

Canadian Missionary Link

XLV WHITBY, JUNE, 1923 No. 10

EASTERN SOCIETY

APPRECIATION

"The best month so far this year," reports our Treasurer in regard to the April returns.

If it were only possible, by some means, for Circle members and treasurers to "look into the minds" of those who bear the financial anxiety of the monthly estimates, they would realize what a relief it is to have sufficient funds received during the month to cover that month's estimates, and with how much gratitude their splendid April co-operation was received.

If for April—why not for all the months of the year?

May we remind you: Amount required each month is \$547.00. Remittances should be in not later than the 25th day of each month. Further details may be had by referring to the April "Link."

By praying, working, and sending, we can continue each month to rejoice the heart of the Treasurer with

"Many Happy Returns"

Canadian Missionary Link

WHITBY, JUNE, 1928

No. 10

XLV

The June Issue of the Canadian Missionary Link

With this number of our paper we have introduced some improvements. They have been carefully considered by the Publication Committee and we hope they will commend themselves to our readers.

Please notice that the little magazine is longer and wider, that the type is more easily read, and that the paper is better in quality. It also has more pages than has been usual in the past, though in that respect it may vary in the future with the amount of material that comes to hand. You may have already noticed that since the subscription price was raised we have been able to afford more pictures than formerly. We hope that all these changes will make the Link more attractive to its friends.

Each of the items mentioned adds to the cost of production, and we need more subscribers, and again more subscribers, if further improvements are to be made. Remember, too, that every new subscriber not only increases our income but may enlist others for active interest in Foreign Missions.

Win a Subscriber this Summer

When Dr. Zwemer was in Toronto last winter he gave an informal talk to Mission Board members on some of the impressions regarding mission work made on him by his recent tour of the Orient. He emphasized this impression, that in all our mission work we were depending too much on organization and material equipment and not enough on the power of God invoked by prayer.

Letters from our missionaries tell us they are depending on our prayers. Many of them ask us to pray for specific needs

All readers of the Link can serve greatly in this way.

The following have been mentioned as special subjects for prayer at the present time:

1. The new missionaries, that they may have grace and patience to acquire an accurate knowledge of the Telugu language, which is of vital importance.
2. The young women in training at the Bible Training School at Palkonda.
3. The young men in training at the Theological Seminary at Ramapatnam.
4. Dr. Hulet, in her building of the new hospital.
5. The Vuyuru field, that the marked movement towards Christ, that Miss Lockhart speaks of as almost overwhelming, may result in many conversions.
6. Miss Baskerville, that her strength may be renewed by her holiday on the hills.

Notice also Mrs. Smith's request in her letter to the young people and remember that La Paz still needs special prayer about that chapel, with thankfulness for the help already given.

Miss McLeod

By Mrs. Matthews, Written for Memorial Service for Miss McLeod in London.

The Women's Foreign Board feels grateful to God for such missionaries as Miss McLeod. In her going we sorrow. Those who knew her in her work lost a faithful and fruitful evangelistic missionary. We think of her life and work with gladness, and all our memories of her are sweet.

We remember before her last furlough a letter was sent telling of her work in the hospital at Pithapuram. Her health, after an illness, had returned sufficiently for her to go about among the patients, telling them of the great Healer of body and soul, of our Redeemer. She

June, 1928

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said in her letter, "How I thank my Heavenly Father for this work so easy to the body, so satisfying to the soul." And that was the work for which she was so well fitted to which she returned.

Then we think of her at the last Board Meeting before she sailed. Finances were being discussed. Quickly she rose, saying if there was not sufficient money in our treasury, she had saved enough to pay her own passage, and she would gladly do so in order that we might send someone else. She was more than willing to give not only her self, but all her savings. It was not necessary to accept her willing offer, but it showed her eager, self-sacrificing spirit.

What we remember, and what impressed us most, perhaps, (those of us who saw her during the last weeks of her furlough and at the farewell meeting), was her radiant and triumphant face. The joy of the Lord was in her soul. Her step was elastic. She was buoyant. She seemed fairly walking on air, to think she was again to return to her beloved work at the Pithapuram Hospital.

We cannot tell why she was so soon called from her task, but we know she must have gone home with the same shining face and triumphant spirit that she carried to her appointed work. The thin veil has been drawn aside, and she is with Him, who has ever been her guide. Though we feel her loss, we think of her as one who in this world took the light of truth and love to many a dark heart, one who turned many to righteousness. And ever more and more we think of her as a radiant and happy soul.

His Way

He writes in characters too grand
For our short sight to understand;
We catch but broken strokes, and try
To fathom all the mystery
Of withered hopes, of death, of life,
The endless wear, the useless strife;
But there, with larger, clearer sight,
We shall see this—

His way was right.
—John Ozenham.

From a Private Letter Written by Dr. Jessie Allyn

Pithapuram, April 4th, 1923.

You would all be shocked at the sudden passing away of Miss McLeod, but scarcely more than those of us who were nearest by. Miss McLeod had been sick for over two weeks when I returned from Vellore. Nothing special, except a flatulent indigestion, intestinal, seemed to be the matter, but she had lost flesh greatly. She looked very weak to me, but was up and around and coming to meals. She began to gain again, and made her Hill arrangements, and was beginning to be quite jovial at times. When first I saw her, on the 21st, when Dr. Findlay left, before the pain came on, I suggested that I should have Dr. Smith come over and see her. She said, "Why, I am getting better every day. Just wait." Why call Dr. Smith now! Suddenly the morning of March 27th, she was taken with another attack of abdominal pain but worse than anything she had had before. However, she conducted servants' prayers on the 28th. Still I was worried and I went over that day for Dr. Smith, but he was in Cocanada. The attack seemed only like others but she looked so badly. It so worried me that after I went to bed on the 29th, I got up at 11 p.m. and went over to tell Dr. Smith who had returned from Cocanada. Before dawn the next morning, Miss McLeod awakened in great pain and I knew the end was near. I seemed to grasp nothing else but the urgency of finding out what she wanted done, and this she was able to tell me. She talked sanely till within five minutes of her death, but she had no more than finished her directions when she passed out,—seemingly all too soon, and as if her prayer for quick relief had been specially granted. Dr. Smith arrived just before she breathed her last. Her prayer was to be taken quickly if she was not to be allowed to work. I am sure that she could not have chosen a more suitable death,—it was what she most wanted. We all felt that she worked far beyond her powers since coming back, but she

would not listen to advice to "go slowly."

To-day in Chebrole, we had our Car Dispensary. An interesting crowd gathered around to listen, and one man said to me, after I had finished trying to explain that Jesus Christ offered himself once for all as a perfect sacrifice for sin, "How am I to know that I do not need to kill a goat every year which you say is unnecessary?" Then I told them of Miss McLeod's death and of how certain she was, as she faced death, that "the blood of Jesus cleansed from all sin." He said "Do you mean the white-haired lady who used to come here?" (She did not come with a motor car. She came with an ox-cart and she listened to all our troubles and joys, and she gave sweet-meats to our children and all the words she said were good words. Do you mean that she is the one who has just died?" I said "Yes, she is the one." He said "Yes, she was certain about her God!" And a sadness fell upon the audience, for the sweet-faced, white-haired lady who would not come again to tell them "good words!" and listen to all their troubles. She was truly always ready to preach the Word in season and out of season.

WHITBY MISSIONARY CONFERENCE June 25th to JULY 2nd, 1933.

For the past eighteen successive seasons the Whitby Missionary Conference which meets in the Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby, has been the center of one of the most delightful, inspiring and helpful gatherings of the year. It is conducted under the direction of the Missionary Education Movement—the agency through which the various Mission Boards co-operate in promoting missionary interest and intelligence. This co-operative feature makes possible an exceptional opportunity not only for meeting and hearing missionaries from many different lands but also of talking over with missionaries, leaders, and other workers your own perplexing problems.

The whole Conference from start to finish breathes the most delightful missionary spirit. The mornings are given over to Bible Study, which is one of the strong-

est features of the gathering; group mission study, conducted by missionaries and experienced leaders; and the study of principles and methods for effectively promoting missionary education in the various organizations of the congregation. The afternoons are devoted to rest and recreation, a special committee having charge of this feature of the Conference life. The evenings are given over to vesper services and addresses by outstanding speakers. One of the most delightful features of the Conference is the fellowship that marks that gathering. Think of eight days spent as one family, with missionaries from many lands, leaders and two hundred of the choicest spirits from the various Churches.

One of the most fruitful pieces of missionary service that any of our Circles, Young People's Societies, or Sunday Schools can do is to ensure the attendance of some representative or representatives at "Whitby." One does not need to be formally appointed as a delegate. Applications may be forwarded direct.

The expenses are moderate. The rate for entertainment for the entire Conference period of nearly eight days is \$12, and the registration fee \$3. All applications for registration should be sent in as early as possible, to Rev. H. E. Stillwell, 223 Church St., Toronto.

THE PRELIMINARY YEAR AT McMASTER UNIVERSITY

This has been specially provided for young people who feel called to special Christian work at home or abroad but are handicapped by lack of early education. Most of them are in business and find it difficult to fit into the classes of the ordinary schools.

This opens to them the possibility if they are willing to work hard of securing such fundamental training in the Bible, History, Composition and Rhetoric and English Grammar and Literature as will enable them to take up successfully the work of the English Theological Course or the Missionary Course for women.

The three courses in the Bible have been given by Professors McGrimmon, Keirstead

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and Brown, and deal respectively with the Epistles of Paul, Christian Doctrines, and the Gospel According to Luke. The other four courses have been conducted by Mr. Joseph Morgan, M.A.

Those who can plan to devote their whole time to study should do so and seek to master these seven courses in one year. Those who must combine other work with this are free to take up as many courses as they can. But all who are looking forward to the ministry at home or missionary leadership abroad should be resolved to do this year's work well, and then complete at least either the English Theological course or the Missionary course for women.

Those who show special ability may even find it possible to complete full courses in Arts and Theology—a consummation devoutly to be wished.

Those who have followed the work through this year are enthusiastic over the benefit received not only in the Biblical Classes but also in the literary work under the capable and sympathetic guidance of Mr. Morgan.

—J. H. Farmer

THE SHAME OF EMPTY ARMS.

"Is This Box Yours?"

There was undisguised scorn in the tones of the dignified porter as he surveyed the stack of eminently respectable bags which added yet more dignity to him and his car. Alongside was a plebeian box of unwrapped, undisguised corrugated pasteboard.

With Pinkertonian insight the porter swept the little group of passengers until he met a pair of contrite blue eyes.

"Yes," admitted Ida Scudder, "the box is mine."

Gingerly taking the string which seemed inadequate for its heavy responsibility, the porter sighed with professional resignation and put the box under his arm.

There were four of us in the party. Our baggage consisted of a suitcase marked "I. S.," which was the property of Dr. Ida Scudder, President of the Vellore Medical School, India. A second case bore the initials "G.D.," indicating that Gertrude Dodd, the Treasurer of the School, was with Dr. Scudder on this trip as she has

been with her in so much of her work. A third suitcase was marked "E. F. P." It belonged to President Ellen Pendleton, of Wellesley, whose clear insight and outlook had estimated the importance of the seven union colleges of the Orient in the world's future, and whose great heart had made room for the campaign of these colleges at a time when Wellesley was also issuing its own call. Lastly came my old black bag, and then—the box.

We were starting on a trip to some mid-Western cities for a series of luncheons and dinners and mass meetings in the interest of the Women's Colleges of the Orient.

"Is the box yours?" queried the next porter, in chilling tones.

"Yes," again confessed Dr. Scudder, "the box is mine."

The box might have contained any of a number of things. It looked as if it were originally designed to carry about four doz. bottles of malted milk. Or it might easily have housed several kittens, or perchance have packed away a small wardrobe.

