

"He shall speak Peace to the Heathen."



# Canadian Missionary Link



CANADA

PUBLISHED IN THE INTERESTS  
OF THE

**Baptist Foreign Missions**  
OF CANADA



INDIA

FEBRUARY, 1904.

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## THE Canadian Missionary Link

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT TORONTO

Subscription - 25 cents per Annum, Strictly in Advance.

All communications and subscriptions, etc., should be sent to the Editor, Mrs. L. L. Porter, 572 Huron St., Toronto. Send money by registered letter, or Post Office Order on Yorkville P.O.

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# Canadian Missionary Link

Published in the interests of the Baptist Foreign Missionary Societies of Canada.

VOL. XXVI

TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1904.

No. 5

## THE GODWARD ASPECT.

**I**T is always helpful to fix our attention on the Godward aspect of Christian work; to realize that the work of God does not mean so much man's work for God, as God's own work through man. Furthermore, in our privileged position of fellow-workers with Him, while fully recognizing all the benefits and blessings to be bestowed on a sin-stricken world through the proclamation of the Gospel and spread of the Truth, we should never lose sight of the higher aspect of our work—that of obedience to God, of bringing glory to His name, of gladdening the heart of our God and Father by living and serving as His beloved children.—*Hudson Taylor.*

## A GOVERNOR'S TESTIMONY.

Here is a statement from an address of the Lieutenant Governor of New Guinea, at a public meeting in Australia: "I would venture to say that the government owes everything to missions. I wish I could make our people fully realize what the missions mean to the administration. It would have to be doubled, perhaps quadrupled, in strength if it were not for the little whitewashed houses along the coast where the missionaries live. Every penny contributed to this mission is a help to the Queens' government. Every penny spent by the missionaries saves pounds to the administration, for the mission brings peace, law and order. The missionaries help the government, and the government is proud to reciprocate the aid."

A Judson Tablet. Thanks to the generosity of Mr. John Wanamaker, a commemorative tablet was put up in the Lal Bazar Chapel, of Calcutta, India, where Dr. Adoniram Judson was baptized. It was unveiled by the Consul-General of the United States in Calcutta, and the address was delivered by our missionary, Dr. Downie. A large company was present.

## NOTICE TO CIRCLES AND BANDS.

Owing to ill-health Miss Violet Elliot, the very efficient Treasurer of the Woman's Baptist Foreign Mission Society, has been compelled to give up the work for a time. Miss Eva Nasmith has very kindly consented to take charge of it, and at a meeting of the Executive Committee and of members of the Board residing in the city, was unanimously appointed Treasurer *pro tem.* All monies and communications intended for Miss Elliot should be sent to Miss Eva Nasmith, 14 Maitland St., Toronto, and they will receive prompt attention.

A. MOYLE,  
Rec. Sec. W. B. F. M. S.

## MISSION WOMEN IN INDIA.

The Bishop of Worcester has struck a true note in asserting the great importance of women's work in the mission field. After commenting upon the striking change in public opinion in regard to this development, he said at a recent meeting: "It is now generally perceived that there can be nothing of more transcendental importance than the development of women's work. The whole possibility of the Christian religion taking hold of such a country as India depends on getting at the hearts of the women, and that depends upon women workers. . . . The progress of religion depends on what is going on in the hearts and minds of the women, and nowhere more so than in India; and the advance of Christianity there will be very slow until a rear attack is made upon that in which the whole social system of the country is imbedded—the zenana."—*London Christian.*

A notice concerning the Annual Report of our mission in India "Among the Telegus," was overlooked last issue. The Editor of the LINK thought it so important that every Circle should have a copy, that a number of extra ones were ordered and can be obtained as soon as they arrive by sending 12 cents to the LINK address.

## THE WOMAN WHO GAVE HERSELF.

**E**LIZABETH PAYSON PRENTISS beautifully expressed what many another one has felt, when she wrote, "A little room all of my own, and a regular hour morning and night all of my own, would enable me, I think, to say, 'Now let life do its worst!'"

Little Mrs. Lynfold, with a large family in a small house, and a pocket-book whose sides were never extended perceptibly by anything but newspaper clippings, often declared to herself that she would "give up and die" if it were not for that bolt on the inside of the attic storeroom door. She had bought that bolt and put it on herself unknown to anyone. In among the scrap-bags hanging from the rafters and the piles of trunks and boxes, there was a Bethel of one soul pressing its way heavenward. Not that she ever had a whole hour night or morning to herself. The most of her praying had to be done a-foot; and, like Aaron, she burned incense while she filled the lamps. But there were sometimes precious odd bits of time when she could kneel at the Master's feet, and "take unto her words." No one had ever discovered this sacred eyrie of the housemother, up three flights of stairs from the basement kitchen, where so much of her time had to be spent. Baby Ben knew about it, for he had oftentimes been deposited therein on a big comfortable when the weather was neither too warm nor too cold, and he kept the secret well, as his vocabulary consisted of only three words. It was not an attractive spot from an æsthetic standpoint, but the narrow window admitted light enough for the reading of a passage in the coarse-print Bible that always lay on the old wooden chair,—a rough altar, truly, with no cloth of gold, but angels ministered there many a time when the tempter fled in defeat. Mrs. Lynfold was thinking of this one quiet nook in life's turmoil as she hastened home from the afternoon meeting of the missionary auxiliary, for her soul was filled with unrest and discontent. She walked hurriedly, thankful that Aunt Abby was there, and that supper was ready to place on the table, except for fresh boiling water for the tea, and that she could have a few minutes in which to pour out her trouble before the Lord.

The boys yelled a welcome as she entered the yard, and bore down upon her like a pair of wild Apaches. She escaped from their embraces with her best hat over one ear, only to encounter small Bess at the front door in tears over a

broken doll; Katharyn in despair at the piano because of a difficult exercise; her eldest son, Kent, stranded in his Virgil, and waiting for mother, who had been a good Latin scholar in her day, to float him off; while the baby, perfectly contented until he emptied his best friend, almost sprang out of Aunt Abby's arms, crying lustily.

"Well, Helen," said Aunt Abby with a bit of a sigh, "it must seem good to a woman to be perfectly indispensable to some corner of the universe!"

The kindly word carried Mrs. Lynfold through the next two hours, and when the supper dishes were washed and the younger children were in bed she stole softly up to her little sanctum.

Mrs. Lynfold was an enthusiastic believer in foreign missions, but although her heart was large enough to endow a dozen orphanages and hospitals, she had felt that she could give only the "two cents a week and a prayer." In fact, her heaviest cross was that thin pocketbook. With all her thrift and industry and faculty for making something out of nothing, it was impossible for the Lynfolds to get ahead financially. Mr. Lynfold had a fair salary as a bookkeeper, but six vigorous children can make incredible inroads on the stock of butcher, baker and grocer, to say nothing of the shoemaker, and there were clothes for spring and fall, and always the rent to meet, and an occasional doctor's bill. The best they could do was to live in reasonable comfort and keep out of debt. That day at the missionary meeting Judge Wellford's widow had read an autograph letter from her very own Bible-woman,—a thrilling account of one day's work in the zenanas, where souls were turning eagerly toward the Light of the World. Mrs. Wellford read the letter with great satisfaction, and Mrs. Lynfold had listened with hot tears rising to her eyes. It seemed to her that one of the choicest privileges in the world was to employ a Bible-woman.

