

Canadian Missionary Link

Published in the interests of the Baptist Foreign Missions of Canada.

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A Ballad of Trees and the Master.

Into the woods my Master went,
Clean forspent, forspent,
Into the woods my Master came,
Forspent with love and shame,
But the olives they were not blind to Him,
The little gray leaves were kind to Him,
The thorn tree had a mind to Him,
When into the woods He came.

Out of the woods my Master went,
And He was well content,
Out of the woods my Master came,
Content with death and shame,
When death and shame would woo Him last,
From under the trees they drew Him last;
When out of the woods He came.

—Sidney Lanier.

CANADIAN MISSIONARY LINK

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CONCERNING FURLOUGH.

March is the month when those of the missionaries of India who are to take furlough leave their fields and turn their faces Canadawards. A few words concerning the provisions regulating furlough, its occurrence, its period of duration, more especially its purpose, and the means necessary to accomplish that purpose, will not be amiss.

The rules of our Foreign Mission Board, whose appointees the missionaries of both India and Bolivia are, grant to each missionary furlough after six years of work on the field. The time limit of the regular furlough is one year from the time the missionary leaves the field till he returns. This time is extended, if necessary, long enough to make it possible for the missionary to return at a favorable season of the year.

This year's "leave of absence," coming every six years, does not, of course, mean that the missionaries have no other holidays during their time in India or Bolivia. We are all familiar with the names of Ootacamund, Kodakanal and Coonoor, the three resorts most popular among the India missionaries. Their holidays while in the country are taken at their own discretion, when necessary or desirable. When furlough time comes, however, the expectation is that the missionary will leave his home altogether and thus secure a complete change from his ordinary surroundings.

It is believed that the work of a missionary is of such an exhausting nature, that he is, in a land of strangers, of heathen, and in India, at least, of trying climate, so draws upon the resources—physical, mental and spiritual—of the missionary, that it is neces-

ary, in order that he may do his best work, to grant a holiday of sufficient length, to allow him to return to his former home, or to some other place he deems suitable—wherever he believes he can best recuperate for the work he has to do.

That it may be possible to take advantage of this year's rest, the Board makes a grant to each missionary of travelling expenses to and from India and Bolivia, by the direct route, and an allowance for the year to cover living expenses. They (the missionaries) are relieved of all responsibility concerning the work on their fields. Besides the allowance, and, thanks to generous donors, the Board provides two furnished homes in Toronto at a nominal rent, which covers taxes and repairs, and the Women's Board of Ontario West, also a summer home in the Muskoka district, without rent, for the use of their missionaries.

While the missionary is here in Canada, or wherever he may choose to spend his time, he is, so far as the Board, his official "chief," is concerned, free to do as he wishes. The Board lays down only one rule regarding this, and that is that the Board's physician shall advise as to the best course to be followed in order to obtain the greatest possible benefit from the holiday. That is to say, the Board puts health first in its thought of furlough.

So far as health permits, and the responsibility is not left on the missionary in this case, the Board desires the assistance of these workers in addressing meetings, etc., throughout the country, and encourages their visitation of the churches, Sunday Schools and other denominational gatherings.

This is the point where the eagerness

of ministers, superintendents, missionary committees, women's organizations and programme committees to provide what they think will be the most effective inspiration to their respective audiences, has very often made them inconsiderate both of the missionary and the Board, and it is to be feared that the present tense as well as the past, must still be used in this connection.

The Women's Societies and their officers have been by no means the least offenders along this line. It is easily understood that the women who have in hand the task, by no means easy, of rousing and maintaining interest in a far-away cause, feel that the inspiration of a visit from one who knows the needs and the opportunities and the results, from personal experience, will be greater and more lasting than that from any other plan they can devise. And because this is recognized, the Board does encourage the performing of this service where it is possible without injury to the primary purpose of the furlough.

The societies, committees, etc., cannot be censured for wanting the missionary; nor can they be censured for asking him or her. But surely we are right in saying that, out of consideration for the missionary, the responsibility of saying "Yes" ought not to be placed on his shoulders; and also, that every member of every society ought to be entirely in accord with the Board in "putting first things first" in furlough as in other things.

Regarding the requests being made to the missionaries rather than to an officer of the Board, it is, as the children say, "no fair." Any man or woman engaged in a profession or business in which he wishes to succeed, or which he wishes to see succeed, will give himself or herself to the interests of that undertaking to the limit of his strength, and usually beyond it. There are very few of us who can claim to be wise in this regard, and who know when to stop. This is as true of the missionary as of any other, and no one should place him or her in a position where he may assent to the request, forgetting his own and his work's best interests, or, if he refuse, feel he may be laying himself open to the charge of unwillingness to serve his cause.

