conference, and we will hope that it will be longer. She is great company and I enjoy her fresh news from home.

I think that you boys and girls would like to know about my call on an Indian queen. One day while I was on tour in Padmanaham I visited a village about five miles away with the car. The village was small and we had finished our work there about ten o'clock. Just around the corner some Rajahs lived. Knowing that the women were usually busy in the morning I hesitated in asking permission to see them, but one of my bible women volunteered to inquire. She came back with the good news that we could go in.

My eyes first fell upon a fat woman—the mother queen. I think that she could successfully compete for a prize among heavy weights. She at first paid but little attention to us and entering a corner room, marched around it several times singing. I feared her mind was not quite steady, however, the real fact was she was doing her morning devotions. To whom you say? Rama, perhaps, any way not the real God. She had had no meal, fasting every day until noon.

Soon we struck up conversation with the younger women. They brought me a chair and a mat for the bible woman. These younger women sat quite near us. Then the fat queen came out of the corner room and entered an end room, facing the inner court veranda, on which we sat. She took up her position in front of the door where she would hear all that went on. When we were ready to begin our first hymn, she was mumbling away some sort of song. However the younger women told us to go on. Often in the middle of a song, she would stop her devotion, and calling from a distance, ask what a certain word was. Then she busied herself again mixing up red or black powders on a tiny flat stool. This was a very mysterious thing to me. Just what relation these paints had with religion I couldn't tell. I thought at first it was a paste for putting on the caste mark, but I am not sure even yet.

We took along with us some pictures on the life of Christ. Unless she was shown

these she wasn't satisfied. One of the bible-women had a good look in her little sacred room and I remained content with a look from a distance, although I was inquisitive to know more. I could see a sort of canopy and beneath pictures of gods.

One time when this elderly queen was being shown a picture, she asked the bible-woman if we would stay for a meal. As the bible-woman couldn't give a reply, a little later she asked me herself. It was nearly breakfast time then and how I wanted to stay! Who wouldn't enjoy the banquet of a queen? If I stayed I knew my cook at home would be alarmed so I had to decline. A lost opportunity.

She offered me milk, buttermilk and tea. Of course it isn't safe to take milk or buttermilk and I didn't want to stop to have them make tea. But I did bring back a present and this is how it came about. A few days before in another village we had seen an ash pumpkin. The women were telling me how good it was and I wanted to get one. Behind me on the veranda, I saw a big green vegetable, and turning to one of the women I asked if it were an ash pumpkin. Although she answered "No," just at that time the queen asked me if I would like it and of course I said "Yes", for we can always use vegetables. They seemed better satisfied that I accepted something; and you might be surprised to know that my cook made jam of it. Dr. Cook has sampled it and says it is good. When a doctor says so, it must be.

One time, when the queen thought that the bible woman was teaching a little too plainly, she decided that she would set forth a few of the Hindu view points and started to sing about a god. Each time she tried she only went just so far and had to stop. How a good laugh would have helped but I refrained and appeared not to have seen the joke.

Before we came away we gave the women some literature, chiefly women's magazines edited under missionary supervision. These magazines are equivalent to the "Ladies' Home Journal" with one section of religion. They were very delighted with our visit and

we will get a warm welcome when we return again I feel sure.

In closing I want to say don't forget Bimlipatam and it's workers. About eight miles out in a small village called Dakamarri, I have a little caste girls' school with twenty-three pupils. They have asked for clothes for Christmas but I have none to give to them. I hope to give them some dolls Mrs. Gullison left and some candy, the money for which a Sunday school in Nova Scotia sent. Don't you want to help with our Christmas treat next year with dolls, bags, cards, dresses or money?

Here in Bimlipatam we have a Sunday school with about two hundred in attendance. If the children in the small infant class numbering about forty don't get their little cards each Sunday, they won't attend nearly so regularly. You can encourage them by sending your used cards, marking them "Of no commercial value, via Pacific." Here are some more suggestions for you faithful helpers at home.

With New Years Greetings,
Sincerely yours,
Clara B. Hellyer.