"Only thirty dollars a year!" Mrs. President was saying.

Mrs. Lynfold smiled a grim little smile. Thirty dollars was not as much for Mrs. Wellford as thirty cents was to the Lynfold exchequer! She thought of the new parlor carpet that must be considered, not in the subjective but in the imperative mood, for there were holes wearing through that no rug could possibly cover; of the alarming condition of the flour barrel (the scoop had touched bottom that very

day); and of the broken springs in the dining-room sofa. It is agony to a niggardly soul under pressure of fear or policy to open the creaking door of the storehouse to the world's need, but it is more exquisite torture for a generous nature to have nothing to give. Mrs. Lynfold felt as though she were thrust into prison with her feet in the stocks, and no songs of praise on her lips. She did not stop to chat after the meeting. She, who knew so well the good news of salvation, must hold it back from those sad thousands simply because she had no money. It was this that had burdened her spirit and sent her in the early evening to talk with Jesus.

"Dear Lord!" she cried, "thou knowest that I do not envy Mrs. Wellford her fine house, her servants, her horses, her lovely clothes, but oh, how is it, when she loves the heathen no better than I do, that she can send thy truth to so many, many women, while I have but two cents a week to give!"

Then she found herself praying the prayer of Jabez, "O that Thou wouldest bless me indeed, and enlarge my border!"

As she knelt there in the shadows, something from which she shrank presented itself to her mind. She had thought of several ways in which God might grant her desire. Mr. Lynfold's salary might be raised; or those old worthless investments in mining stock might come to something, after all; or her father's cousin, Reuben, might open his heart and his purse and send her a handsome present. But this that the Spirit was whispering,—oh, no, she couldn't do that! She wanted to give money as Mrs. Wellford gave it, easily and gracefully from a well-filled purse. What was this word that was urging in upon her consciousness, so searching and personal, dropping slowly down like a plummet into the depths of her consecration, and finding it not deep enough to bear up a great sacrificial purpose? She buried her face in her hands. The word was that of Paul to the Corinthians,—“Not yours but *you*.”

Yes, she knew there was only forty members of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society in the great church to which she belonged. Forty women out of three hundred and fifty! She knew that most of them had never had the work brought to their personal attention. Would she undertake that task? Did she love Christ enough to do it? Did she care enough

for those poor suffering heathen women to do it? It meant so many steps, so many words, so much tact and patience and faith and courage, and so many encounters with indifference and unbelief, perhaps with contempt. The call grew clearer and stronger; the struggle with self-will and fear was brief. Whom God appoints he anoints.

"Only baptize me with thy Spirit, Lord, for this service!" prayed Helen Lynfold; and like every soul that passes over Peniel, she found that it was sunrise.

In that little attic storeroom God had given her a commission. It was not romantic nor remote; but light and love came with it that she had never known. She went at the task quietly, and pursued it unobtrusively. She was sure that God would direct her every step, and so when the days were filled with home duties she did not fret at delay. She supplied herself with the best leaflets and with copies of the *Friend*, which she distributed in a manner that made them acceptable and insured their perusal. Occasionally after earnest prayer she would make a call, with the express purpose of securing a new member for the auxiliary; but it was difficult for her to get out of an afternoon, and it was surprising how many ladies called upon her, and so brought into her own parlor the coveted opportunity for saying a word for the cause she loved. She often wondered at the interests the truth awakened, at the kindness with which her advances were met, and the almost unflinching success of her efforts. She did not know that there was a light in her eyes, a magnetism in her voice, a tenderness and force in her simple eloquence that came of the fullness of the Spirit of Jesus, and stirred many hearts. In six months she had secured, without any flurry of excitement or parade of lofty intent, one hundred new members and fifty subscriptions. Of these, one woman of wealth undertook the support of an orphan in China, two others each pledged themselves to sustain a Bible woman in Japan; but best of all, bright, beautiful Agnes Carroll, having joined the society, became intensely interested, and was called to the foreign field. The night before she left home for the missionary training institute, she bent and kissed Mrs. Lynfold on the forehead, saying: "It was your hand, dear, that opened the door of service to my idle feet, and I caught a glimpse of a life so attractive that I could not hold back. Whatever I may know of blessedness or reward in my life work must be shared with you."

And thus it happened, all unknown to earth, but recorded in heaven, that of all the noble host of women who toiled that year for the advancement of Christ's kingdom, the one whose achievement stood second to none in far-reaching results was the little woman with the thin pocketbook, who gave herself.—*Elizabeth Cheney*, in "Woman's Missionary Friend."

## Our Work Abroad.

### THE "STAR OF HOPE."

**M**EDICAL work in Akidu began in a very humble way. A wall cupboard contained our supply of medicine and another the surgical instruments. We refused to see any but the most urgent cases, that we might have time for the study of the language. Yet the work grew and the patients would come and thrust themselves upon us.



DR. PEARL CHUTE.

The next step was to use one of the small verandah rooms of the bungalow as a dispensary. It was not long before we found that this would not do. It was very unpleasant, to say the least, to have patients with all kinds of diseases coming to the house. In India, we live with all our doors wide open, to get the fresh air. The Telugus are very friendly and like "to visit," so one is never surprised to find from one to a dozen or more of women and children, and occasionally men, on the verandahs, peering in, or perhaps making a tour through the house.

Every day numbers came for medicine and "to see;" often they were to be found in the cook-house greatly interested in what we were to have for breakfast, sometimes in the bedroom leaning over the baby's cot, or perhaps in the dressing-room admiring themselves in the looking glass.

Yes—the missionaries actually have *dressing-rooms*. We wouldn't want to do without them; there would be too many interruptions to dressing in our bed-rooms, but usually we can secure a little privacy in our dressing-room—more than once have the venetians been opened by some patient who has waited since day-light. A Telugu cannot understand why we should take so long to dress; they do not undress at night, and so have no trouble in the morning.

Apart from the unpleasantness and the danger of having the patients coming to the house, we soon began to feel the need of a room where we could keep very sick patients, who needed special care.

Once in writing home I mentioned that a very good mud house could be built for twenty-five dollars. A friend at home concluded that if a good house could be built for twenty-five dollars a better one could be built for fifty, so she sent the fifty dollars and requested that the little house be called "The Star of Hope." About the same time we received money from other friends and it made us ambitious to have a better building. In April, 1898, we began to build our small hospital. The bricks were made in our own compound, burned partly with wood and partly with cowdung chips," as wood is very scarce. The timber, lime, sand, nails, etc., had to be brought by canal boat from Rajahmundry, forty-five miles away. The lime and sand for the mortar was pounded by women with wooden pestles in a long trench under a banyan tree. The women pounded to the rythm of a song, and when the singing ceased, the work lagged too. The Indian cooly works best to the jingle of a song.