In Milwaukee we again faced a porter's



Dr. Ida Scudder, with the box, to the right, and Miss Gertrude Dodd

reproachful eyes and the solemnity of his interrogatory indictment—"Is the box yours?" Again Dr. Scudder confessed guilty ownership.

Then she told us apologetically about the box. She'd been travelling constantly every day for months and speaking for the colleges. There had been no time to send off Christmas presents to India. Unless they were mailed in November, Christmas would come with no presents for the foreign native workers at Vellore. She had slipped out to the stores and had bought numerous gifts, hoping to mail them, but there had been no time, so they had been hastily thrown into the big box to be packed at the next stop.

"I hate to bother all of you with this poor box," she said, "but I just can't let Christmas come to those dear tired workers over there with no messages from America."

At Milwaukee there was a luncheon, then a tea at the College Club, a dinner and a mass meeting, then a dash for the train. A courtly host put the baggage in his large car.

"Oh, is the box yours?" he inquired, as Dr. Scudder came forward with it in her arms.

At St. Paul and Minneapolis the next day there was scarcely an extra minute between luncheon at the University Club, an afternoon mass meeting, the College Club dinner, and the evening's broadcasting, but at night as we boarded the train Dr. Scudder's weary arms still held the box.

Past the Mayo Brothers at Rochester, Minnesota, where she longed to stop to observe new methods in surgery, we went. In the cold dawn at Madison we stood outside the gate, waiting for a porter. Our baggage was heavy, and there was also—the box.

There was only one meeting at Madison, and by evening the packages were all wrapped and on their way to India, and at night we boarded the train in boxless respectability, but we knew that Ida Scudder had emptied her arms only to fill them again with another load. We knew that if one responsibility had been met it simply made room for another to be assumed. To us

Christmas in India had been a matter of good wishes. To her it had meant burdened arms.

Oh, the shame of our unburdened arms! The disgrace of our empty hands! How many there are who are without Christ and Christmas because responsibility rests so lightly upon us. How many brave hearts there are that are fainting under unshared burdens. How easy it is to work on a task instead of working under it.

—Missions.

A STORY OF LIFE IN INDIA BROTHER OF ALL THE WORLD

Sundar Singh

By Arthur P. Shepherd

"A Christian! It can never be!"

The tall old man drew himself up, his eyes flashing, his bearded face alight with all the pride and dignity of his Sikh ancestry, and flung the challenge at the slim fifteen-year-old boy before him.

The boy's fair face grew paler, but his eyes never wavered from his father's. "Last night," he said, "I had resolved to find the peace I have sought, or else to die at dawn. As I read and knelt, the Christ came to me, and I must follow Him."

"Nay, my son, nay! Thou art Sundar Singh—the lion! Thou canst not be a Christian dog!"

But the boy only shook his head. "I must follow Him," he said.

In vain his father argued, stormed, offered him wealth, pleaded with him. When the tears ran down the old man's proud cheeks, Sundar thought his heart would break, but he just managed to shake his head.

For months the struggle went on. Not only his father, but his elder brother and all his relations argued with him, beseeching him not to bring ruin on himself and disgrace on his family. His rich old uncle not only promised him wealth untold if he gave up his purpose, but humbled himself by taking the pugaree from his head and laying it at Sundar's feet.

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The boy could hardly resist, but always there came into his mind the months of wearying search for peace after his mother's death, in the sacred books of Sikh (a religious body in the north of India), Hindu, and Mohammedan, the fierce contempt with which he had resisted the Christian teaching at the Mission School, so fierce that even his father had remonstrated with him, and then the stillness of last night, when, with his Testament before him, he had read and prayed, waiting for the dawn that should bring him peace or death. He could still see the glory of that Figure who had come to him at the break of day, and hear the gentle voice saying: "I am your Saviour. Why do you resist Me?"

And to all their entreaties and threats Sundar had one reply: "I must follow Him."

At last he took the great step which he knew would prove his determination. He cut off his hair, the long hair that is the pride of all true Sikhs, the mark of their religion. Immediately he was cast out of the house, no longer reckoned as one of the family, but made to sleep and eat on the veranda like an "untouchable" outcaste. Even so his will was not broken. Then one evening before the whole family his father cursed and disowned him, and said that on the morrow he must go. The last night was spent, the last meal taken, and with not even a change of clothes, and only his fare to the neighboring town of Patala, he was driven forth.

Homeless and friendless, he made his way to a little colony of Indian Christians, whom persecution had driven from his village. Hardly had he arrived there when he was taken violently ill. His family had never meant him to survive his disgrace. The last meal had been poisoned!

For two days he hung between life and death, and then slowly he rallied.

A few weeks later Sundar stood once more face to face with his father. The boy was now with the American missionaries at Ludhiana, and the old man, having attempted in vain to get him away by violence, had come over to make one last at-

tempt by entreaty before his son should be baptized. The tall figure was bent and the once proud face lined with grief. It had been easier for Sundar had his father cursed him, but now the old man only pleaded with him. "Hast thou forgotten that thou art the son of my old age? Hast thou forgotten thy mother who loved thee above all her sons, and who bade thee follow the teaching of the holy Granth (the sacred book of the Sikhs)? Is all the love of the past nought to thee?"

Hot tears coursed down the boy's face, and he could hardly restrain himself from throwing his arms about his father's neck. "I shall never forget," he said. "But I cannot forsake the Christ."

Slowly, sadly, the old man turned away. He could not curse; his heart was broken. Sundar watched him go, himself hardly able to stand. Now, indeed, it seemed that he had lost all—father, brothers, sisters and mother.

Surely, he thought, his mother would understand. She had always urged him to seek for peace of soul above all things, and to be true to it when he found it.

On his sixteenth birthday, September 3rd, 1905, he was baptized, and in his joy all the sorrows of the past months seemed to fade.

Something still remained to be done. His mother had always hoped and prayed that her youngest son would be a sadhu, a man devoted to a life of poverty and self-denial. In their saffron-colored robes the sadhus are one of the characteristic features of Indian life, and in spite of many impostors, the true sadhu is the most honored man in the land, sure of a welcome and hospitality wherever he goes.

Sundar had loved his mother passionately and had always meant to follow her wishes, but of course now he could not be a Sikh sadhu. Yet had he not vowed to God that if he found peace he would sacrifice all to Him? His mind was made up. Thirty-three days after his baptism he sold his books and all that he had and, bare-footed, clad in the sadhu's yellow robe, a Testament his only possession, he

started out into the world, the first Christian sadhu.

In his life was something not to be found in the life of all the thousands of yellow-robed religious men of India. They were sadhus to find peace, to win salvation for themselves. Sundar was a sadhu because he had found peace, and was filled with a passion to serve his new-found Lord and to bring this peace to the thousands of men who had not found it. Father and brothers and sisters—he had lost them all; but Christ had given him instead all the world as his brothers, and himself brother to all the world!

Away in the North of India the great Himalayas rise from the fertile plains of the Ganges and the Indus, thrusting up their snow-clad heights one behind another till they reach the vast tableland of Tibet "the roof of the world." Not only do the dread glaciers and avalanche-swept passes of the Himalayas guard the entry to Tibet, but it is the home of a race intensely suspicious towards strangers and bitterly hostile to a foreign religion. Governed by the lamas, who are Buddhist priests, the penalty of the land for even believing another religion is death. The entry to Tibet is barred to Europeans, and well-nigh as impossible for Indians.

One day in the early summer of 1908 two men were climbing one of the mighty passes to Tibet, nearly 19,000 feet above sea-level. The cold was terrible, and the air so rarefied that their ears and lungs seemed bursting. One of them was clad in the warm clothes of Tibetan, the other wore the yellow robe of a sadhu and was bare-footed.

For three years Sundar Singh had lived the life of a sadhu, preaching all over north India, even finding a welcome in his sadhu robes in his native village of Rampur. Often the first welcome had changed to anger when the villagers found the sadhu was a Christian, and he had been driven forth with blows and forced to sleep in some cave or even in the open jungle. But nothing daunted him, and he went his

way through beast-infested, robber-haunted forests with no sense of fear.

Now that he was nineteen his thoughts turned to Tibet, the great closed land beyond the mountains. Accompanied only by a Tibetan interpreter, he was crossing one of the terrible passes that guard that land. At last the dangers were past and they arrived at a Tibetan village, a collection of tiny, dirty houses, built of stones and mud. The villagers came out at their approach, wearing close-fitting hats and warm coarse clothes, that had once been white, but through the accretions of years—for the Tibetans wash neither themselves nor their clothes—had become almost black. They looked at the sadhu's thin garments and bare feet with amazement. This was doubtless a holy man. They brought him to the village lama, who entertained him with simple Tibetan hospitality of fried barley flour and a kind of tea mixed with salt and butter. But when the sadhu declared his message, the lama's faeced changed. Earnestly he warned the young man that to persist must mean death.

But Sundar was not afraid. To and fro amongst the villages he went, sometimes welcomed and treated kindly, more often threatened and opposed.

At last he reached the town of Rasar, where in the market place he was arrested for entering the country and preaching his religion. Tried before the head lama, he was found guilty and sentenced to death.

In Tibet there are two forms of capital punishment: one to sew the victim up in a yak skin which, shrinking in the sun, crushes him to death—the other to throw him down a dry well. This last was Sundar's punishment.

Naked he was thrown into the well, and found himself upon a mass of rotting, putrefying flesh and bones, the remains of former victims. For three days and two nights he lingered, almost longing to die, so awful was the smell.

Suddenly, on the third night, he could

(Continued on page 264)

Our Work in India

May and June are the hottest of the "hot-season" months in India. It is usually in May that our Missionary folk leave their work on the Plains for a season, fleeing from the nearly intolerable glare and heat and dust up to the Hills, where they find a blessed relief for eye and brain and body. It would be interesting to know where they all are this summer, for they scatter to various hill stations,—some to Ootacamund, where those studying Telugu usually go together so as to use the same Munshi or teacher; some to Kodaikanal, which is a great social centre as missionaries of several other Boards, working in South India, spend the summer there; and others to Dargeeling or to Kashmir where they find a still more invigorating climate. Though it is the rule that our Missionaries should get away from the Plains, each year there are some who, for one reason or another, find it impossible to leave. Two of our Mission stations are on the Coast, and sometimes those who live all the year farther in the interior, spend the hottest weeks either in Bimlipatam or Waltair, where the breezes from the Bay of Bengal make life somewhat less of a burden. Let us remember all of our missionary family during these summer months, praying that each may gain just what he or she most needs from their resting time.

The Reports from which quotations are made this month were written for the Quarter ending in December. All must agree that the writing of Reports is surely a burden,—but indeed what would we here at home do without them? They are such an inspiration! Not only so, but we are able to pray more intelligently for those who are carrying such heavy burdens, far across the sea.

Miss Craig gives us interesting glimpses into the life of the Cocanada Girls' Boarding school: "In October, the Inspector arrived, a young Brahmin who had a very pleasant manner. He examined the school thoroughly and seemed to be pleased with it on the whole. He gave some very helpful criticisms. He was particularly delighted with the drill which he said was

gracefully done all through the school. At the beginning of the Quarter, both Kundanamma and Shanthamma and three girls were taken ill with influenza. Shanthamma's mother also was ill. As they are the matron, the assistant-matron, and the woman who takes the girls to the hospital, it was rather awkward, but Lizzie very kindly stayed at the boarding department and looked after the girls. Fortunately all recovered. Dr. Krupa Rao, who has charge of the dispensary at Sankot came one day to give a very interesting talk on Temperance. His charts which he had borrowed from Dr. Smith, served to impress his statements on the minds of his hearers. After Miss Scott and Miss Kenyon arrived, the girls gave them a program of drills, songs and recitations. Miss Scott had formerly spoken to them after prayers one morning, telling them of the industrial work which she had taught in Toronto. After the entertainment, both the ladies spoke in answer to the Headmaster's welcome. Mr. Devanandam gave a religious address as it was just before the holidays, so that the girls would have a special message to take home. The annual Sunday School Rally was held on two successive Sunday afternoons, when the children from the various small Sunday Schools proudly displayed their banners and sang their hymns more or less in tune—principally less. Several of the bigger girls have work on Sunday afternoons with the women, and it is then they have the opportunity of showing how well they have taught their young hopefuls to sing. It is always a sight when the children gather from the different districts for they come in queer looking garbs and are rather undisciplined. They receive some fruit and candy as they file out. All have a picture and those who can read are presented with papers as well. The school girls go both Sundays, first to help with the singing and then to take part and receive their share."