THE PAISLEY MISSION BAND

The Paisley Mission Band held a very instructive and interesting entertainment in the Church on Monday evening, Jan. 5th. The program consisted of an address by our pastor, Missionary dialogues, recitations, readings, solos, chorus, giving an insight to the people of the great need for help in the different mission fields. We charged the small sum of ten cents, the proceeds amounting to twelve dollars and sixty-six cents. The Mission Band brought their offering in little colored bags and hung them on a tree while they sang "Gladly we come with our offering today." We feel repaid for the effort put forth, and trust and pray we may be of service for our King. I am real proud of my Band, of the interest and willingness shown to help on this worthy cause.

Mrs. F. S. MacLachlan, Leader.

THE LAND OF "PRETTY SOON"

I know of a land where the streets are paved
With the things we meant to achieve.

It is walled with the money we meant to have
saved,

And the pleasures for which we grieve.

The kind words unspoken, the promises broken,
en,

And many a coveted boon

Are stowed away there in that land some-
where—

The land of "Pretty Soon."

There are uncut jewels of possible fame,

Lying about in the dust,

And many a noble and lofty aim

Covered with mold and rust.

And, oh, this place, while it seems so near,

Is further away than the moon!

Though our purpose is fair, yet we never get
there—

The land of "Pretty Soon."

It is further at noon than it is at dawn,

Further at night than at noon;

Oh! let us beware of that land down there—
The land of "Pretty Soon."

—Exchange.

RECEIPTS FOR JANUARY

(Continued from page 225)

From Bands—Barrie, \$6; Walkerton, \$20; Boston, \$2; Peterboro, Murray, \$15; Wallaceburg, \$5; Brant, Immanuel, \$5; Walkerville, \$15.12; Paris, \$20; Paisley, \$8; Walkerville, \$10; Yarmouth, \$8.25; Wheatley, \$10; Mount Forest, \$2.80; Toronto, Walmer, \$20; Colchester, \$19; Shedden, \$3.67; Toronto, Jordan, \$5; Orillia, \$14.55; Southampton, \$4; Cramah, \$6; Cheltenham, \$4; Norwich, \$3.50; Chatham, Bensen, \$5; New Liskeard, \$4; Owen Sound, \$5; Jaffa, \$4.95; Toronto, Memorial, \$10; Toronto, Woodbine, \$2.50; Toronto, Bethany, \$2; Dunnville, \$15; Waterford, \$3; Toronto, Century, \$5; Beamsville, \$5; Fort William, \$5; Fairbank, \$5.

From Y. W. Circles.—Toronto, Bloor, \$88.85; St. Catharines, \$19.50; Owen Sound, \$5; Toronto, Annette, \$3.50; Toronto, Century, \$5; Peterboro, Murray, \$11; Toronto, Pape Ave.,

\$5; Toronto, Parkdale, \$8; Toronto, Olivet, \$5.

From Other Organizations—Port Arthur Bible Class, \$5; Perry Station, Ladies' Aid, \$1.81; Toronto, Christie Y. W. Class, \$8.85.

From Miscellaneous—Bond Interest Comm. Cable, \$10; Bond Interest, Wm. Rogers, \$8.75; Bank Interest, \$25.15.

From Individuals—Dr. Langton, \$55; Miss J. N. Beaupre, \$35; Miss Iva Hambly, \$25; Miss Katie McNeill, \$5; Miss Gert. Howell, \$35; Miss Ada C. Found, \$25; Mrs. Greening, \$10; "Two Girls, Blind River," \$26.

M. B. Piersol, Treas.

Mrs. W. H. Piersol,
35 Dunvegan Rd.,

Toronto, Ont.

IN INDIA

The beautiful little girl of a Hindu mother died. The body was carried to the burning ghat beside the Ganges. The mother, almost heart-broken, went to the temple of many gods, to see if she could find any comfort.

"Was it a boy or a girl?" asked the priest.

"She was my darling little girl."

The priest responded with a sneering laugh. "Ho," he said, "women don't have any souls, anyway. The girl may live again in the form of a toad or snake."

The next morning the mother went to the river bank. She saw the heap of ashes where the funeral pyre had been. Out of the warm ashes slowly crawled a snake. She remembered what the priest had said. "Oh-h!" she shrieked, "my sweet little girl is changed into a horrible serpent!" And she fell to the ground a hopeless maniac.