Outside of school hours the boarding school boys and girls carried bricks and mortar, and sometimes when a shower of rain came along, children, missionaries and all, would run to cover up the fresh work with palm leaves and to protect the piles of sun-dried brick.

The-missionary was architect, chief mason, head carpenter, etc. The building is forty-two by twenty feet. The foundations are of good material and are carefully laid. The outer walls are of burnt brick and the partition walls of sun-dried brick.

There are three rooms and a verandah. The centre room is the largest and is used as a dispensary and operating room. The end rooms

are used as wards—not like hospital wards in this country, no snowy-white beds and waxed floor—just four white-washed walls, a cement floor and a native cot, without mattress, sheet or pillow, though we do have one or two blankets to use when necessary. In-patients are generally brought on their own beds, *i. e.*, a crude rectangular frame on four short legs, and strung diagonally with home-made string. Most cots are so short that the patients feet hang out over the end. As for mattresses, sheets, pillows, etc., the Telugus do not know much about them; the patient wears her clothes and may or may not be covered with a cotton cloth.

The food for the in-patients is provided by their friends and cooked out-of-doors under some tree, or by the road-side. Were we to provide a kitchen the caste people wouldn't use it, as fire and food are so intimately connected with their religious customs, and to use a common fireplace would break their caste. Some cases where special nourishment is required it comes from the mission cook-house and is served as "medicine."

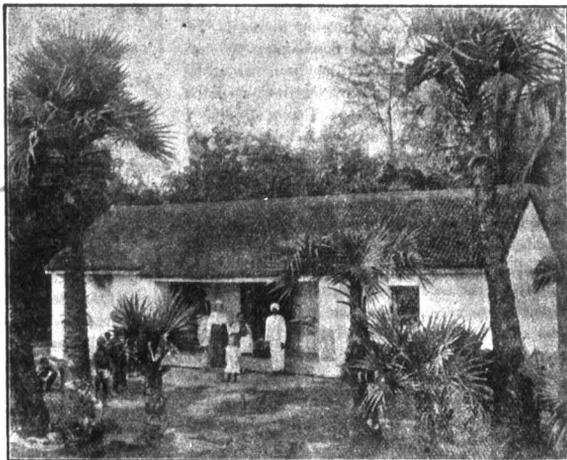
The patients come from all castes, men, women and children, we do attend the men in some cases, but the women and children are our special care. Once in a while men have been received as in-patients. One day a goldsmith, who had been very friendly to us, was brought in in an unconscious condition—he died in the hospital and was taken from there and was buried immediately. *After he was in his grave* they sent word to the little widow, only five miles away, that her husband was dead. As soon as the serious nature of his illness became apparent, she had been thrust from his bedside and had not seen him for sometime before his death.

If any one doubts that the heathen are *lost*, I would that they could have heard the awful language that man used as he was dying and witnessed the fearful horror that came over his

face as he passed into eternity. Yet he was a Hindu of the Hindus. A priest, highly respected and a leader among his people.

The work is steadily growing, each year brings a larger number of patients. Last year there were 3637 treated. As the time drew near for our furlough it was necessary to close the hospital that we might prepare for the long journey. But still they came and *would not be sent away*. The sick were brought and placed on our verandah. Screened doors failed to keep out the more importunate ones. From early morning until late in the day, their pleading continued until we were obliged to attend them.

The people could not realize that the hospital



"THE STAR OF HOPE."

was really to be closed. They said, "Some one will come," "Surely our need is great." But no one came, and the key was turned in the door of our little "Star of Hope."

How could they come except they were sent; but *where* was the money to send them. Did you, dear sister, have some of it in charge?

But sad as it was to close the little hospital, it was not to be compared to the heart-ache of the missionaries as station after station had to be left without a mission family.

Akidu, with its 1800 Christians, and thousands of heathen; Tuni, Peddapuram and Narsapatnam, covering hundreds of miles and represent-

ing a million or more of precious souls, all left without a male missionary.

Christmas time in the home-land, how we have enjoyed it after so many years in a country where there is no happy Christmas-tide, because there is no Christ, and we cannot help but wonder if in many of the Baptist homes the cost of *just the Christmas dinner* did not exceed the yearly offering for Foreign Missions. Did it in yours? count it up and see.

"Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, it is more blessed to give than to receive." Acts 20 : 35.

P. S. CHUTE.

#### EXTRACTS OF LETTER FROM MRS. W. E. STILLWELL, VUYURU.

The work is very encouraging here and we are rejoiced to welcome the new-comers as well as the friends who are returning from furlough. We in Vuyuru shall have to wait till Conference to see them all, but the time will soon slip by.

A number of our Christians who live on islands at the mouth of the Kistna River are having a very trying time just now, because in October the Kistna came down in unusually heavy floods carrying away their oxen, goats, household goods, and razing the houses of many to the ground. One of our preachers sat with his family for three days and nights on a neighbor's house-top wondering what was going to happen. His own house and our chapel in that village were in ruins. Still another preacher had to camp out for some time under a tree as his house was gone. But now the waters have long since subsided, but this was the highest flood on record for a great many years.

#### EXTRACTS OF LETTER FROM REV. J. E. DAVIS.

##### GIVING.

"I am at Nalluru to-day (Nov. 22nd). I am trying to establish a new order of collection all over this field.

I am asking for a handful of rice at each meal from the women. In some places they have taken to it and we have appointed women to collect it, so that we are making progress. We have a basket passed around each night to every Christian house and to every heathen sending children to school. It is a new idea. I thought and prayed over it a long time, then hit on this method. I think it the only method by which we are likely to get support among such poor people. They don't have money, as a rule, but

they must eat and can give a tablespoonful of rice out of each meal, and not miss it. I believe we will double our collections next year by this method."

##### A MOVING APPEAL.

"I have been thinking about new men and old men to be sent out next year. The Board ought not to feel badly if they are unable to take up new work, but certainly there ought to be heart-searching when the old fields are left vacant here. Every member of the Board should cry "O God, is the fault mine?" I am nearly at the breaking point with these fields (Ramachandrapuram and Peddapuram). My nerves are unstrung, and yet I have to face the thing for another year. So I hope there will be men enough to fill all the fields in 1905, and allow the Laflamms and ourselves to go home.—*Canadian Baptist.*

#### CHANDAG AND MISS MARY REED.

Twelve years is a long time to work at an outpost alone. Miss Mary Reed, whose health has been wonderfully preserved by God, has done this, but is now feeling the strain and responsibility too much for her. The Committee of the Mission to Lepers have therefore decided that she must have a complete rest and change. They have accordingly granted Miss Reed furlough for eighteen months as soon as some one is secured to look after her work amongst the lepers. We ask for continued earnest prayer on her behalf, that this thorough rest may do all that is hoped it may for her, and that throughout all this time of enforced idleness she may have a very strong realization of the abiding presence of the Master Himself.—*Without the Camp.*

A Zenana party is held once a quarter throughout the year at Isabella Thorburn College to provide educational entertainment for purdah women. The latest was a stereopticon lecture on Japan, given by one of the professors. Music by the students was interspersed. When the exercises were over, the women were entertained on the moonlit lawn. Their delight was unbounded, for this was a prairie compared with their zenana limitations. The *Daily Telegraph* says; "And yet it is not three-quarters of a century since Dr. Duff wrote that to talk of the education of native Indian women was like talking of getting over a wall five hundred feet high. We have climbed the wall!"—*Missionary Review of the world.*

## FOR THE FAR EAST, FROM THE WEST.

**W**E two travellers, Miss McLaurin and I, have crossed the Indian ocean, the Red Sea, the Mediterranean and the Atlantic ocean together, and are now about to test or to cement our friendship further by crossing together the Pacific and the Bay of Bengal, from India to India in a circuit round the world.