In making request to the Board, or to any one of the Boards, through its secretary, one and all, may be assured

that the interests of all sides of the work will be considered; that here at home the work in India and Bolivia needs to be presented, and presented in the best way possible; but also that the mission field needs its trained leaders, and needs them with their highest working efficiency, and therefore that the chief purpose of this or that missionary's furlough, of the heavy expense involved, of the year's loss of service, is to return him to his field fully refreshed in body and mind.

**"IN THE NAME OF OUR GOD WE
WILL SET FORWARD OUR
BANNERS."**

These words might well be the motto of the women who are just now inaugurating a forward movement in our Home and Foreign work. There have been for some years Young Women's Circles or Auxiliaries here and there among our churches, but only here and there.

Both the Home and Foreign Boards have been feeling, for some time past, that there was a field white unto harvest among the girls and young women, and now has come, apparently, the psychological moment to gather it in. We all knew, and we all know, that there is a host of girls in our churches who are not working for, and learning of, and giving to, Missions, just because there is no place into which they fit. They are either not quite ready to join with the women in their Circles, or they are engaged in some profession or business during the day, and so not able to join any club meeting in the afternoon.

Miss Ellis, of Moulton College, came to us just at the right moment, with an enthusiasm for Missions, with an appreciation of our "weak link," and also with practical experience of how best to inaugurate and develop some movement which will make good the deficiency. The Boards have discussed, the committees have met separately and jointly, resolutions have been drawn up; and now the ball has been started rolling, for Toronto at least, by a meeting of representatives from every church in the city, women from the Circle, young women from the seven existing Young Women's Circles, and leaders from organized Bible Classes. Mrs. Firstbrook presided, while Miss Ellis

presented the case, and Mrs. Holman outlined methods of getting to work. Some were enthusiastic, others doubtful; some ready to begin at once, others counselling delay; some seeing nothing but sunshine and fair winds ahead, others oppressed by the possible difficulties. But finally, resolutions were heartily adopted, and plans set in motion to go on Sunday, March 21, to every Young Women's Bible Class and every older girls' Sunday School class in every church in the city, and place the work, the needs and the plan before the girls, and obtain from them individually an expression of their willingness to join in such an organization as the one proposed. This visit is to be made by two ladies selected by the Women's Circle, either from their own number or from among Board members. Naturally, the teachers of the classes will be acquainted with the matter beforehand. The following Thursday, March 25, is to be held the organization meetings in each church, and immediately after that again a Grand Rally of all the new forces. It is hoped also that in each church an every-girl canvass may be made, either before or after the meeting, for organization.

A well-planned campaign is on the way. It ought to result in large things for the girls, for the treasury, for the Kingdom of Christ.

This meeting had authority only over Toronto churches from which representatives came, but the plan is one which ought to work in every church where there is a need or an opportunity for a Young Women's Circle. Twenty-seven churches are making the start. Who follows in their train?

Any information regarding plans and method may be obtained from Mrs. Albert Matthews, 169 Warren Rd., Toronto.

St. Mary's will remember that the young lady dressed as a Telugu by Miss Jones in March represented Chittamma, the daughter of the faithful caste convert Suramma. They will be glad to hear that both Chittamma and Subamma, her elder sister, were baptized in January. She will still need earnest prayers that her life may, like her mother's be consistent and fruitful.

L. M. Jones.

THE PERSONAL TOUCH.

One compensation that our missionaries have is that, as they journey to their isolated homes and depressing environments in India, they have an opportunity of seeing much that is new, wonderful and beautiful en route. Would you like to share a snapshot of Honolulu as seen by the Misses Clark and Miss McLaurin last November? Here it is: "The Hawaiian Island, as we saw it, is all hills, and beautifully green. Honolulu is a charming city, and the whole place is a perfect bower of beauty. Here are many tropical trees, palms, banyans, crotons, poinsettias, etc. Here are lots of fine residences and some small cottages, each with its lovely garden. There must be slums somewhere, probably, but we did not glimpse them. The nearest to anything of that kind was in the native bazaar. There are a great many Chinese and Japanese in the city, and a great many mixtures whom I could not differentiate from the originals. The most popular dress for women seemed to be the mother Hubbard.

We took the street car to one end of the line, where we found an aquarium in a fine park. The fish were wonderful, and such beauties! The bird fish look exactly like bright blue plush; another kind, almost perfectly round in shape, with broad bands of white, yellow and black across it, is called the Moorish Idol. Its fin is perfectly white, ending in a long, long, waving streamer. There were gold and silver fish that looked transparent. The variety and beauty of the color combination was wonderful. We then took the car to the other end of the city, where we landed in another big beautiful park, where we saw mango, champagne and pepper trees, the latter so pretty, with delicate fern-like leaves and clusters of little red berries—peppers to be. It was too hot to climb the Punchbowl (an extinct volcano), so we did a little shopping. There are some excellent American stores.

Honolulu is a very rich and thriving city, well governed and well managed.