Is anything so contagious as enthusiasm? The following extract is from Miss Hatch's report and shows what can be done by enthusiastic leadership.

"The flagging of the church in Ramachandrapuram seemed one of the events of the Quarter. We all wanted a happy welcome for Dr. and Mrs. Stillwell, so we thought if the church was flagged that would please them better than anything else. The inside needed about 250 slabs at a cost of about Rs. 200. Mr. Timpany was able to give Rs. 75 and I could give Rs. 50, so that left Rs. 75 for the church to give. I had a plan of the church drawn and mounted on cardboard with an inscription placed at the head saying this was to be presented to Dr. and Mrs. Stillwell. I marked out the plan with 150 slabs required, some large and some small; then those who gave 10 annas would have their names written on the large stones on the plan, and those who gave 6 annas on the small stones, while those who gave more could have more stones, etc. Well, it was really surprising the way it was taken up. Why, there was a rush for places that reminded me of a rush for reserved seats in a popular concert. All vied with each other for a place in this plan, and without any special call, more than the bare announcements, the money all came and Rs. 60 more than we asked for, about Rs. 135 in all from the church. We were then able to do the front veranda and part of the back veranda leading to the baptistry, and had enough besides to clean and renovate the church. It really looks more like a new church and the Christians are very proud of what they have done. During the time, our Sunday School Golden Text was "Give and it shall be given unto you, good measure pressed down and running over will men give into your bosom," which we all thought very appropriate."

There is a note of enthusiasm and hopeful joy in all of the Reports. Can you not feel it in this one from Miss Baskerville?

"The beginning of the Quarter found us still visiting in the region of the Caste Girls' School, and we had some interesting times in the homes of present and former pupils. One girl who is now attending school asked me to visit her mother who wanted to hear our 'teaching'. This

was only one of several new homes to which we were invited,—we trust we may have the privilege of putting them on our regular list. A young woman, who as a child attended our school, is very keen to learn by heart hymns and Bible stories. Dear old Mahalakshmi, the sepoy's widow, has never lost her desire; she seems to 'hunger and thirst after righteousness, and although she cannot read, she knows the Way of Salvation. Her knowledge of the Scriptures is quite surprising and she loves to commit to memory Christian hymns. One of the new homes opened to us is that of a fine-looking young Zemindar. His wife is a beautiful girl, well-educated and intelligent. On my first visit, the husband was present in the room but he was busy using a type-writer and did not pay much attention to us. I had a nice little talk with him before leaving. Again we have been impressed by the utter hopelessness of the grief of the people—when loved ones are taken from them they are absolutely inconsolable. In a home we were visiting one afternoon, an old white-haired woman told us plainly that she had no use for any God, either Christian or Hindu. It was awesome to hear her denounce the Diety in no measured terms, all because a promising young man, her grandson, had died about a year and a half ago. On the same street, another poor old woman is hopelessly sorrowing over the death of her son-in-law. Everywhere we find the same thing,—hopeless sorrow. Our School-work (Caste Girls' School) went on with a fair amount of success during the Quarter. It is nice to work in comparative comfort, but one thing has been somewhat discouraging. A little girl playing on the lower steps of the stairs fell and hurt herself one day, and forthwith, some of the mothers became alarmed and withdrew their children."

So do the shadow and the sunlight alternate, but which ever it is, the precious Seed is being sown, and everywhere there are signs of the coming Harvest for which we are all "Laborers together with God."

B. C. Stillwell

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In p a great adequa money possibl worthy been a dia thi "Noth says, " arice i with t well re off wit get no ed to c would als clo three became Despai Dr. H thus: w now se as pos help an A Gov had gi need a day plans work l "Th During wond most r conver

DR. HULET AND HER WORK

In a late letter from Dr. Hulet we get a glimpse of her busy life. The pressure of medical work is unceasing for like the poor, sick and suffering women and children are ever with her. None of these leave her hands without hearing of the Great Physician, the sympathising Jesus. The doctor finds rest and refreshment in the love and winsome ways of her adopted baby Esther who smiles her way into the hearts of all about her, and like her foster mother seems to have made the Telugus her very own people.

In past years Dr. Hulet has been doing a great and beneficent work with most inadequate space and equipment. At last money has been appropriated, and it is possible to erect a Hospital somewhat worthy of the work. So building has been added to the doctor's duties. In India this is slow and vexatious business. "Nothing one meets here in Canada," she says, "can compare with the deception, aversion and incompetency one must deal with there." One man who had come well recommended as a workman had run off with about \$300, and so far she could get no redress. The stone contractor failed to deliver on time, and it was feared it would not be forthcoming before the canals closed, which would mean a delay of three months. Just then the man's wife became seriously sick in a distant city. Despairing of her life she was brought to Dr. Hulet who was able to cure her, and thus won the gratitude of the man who now set about delivering the goods as soon as possible. "We are grateful to God for help and leading in this matter," she adds. A Government official, a Mohammedan, had given splendid help in time of special need and Dr. Jesse Allyn was coming for a day or two to consult and suggest about plans for the building. Of the general work Dr. Hulet writes:

"The work has been very encouraging. During the evangelistic campaign it was wonderful how the people responded in most unlikely places. We have had many conversions among the low caste patients,



Dr. Hulet.

but as yet no clear break among the caste patients, but we see signs of the Spirit's work here too. We long for them to know Jesus as their Saviour. Sometimes we lose sight of this in the rush of work and effort to relieve the suffering bodies, but our trust is in our Master that He will help us to keep the great objective always uppermost. What a comfort it is to rest in His love and care! We are so glad to have the Gordons back. We hoped to have Mr. Craig come and lay the Hospital corner stone, but he is not able to do so."

—Com.

FROM MISS MCGILL

I wish to heartily thank all those who sent parcels last year for the children of the Timpany Memorial School.

I wish you could all have seen the bright eyes of the children sparkle when they saw the books, picture cards, games, bags, fancy handkerchiefs, trinkets, toys and so on. Some of these were reserved for school prizes, but most of them were given as Christmas presents. As there were more than enough to go round, some were



Miss McGill

given to Telugu Christian children of the South Cocanada Church.

We have some bright boys and girls in our school here, whom we hope will become good men and women by and bye.

With many thanks from all the children. Yours sincerely,

Georgina McGill.

STORY OF LIFE IN INDIA

(Continued from page 260)

hear the top of the well being moved and a rope was let down. A voice called to him to seize the rope, and he was drawn slowly out. When the keen fresh air had revived him, he could nowhere see his rescuer. As day dawned he returned to the city, where he was soon preaching as before.

In consternation and amazement the people brought him before the lama, whose astonishment knew no bounds when he found the key of the well still on his girdle. No doubt remained in his mind that the prisoner had been miraculously delivered, and he ordered him to depart at once before some terrible calamity should come from so great a god as his.

When the snows of autumn threatened to close the passes, Sundar Singh returned to India, but each year during the hot months he came again to Tibet.

In one of the halls in London in the spring of 1920 a crowded audience of men and women listened eagerly to the preaching of a man in Eastern dress.

Six feet tall, barefooted, dressed in a long saffron robe, with a scarf of brilliant orange, he was a striking figure, with his pale olive skin and dark hair, eyes and beard. Holding in his hands only a Testament, he spoke with a passion of earnestness that compelled attention.

Not even the dangers of Tibet and Nepal had satisfied Sundar Singh's longing to serve. Having learned English, he determined to go and preach in further fields. Through Burma, Japan and China he had gone, still living the life of a sadhu. Now he had come to London.

It was a strange sight to see an Asiatic preaching the Gospel to men and women of England, and in their own great city! But as he spoke and they listened, there was no consciousness of race. To them he was just one of the truest realizations of the Christian ideal that they had ever known. As for him, he who once by pride of family, of race and of religion would have despised most other men, was now brother to all the world. Not in pity, not because of man's weakness, were all men his brothers, but because of the greatness common to all men—so divine a greatness that in its light even the distinctions of race did not exist. For all that matters is the Christ in a man, and the Christ belongs to every man. In that brotherhood there cannot be black and white, Asiatic and European, Sikh and Mohammedan, Teuton and Anglo-Saxon, but "Christ is all, and in all."—Everyland.

Some men live in a well—their horizon is the well's mouth with a tiny patch of sky above it; others dwell on a mountain top, and behold all the kingdoms of the world at every sunrise.—W. H. P. Faunce

Report

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Among The Circles

Report of Colchester Thankoffering

On Good Friday afternoon at three o'clock, in spite of bad roads and cold weather, there was a large gathering at our meeting to enjoy the good things that our circle had in store for us.

Our faithful President made a plea that we consecrate at least twelve days especially for missions this year and let these be mission circle days. Then followed duets, readings, solos, and recitations. After which we had the treat we had been waiting for for a number of weeks, namely, Mrs. (Rev.) Marshall, of Chatham. She spoke of the value of Christianity, what it had meant for those who had upheld the standard and what Christianity should mean to us:

1. Our religion should be an overflowing one.
2. A giving one.
3. A sending one.
4. A joyous one.
5. A going one.

Unless we possess as well as profess we can't expect the overflow to go out to others.

It was with thankful hearts and praise giving to Him we learned from our treasurer our offerings this year were the largest amount yet raised by our Circle. With a membership of eighteen only we take courage and go forth in His strength to a deeper consecration and larger service for Him this year than in the past.

Our offering for that day was \$58.50, but we just wonder if we would take the Master at His word and bring all the tithes into the storehouse, what would it mean for this part of His vineyard.

In addition to the program, refreshments were served.

MRS. E. TOFFLEMIN, Sec.

ASSOCIATIONS.

Elgin.—

The Circles and Bands of Elgin Association will meet at Sparta on June 5th. Morning Session at 10 a.m.

Circles and Bands are earnestly requested to send delegates. Good speakers and inspirational addresses!

ANNIE J. CRANE, Director.

Norfolk.—

The Circles and Bands will meet in Victoria on Tuesday, June 12th, at 1.30 p.m. Miss Mabee will speak on our foreign work in Toronto, and Foreign Missions will also be represented.

F. M. PEARCE, Director.

Owen Sound.—

The Owen Sound Association is to be held at Southampton June 12-14, Thursday, the 14th, is Women's Day, with morning and afternoon sessions. We expect Mrs. Mills, of London; Miss Aldridge, Toronto; Miss E. Howell, Owen Sound, and Rev. A. Haddow, Bolivia, to give addresses.

All Circles, Y. W. Circles and Bands, also churches where there are no Circles and Bands, please send delegates.

MRS. C. P. DAY, Director.

Peterboro.—

The annual meeting of the Circles and Bands of the Peterboro Association will be held in Lakefield on June 5th, commencing at 2 p.m.

Circles and Bands are urged to send as many delegates as possible. Miss J. Robinson will speak in the interest of Foreign Missions. Home Missions will also be represented.

MARY A. NICHOLLS, Director

Collingwood.—

The Circles and Band of the Collingwood Association will meet at Orillia on June 19th. Afternoon session 2.30; evening session 7.45. It is expected that Mrs. Lipinski, of Hamilton, and Miss Mabel E. Archibald, of Chicacole, India, will be our representatives for Home and Foreign Missions. Let every Circle and Band be represented.

BARBARA M. DENNISS, Director.