The last Sunday in Toronto brings good news. First, by phone, I hear that the Davies compound in Cocanada is to have a corner added to it. On this corner are buildings suitable for the teachers of the Girls' Boarding School, and the girls are saved from the near approach of undesirable neighbors. Second, my Indian mail tells me that nine more lepers believing in Jesus have been baptized, thus making in all fifty-nine so-called "God-cursed" lepers who have become God-blessed ones since work began for them in Ramachandrapuram.

Hurried good-byes were said to a few whom I had promised to visit during last week, and Toronto is left. Winnipeg is reached in two days, and the train is met by one of the good deacons of the First Baptist Church, and also by one of that church's good mission workers. That evening opportunity is given to speak in the prayer-meeting, and to recount on this the eve of Thanksgiving Day, the blessings which God has given to us His people in India and to render praise to Him for God's inheritance given to us there. Arrangements were also made for my coming back to the public missionary meeting to be held the next week, when Miss McLaurin would arrive, and to this I returned from Brandon.

Warm indeed was the welcome given us. The audience filled the Sunday School hall and pushed out into the class-rooms. Missionary enthusiasm ran high and many appreciative words were spoken. The ladies of the Board kindly met to hear the message from the Ontario Board, and we hope the ball was started rolling which, increasing in volume, will result in the "Manitoba Bungalow" a home for two of our lady missionaries in India.—*Extract of letter from Miss Hatch, in N. W. Baptist.*

## SOCIAL REFORM IN BOMBAY.

We are much pleased to learn from the *Indian Social Reformer* that Mrs. Hardevi Roshan Lal, Editor of the *Bharat Bhagini* of Lahore, delivered

an interesting lecture in Hindi on "the Condition of Hindu Widows, and the practical means of improving it," at the Parthana Samaj Hall, Girgaum, on the 30th June. She was listened to by an appreciative audience in which there were many Hindu ladies. Mrs. Madhavdas Raghunathdas, whose husband was so prominently identified with the movement for the amelioration of the condition of Hindu widows, presided. Our contemporary says, "There were at least ten speakers at the meeting, all Hindu ladies, and it was as much a pleasure as a surprise to note the ease, self-possession, and dignity with which almost every one of them addressed the large audience." A fund for founding a Widows' Home was started, the lady president subscribing one thousand rupees. A meeting of ladies, presided over by a lady with a dozen of lady speakers, conferring as to the practical means of improving the condition of Hindu widows has seemed to us a most hopeful feature of the time. Mrs. Roshan Lal will be remembered as the lady who spoke so eloquently at the last Indian Social Conference held in this town. We understand she will soon open a Hindu Widows' Home at Lahore. We sincerely wish her every success in her efforts to ameliorate the conditions of her fellow-countrywomen. When the women themselves will take up the cause of women, as Mrs. Roshan Lal has done, we may hope that the dawn is not far off.—*The Indian Messenger.*

A fine edition of the "Tibetan Gospels" has been issued from the printing works of Ghoom, near Darjiling, in the Himalaya Mountains, under the auspices of the Moravian Church. Although Tibet is still a land jealously guarded against foreign influence, these Gospels are sold on the frontiers to Tibetan traders, and thus the seed of eternal life is sown broadcast.

At Durban, in the Zulu mission, is a church which sends out every male member who is at all qualified for the task to take some active part in preaching the gospel each Sunday. Its pastor is a Zulu, and under his supervision no less than fifty-two meetings of one kind or another are held every Lord's day.—*Woman's Evangel.*

The first money given for foreign mission work in modern times was given by Sir Walter Raleigh. The sum was five hundred dollars, and it was used in converting the heathen Indians of America.

## Our Work at Home.

**S**T. CATHARINES (Queen St. Circle).—Another year has passed since giving you our last report, and as we review the work we cannot but be impressed with the magnitude of the task before us, and what might be accomplished were the means at hand; but we have reason to be encouraged for the work that is being carried on has grown and many precious souls have been gathered during the year. Surely the Lord is giving the heathen to His Son for His inheritance. The annual Thank-offering service of the Women's Mission Circle was held on Tuesday evening, Dec. 15th, the President, Mrs. J. J. Ross, presided. Dr. Pearl Chute, so well known to many, gave a very interesting and stirring address on her Medical Missionary Work in Akidu, India. For over an hour she held the rapt attention of the audience as she told of the many cases that come under her care and attention as medical missionary. She urged in eloquent words the need of a deeper sense of responsibility towards the heathen, and for more money to send those who were ready to go if only the funds were provided. The offering amounted to \$27, to be divided between Home and Foreign work. As a Circle, we have raised during the year \$100.73, \$61.86 for Foreign and \$38.87 for Home Missions. It is twenty-two years last September since our Circle was organized, with twenty-six members, only three of whom are now with us. Ten of them are now in the presence of the Saviour whom they loved to serve. One, Miss Helen Priest, is in India, holding forth the Word of Life to those who are in darkness. When we think of the greatness of the work, and of the millions yet unreached, we say, what are we among so many. But the Lord says, "Be not afraid, nor dismayed by reason of this great multitude, for the battle is not yours but God's," and with such an assurance, shall we not "be strong and of good courage," and at His command "go forward."

F. E. WISNER, Sec.

EAST TORONTO.—On the last Thursday evening in October, we held our annual Thank-offering meeting. Our Mission Band (which we call the Child of the Circle), gave a very instructive and interesting program of missionary songs and recitations. A young Burmese (Soloman by name), from the Bible Training School, and Miss Hopkins, a returned missionary from Burmah, gave interesting addresses. The children brought in their pyramids, and the women their envelopes, the total offering for the meeting amounting to a little over twenty-five dollars (\$25). As not one of our members is rich in this world's goods, we think this excellent, and thank the Giver of all good and perfect gifts that He inclined His children to give so generously. Our plan for the meeting. A few weeks before we give an envelope, on

which is written the date of meeting and a suitable text of Scripture to each member of the Circle, numbering each, the President keeping a list with the number and name. After the Treasurer has taken the money from the envelopes, the President checks them with the list. In this way no one knows what each member has given, and it enables us to collect any unreturned envelopes. Thirty odd envelopes were sent out, and all but three were placed on the plate. Afterwards, two of these were gathered in, leaving only one sent out not returned.