The beautiful little girl of another Hindu mother died. But this mother had permitted a woman missionary to come to her home and had learned of Jesus and the resurrection.

Soon after the little one's death the missionary visited the home again, to talk with the mother and comfort her. The mother's face was sad, there were tears in her eyes, but they were not tears of despair, and a smile trembled upon her lips. Neither was

(Continued on page 237)

The Eastern Society

Miss Barker, 4136 Dorchester St., Westmount, Que.

WASHINGTON.

"The women were a mighty host!"

Two Montreal women found themselves the only accredited Canadian Baptist delegates that had the privilege of attending the annual meetings of the Federation of Women's Boards of Foreign Missions of North America, January 27th, in Washington, D. C., held immediately preceding the Foreign Missions Conference of North America.

The first contact with our sisters across the border was at the union luncheon of the Home Council and the Foreign Federation held in the New York Ave. Presbyterian Church, at which over two hundred women were present, gathered from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Discussion centred on the problems affecting various aspects of our work, the importance of summer schools for training leaders for all branches of work in the home base, and very great emphasis was laid on the necessity of co-operation, for strength lies in union and the Boards must get together in order to build a programme which will effectively meet present conditions. It was a great inspiration to hear vital questions taken up in such a clear, forcible manner by women of ability and grace.

After luncheon an open meeting was held with Mrs. Silverthorne, President of the Federation in the chair, when all the departments of work carried on by this very large organization were brought before us in rapid survey. Space forbids more than a brief reference to one or two, but all were teeming with interest.

Mention must be made of Christian Literature in foreign lands, which claims a great place in our consideration. "We are raising literates but giving them no literature." This was emphasized by Mrs. Donald MacGillivray, Shanghai (Canadian Presbyterian), editor of "Happy Childhood," the first magazine for children in foreign lands.

Another point touched upon was one which ran through all the sessions of the week—that of our attitude to the foreign races in our midst. This was brought very

close to us by Miss Pauline Senn, a Chinese student in Columbia University, who referred to the 1500 Chinese students in America, many of whom, coming here Christians, lose religion through contact with the indifference of church members and return to their homes as pagans or atheists. What an indictment of Christian America!

At 7 p.m. in the Rose Room, Hotel Washington, we were guests at the Authors' Dinner, held to celebrate the Silver Anniversary of the Central Committee of United Study. The high place held by the hostess, Mrs. Henry W. Peabody, "the elect lady," in the hearts of her fellow-workers, was evidenced most vividly on this occasion. "A woman sent from God," gracious, and of charming personality, Lucy Waterbury Peabody has accomplished the almost impossible task of linking up the women of the churches in the united study of missionary work. The record of her beginnings is summed up in the words, "It can't be done but here it is," which have since become the slogan of the Central Committee.

A most delightful feature of the programme was the three-minute speeches from a large number of the authors themselves. How interesting it was to us to look into the faces of so many men and women, familiar to us for many years through their books! The whimsical personality of the much-loved Jean Kenyon MacKenzie, of "The African Trail"; Mrs. Gamewell, author of our present study book, "Ming-Kwong"; Mrs. Mary Labaree Platt, with her winsome appeal for "The Child in the Midst"; Dr. D. L. Fleming, who struck a new note in our approach to the non-Christian peoples in "Building with India"—these, with many others, will ever remain in our memory.

Informality and gay good humour marked the evening's proceedings, Mrs. Peabody's ready wit and sweet womanliness, "truly the lady of our delight," taking all formality out of this unique occasion.

The third gathering occurred on Friday, January 29th, at the Hall of Nations, Hotel Washington, again a luncheon, this time

with 940 women present, arranged by the Federation and the Women's Committee of Washington, at which Mrs. Calvin Coolidge was present for a short time.