WHITBY-LINDSAY ASSOCIATION

Will meet in Claremont June 12th at 2 p.m. Band Leaders should note that Miss Whitham, of Toronto, is coming and will conduct a Band Conference. Mrs. Klockhoff, of Toronto, will tell us of her work. Let every Circle and every Band send delegates.

Sara E. Evans, Director.

The Young Women

Dear Young Women:

A week or two ago there was a great rally of the Toronto Association of Young Women's Circles. Although this was a meeting provided by the Women's Home Mission Board, there were some little Foreign Mission glimpses, which we want to pass on to all the other Circles of the Link readers. In reporting about the year's work, a number of speakers mentioned the fact that so many of the young women of the Church were not in the Circles, but these speakers spoke of a continuous effort to interest these uninterested ones. All of us are apt to grow lax in this matter of always seeking to gain the interest of those who do not seem to care, and yet this is perhaps the most important part of our work. If one is unsuccessful in winning some girl, look about for another who may have more influence with that particular person. The main thing is to be not discouraged, but persevering.

One very bright piece of news gleaned from the girls' reports at this rally was that every circle is doing well with its "over-and-above" money for Miss Pearl Scott's support. It certainly is a fine feeling to know we have a missionary of our very own. We can be conscious that in Miss Scott, we have someone in the "front line" representing us. Do not forget to pray for her during her years of language study. We heard a missionary say recently that these years were often a trying experience, and your missionaries need to be especially remembered when they are obliged to stand back from active service and devote their whole time to preparation.

Are there any members of your Circles whose homes are not provided with "The Link" and "The Visitor"? See if you can send some new subscribers this month.

The Study Period.

For the past three months we have been trying to give you some help with the study of the little book "Canadian Baptists in Bolivia." This lesson will be the last one on that part of our work. We are so glad to be able to announce that in the Fall we are to have a very interesting book of two hundred pages, prepared by Miss Arch-

bald and Mrs. Mitchell. This book will have three very interesting chapters on Bolivia. Be sure to look for the announcement of its publication. If you are taking up these lessons later you will find the book a great help to you.

Chapters VII, VIII, IX and X will supply a very full programme, and as many girls as you wish could take part. A meeting always has the most interest where as many young people as possible have a share in giving the message.

For lesson VII, have three different speakers, one to tell about Senor M. Montano and the interesting work at Liaguana and Uncia; one to speak of Uyuni where work should be carried on, and another to say a few words about Taiija.

Chapter VIII.

In speaking of the important station of Cochabamba, be sure you have read the story of Pascual and Angela, which you can procure from Miss Dale. Tell something of the early history of the work in this place. This you can get from the paper on the early history of the mission which Miss Dale lends for five cents. The first four paragraphs could be included in one talk.

Let another member tell about "The Ladies," the work of the wives of our missionaries, and the need for single lady missionaries in Bolivia.

A third speaker could tell about our property at Cochabamba and the staff we should have there.

Chapter IX.

Let four different girls take the four prospective stations and towns near Cochabamba and tell what should be done for them, and the staff needed.

Chapter X.

It would be well for one good speaker to give the review of the whole matter which is presented in this last part of the book. Use a map and a blackboard if at all possible. Try to get the facts before the Society in concise form, so some definite knowledge may be in the minds of all who have taken up the study with you.

The next Link will be the July and August number when we shall all be enjoying

June, 19

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holidays for at least part of the time. Perhaps we may have a word to say about some lines of study which could be taken up next year, so that even while relaxing and resting, our minds may be preparing plans for the coming months. With very best wishes,

Your friend,

"The Link."

DUFFERIN ST., TORONTO.

On January 27th, 1923, a large gathering of young women met in Dufferin Street Baptist Church for the purpose of organizing a Young Women's Mission Circle. After an enjoyable hour of fellowship at the supper table, Mrs. Holman gave an inspir-

Joy has come to the Rev. Johnson Turnbull, missionary in Cochabamba, South America. Recently he baptized three converts. This is the story Mr. Turnbull tells:

"The first, Victor Aguila, had his interest aroused through having found access to a Bible while still a schoolboy. Later he found his way to our services, and made numerous enquiries concerning our teachings, and one could see he was seeking the truth. A year or more passed while he was in this enquiring frame of mind.

"We had frequent talks together, when it appeared that he was not blindly accepting all we were saying, for he frankly stated that some friends in the seminary



REV. AND MRS. TURNBULL AND FAMILY

ing address, after which the election of officers ensued.

We wish to report on the splendid enthusiasm already shown in our Circle.

We have had two very helpful meetings at which we took up a study on the work done among the Chinese at Beverley Street Baptist, and Grande Ligne Mission.

We are also pleased with the ardent zeal shown by our Committees, especially the plans of our Literature Committee, one of which is a missionary circulating Library and literature table.

GRACE GREEN,

Secretary Dufferin St. Y.W.M.C.

where he studied were seeking to convince him that our teaching was wrong. He wanted to hear both sides. Finally he was convinced of his error and convicted of his sin and converted to Christ. Now he is trying to lead his relatives into the truth that has made him free. They persecute him but he perseveres.

Mother and Son.

The other two candidates are Senora and Bernabe Salazar; mother and son. The young man commenced to take an interest in the Gospel and to attend our services. The fanatical mother energetically opposed



MR. DIXON SMITH

him, even to the point of destroying his Bible and driving him from home, rather than have "a heretic" under her roof. At this stage Ruperto Alfaro, one of our promising young men, paid the old lady a visit and was able to banish some of her mistaken ideas concerning the Gospel we preach. Following up this favorable opening the truth was taught till the old lady's interest was greatly stirred, and she ventured to come to a service. Great was her surprise and deep her satisfaction to find that we preached Christ and Him crucified. The word fell like good seed in prepared ground. While her radiant face reveals a newly found joy within she gives a clear testimony to her faith in Christ and counts it a privilege to thus witness for the Master.

"Some say that the day of miracles has ended. Then what wonderful day is this? What healing of the sick ever surpassed the healing of this soul? After almost a life-

time passed in error and idolatrous superstition, this grey-haired old mother, brimming over with joy, entered the waters of baptism to confess Christ, accompanied by the son whom so recently she had tried to turn from the faith. —*Can. Baptist.*

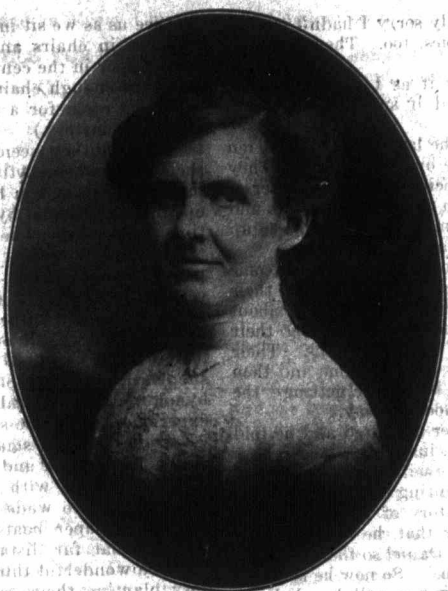
LETTER FROM MRS. DIXON SMITH.

Dear Young People:

Last term I failed to send a single message to the readers of the Link, but since having had the privilege of meeting with different Mission Bands in the homeland recently, I have resolved to do better. My motive may be partly selfish, for I have a request to make. I wonder if you can guess it by the time you have read my letter.

Besides the industrial work Mr. Smith has been given charge of the North Canada field. At present it is impossible for him to leave the work here for very long but a few days ago he went out to the vil-

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MRS. DIXON SMITH

lage of Timapuram, about five miles from Cocanada. He was there for Saturday and Sunday and returned Monday morning, leaving the tent out there. Wednesday noon, he, our daughter Olive, aged eight, and I drove out again. We had tea in the tent and then Mr. Smith, Olive, and some of the workers walked across the fields to a village about four miles distant. I quite expected our girlie would need to be carried back; but was surprised to hear her cheery call as they drew near the tent about eight o'clock.

While they were away I visited the mission school in Timapuram. Israel and his wife are the teachers there and the school adjoins their house—leaf roof, mud floor and walls, a small table and one chair—absolutely nothing else. There were about fifteen children of school age and nearly as many others too young. I counted five babies. If mother must go to the fields to work, of course the older child can take

the baby to school. Why not? This is how it works out.

While one class was being given a test in dictation, Israel thought it a good time for another class to sing a hymn for me, and in one corner three or four wee tots were put to work making letters in the sand. All went well till a baby crawled in that direction, completely obliterating one child's work. Naturally baby was pushed away. Big sister objected to the rough handling and teacher had to interfere to keep the peace!

Progress? Well could you expect very much under such conditions? Then, too, I learned that the older pupils attend school for an hour or two in the morning and then go to the fields to watch the crops or drive the cattle out to pasture during the day. Then in the evening they come back to school for another hour or two. They surely deserved the cards I had for them even if they all had mistakes in their

spelling! I was only sorry I hadn't enough cards for the babies, too. They did their share!

Do you wonder if as I walked back to the tent I doubted if such schools were worth while?

Later, four of the larger boys, about ten years of age, came over to the tent. They sang hymns and recited a number of verses of scripture. Then they wanted to talk and I listened, letting my imagination make up for my limited command of Telugu.

They told me how "wisdom" had come to them since Israel Garu had been in their school, how much he taught them about Jesus and how they were teaching their parents, who are not Christians. Their earnestness greatly surprised me and then I realized that the boys were getting "the better part" in school anyway.

Soon their teacher appeared and he told me how great an inspiration these boys were to him and of their bravery in telling others of Jesus. Pointing to one lad he said "I told them the story of Daniel one day in school and after that, he asked me to change his name to Daniel so that he might grow to be brave too." So now he is called Daniel and I know you will be glad to hear that Daniel's father was baptized two weeks ago, and Israel thinks Daniel helped to bring his father to Christ. But what about the other three boys whose fathers have not yet seen Jesus? and the mothers! Is there anything we can do for them?

If you answer that question as I would like it answered you have guessed what my request is, and I'm sure you have. Yes, it is your prayers. We are hoping for a great revival in that village very soon and I feel sure those boys are going to have a part in it. Won't you join with them?

Etta G. Smith.

A DAY IN NELLORE KINDERGARTEN

By Susan C. Ferguson

The only real kindergarten in our Telugu Mission is here in Nellore, with thirty-five children now enrolled. They come from different classes even as they do in America and the kindergarten is the great "binder together."

I wish you could come in some morning

and see us as we sit in the circle, the older children in chairs and the smallest ones on the floor in the center of the ring. (We have not enough chairs for all and we do not have room for a larger circle in our present quarters.) Their faces are so bright and they seem so eager to start their day's work. After the song of greeting in Telugu and in English we have the opening prayer and hymn, then comes the time I love best when the children say their memory verses. In turn or as impulse prompts them, each one rises and repeats a verse. It is touching to hear these babies say with such joy the words we have known all our lives, "God is love," "God is light," "The Lord is my shepherd," and so on. After another hymn we have the talk and exchange of experiences, then the songs they love.

Out-of-doors is a small tank about eight or ten feet square and a foot deep which is partly filled with water. Here the children love to wade and splash. They float their paper boats and go on long trips to that far distant America where they see wonderful things. Now they are busy planting their gardens hoping they can raise something to take home. They have little brooms just like the gardener's and every morning they take great pride in cleaning up around their garden patches. While some sweep others water the flowers. Sometimes we wonder which gets more water, the flowers or the little bare feet!

In the middle of the morning comes the lunch period. So many of these children are underfed and undernourished that we give them something to eat then. Not long ago they had a surprise. One of the students gave each child a mango! They just covered themselves with the juicy fruit and ate every bit they could, leaving only the large seed and the skin. Another morning each one was given a camel (bought from the baker in the bazaar), and it was interesting to see the way the different children ate them. One little girl held hers very carefully in her hand and when asked whether she did not want it said she was keeping it to take to her

(Continued on page 281)

Our Mission Bands

"A Mission Band in Every Church in our Convention in four years!"