HATTIE DUDLEY, Sec.

GLADSTONE.—Nov. 26th the Circle held their Annual Thank-offering meeting, which was well attended and full of interest. Addresses were given by the pastor Rev. Mr. Burns and Miss M. Laidlaw on our Mission Work. A report of the Convention was given by Mrs. W. R. Marsh, and a very helpful paper on Prayer by Miss McLelland. A pleasing part of the programme was the presentation of a certificate of Life-membership to Mrs. W. R. Marsh and an address in appreciation of her long and faithful service as President of the Circle. After the offering was received Mrs. Finch and Mrs. McCallum opened the envelopes and read alternately the passages of Scripture. The offering amounted to \$16.50. Suitable music was rendered by members of the choir.

After the programme, lunch was served and a pleasant time spent socially.

KINGSVILLE.—Although we organized in July, we accomplished very little for the Master until the last quarter of 1903, when we collected \$10 for Home Missions. We met Dec. 28th to appoint officers for 1904. We hope to do better work this year for both Home and Foreign Missions. Our monthly meetings are beginning to be well attended, and the interest is increasing. We are truly being converted to an interest in missions and are hoping to become helpers in the Master's vineyard.

BERTHA PALMER, Sec.

OTTAWA.—McPhail Memorial Mission Circle has held its first quarterly prayer meeting, at the request of the pastor. Mrs. Nichol of Central Africa gave a most interesting address illustrated with many curios from that far-off land. She speaks to the Circle at its regular meeting on Friday night, more particularly on the work among women and children in "The Dark Continent." Our Circle has sent quilts and clothing valued at fifty dollars to the North-West Indians this winter, besides making a special offering of twelve dollars to the new wing of Feller Institute. The Sunday School children, at the request of one of our members, voted to do without the boxes of candy always provided for the Christmas festival and send the money to the Grande Ligne

Mission. We are making a special effort to get our young ladies to become members of the Circle and helpers in this great cause. The notes from other Circles in the LINK and *Visitor* are read with interest by our members, so we thought it wise to report something about our work as a Circle.

*Secretary.*

PERTH.—A Thank-offering service of the Circles was held in the church, November 12th, 1903. Mrs. Lyon, Home Mission President, presided. After the opening hymn the president read 103rd psalm, also "Some things to be thankful for" from the *Visitor*. Mrs. Irons, Vice-President led in prayer.

Although the day was very cold, Mrs. Nicholls kindly drove twelve miles from Lanark and gave an earnest address on her work in Central Africa, and exhibited a number of curios from the "Dark Continent." Both the address and curios, were much appreciated.

The offerings were placed in small silk bags; a number of them accompanied with suitable texts of Scripture. The sum realized at the meeting and since, amounted to \$33.40.

After singing a hymn, Rev. Mr. Rock closed the meeting with prayer. Afterwards tea was served and a social time enjoyed.

AGNES A. ROBERTSON.

COBOURG.—The Annual Thank-offering of our Circle was held on Friday evening, Nov. 20th. The meeting being public, we were favored with the presence of the gentlemen. Our new president, Mrs. James Grant, presided with much acceptance. An interesting program was given, ending with the receiving of the offering enclosed with suitable passages of Scripture, or messages of thankfulness for the year's blessing. The offering exceeded any in the history of our Circle. Much of the success of the meeting was largely due to the effort and suggestion, of our new president, Mrs. Grant, whom God has so recently and graciously sent to us, to lead, and encourage us in our loved work for Missions. Beside our regular work we have just sent two barrels of clothing to the North-West Indians. We feel thankful for what has been accomplished in the past year, but trust that even more will be done in the year before us.

METTA MCGLOUGLIN,  
*Secretary.*

**THE WOMEN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO (WEST).**

*Receipts from Dec. 16th, 1903, to Jan. 15th, 1904, inclusive.*

GENERAL ACCOUNT.

FROM CIRCLES.—Brantford, Park Ch., Thank-offering, \$18.57; Georgetown, Thank-offering, \$5.25; Toronto, Immanuel Ch., Thank-offering, \$10.60; Durham, Thank-offering, \$1; Calton, \$12; Hamilton, Victoria Ave., Thank-offering, \$13.43; London,

Talbot St., (\$26.38 Thank-offering) \$43.13; Plympton, (\$8.75 Thank-offering) \$11.75; Strathroy, Thank-offering, \$3.25; Jarvis St., (\$600 for Dr. E. G. Smith's hospital, in India) \$629.52; Woodstock, First Ch., \$6; Brooke and Enniskillen, (\$1.82 Thank-offering) \$3.62; Hespeler, \$6.41; Midland, \$3; Toronto, Bloor St., \$24.96; Toronto, Bloor St., 2 Circles, Thank-offering, \$47.30; London, South, (\$8.10 Thank-offering) \$12.85; Listowel, \$9.22; Toronto, Memorial, (\$3.75 Thank-offering) \$5.00; Paisley, (\$9.20 Thank-offering) \$11.15; Guelph, First Ch., \$2.50; Cobourg, (\$7.35 Thank-offering) \$14.20; Peterboro', Murray St., M.C., \$8.95; Fort William, Thank-offering, \$6.50; Scotland, (\$11.40 Thank-offering) \$14.45; Markham, Second, \$3.25; Barrie, \$6.90; Toronto, Dovercourt Rd., \$9.18; Owen Sound (\$7.50 Thank-offering) \$17.50; Colchester (\$1 for Bungalow Fund) \$6; Hamilton, Victoria Ave., \$7.60; London, Maitland St., Thank-offering, \$4; Paris, \$2.05; Pine Grove, Thank-offering, \$2.23; Norwich, Thank-offering, \$3.25; Woodstock, First Ch., Thank-offering, \$10.85; Toronto, Century Ch. (\$1.50 Thank-offering) \$19.70; Port Burwell Thank-offering, \$3.50; London, Adelaide St., \$13.90; Sarnia, (\$5.55 Thank-offering) \$10.55; Daywood, Thank-offering, \$3.85; St. George, \$6; Cramahe, \$2.50; Campbellford, \$2; Fullarton, \$5; Wilkesport, \$2.25; Beachville, \$1.75; Wheatley, (\$12 towards Life-membership) \$14; Parry Sound, \$1.50; Toronto, Immanuel, \$12.10; Toronto, College St. (\$31.93 Thank-offering) \$47.78; Sault Ste. Marie, \$7. Total, \$1,150.80.