Mrs. Silverthorne, presiding, reminded us that we represented thirty-one affiliated Boards, enrolling five million women. The special feature of the gathering was the introduction by Mrs. Peabody of about twenty-seven missionaries on furlough, who gave one minute messages, from the depths of their experience. This was followed by a few words from Miss Sing, a Chinese Y.W. C.A. worker from Peking, and also from Miss Motoda, Japan. The Presidents of the Women's Boards were presented by Mrs. Silverthorne, and responded by a word of greeting, Mrs. John MacGillivray (Canadian Presbyterian) representing the Canadian Boards.

It was gratifying to see the prominent place given to women in the meetings of the Conference which followed, which will be reported later. As presiding officers of many sessions, and delivering addresses of a very high order, their contribution to the convention was of great value.

It is to be regretted that more of our Canadian Baptist women did not attend this convention of the "militant hosts of Christianity," to carry away a deepened conviction of responsibility "that with the consciousness of human failure the men and women of our churches may be cast upon God, in a mighty ministry of intercession for the releasing of great spiritual forces for the Kingdom."

Helena Motley.

PARCELS FOR INDIA

Preparing the Parcel

Pairs of anything should be stitched together, for obvious reasons.

Anything intended as a personal gift for a particular individual should be marked in some way with the recipient's name, as well as being so designated on invoice list. The best way is to mark name in pencil or ink on thin white cotton, then sew on to the gift. If this is done, however upset the contents of box may be, the article is sure to reach intended destination. Small things, such as handker-

chiefs, could be sewn together at one corner, and one name label sewn on the lot.

Three invoices should be made out. This can easily be done by use of carbon paper. One should be enclosed in parcel, one sent to missionary to whom parcel is addressed, and one sent to Supt. of Supplies for your constituency. This letter is not necessary from one point of view, but on the other hand is a great aid, to avoid over-lapping, and judicious division of supplies.

Packing the Parcel

It is necessary to remember the rough handling to which the parcel will be submitted during many transfers on the journey. The contents (with invoice list) should be first sewn up in strong factory cotton—as firmly as possible. Then copy of custom's declaration sewn to this. Full address of destination should also be written or sewn on, as also name of individual sender.

Now the parcel can be made up in very strong brown paper, as tightly as possible with plenty of bands of string, or sewn with fine string in coarse brown wrapper cloth. Paste and brush are useful when packing.

Full address should be written very plainly right on the parcel itself, also name and address of individual sender, in smaller writing. Care must be taken that the paper Customs Declaration form is securely gummed on. It is best to get the form ahead, ready to gum on when packing parcel.

Weight limit through mail is 11 lbs. Size limit, length 3 inches, width 12 inches, depth, 12 inches, or equivalent. That would be 48 inches round one way and 84 inches round the other way, or equivalent. Parcel may be sent as long as 42 inches if circumference does not exceed 3 inches, i.e., length and circumference 72 inches.

Parcel must in every case have name and address of individual sender, not of a group or circle.

Custom Duties

For valuation of articles use manufacturer's costs, not retail price in stores.

Anything made out of scraps is "of no value as merchandise" or "no commercial value."

In articles combined of old and new material value only the new, not the old.

Such things as quilts made out of patches it is best to put a small value on, rather than send "no commercial value" say 50c or 75c, otherwise the customs officers at Madras will put their own estimate as basis of customs duty charge.

25 per cent of total value of parcel. (i.e., value quoted on declaration form) should be sent separately at once by mail to recipient of parcel.

Postal Charges

It is cheaper to send via Vancouver than via England, so "via Vancouver" should be stated at time of mailing.

Via Vancouver: 1 lb. 40c; 2 lbs. 48c; 3 lbs. 56c; 4 lbs. 96c; 5 lbs. \$1.04; 6 lbs. \$1.12; 7 lbs. \$1.20; 8 lbs. \$1.61; 9 lbs. \$1.69; 10 lbs. \$1.77; 11 lbs. \$1.85.

Unless goods weighs over 100 lbs. it is better to send in several parcels by mail rather than by freight in box. Regulations for printed matter are different to those governing parcels such as above.