THOSE PARCELS FOR INDIA

Is your parcel ready? Or have you planned to send one? Have you wondered whether it would be appreciated? Then read every word of the following letter from Miss Susie Hinman, which was recently received by the Brockville Mission Band. Do you think they felt repaid for any effort expended?

Be sure to have parcels ready on time, and send to Mrs. Dengate, 508 Markham St., Toronto, during first week in July, as requested on page 237, May issue of the "Link."

Akidu, Kistna Dist., India,
March 7th, 1923.

Dear friends of the Brockville Mission Band:—Where, oh where shall I begin to thank you for that great box? Don't let anyone try to tell me there is no Santa Claus. I won't believe them as long as Brockville Band exists. When the box came down from Canada last week I felt as if I had a second Christmas. Four parcels that came through Mrs. Dengate all reached here the same evening. It had been a very busy day, and so I opened just the three smaller ones and then got ready for bed. Then the temptation was too much for me, and I took the scissors and went at the good strong stitching in that fine factory cotton cover. I had dreams of using the cloth for jackets for little girls so I didn't want to cut it. After a while I got it sufficiently ripped to open the box. I just gasped as I opened one parcel after another. Why ever should you do so much for me? Now, don't dream that I am complaining, for I would just love to give you each a rib-smashing hug to show how I appreciate your loving thought of me. But I don't deserve all you have done, at all, at all. Stockings, camisoles, and the vest, things always welcome. And who was it that knew I never could keep pins? Not that I make much use of them where buttons, etc., ought to be, but if I am parcelling up or getting sewing ready for our one-horse tailor, I am extravagant with pins.

What lovely hankies! And the cap, fancy-work bag, aprons, pin-cushion, hair pins, just the right length when I have such a wee wisp of hair. Who remembered that? And the towels and soap! Yes, India is a dirty country and I pick up my share of grime as I go about my duties.

I must tell you about our "Doll Show." I felt badly that last week's home mail got off without my message to you. Later on I was thankful I had not written.

I had the dolls put all around the walls on the floor of my room. I sent over word to the boys who were in study hour that those of VII. and VIII Standards might come over after the hour was up. Those are the two highest classes, remember. If I hadn't seen it, I should never have been able to believe the fuss those boys made over the dolls. Down on the floor they went and such hugging and kissing. Canadian boys would not have done it. I know, for some Canadian boys would scorn to look sideways at a baby, but in this respect I think our Indian boys are perhaps a bit finer. After an hour's time I had to suggest it was bed-time, and that they should go. The next noon I had the girls over in three different groups. They enjoyed the fun, but I really do not believe they had all the pleasure that the big boys did. After school and again that eve, I had the boys of the other classes over in groups.

You may wonder why I showed the dolls and did not keep them a dead secret until next Christmas. I thought it out like this, in the rush of a Christmas entertainment right after which the children leave for home and holidays very few would see the dolls. At least each doll would be seen by only a few persons. This way they each had a chance to see them all. Those larger cotton-stuffed dolls were very popular. Some of the boys put them astride their hips and carried them around. I reminded them that white babies were not accustomed to be carried in that fashion.

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I wish you could come in some morning

and see us as we sit in the circle, the older children in chairs and the smallest ones on the floor in the center of the ring. (We have not enough chairs for all and we do not have room for a larger circle in our present quarters.) Their faces are so bright and they seem so eager to start their day's work. After the song of greeting in Telugu and in English we have the opening prayer and hymn, then comes the time I love best when the children say their memory verses. In turn or as impulse prompts them, each one rises and repeats a verse. It is touching to hear these babies say with such joy the words we have known all our lives, "God is love," "God is light," "The Lord is my shepherd," and so on. After another hymn we have the talk and exchange of experiences, then the songs they love.

Out-of-doors is a small tank about eight or ten feet square and a foot deep which is partly filled with water. Here the children love to wade and splash. They float their paper boats and go on long trips to that far distant America where they see wonderful things. Now they are busy planting their gardens hoping they can raise something to take home. They have little brooms just like the gardener's and every morning they take great pride in cleaning up around their garden patches. While some sweep others water the flowers. Sometimes we wonder which gets more water, the flowers or the little bare feet!

In the middle of the morning comes the lunch period. So many of these children are underfed and undernourished that we give them something to eat them. Not long ago they had a surprise. One of the students gave each child a mango! They just covered themselves with the juicy fruit and ate every bit they could, leaving only the large seed and the skin. Another morning each one was given a camel (bought from the baker in the bazaar), and it was interesting to see the way the different children ate them. One little girl held hers very carefully in her hand and when asked whether she did not want it said she was keeping it to take to her

(Continued on page 281)

Our Mission Bands

"A Mission Band in Every Church in our Convention in four years!"

THOSE PARCELS FOR INDIA

Is your parcel ready? Or have you planned to send one? Have you wondered whether it would be appreciated? Then read every word of the following letter from Miss Susie Hinman, which was recently received by the Brockville Mission Band. Do you think they felt repaid for any effort expended?

Be sure to have parcels ready on time, and send to Mrs. Dengate, 508 Markham St., Toronto, during first week in July, as requested on page 237, May issue of the "Link."

Akidu, Kistna Dist., India,
March 7th, 1923.

Dear friends of the Brockville Mission Band:—Where, oh where shall I begin to thank you for that great box? Don't let anyone try to tell me there is no Santa Claus. I won't believe them as long as Brockville Band exists. When the box came down from Canada last week I felt as if I had a second Christmas. Four parcels that came through Mrs. Dengate all reached here the same evening. It had been a very busy day, and so I opened just the three smaller ones and then got ready for bed. Then the temptation was too much for me, and I took the scissors and went at the good strong stitching in that fine factory cotton cover. I had dreams of using the cloth for jackets for little girls so I didn't want to cut it. After a while I got it sufficiently ripped to open the box. I just gasped as I opened one parcel after another. Why ever should you do so much for me? Now, don't dream that I am complaining, for I would just love to give you each a rib-smashing hug to show how I appreciate your loving thought of me. But I don't deserve all you have done, at all, at all. Stockings, camisoles, and the vest, things always welcome. And who was it that knew I never could keep pins? Not that I make much use of them where buttons, etc., ought to be, but if I am parcelling up or getting sewing ready for our one-horse tailor, I am extravagant with pins.

What lovely hankies! And the cap, fancy-work bag, aprons, pin-cushion, hair pins, just the right length when I have such a wee wisp of hair. Who remembered that? And the towels and soap! Yes, India is a dirty country and I pick up my share of grime as I go about my duties.

I must tell you about our "Doll Show." I felt badly that last week's home mail got off without my message to you. Later on I was thankful I had not written.

I had the dolls put all around the walls on the floor of my room. I sent over word to the boys who were in study hour that those of VII. and VIII Standards might come over after the hour was up. Those are the two highest classes, remember. If I hadn't seen it, I should never have been able to believe the fuss those boys made over the dolls. Down on the floor they went and such hugging and kissing. Canadian boys would not have done it, I know, for some Canadian boys would scorn to look sideways at a baby, but in this respect I think our Indian boys are perhaps a bit finer. After an hour's time I had to suggest it was bed-time, and that they should go. The next noon I had the girls over in three different groups. They enjoyed the fun, but I really do not believe they had all the pleasure that the big boys did. After school and again that eve, I had the boys of the other classes over in groups.

You may wonder why I showed the dolls and did not keep them a dead secret until next Christmas. I thought it out like this, in the rush of a Christmas entertainment right after which the children leave for home and holidays very few would see the dolls. At least each doll would be seen by only a few persons. This way they each had a chance to see them all. Those larger cotton-stuffed dolls were very popular. Some of the boys put them astride their hips and carried them around. I reminded them that white babies were not accustomed to be carried in that fashion.

Mail has to go now. Many thanks to all.

Sincerely,
Susie Hinman.

OTTERVILLE

The Band year just closed has been full of encouragement for the Mission Band at Otterville. Our meetings have been well attended and every member is ready to help with them. Also our band has accomplished some practical work during the year.

We have sent parcels of pictures and cards to India, papers and cards to the John St. Mission, Toronto, and quilts, made by band members, to the fire-sufferers in New Ontario. We have also presented four life member's certificates during the year.

On March 15th we were favoured by a visit from Mr. Stillwell, who gave his splendid illustrated lecture on South America, which was enjoyed by a large number of band members and their friends. At this meeting we took in over sixteen dollars, also gaining new interest in our work in South America.

Much credit is due to our president, Miss Ruth Mash, for her faithful efforts to promote the work of the band. Pray for our band at Otterville that we may accomplish much more for the Master during the coming year.

Evelyn Hill,
Secretary.

OPEN MEETING OF WINDSOR MISSION BAND

A recent letter from Mrs. D. Fry, Band Leader in Windsor, says:—

I was interested to note accounts of several Band meetings, and we have held a meeting not long since, an account of which might be of interest to Mission Band workers elsewhere.

During the month of February we made a special effort to secure Life Members for our Band, in this way supplementing the gifts of the children. We were successful in obtaining twenty-two Life

Members in all. Of these, four were given to the Officers of our Band, who have been very faithful during the past year. Another was given to our Pastor's wife, Mrs. O. C. Gray, this one being a very special incentive for the children to fill their "Penny Bags."

On March 27th we held an Open Meeting, which took the form of a "Social Evening" for both children and adults. We had a short programme consisting of numbers by Band Members. The Life Memberships were then given out, after which a social half-hour was enjoyed by all when the Mission Circle Executive served light refreshments. The attendance approximated one hundred and twenty-five and the evening was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

We felt that this method served not only to increase the funds of the Band, but it has been the means of interesting the adults in our Band Work and has thus encouraged the Band Members to greater effort. I would like to see other Bands try it."

EASTER SERVICE AT WHEATLEY

Mrs. Chas. McClellan, Band Leader, writes:—

"Our Band has had a very busy winter. Recently an "Easter Service" was prepared, when we were all richly blessed, for, at the close of the Sacred Concert, two of our young people decided to give themselves to Christ.

Our hearts are filled with gladness, and we feel well rewarded for labor and time expended for our Master who did so much for us.

The Missionary Gift-Boxes were opened at this time and the contents amounted to \$20.50, so we are hoping to have a good report for our Associational gathering on May 30th."

A TINY BUT GOOD REPORT

Miss E. Gruetzner, Leader of the Mission Band at Hanover, says that there are about sixty members enrolled and that

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the Band meets every Tuesday afternoon from 4.30 to 5.30.

The members are all interested in and enjoying a contest between the "Reds" and "Blues" which is in progress at the present time. Best of all, she says:

"God has richly blessed us. Two little girls from our Mission Band were baptized last Sunday, and it is our prayer that others will soon follow.

See further Mission Band news in this month's Visitor.

INDIA'S OLD WOMAN AND HER CHILDREN

By Pearl Dorr Longley of Ramapatnam

Written by Request of the Publicity Committee of the Telugu Baptist Mission South India.

Chapter I.

"There was an old woman who lived in a shoe. She had so many children, she didn't know what to do."

Yes, there was no doubt about it, the Old Woman certainly had children—swarms of them—and they ran from every direction when they heard the "honk-honk" of the motor car. They not only ran, but they pushed and stumbled, laughing and shouting excitedly to each other just as you would if you had seldom seen white people and had never seen a motor car. The Old Woman's children are brown because they have to run and play in the hot sun, but they are a happy, jolly crowd usually, except the tiny babies, and there are so many of these that really the Old Woman simply can't take care of them all.