FROM BANDS.—Hamilton, James St., (for Martha Crabbe) \$4.60; Toronto, College St., special "Volunteer" (for Miss Corning \$30, for Bungalow \$55.03) \$85.03; Chatnam, (for Boddapati Elizabeth) \$2.21; St. Marys, (for Cheppala Ramamma) \$2.75; Paris, \$6.50; Brampton (to make Miss Mary Deeves and Miss May Johnston, Life-members) \$20; Waterford (for lepers) \$1.80; \$13; St. George, \$1.10. Total, \$135.19.

FROM SUNDRIES.—Mrs. James Miller, Wabuno, \$1; "Anaged widow," \$5; Mrs. Chambers (per Mrs. E. R. York, for lepers) \$1; Investment, Miss Nellie Davies gift, \$10; E. A. B., London, \$2.50; Mrs. L. M. Plover, Elmvale, \$1; Mrs. Duncan Chisholm, Berlin, (for Miss Corning's salary, \$10. Total, \$30.50.

Total receipts during the month - - - \$1,316.47

DISBURSEMENTS.—By cheque to General Treasurer on account estimates, \$611.33. *Extras:* from Jarvis St. M. C., for Dr. E. G. Smith's Hospital, India, \$600; for lepers, from Mrs. Chambers, \$1. Total, \$1,202.33.

HOME EXPENSES—50 copies Among the Telugus, \$6.

Total disbursements during the month - \$1,208.33

"MEDICAL LADY" FUND.

Receipt.—Tupperville Union M. C. - - - \$ 6 50  
Disbursement.—By General Treasurer for:  
Dr. Hulet - - - - - \$41 67

GENERAL ACCOUNT.

Total receipts since Oct. 21, 1903 - - \$2,560 49  
Total disbursements since Oct. 21, 1903 \$3,076 07

"MEDICAL LADY" FUND.

Total receipts since Oct. 21, 1903 - - \$ 7 20  
Total disbursements since Oct. 21, 1903 \$125 01

EVA NASMITH,  
*Treasurer pro tem.*

14 Maitland St., Toronto.

## Youths' Department.

### WHY NOT?

A Dialogue between Madame Experience and Little Miss Trot.

LITTLE MISS TROT.

To-morrow's the day for the Mission Band.  
I can't remember what heathen land  
We have to tell of. I wonder why  
I ought to know, as the months go by  
What the topic is for each meeting day.  
I just can't do it. That's all I say.

MADAME EXPERIENCE.

Now let me ask you, my Little Miss Trot,  
The simplest of questions: Pray *why not*?  
Why shouldn't you keep the topic in mind?  
I think you could if you felt inclined.  
Is there any reason why you should not?  
I'm afraid you're careless, my Little Miss Trot.

LITTLE MISS TROT.

Well anyhow, I do not see why  
I need to go as the months go by.  
There are plenty of people, much older, too,  
Who can do whatever there's need to do:  
And why should I have to leave my play,  
And go to the Band each meeting day?

MADAME EXPERIENCE.

There are plenty of reasons why you should,  
Which I might name, if I only would,  
But I'll ask one question, Little Miss Trot,  
Now answer me truly; Pray *why not*?  
Why shouldn't you take your own full share,  
And why should you be excused from care,  
When other people the burden bear?  
You have had your share of the gospel light,  
Why shouldn't you try with all your might  
To send it out through the lands of night?  
Give me one good reason why you should not  
And perhaps I'll excuse my Little Miss Trot.

LITTLE MISS TROT.

When you pin me down so, on the spot,  
I cannot exactly tell why not.  
I only thought if I must come to it,  
That somebody else might just as well do it.

MADAME EXPERIENCE.

But why not *you*, just as well as the rest?  
I'm sure the answer is easily guessed.  
There is no reason of any kind,  
'Tis but an excuse you are trying to find.  
—Exchange.

### WHAT THE GOSPEL DID FOR A LITTLE HINDU GIRL.

**A** PUPIL entered our school in July—a sul-  
len, unhappy-looking girl. Her Christian  
father was very anxious to have her attend  
our school, but she herself showed no mind to  
learn. She was not here very long before she  
created somewhat of a sensation one night by  
declaring she had a devil, and went about tearing

her hair and frantically knocking her head  
against the wall of the house. Then the children  
came and called me over to their quarters.  
When we arrived we found her prostrate on the  
floor. She would not rise, nor answer when  
spoken to, nor would she eat her evening meal.  
Speech being of no avail, a thorough shaking  
and the threat of an uplifted stick at last aroused  
her, and after severe reproof and a warning to  
refrain from such conduct we left her. The next  
day at the noon hour I went over again and  
found the devil still had possession of her and she  
was getting ready to go home with her father  
who had come that morning to see her. She  
would not listen to his protests against going,  
and although I also forbade her, she went on  
very determinedly and angrily with her packing.  
She was beside herself with rage and would not  
listen to one word of reason. Again and again  
she avowed she would not stay, but would throw  
herself into the canal just across the road.  
Since words were useless Mr. Stillwell was called  
in and gave her a severe whipping, and at last a  
sullen promise was extracted that she would be  
obedient. Her father quite approved of her  
punishment and after telling her to make no  
more trouble and remain in the school, he left.  
Poor ignorant child! she thought to get to her-  
self a certain glory among her school-fellows by  
acting in that way; for had she not seen heathen  
women behave thus and gain a certain notoriety  
thereby! But we could not allow such heathen-  
ish practices in our school. For two days suc-  
ceeding I said no more to her, thinking it best  
to let her anger subside. Then I called her to  
me, and as we talked, her eyes filled with tears  
and with seeming sincerity and sorrow she con-  
fessed she had been very naughty and that she  
had sinned most grievously against God in  
declaring she would take her life. The Lord  
touched her heart and soon a change was noticed,  
—at first not very marked, but before she left for  
the Christmas holidays she asked for baptism.  
Teachers and school-mates all testified to her  
consistent Christian conduct and new mind.  
Although believing a real work of grace had been  
wrought in her heart we thought it best to test  
her further and told her to wait until the next  
term. In May she was baptized with three  
others. I wish you could see her face now,  
changed and illumined with the new life. Instead  
of being urged to come to school she is anxious  
to return and continue her studies.

MRS. STILLWELL.

# W. B. M. U.

## Of The Marime Provinces.

Communications for this Department should be addressed to Mrs. J. I. Bates, Amherst, N.S.

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

PRAYER TOPIC FOR FEBRUARY.—*Bobbili, its outstations, missionaries, helpers and schools, and that all under conviction may see Christ as the Living Way, Mission Bands and their leaders.*

### IS IT NOTHING TO YOU?

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians,  
That millions of beings to-day  
In the heathen darkness of China  
Are rapidly passing away?  
They have never heard the story  
Of the loving Lord who saves  
And fourteen hundred every hour  
Sink into Christless graves.

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians  
That in India's far away land  
There are millions of people pleading  
For the touch of a Saviour's hand?  
They are groping and trying to find Him  
And though He is willing to save,  
Eight hundred precious souls each hour  
Sink into Christless graves.