Christmas Box

For the Christmas box to be sent out in June from Montreal the following things will be useful besides what are mentioned in February "Link." *Anything to play with, tops, balls, jack knives, dolls, skipping ropes, Halma, snakes and ladders, etc., etc. Anything to write with, crayons, pens, pencils, blotters, rubbers, etc. Anything to sew with, needles, emery-balls, cottons, sewing boxes, crochet hooks and mercerized cotton, etc. Anything for the toilet, combs, hair-pins, mirrors, soap, towels, wash cloths, tooth brushes, etc., in fact anything that our own children need and like.*

Enclosures for this box must reach Montreal by June first. This gives only two months for Circles to get these things ready.

See also next month's "Link."

NOTE ERROR in February "Link": Under "Babies' Binders" instead of 4 ply fingering needs about 48 inches, 3 ply about 55 to 60 inches" read "48 stitches" and "55 to 60 stitches."

The quotation about the picture roll was

from Miss Murray's letter written from Nar-sapatnam.

Supt. of Supplies,
Mrs. R. H. Findlay,
53 Windsor Ave.,
Westmount, P.Q.

THANK YOU!

Dear readers of the Link, thank you, to all those who have called or written for literature during the past two months. I trust that every one of you has been well pleased and received just what you needed. If not, just send in a complaint, and your Superintendent will put it right. Keep up the good work, readers, it proves your Circle is well alive, and that it is really necessary to have a bureau with books and leaflets to help the work along.

I have some wonderful maps of India and Bolivia. Why not someone donate one to the Circle? How much more interesting to be able to see just the spot where you are studying! Why, you can almost picture in your mind as you look at the map a Missionary Church and our dear Miss McLaurin or Miss Archibald or some other one of our missionaries teaching in it.

I still have "Enterprise," "Call of our own Land," "Pioneering in Bolivia," "Letters from my Home in India," and "Chinese Lanterns." I shall be so pleased to receive orders for same.

(Mrs.) N. J. Fitch,

Supt. of Eastern Literature,
3481 Greenshields, Ave.,
Montreal, Que.

IN INDIA.

(Continued from page 234)

she dressed in garments of mourning, but in bright and cheerful apparel.

"Yes," she said, when the missionary referred to it, "I am wearing my best to-day. I am doing it to honor Him who has taken my darling to Himself. I want Him to know that I realize that she is safe and happy with Him."

And that is the difference between Hinduism and the "Jesus Way."

COATICOOK

The annual meeting of our Mission Circle met January 8th at which the following officers were elected:

President—Miss P. M. Chandler.

Vice-Pres.—Mrs. Rose.

Sec.—Treas.—Mrs. Wallace.

Supt. of Bands—Mrs. May.

Mrs. Tyler and Mrs. Parker were appointed to conduct the Watch Tower.

The reports read showed most gratifying results of the year's work for which we are profoundly thankful to our Heavenly Father.

In our Senior Circle we had on hand at the beginning of the year \$50.53. Amount raised during the year \$193.79, total \$244.32. Our Jubilee Y.W. Circle raised \$29.48, and our Band \$100.20. Total \$374.

Our numbers are not large, but we have a splendid band of workers, together with a beautiful spirit of co-operation. Our Y. W. Circle is very small, but they are doing splendid work, not only in raising money, but in getting a thoroughly intelligent grasp of our mission work. I had the privilege of attending their meeting this week, and though there were only four present I was delighted with what I heard. They are not quite a year old but have masticated and assimilated "Glimpses and Gleams" quite thoroughly.

We cannot be less than proud of our Band. This is divided into three sections. The Superintendent, Mrs. May, takes charge of the older boys, Miss Natalie Chandler the girls, and Mrs. Chapman the primary department. Then once in three months they all meet together, have a nice program and vote on their money, etc. If you want real inspiration you will find it here. I hardly dare write about our Band, there is so much I would like to say in order to do justice to all; but I cannot fail to mention the earnestness and delight manifested by the little folk under their enthusiastic leader, Mrs. Chapman, who has a "sweet" way of drawing the children. The Jubilee services at Sherbrooke did much to encourage and inspire us and to strengthen the bond of sympathy and love between our fellow Christians of India and ourselves. We

are facing another year full of hopeful desire, remembering the words of the Lord to Joshua: "Be strong and of good courage, for the Lord thy God is with thee."

Priscilla M. Chandler.