Of course, only the liveliest of the Old Woman's children ran out to meet our car, for we found that there were many more when we came into the village. Some of these were very shy, sweet little tots who were afraid when they heard the big horn and ran into their houses, or hid behind their mothers, but there were others whose eyes were not so bright and who looked as though the Old Woman had neg-

lected them. But of course we couldn't blame her with so many to look after. We walked through the village followed by barking dogs and a crowd of these bright-eyed youngsters, who could not help giggling and whispering about our funny clothes, and I suppose because we had so many of them. The Old Woman does not bother much about clothes, for of course it is very warm and clothes for so many children would cost too much, so she lets them run about with just their pretty brown skin and a few bright beads for clothes. Even in the cold weather some of her children cannot have clothes, and then they get sick, and she just doesn't know what to do.

"Well, I said, we walked through the village and then began asking the women who were standing around the well with their big brass pots waiting for water, how many children there were in the village. They shook their heads and answered laughing, "Lekka Layni," meaning without number, and it certainly looked as if they were right. "Is there a school?" we asked. "Oh yes, some of these children can read," pointing to a few of the older boys who wore turbans and shirts and had white marks on their foreheads. They were caste boys and looked very important as we asked them about their school, but were quite indifferent when we pointed to the crowd of little urchins who had followed us, and asked if there was no school for them. They were only Pariahs, outcastes, and of course could not be admitted into a caste school, so they were growing up ignorant and would have no chance to be anything more than coolies as their mothers and fathers were before them. We felt very badly when we saw that these little ones were so neglected and asked if they would like to have us start a "once a week" school for them. The mothers wagged their heads and smiled, for mothers in India are just like mothers in America and love their little ones very much. So we arranged to come and start the school the following Tuesday, then with many salaams to the bright-eyed youngsters we got

into our "honk-honk bundy" and started for home.

You may be sure we were thinking hard as we drove along the smooth road shaded with big banyan trees, just how we could help those little children whom the Old Woman had so neglected. We were thinking so hard that we nearly ran over a foolish old buffalo who insisted upon sauntering along right in the middle of the road, and when we "honked," he stood stock still and looked at us as much as to say, "This is my road, and I'll not move for anybody." So we just made a horrible noise with the pedal, and he looked astonished for a moment, then bolted for the side of the road where he stood staring after the terrible monster which had so disturbed his placidity.

Chapter II.

Tuesday had come and we were off for Vellurapad where we were to start our "once a week" school. Shantammah had brought some bright colored paper flags and we had the picture roll with the picture of the baby Moses, for of course all children like to see pictures of babies. As we neared the village we saw a crowd of children out on the road, and sure enough they were watching for us. They could hardly wait for us to alight before they were running toward the village and shouting the exciting news to those who had not come out to the road. They took us to an open space between some houses where there were some lovely old trees for shade and one of the women brought out a bed for us to sit on. Such a hubbub you never heard while we were trying to get the children to sit down in rows. They did not know what a line meant and you would have thought that we had told them to sit down like cabbages, for they squatted down wherever they happened to be and looked just like a cabbage patch. After a good deal of effort Shantammah got about half of them into some kind of order; the other half stood around the back, too shy to come any nearer. Then we counted and there were forty, if you don't include babies, or grown-ups who

were watching. Some of the little girls could not sit down because they had baby brother or sister on their hip and the baby would cry.

Well, the first thing we did was to try to teach them to sing a hymn. They did very well except that everyone sang whatever note he could sing best, and of course, made as much noise as possible, so that the tune seemed to be lost somewhere. But nobody seemed to miss it, and everybody was quite satisfied, so when the noise had calmed down Shantammah took the picture roll and showed them the picture of the baby Moses in his little basket. How they did love that story, and really listened so intently that they forgot to pinch each other and talk out loud. They listened well, too, when Shantammah told them how good God is, and how He loves little children. When she repeated "God is love" several times, the older children learned it quickly, and when we tried to get some of the tiny tots to say it, their mothers who were standing listening would call out "God is love—say it!" So we knew that the grown-ups had learned the verse as well as the children.

After they had learned the verse we gave each one a flag to carry while they marched—but oh what a time to make them march in line! I told them that I would lead and they must follow me and do what I did. So I started and they came after me sure enough, just like a flock of sheep, nobody behind anybody else and all shoving and pushing. The little ones got their toes stepped on and the little girls who had babies to carry were so eager to march too that they came running to join in and the poor babies were so badly shaken up that they began to protest in loud wails. Pandemonium reigned, but if you register success by results, that march was certainly a success, for smiles and laughter banished the tears, and the flags were reluctantly handed back.

It was time for us to be going, and so after having the children say over their verse once more, I asked them all to close their eyes and bow their heads while

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Shantammah talked to God. As soon as she began to pray the children began to repeat her words as they had done in learning this verse, and so Shantammah, feeling the opportunity for helplessness as she always does, made the prayer, so very simple that they could all follow and understand. The children all promised to come next week and ran out to the road to see us off.

The sun was just setting as we left the village, and it seemed as though we were riding straight toward the beautiful gates, for the glory was shining upon every bush and touching with gold the wings of the kites which soared high above us. For a time we were silent, and then Shantammah leaned forward and whispered, "Am-mah, this is a great day, and I am very happy," and I answered "Yes, God is love"—and our thoughts went swiftly back to the Old Woman's little neglected children whom we had tried to help.

Chapter III.

There is nothing that the Old Woman's children love more than to go to kindergarten—but how can they go to kindergarten if there isn't any? Out of all the millions of children who live in the Shoe, not more than a few thousands of them go to school at all, until they are quite big, and so only a few of them ever know the joy of going to kindergarten.

The little folks who live in Nellore are very fortunate because they have a real kindergarten, and you would never doubt that they were happy, if you could go and see them as they begin their play in the morning. I know that the Old Woman would love to send all of her children to Miss Ross' kindergarten, but of course there is not room for so many, and also it takes money to run a kindergarten. The Old Woman has to do so much for the older folks, that she sometimes has to neglect the children, you see.

When we went to the kindergarten one morning it was very early, and Miss Ross told me that there might be only a few children there, but, bless their hearts! they were so thick that I could hardly

wade through them. They were playing with blocks, that is, most of the boys were making wonderful houses and railway stations where noisy trains were coming and going every moment. The little girls had many of them chosen dolls and were putting them to sleep in the cradles or carrying them on their hips just as they would their own little brother or sister. When the play hour was over, the children put away their playthings, washed their hands and sat down in the circle, all in the best of order. The older children sat on little chairs which they arranged themselves very quietly, and the tiny tots sat in the middle of the circle on a mat. One little boy had put Mr. Teddy-bear down beside him, and was watching carefully to see that Teddy behaved himself. While Miss Ross played a hymn softly, every little head was bowed and they sang their morning prayer. After the prayer, one of the teachers who was sitting in the circle asked them questions about their homes, their mothers and fathers, and about God. How eager they all were to answer her questions! And when she asked for verses everyone was ready. One little tot about three years old got up to say her verse, then catching sight of me became so shy that her plump little finger went into her mouth and she hung her curly head in confusion. After a moment of silence, the little lad with the Teddy-bear reached up, and took her hand whispering, "God is love," and then, with confidence restored, she repeated in her sweet baby voice, "God-is-love"—and sat down with a smile like sunshine.

I couldn't tell you all that the children did that morning, for they played and sang and worked so happily that the morning had gone before I knew it, and it was time for their lunch. Of course, everyone must have clean hands before eating, and as the children fled out to wash, I thought what a fine thing it was that these little ones were learning cleanliness in school—for the Old Woman does not keep her villages very clean, and the poor little children who cannot go to school grow up to be only as clean as those about

them. I was glad, too, that friends in America loved the Old Woman's children enough to buy lunches for them, for some of those who came from the palem (village), looked as though they never had had enough to eat. After they had eaten their bread and plantain, they came to Miss Ross to say salaam, and then ran off home to tell their mothers all of the lovely games they had played and the stories they had learned. I could not help but think of those other little ones out in the villages who run and play in the bazaar all day long, learning mostly evil words and gossip, and never having the opportunity for wholesome happy play, such as these little kindergartners enjoy.

After I had left Miss Ross, whose rare love and tact with little folks had been a real inspiration, I went up to Mrs. Smith's. She lives away at the other end of Nellore—at least three miles distant. She loves children, too, and her heart ached so for the Old Woman's children who lived near her, and who couldn't go to Miss Ross's kindergarten, that she started one of her own right on her own veranda. They were real village youngsters, dirty, full of mischief and bubbling over with joy over the dolls and balls and inexpensive playthings. They sang "Praise Him, Praise Him, All Ye Little Children," marched and played and were as happy as little birds. One bright-eyed little girl, who entered into everything with such joy, could hardly wait to be allowed to rock the dolly in the cradle. She was from a home where Jesus was not known and yet she could sing about Him and recite verses. A few days after my visit to Nellore, I had a letter from Mrs. Smith telling me about this little Kondamma who had always been so happy. One day she had said "Salaam" to Mrs. Smith and had run home, her curly head bobbing as she ran, and laughter floating out behind her. Night came, and with it the terrible influenza crept in upon the sleeping child. Only a few days of suffering and the laughing lips were silent and the bright eyes dim. God had taken her to His own Garden. In the little veranda kindergarten she had

learned that "God is love," and when this broken-hearted mother came to Mrs. Smith asking for rice and milk to put upon Kondamma's grave, Mrs. Smith told her that because Kondamma had loved Jesus, she had gone to be with Him in His beautiful home. The mother did not want the rice then, and her heart was full of wonder as she went away saying that she would come again to talk about Him.

Another happy group of the Old Woman's children can be found in Ramapatnam. There are from 40 to 50 in the kindergarten, and thanks to dear friends at home, there are all kinds of toys and materials to work with. In a really, truly kindergarten there ought not to be children under four years old, but dear me, what is one to do when the two and three year olds come and stand at the door with longing eyes, and protest in heartbroken sobs if sent away? Of course, they must be taken in, and when they, too, stand up in the morning and lip the verse along with the older ones, then sing the songs and attempt to do in their baby way everything that the older ones do, one gets a real revelation as to the possibilities of development even in the youngest. One of these tiny ones came for weeks and stood at the door of the kindergarten watching the children. We sent him away, carried him away; had the woman who presides over the nursery come and capture him—but all to no avail. His chubby face would appear again as soon as he was let loose! Then one day he slipped inside and sat down in the circle unobserved. The children got up to march. James got up too, and his fat little legs were soon keeping time with such exaggerated accent, that the whole room was in a gale of laughter—James enjoying the joke, whatever it was, quite as much as the rest. After that James became such an interesting part of our kindergarten that no day seemed complete without him. He is now three years old, and can sing all the songs, make patterns with seeds, and recite many Bible verses. The mothers who come to the kindergarten to learn of the methods which are used in helping

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the children, tell me how much happier their children are, and how they come home often trying to teach the whole family some new song, or will begin tidying up the house just as they are taught in kindergarten.

Chapter IV.

There is one fault the Old Woman has which I can't quite forgive, and it this—she loves her boys better than her girls. Of course, she would not tell you that, but she rejoices more when a boy baby is born because a son is more honorable, and he is apt to have an easier time all through life than his sister. She, the Old Woman, likes to marry her little girls very young, so that even though a little girl has all the food and clothes and jewels which she wants, she has very little time to enjoy them. "Joy" was a dear little girl with big wistful brown eyes, and a lovely long braid of hair, as soft as silk. She came to the girls' caste school every day, and when her tiny silver anklets and gold bracelets made a tinkling noise as she danced across the floor to her own particular place, you would not want to see a more beautiful or graceful child than little Joy. She was one of the Old Woman's favored children. She learned to read, to sew and embroider, sing lovely little motion songs, and better than all she learned about Jesus and loved Him.