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians  
That Africa walks in the night?  
That Christians at home deny them  
The blessed gospel light?  
The cry goes up this morning  
From a heart-broken race of slaves,  
And seven hundred every hour  
Sink into Christless graves.

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians?  
Will ye pass by and say,  
It is nothing, we cannot save them?  
You can give, or go, or pray,  
You can save your souls from blood-guiltiness,  
For in lands you have never trod  
The heathen are dying every day,  
And dying without God.

Is it nothing to you, O ye Christians?  
Dare ye say ye have naught to do?  
All over the world they wait for the light,  
And is it nothing to you?

### THE SAVARAS.

**T**HE Savara Hill country forms the northern part of three of our fields, viz., Palconda, Parla-Kimedi and Tekkali. Thus far, we have had Savara converts only from the latter.

Formerly, the Savaras lived independently, giving taxes to no Government. About half a

century ago, one of the ancestors of the present Parla-Kimedi Rajah led an expedition against them, and appointed men, called Bisors, here and there, to guard the passes and reduce the Savaras to subjection. Since that time the British Government has extended its territory into these hills and draws a revenue from the people.

Although the caste system did not exist among them originally, yet they have become divided and sub-divided, into various classes quite distinct from each other.

The Hill Savaras are much more primitive in their mode of living than the Kampu Savaras, who live upon the plains at the foot of the hills. The Hill Savaras roam over the hills, picking up a precarious livelihood. They raise some grains, keep a few cattle, and gather firewood for sale upon the plains; but much of their food comes from the jungles in the shape of nuts, berries, etc.

The Kampu Savaras have imbibed many of the Hindu ideas. They live better and dress better than their hill brethren. Farming is their chief industry, and they consider it quite beneath them to cut wood and carry it to market. Infant marriage is the rule. A girl seldom lives unmarried until she reaches maturity. A Savara may marry as many wives as he wishes, but if a wife does not like her present husband, she may induce another man whom she likes better to buy her. The price to be paid is a buffalo, a pig or some liquor. This prerogative of a Savara woman makes her position more tolerable than that of Hindu women.

Widows may re-marry and they often marry the deceased husband's younger brother.

The Savaras are without a written language. They have one government school near Kimedi in which Telugu is taught.

In the opening up of the Savara mission, the guiding hand of God is distinctly traceable. A man of the Rajah caste is converted in Tekkali, he is a Pundit, a pleader in the Court,

but a leper, he believes in Jesus and follows Him, and is outcasted and robbed of his property, but for nearly eight years is a faithful witness for Jesus. During a large part of this time, he teaches a little school under some large tamarind trees in the outskirts of the town. The spot will never lose its sacredness. He first lives in a rude shed, then in a small thatched house alone. He secures in 1882 a divorce from his wife, who refused to live with him because he became a Christian, and is married in the following year to Herriammah, who was his concubine in heathenism. (I was present at the marriage). During his lifetime, he sees two of his Savara pupils converted, and others, no doubt, influenced for good. The year following Gorahuthi's death (1885) sees the baptism of three Savara converts—two of whom are the brothers of Venkiah (the first convert) and the third was a young woman, to whom he was afterwards married.

During the next thirteen years ten have been baptized, making the number thirteen in all—most of whom are relatives of the first converts. Of those baptized, three have died and one was excluded, making the present number eleven.

Our Telugu Association and Missionary Conference were both held last January at Vizianagram. As we missionaries and native Christians thought of what the Lord had already done for the Savaras, and of their perishing condition without the Gospel, our hearts were filled with the desire to be used of Him in their salvation, and a Savara Mission Board of seven members was then chosen. The purpose is to support the Mission, as far as possible, with funds raised in India.—*From Sketch of our Foreign Mission Field.*

#### LETTER FROM MRS. GLENDENNING.

**W**HEN this letter comes before you, I shall have finished my first year in India. You may remember that Mr. Glendenning was unexpectedly called to India. In less than two months from the time the call came, we had said good-bye to home and friends and were upon the broad Atlantic. I didn't enjoy the voyage to Liverpool as I was sick most of the time.

We spent a week in London, and a week of great profit and interest it was. We saw as many places of note as we could in the time at our disposal.

On Nov. 7th, we sailed from London and

arrived at Bombay after a very pleasant voyage of three weeks. On the morning of Dec. 1st, we reached Vizianagram. I was very glad to find myself at the end of my travels by rail in India, for it was anything but a pleasant experience. Since then I have become more accustomed to it and find it much more comfortable. The missionaries from Bimlipatam and Tekkali met with the friends here to welcome the new missionaries; and a right royal welcome they gave us. The native Christians and the school children gave us a reception I shall not soon forget. When I think of our reception at the Mission House, a lump rises in my throat. As we came up to the door dear Mrs. Sanford in her sweet, motherly way, bade us welcome. Never again will she welcome recruits to the Band, for she has heard the call of higher service and is waiting for us on the other shore.

For some years I have eagerly looked forward to the time when I should be in India. One year has nearly gone. What has it brought? Pain and pleasure, disappointment and discouragement, affliction and blessing. At all times I have found that "underneath are the everlasting arms."

Since leaving my home in Moncton, one of my sisters has been called home. It was a very severe trial, but never have I felt God to be such a source of comfort and strength.

We spent the hottest months, April, May and June, on the Nilgiri Hills, and received great profit from it. We felt that in doing so, we could reserve our strength for the time when we should have enough Telugu at our command to be of some use on the plains.

You all know that Mr. Glendenning has been appointed the missionary to the Savaras. For a long time, I have been very much interested in these poor people and shall be very glad to work among them. The fact that they have no written language is a formidable obstacle, but I believe God has called us to this work and will give the ability to accomplish it. We need your prayers in a very special manner, that God will work through us among these people.

When hearing of the Savara Mission your thought may turn to the lady—Dr. Eva D'Prazor—who has been so much interested in, and has done so much for that work. You will regret to learn that she has been dangerously ill; and will rejoice with us that she is recovering, though a few months must elapse before she is strong enough for her hospital work. We thank

God for her restoration. Had she gone from us, we would have felt that another of our band of workers had fallen in the fight with sin and heathenism.

Perhaps you will be interested in hearing that a new young lady missionary has come to our home. She arrived on Aug. 21st; is a nice healthy child and is growing beautifully. We hope and pray that God will spare her to us and use her in His work.

The year's work in the W. M. A. societies is nearing a completion. May God bless you abundantly in the coming year is the prayer of your sister in Christ.

Vizianagram, Madras Presidency,

India, Oct. 13th, 1903.

[God's plan in providing a missionary for these people is manifest. Our brother and sister Glendenning can see the beckoning hand of God in the different steps that have led them to the Savaras. Mrs. Glendenning's letter will be read with interest.]