SHAPING A COLLEGE COURSE

(Continued from page 216)

Last of all, a college course of the wisest kind demands a deep personal, religious experience, and personal conduct that commands respect. Spiritual power is not like the wind which bloweth where it listeth—it is the result of hard, constant study of the nature and purpose of God. The study can be carried on only with daily search for the will of God and unflinching obedience to it when discovered; not the obedience of duty, but the joyous abandoned obedience of love. It is the love of God we go out to carry to our brothers and sisters; it is His love we are to live in all the details of our lives; it is His love that is to be the dynamo of all our work for Him—not our work but His; done in His way, not in ours, and done in His spirit of love.—*The Missionary Outlook*.

INDUSTRIES ON OUR TELUGU FIELD.

From "Among The Telugus."

In regard to Industrial Evangelism, we are beginning the new half-century well. India is entering upon a stage of industrial development, and there will be increasing demand for trained mechanics and skilled laborers. Our mission, along with most other missions in India, is entering the field in the hope of putting the religion of Christ into this new phase of India's life.

Rev. H. D. Smith, who was set apart for this work, gives in this volume a record of his first year's work. As a beginning it is, to say the least, highly encouraging. The boys are learning as never before the value of a straight line and a square corner. Getting this under a Christian missionary and in a Christian environment, it is expected that their characters will be moulded accordingly, so that it will seem natural to live a straight life and to give their fellows a square deal.

Canadian Missionary Link

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On Sundays most of the boys and their instructors are engaged in evangelistic work in the town or the surrounding villages. We look forward to seeing this branch of our service become a great blessing to many, both temporally and spiritually.

The Lace Industry seems to have fallen on hard times. The demand for this product is not as brisk as it used to be, and the ladies of the mission who manage this work often meet with financial embarrassment, due to the slow sale of stocks on hand. At this end it is hard to limit the output, for the workers so badly need the money they earn in this way. Many of the Christian women support themselves entirely by their skill in lace-making. We solicit the earnest co-operation of our ladies at home to ensure profitable sales.

Jewelry holds a prominent place at Polepilly, on the Bimlipatam field. The story of this industry is well known to many of our

readers; how 25 years ago a goldsmith of that village accepted Christ and was threatened with starvation because his trade was boycotted, and how the missionaries, (chiefly Mrs. Gullison, then Miss Newcombe), solicited orders among Christian friends and others, and kept the work going. Relatives of the same man later accepted Christ also, and joined in the work. The industry grew on its merits and is now a thriving concern. It has done much to keep the lamp of God burning brightly in that village, in spite of fierce opposition.

In Vizianagram a small knitting industry under the management of Miss Flora Clarke, continues to give employment to several Christian men, while the girls of the Henrietta Ayer Anderson Orphanage, also under her direction, gave considerable help towards their support by making various articles of raffia work, bead necklaces, handkerchiefs, leather novelties, etc.

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EASTER HELPER is a book containing all sorts of Easter dialogues, songs and recitations. Some of these are decidedly missionary. This book will also help in Sunday School, as well as Band work20c.

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We also have other typed recitations which will be put in an order free or 1c. if no other order.

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There are also just a few Easter leaflets in stock which we do not intend to re-order—An Easter in Africa, Easter Messages, and Easter Tidings (poem). These while they last will be sold for 3 for 7c.

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THE NEW AMONG THE TELUGUS. Have you had it? The best ever material for programmes can be gotten from this. How do you like this? "These Fifty Years in India." 1—This man began to build, pgs. viii & vii; 2—The Challenge, pg. lx. 3—The Staff in 1924-25, pg. lx.; 4—On the Bimli Field, 2 pastors from the Ramapatam Seminary, B. Matthews and P. Krupa Rao, pg. 15; Prospects on the Parliakimedi Field, pgs. 54 and 55; 6—Notes from Ramachandrapuram, pgs. 54 and 55. There is plenty of material here for good programmes on the Medical, Evangelistic and Educational work, and, plenty of suggestions for prayer meetings.....30c.

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MAP OF INDIA AND BOLIVIA, advertised last month. The best teaching in Bands cannot be rendered without a map, and we are selling it at a special bargain—50c.