Then one day little Joy did not come to school, and the teacher, wondering if she could be ill, went to find her. As she neared the house she heard the noise of tom-toms, and the shrill note of the flute, and over the door to the courtyard were hung long festoons and mango leaves. She knew that that meant a wedding was going on and her heart sank. Surely they would not marry little Joy who was only nine years old! But her worst fears were realized, for there in the back room, dressed in silk and covered with jewelry, sat little Joy. Her long braid was woven with jasmine blossoms and the air was heavy with the scent of flowers. She was happy and excited by all the gaiety, and only looked sad when she said "I cannot come to

school any more, but I will not forget." Poor little Joy! She went to her mother-in-law's home while her husband, who was much older, finished his school. Then after several years, just as he was ready to return to his family, and his little bride, cholera laid its merciless hand upon him. When the news reached little Joy, she was sent back home, a widow at thirteen, with her beautiful hair shaved and her jewels taken away. She would not see me when I first went to her home, but one day as I was passing, she came to the courtyard gate to tell me that she had not forgotten. As I looked into her face grown so sad and unchildish, I could but think of the happy little girls of thirteen years of age at home in America, dancing along the road on their way to school, and wonder how long it would be before the Old Woman would see her mistake and let her little girls have more playtime and more chance to learn the things that will help them to become good mothers. Perhaps she never will until she learns about Jesus and His love for little ones.

Chapter V.

"She gave them some broth, without any bread," and whipped them all soundly, and sent them to bed.

The Old Woman's children were up early. The sun had not risen, though the East was growing brighter every moment and there were tiny streaks of red and gold high overhead where its rays were already beginning to shine. Not a cloud could be seen, and as the great yellow disk rose above the rim of the horizon, the day suddenly seemed to have been born full grown. The slight coolness which had stirred before the dawn, was beaten back by the fierce heat rays which spread over the parched earth and drooping trees. In vain we searched the heavens for some sign of rain, but there was only the same torturing expanse of light that had looked mercilessly down upon us for months. The first crops had failed, and no rain had come to rescue the withering fields of jonia planted for the second time. The tanks



KINDERGARTEN IN NELLORE MISSION, PAGE 275

were empty, and so the rice fields, once a carpet of lovely green, had shriveled into brown terraced wastes.

There was almost no grain to be had, and many of the Old Woman's children were hungry. They came to us for help, and we organized the mothers into groups, so that we could give them work, and the little ones were kept on the compound and school for them was started under a big margosa tree. Every evening the women came for their grain, and the children slipped in beside their mothers, holding out a piece of cloth, so that we would not forget as we measured out the grain, that there were many mouths to feed. One meal a day, and how thankful they were to get it! Many of them had only a little conge or broth in the morning, and nothing else all day. They came in to us from the villages hollow-cheeked and weak, asking for food for their little ones. All were willing to work, but some had to be fed before they were strong enough. After a while even the Old Woman's broth gave out, and then the tiny babies became

weak and sick and many of them died. Then the saddest of all things happened. Some of the poor mothers knew that they could not feed their little ones any longer and so rather than see them suffer they tried to sell them to whoever would pay. Sometimes a little girl would be sold in order to procure food for the rest of the family. One evening they brought to me a beautiful little three-year-old girl, asking me to buy her. I offered to take her and feed her, but as there is a strict law against buying and selling children, I dared not offer money for her. They would not listen to us, and went away saying that they could get a good price for her, and I never saw her again. My heart ached for days over that beautiful child, but though we searched near and far we could not find her.

At last, after months of famine, came the rain, cool and refreshing, but fatal to many who were weakened by privation. We had no doctor to care for the sick ones, but did what we could in our little

(Continued on page 282)

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The Eastern Society

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

Dalesville, Que.

April 11, 1923

The Missionary Link,

Toronto, Ont.

The Women's Mission Circle of the Lachine Baptist Church held their Thank-Offering meeting on the afternoon of April 6th. A good program was given before a large audience. Many ladies from other churches were present. Mrs. Giles, Vice-President, presided, in a happy way. Among the numbers on the program were several by Band members in which Foreign Missions were presented. A beautiful trio, also a duet, were given by Circle members.

An address on some of the problems of Grande Ligne work was given by Mrs. G. Victor Collins.

Tea was served after the program.

Offering, \$40.00.

KATIE BALL, Secy.

Eastern Association—

The Circles and Bands will meet at Verdun, Quebec, Tuesday evening, June 12th, and Wednesday morning, June 13th.

Our President, Mrs. Rough, will take as the subject of her remarks, "The Upward Look." We hope to have Miss McLaurin with us to speak on Foreign Missions. There will also be a pageant by members of the Y. W. M. Circles and other good things. We should have an unusually good delegation this year. Do not miss it.

PRISCILLA M. CHANDLER,

Directress.

Ottawa Association—

The annual meeting of the Ottawa Association Circles and Bands will be held in Highland Park Baptist Church, Westboro, June 19th, afternoon and evening sessions. Let every Circle and Band send delegates, as a good program is being prepared in which all the live questions of our work will be presented. Miss K. McLaurin, of India, will speak on Foreign Missions.

No Circle or Band can afford to miss the inspiration of this gathering. Come.

F. RICHARDS, Directress.

Canada Central Association—

The annual meeting of the Canada Central Association will meet at Smith's Falls on June the 12th and 13th. It is hoped that there will be a large attendance. It is expected that Miss K. McLaurin will give the address on Foreign Missions.

The April meeting of the Olivet Baptist Women's Mission Circle was held at the home of Mrs. Bentley. It took the form of a farewell to Mrs. Orchard, who was leaving for a new sphere of labor in the Master's Vineyard.

The regular meeting was held at which Miss King gave a most interesting talk on her work on the docks among the strangers who come to our shores. This splendid work is surely a wonderful opportunity of service for the Master, and is essential and missionary. It deserves our interest and our prayers as Christians (and therefore co-laborers) in some way with all those who who are serving the Christ in serving our fellow beings of whatever nationality.

After Miss King's address, Mrs. Orchard was presented with a wrist watch as a token of the love and esteem of the members and in acknowledgment of her work among us.

Tea was then served and a very enjoyable hour spent together. Miss McMartin's solo added greatly to the pleasure of the afternoon.

Love in action. A Mohammedan gentleman was being shown around the wards of a mission hospital. As they passed through a surgical ward the visitor said: "All these things are very wonderful, but I see the most wonderful of all."

"What was it?" An English woman, a nurse, was dressing an ulcerated leg. A Mohammedan would not have touched the diseased leg with a pole.

"A religion that can do things like that" said the visitor, "must have more in it than we Mohammedans give it credit for."

A medical mission is love in action.

Treasurer's Report

For April, 1923.

Receipts From Circles

Toronto, First Ave., \$23.04; Brantford, Calvary (Life Membership, Mrs. T. Y. Thompson, \$25, L. M. acct, \$15), \$70.50; Colborne, \$3; Petrolia (\$5 special), \$10.42; Walkerton, \$8; Sarnia, (for Miss Laura Allyn, \$35.03), \$67.03; Beachville, \$5.50; Toronto, Jarvis St., \$19.15; St. Thomas, Broderick Mem., \$5.25; Toronto, College St., \$18.70; Hamilton, Victoria Ave. (P. Sarah \$6.25, P. Mary, \$25), \$45.50; Binbrook (Th. Off. \$7.25), \$10.25; Dundas, \$9.50; Niagara Falls, Jepson St. (Miss Priest's car, \$6), \$23.50; Harrow, \$5; Otterville, \$9; Owen Sound, \$5.75; Fort Francis, \$4; East Famboro, \$7; Brantford, Park (Life Membership Mrs. H. C. Champness), \$25; Fort. William, \$4.10; Stratford, Ont., (L.M. Mrs. James Roberts), \$25.75; Markham, 2nd, (Th. Offering, \$4.60), \$12.20; Brantford, Immanuel, \$10.70; Wingham, \$14.50; Galt, \$11.15; Orangeville, \$12.00; Sault Ste. Marie, Wellington St., \$4.42; Stratford, Ontario St., \$18; Lakeview, (Bible-woman, \$25), \$37; Port Rowan, \$6; Woodstock, First, \$24.60; Brantford, Riverside, \$17.50; Snelgrove, \$6; Kincardine, \$10; Tiverton, \$21.36; Toronto, Beverley St., \$13; Toronto, Olivet, \$16.68; Strathroy, \$17.28; Wheatley, (Life Membership, Mrs. Jas. D. McGregor), \$35.75; Niagara Falls, Main St., \$7.15; Chatham, \$6; Shedden (B.W.), \$3.50; Colchester, \$41; Essex, \$12.50; Claremont, (L. M. Mrs. Reuben Bessie, Sr.), \$25; Belleville, \$6; London, Kensal Park (Laura Allyn), \$3.10; Kingsville, \$4; Windsor, Bruce, \$43.60; Walkerville, (Miss Priest's car, \$9), \$29; Denfield (L. M. Mrs. G. B. McCormick), \$25; Southampton, \$14; Meaford (Th. Off. \$12.50), \$18.90; Aylmer (L. M. acct., \$22.05; Life Membership, Mrs. Theodore Martin), \$40.05; North Bay (B.W. \$27), \$29.40; Gravenhurst (per Mrs. Cosby, personal, Miss Baskerville \$2), \$10; Mitchell Square, \$3.50; Paris, \$36.46; St. George (\$2; Dr. Hule's salary), \$9; Springford (L.M., Mrs. B. D. Smith), \$34; Beamsville, \$14; Flamboro Centre (for B. W.'s Training School), \$11.60; Toronto, St. Clair, \$21.65; Toronto, Walmer Road, \$3, B.W. \$2), \$9.70; Toronto, Walmer Road, \$67.90; Toronto, College St. (Life Memberships, Mrs. Benjamin Goodfield), Mrs. Thomas Porter, Mrs. Arthur Davis), \$83.55; Toronto, Danforth, (Th. Off., \$13.35, per Mrs. St. Dal-

mas \$20) \$65.66; Long Branch, \$7; Hamilton Stanley, \$30.70; New Sarum, \$4; Toronto, Olivet (Th. Off.) \$18.00; Toronto, Annette, \$26.75; Toronto, Jones, \$15; Burtch, \$15; Peterboro Murray St. (per Mrs. Garbutt's daughters, for B.W. \$25, per Mrs. Wood for B.W.) \$25, coll \$2.20, mite offering \$20.82, Th. Off. \$1.33) \$101.50; Wilkesport, \$2.50; Wiarnton, \$11.85; Salford, \$5; Scotland, \$13.85; New Dundee (B. W. \$17); \$27.50; Ridgetown, \$7.50; Leamington, (L. M., Mrs. Harry Marcotte), \$30.25; Stouffville, \$6.50; Whitby (L.M. Mrs. C. A. Goodfellow), \$25; Peterboro, Park (Life Membership, Mrs. R. F. Buntin), \$30; London, Adelaide, \$27.30; Fonthill, \$22; Hamilton, Wentworth, \$32.75; Malahide-Bayham, \$12.90; Alvington (Miss Allyn), \$12; \$17.35; Collingwood, \$10; Gravenhurst (for K. Rutt \$35), \$38; Gravenhurst (per Mrs. Laycock for B.W.), \$35; Listowel, \$3.50; St. Thomas, Broderick Memorial (Th. Off.), \$6; Hamilton, James St. (Th. Off. \$50.50), \$30.05; Simcoe (L. M. Mrs. George Ryser), \$25; Aurora, \$4.32; Gladstone, \$32.60; Toronto, Woodbine Heights, \$9.06; Waterford, \$34.60; Hillsburg, \$8.60; Midland, \$19.15; Brantford Park, \$21.75; Norwood (Bolivia \$10), \$21; Preston, \$15; Port Hope, (mite boxes \$4.20, lepers \$17.30), \$37.80; Morley, \$15; Dundas, \$3; Kitchener, King (students \$20), \$27.30; Toronto, Castlefield, \$8.16; Toronto, Christie, \$5; Toronto, Jarvis, \$7.58; Lakefield, \$6; Hespler, \$5; Southampton (student), \$5; Glanville, \$5; Brantford, Calvary (L.M. Mrs. D. Pettit), \$10; Villa Nova (L.M. Miss Minnie Slight) \$25; Calvary, Toronto, \$18.20; Barrie, \$13.90; Toronto, Dufferin (Th. Off.) \$2.05; Oshawa, \$7; Brooke and Enniskillen (student \$25), \$27.80; Forest (\$25 for student of late Miss Margaret Campbell, \$15 for C. Lila), \$50; Toronto, Central Elliott Circle (Th. Off. \$43), \$77.93; Toronto, First Ave., \$5.75; New Liskard (Th. Off.), \$3; Marshville, \$2.50; Tillsonburg, \$13.17; Fenelon Falls, \$7.42; Villa Nova, \$25; Ingersoll (L. M. Mrs. William Redhead), \$25; London, Talbot St. (Miss Priest's car), \$51.00; Brampton, (B.W.), \$14; Minesing, \$3.50; Hartford, \$7; Toronto, Parkdale, \$16.38; Silverthorne, \$1.30; Langton, \$5.55; Bloomsburg, \$15.50; Port Elgin, \$5.