#### MORE THAN THEY ALL? OR, CONSECRATED PENNIES.

*The workers in the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society often see and hear of touching incidents illustrative of readiness of many who are tiring, and making sacrifices for Christ in order to help support the work which we as women have undertaken. One of our workers gives the following:*

**O**N one occasion, as I was going around to collect the quarterly dues for the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, I came to the house of one of the members, who had promised to give two cents a week. I hesitated about calling. I knew that the woman had just had a long, expensive illness that had used up her small income. I thought it not at all likely that she had saved the money under such circumstances, and it might make her feel badly to be asked for it. Then I thought I would call and tell her what I was doing.

She was down on the floor scrubbing, with such an appearance of languor and weariness that I really pitied her; but as soon as I spoke of my business, her pale face brightened up; and she started off joyfully to the bed-room to get her pocket-book. She began counting out the coppers; and, thinking she hadn't enough, I said, "It is no matter if it is not all paid now." She looked up with a happy smile, and said, "O, I've got it somewhere. We have to use all the money I get for milk; it costs us so much to live. But sometimes people send in for an extra pint,

or little sour milk. And all the pennies I get that way I lay by for this. I give it to Jesus." As I watched her counting out her pennies, she was transfigured before my eyes. She was no longer a pale, weary, careworn woman, but the friend and loved companion of Jesus Christ. She was His companion in suffering and sacrifice; so also she shared His crown of glory.

I no longer saw the low cottage, the bare, unpainted floor, but a home made sacred and glorified by the same Presence that glorified the home of Mary and Martha. Was it superstition that made those coins seem so sacred to me, that I disliked to put them in with the rest? Or was it because I knew that I held in my hand the fruits of a higher, nobler sacrifice, a more self-denying love than any of us had laid on the altar of the Woman's Mission? I felt it was a woman's heart throbbing with love, and sympathy, and pity for her sisters that knew not her precious Saviour. Surely money sanctified by such a spirit, and vitalized by such a giver's prayers, must accomplish that "whereunto it is sent."

"I am so glad," she said, "that the women have got up such a society, so that I can do something. I have always thought so much about it, and felt as though I wanted to do something." What woman, however eloquent, could have said anything that would have revealed a deeper interest, a more ardent love for the mission work, than was shown by this one who denied herself and child every little luxury, that she might give every extra cent to the cause. And it is the glory of the Woman's Mission, that it has place and work for every such humble worker. It has opened a channel through which the pennies of the poor can flow into the treasury of the Lord. Not simply what appears to be on hand. It takes the savings of each week. Not by grand heroic efforts at stated times, but by steady continuous use of small means are grand results accomplished.

#### CRUSADE DAY AT MIDDLETON.

**A**T the meeting of the W. B. M. U. at Woodstock, the importance of Crusade Day was strongly urged upon the sisters. At our last Aid Society meeting a resolution was passed that we observe Friday, Oct. 30th, for this purpose. A house to house visitation being impracticable as well as unadvisable, we decided to hold a woman's meeting in our vestry at 3 p.m. to which the sisters of the church and con-

gregation, numbering about one hundred and twenty-five were invited by written invitations, enclosing a small envelope in each to receive a Thank-offering. Some fifty responded. A programme was prepared opening with a Bible-reading by our President, Mrs. Eaton, who also read a deeply interesting paper upon "Mission Work in India." Solos and recitations followed. Sister Burditt gave some thrilling sketches from her own experience, as well as from that of others while a missionary in India. The envelopes being opened were found to contain the sum of \$22.05 since supplemented to the amount of \$27.75. With \$25 of this we made our dear Sister Roop, wife of our highly esteemed deacon, S. F. Roop, a Life-member, hope to make another before the year closes. Seven names were added to our membership list. At the close of the session an enjoyable social hour was spent and refreshments served, the prominent feature being rice and curry, which Hindoo practice promises to find many followers among us. A noted speaker being in town the evening service was short but full of interest, and we separated feeling that the Master in very deed had been with us, owning and blessing our weak efforts for the extension of His kingdom. Recently a "Junior Aid Society" has been organized among the younger girls of the church, which has a promising out-look. It is presided over by a dear invalid sister who, although debarred from active service, is being used by the Master to guide these young Christians who are so willingly making their lives tell for Christ. We listen down through the future to hear some of these saying, "Here am I, send me." A Mission Band has been working for a few months, which, with the faithful seed-sowing of our dear Sister Burdett, must bear fruit in the lives of our little ones. Often we have heard of the woes of India's women, yet we were stirred anew as the thought of the cry going up from four millions of child-widows, who in misery, degradation, and hopeless despair, wait out a wretched life, then think of what the Gospel has done for us and can do for them. Listening, we hear the voice of Jesus floating down through the centuries, "Go tell, tell those widows, tell every one that never heard it 'The old, old Story.'" This mighty work is entrusted to the Church of God, to us, sisters, and oh! we are so glad that the Master has honored us by permitting us to be co-workers with Him. The needed strength will be given if we labor and pray earnestly, perseveringly and believingly. "Lo I am with you alway."

SECRETARY.

**W**E are often asked to tell converts' stories, and certainly they would thrill, for the way of escape God opens sometimes is, like Peter's from prison, miraculous; and truth is stranger than fiction, and far more interesting. But we who work in the Terrible's lair, and know how he fights to get back his prey, even, after it has escaped from him, are afraid to tell these stories too much, and feel that silence is safest, and, strange as it may seem to some, for the present most glorifies God. . . . But, as even a passing mention may mean danger, unless a counteracting influence of real prayer protects them, we ask you to pray that the tender protection of God may be folded round each one of them, and then when we meet where no sin can creep into the setting, and no harm can follow it, they will tell you their stories themselves and God will give you your share in the joy, comrades at home! But let us press it on you now—pray, oh, pray for the converts! Pray that they may grow in Christ. Pray that He may see of the travail of His soul, and be satisfied with each of them, and pray that we may enter into that travail of soul with Him. Nothing less is any good. Spiritual children mean travail of soul—spiritual agony. I wonder who among those who read this will realize what I mean.

Some will, I think, so I write it. It is a solemn thing to find oneself drawn out in prayer, which knows no relief till the soul it is burdened with, is born. It is no less solemn afterwards, until Christ is formed in them. Converts are a responsible joy.—*Amy Wilson Carmichael, in Mission Work in Southern India.*

If we refuse to be corns of wheat falling into the ground and dying, if we neither sacrifice prospects, nor risk character and property and health, nor when we are called, relinquish home and break family ties, for Christ's sake and His Gospel, then we shall abide alone.—*Thomas Gageton, India.*

Not mere pity for dead souls, but a passion for the Glory of God, is what we need to hold us on to victory.—*Lilac Trotter, Africa.*

If we are simply to pray to the extent of a simple and pleasant and enjoyable exercise, and know nothing of watching in prayer, and of weariness in prayer, we shall not draw down the blessing that we may. We shall not sustain our missionaries who are overwhelmed with the appalling darkness of heathenism.

We must serve God even to the point of suffering, and each one ask himself, in what degree, in what point, am I extending by personal suffering, by personal self-denial, to the point of pain, for the kingdom of Christ?

It is ever true, that what costs little is worth little.—*J. Hudson Taylor, China.*