From Young Women's Circles: Guelph, \$5.94; Toronto, First Ave. (Th. Off. \$10.85), \$14.20; Toronto, Pape Ave., Pearl

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Scott, \$8.50; \$16.86; Peterboro, Murray Street, (B.W. \$25), \$71; Hamilton, Victoria Ave. (P. Scott), \$20; Toronto, Danforth (Pearl Scott) \$12.50, Th. Off., \$9.30), \$21.80; Toronto, Memorial (Pearl Scott) \$5; Fonthill (for teacher), \$15; Kitchener, King, \$8.32; Brantford, Riverdale, \$3; Warrton, \$17.80; Owen Sound, \$9; Toronto, Walmer Road, \$59.75; Leamington, \$11.50; Wallaceburg (Pearl Scott), \$32.75; Toronto, Beverley, \$12; St. Catharines, \$9.25; Ridgeway, \$6.15; Port Colborne (Pearl Scott) \$25; St. Catharines, \$10.

From Bands.

Walkerville (Life Membership, Mrs. Catherine Carswell), \$10; Toronto, Walmer Road (L. M. Mrs. F. Mabee), \$10; Chatham (L.M. Miss Helen Rickard), \$10; Brantford First, \$17; Strathroy, \$10; Windsor (L. M. Miss Lucy Smith), \$12; Wheatley, \$40; Caledonia, \$10; Stouffville, \$13.25; Guelph, \$6; London, Talbot St., \$65; Paris, \$14; Dunnville (student) \$13, \$15.50; Sparta, \$7.75; Toronto, Boon Ave., "World Wide Workers," \$7.14; Brantford, Riverdale, \$27.75; Windsor, "Willing Workers," \$6; Malahide Bayham (student) \$12; Lakeview, \$12.45; Barrie (Reekie College at Oruro), \$41; Tillsonburg, \$1.04; North Bay, \$10; Thornburg, \$3; Stratford, Ont., "Light Bearers," \$20; Owen Sound "Sunshine," \$10; Blind River, \$4.50; Wheatley, \$10; Springford, \$8.50; St. Mary's "Little Gleaners," \$1; East Flamboro, "The Gleaners" (student), \$15.90; Grimsby, \$6; Yarmouth First (L. M. Mrs. Clayton Axford), \$5.50; Toronto, Memorial (student) \$18; Ingersoll, Junior, \$4; Walkerville, "Happy Comrades (for Miss Priest's car \$50), \$52.09; Campbellford, \$4.75; Colchester, \$5; Villa Vova, \$9; Southampton, \$8.75; Fonthill, \$13.00; Daywood & Leith "Onward," \$12; St. Catharines "Gleaners," \$10; Toronto, St. John's, \$3.40; Parry Sound, \$5; Chatham "Bensen" (Life Membership Miss Grace Houston), \$10; Chatham "Bensen," \$7.35; New Liskeard, \$2; Townsend Centre, \$8.50; Aylmer, Jr., \$10; Harrow, \$7; Walkerville, \$3; Preston (Miss Priest's car), \$5, \$10; Brantford, Park, \$59.85; Otterville (L. M. Miss Ruth Mash), \$10; Toronto Bethany (Evelyn Dicken's Park Dispensary), \$10; Gladstone (\$18; L.M. acct.), \$25.50; Port Hope, \$3.58; Scotland (L.M. Mrs. T. Houson), \$28.20; Delhi (L.M. Miss Mildred Pettit and Mrs. E. D. Heath), \$20; Listowel, \$6.25; Peterboro, Murray St., \$7.50; Waterford (student,

\$5.50); \$15.00; Dundas (L.M. Miss Dorothy Coor, Miss Dorothy Patterson), \$20; Forest, \$8.90; Norwich, \$5; Orangeville, \$4; Welland, \$3; Burch, \$7; Hamilton, Immanuel "King's Own," \$38; Alvington, \$1.60; Langton, \$14; Ridgeway, \$2.34; Claxton, \$10; Jaffa, \$2.

From Other Sources.
Investment in trust, \$8.75; interest, Miss Davies' gift, \$10; Port Arthur Bible Class (student) \$4.25; Toronto, Century, Mr. Senior's Class, \$4.50; St. Thomas, Broderick Memorial, Jr., B.V.P.U. (student) \$30; Belleville, for B. Y.P.U., \$20; Norwich, Dr. Hulet's S. S. Class (personal Dr. Hulet), \$30; Toronto, Walmer Road, Phil. Class (Pearl Scott), \$25; Perry Ladies' Aid, \$2.29; "Friends" (for J. Gemima), \$25; Mrs. Wm. Davies, \$200; Forestville, L.A., \$2.50; Toronto, Mission Band Rally, \$10.93; "Our New Canadians," Hamilton, \$5; Mrs. John Hume, \$10; Toronto, Indian Road, Miss Robertson's Class, \$6.25.

On April 16th, I received by telegraph \$30 from Brantford. Will the sender kindly instruct me how to credit this amount.

Mrs. Glenn Campbell,
113 Balmoral Ave.

A DAY IN THE NELLEORE KINDERGARTEN

(Continued from page 270)

younger brother. She promptly received another to take to him, and with what joy she ate hers!

I feel that through the kindergarten we can reach the future generations of India as we have not been able to do before. The citizens of the future are going to be better men and women because of the training they have received in these "Gardens for Children" which will dot the land from north to south and from east to west. We must make the kindergarten a vital part of this great country and not a thing that is foreign and from the outside. My dreams for it reach into years ahead and I see it helping to wipe out caste and class hatred and suspicion and making India a choice land for the dwelling place of men and a bright jewel in the Great King's crown.

See picture of the Nelleore Kindergarten on page 278.

Canadian Missionary Link

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

All matter for publication should be sent to the Editor.
Subscriptions, Renewals, Changes of Address and all money should be sent to "Canadian Missionary Link," 118 Gothic Avenue, Toronto.

50c. a year in advance.

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INDIA'S OLD WOMAN AND HER CHILDREN.

(Continued from page 277)

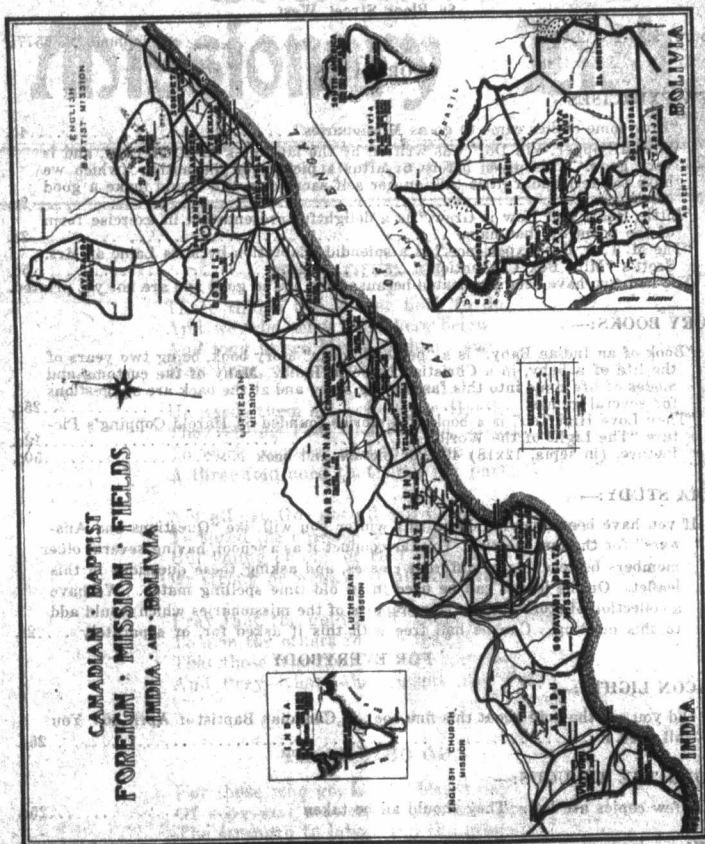
dispensary. Influenza came, and the Old Woman seemed to be perfectly helpless, for she could not find doctors to see even one-tenth of her sick children. We did what we could, but we could not stay death's hand, and our little ones, weakened by famine, slipped quietly into Jesus' arms, where they would never know hunger again. Oh, how we longed for a doctor! But doctors like to stay in America—all but a very few who love the Old Woman's children and know how helpless and needy they are. There are so many little ones, and grown-ups, who live out in the villages far away from a doctor, that when sickness comes they don't know what to do. They pray to their gods, of course, but these are only little images made out of clay and covered with yellow

saffron, so what help can they give? Sometimes a priest comes and beats them with a stick, or burns them with a hot iron, to drive out the demons which are causing the sickness. They do not mean to be cruel, but often the weakest of the babies die under such treatment. Although the Old Woman loves her children she has not yet learned about the Great Physician who is ready to help us all. How shall we tell her!

—Missions.

An angel paused in its onward flight
With a seed of love and truth and light,
And cried, "Oh, where can this seed be
sown,
That it will be most fruitful when
grown?"
The Saviour heard, and said as he smiled,
"Place it for me in the heart of a child."
—Sel.—Author unknown.

From the Literature Department



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FOR BANDS.

NEW EXERCISES—

- "How some dollies came to go as Missionaries".....4c.
 "What a Copper Will Do," was written by the late Miss C. M. McLeod, and is very good. This given before or after a picture of the author (which we have for 1c.) and a little talk on her self-sacrificing life would make a good meeting.....2c.
 "Little Heart and How it Grew," is a delightful presentation in exercise form of the poem by that name.....2c.
 "The M. T. G. B.'s Experience," is a splendid adaptation by Miss Laine of Mrs. Scott's "Mite Box Convention".....5c.
 The last two have been duplicated because they are so good and are not yet printed.

STORY BOOKS—

- "Book of an Indian Baby," is a "perfectly dear" story book, being two years of the life of a baby, in a Christian home in India. Many of the customs and modes of life come into this fascinating story and at the back are suggestions for several games.....25c.
 "They Love Him Too" is a book of 6 stories founded on Harold Copping's Picture "The Light of the World".....12c.
 Picture, (in sepia, 12x18) 40c., or picture and book.....50c.

INDIA STUDY—

If you have been studying India this winter you will like "Questions and Answers" for the last meeting. You can conduct it as a school, having several older members be teachers of different classes, and asking these questions in this leaflet. Or the leaflet can be used in an old time spelling match. We have a collection of stories taken from reports of the missionaries which would add to this meeting. Can be had free with this if asked for, or separately.....2c.

FOR EVERYBODY

BEACON LIGHTS:—

Did you see the note about this fine book in Canadian Baptist of April 26? You all need it.....25c.

AMONG THE TELUGUS:—

A few copies are left. They should all be taken.....25c.

POEM:—

"A Religion Good Enough of Their Own," was written by the late Miss McLeod in reply to a remark made to her on shipboard on a return trip to India and given this Department. Now as we are all thinking of her this would be especially nice. It and her picture.....3c.
 This Department Will Be Closed During August. ORDER NOW!