The pioneer missionaries were made wealthy by gifts of territory from the Queen of Hawaii, and their descendants have become the leaders of society, and also of municipal affairs; consequently things are rather high-toned and delightful. The language is remarkably soft and euphonious. The place is ruled by the American Government, you know."

From Association, Vuyuru, 16, 1, 15.

"On Sunday morning the rain was pouring down, but 39 of Miss Zimmerman's prize scholars turned up for the Sunday School meeting at 8.30. Miss Zimmerman (whose pet name in the Mission family is "Zimmie") has charge of all the Sunday Schools on the Vuyuru field, and has instituted a memory course in the Bible. The first year's work covers the Lord's Prayer, Ten Commandments, 5th of Matthew, 1st and 23rd Psalms, 13th of 1st Cor., and 12th of Romans. Thirty-seven received the New Testament and Psalms bound together for passing, and two received Old Testaments for the second year course, which is much harder."

"Fill them up," said a dear old missionary to us long ago, "with the pure water of the Word, and in His own time the Holy Spirit will turn it into the very wine of life in their souls." Verily, this is being done, and did not the revival in our Mission prove that those words are true!

When the sun-soaked air fairly quivers with heat, and the land wind blows like the breath of a furnace, then does the worn and weary missionary lift up her eyes to the hills and sometimes follows bodily the longing glance. Let us take a peep at a group of the single sisterhood at Darjeeling, within sight of "the snows." Miss Folsom writes.

"There are eight of us, and we have taken rooms and board ourselves, as it is cheaper. The mountains, their peaks glistening with ice and snow, and the deep, deep valleys, are as imposing and wonderful as ever. This morning we had a fine view of Kunchingunga, a great range of snowy peaks on either side of him, and another snowy line lower down. It was very beautiful. Then the soft grey and white mists came rolling up from the deep valleys far below, draping the dark green moun-

tainsides with their delicate veil-like loveliness, and screening the icy peaks above. The clouds and mists in the morning and evening light are indescribably beautiful. The place has changed greatly since I was here, 26 years ago. Many fine residences and pretty cottages have been built, and an extensive system of drainage has been put in to prevent, if possible, a repetition of those fearful landslides. White violets, sweet white clover, ferns and other lovely plants border all the parks and deck the mountain sides. The garden flowers are magnificent. We decorate all our rooms with roses—white, pink and yellow—every day. The air, so cold and bracing, is giving us fresh life and energy. It was 52 degrees above zero this week, and is seldom below 60 degrees. We are most thankful for the privilege of coming here to enjoy all these beautiful and helpful things.

We are taking an hour every day for Bible study together. Have selected the book of Romans, which is proving most interesting and helpful. This study hour is at noon, just after breakfast. After our evening dinner we discuss the work on one of our mission fields, and then pray for the work and workers on that field. In this way we will take up all the stations. After chota lazire ("little breakfast") the servants gather in for prayers. The Union Church is near, and we enjoy the services there."

M. B. McL.

MAPS.

The new Map of our India and Bolivia fields may be had either mounted on rollers, or folded, at \$3.50, express included, direct from the office of the General Secretary, Rev. J. G. Brown, 223 Church St., Toronto. The folded Map is 15 x 15 inches, and is very convenient for carrying from place to place. Every Baptist Church should have one of these beautiful Maps.

The party of India missionaries due for furlough this spring, consisting of Rev. and Mrs. Gullison, Misses Harrison, Newcombe and Dr. Hulet, expect to sail from Calcutta, April 4th, and from Yokohama, May 5th, which will bring them, if all goes well, to their landing at San Francisco about May 24th.

THE COLLEGE LETTER.

Feller Institute.

Dear Missionary LINK:—

When a girl leaves her home for the first time and begins her school life, there is, possibly, the feeling of anticipation or of eagerness to enter into this new sphere of life. Yet, joined with this, is the feeling of regret at leaving home and friends. Probably with feelings similar to these do we enter Feller Institute; but new friends are soon made, and quite readily do we adapt ourselves to our new surroundings and take up our new work.

We soon find that our school life is a very busy one, but one that may also be made very happy. We feel at once that we are in a large Christian home, and that the spirit of Christ, which prompted the founding of Feller Institute, strongly makes itself felt and influences our lives in no small degree.

Each morning at a quarter before nine, before the classes of the day have begun, we gather in the chapel, where, by singing, by reading from the Word of God, and by prayer, we ask God's blessing and guidance throughout the day. This service is attended by all of the pupils.

At the close of our evening study, at half-past eight, we are led in prayer by one of the lady teachers, before we separate for the night.

During special seasons of prayer we have had small prayer circles in the different rooms. Then we make, as a special subject of prayer, the girls who have not responded to Christ's call.

On Wednesday evening the prayer meeting of the church and congregation is held in our chapel. All the students attend this meeting. These services are conducted by our pastor, Rev. Mr. Revel, and we receive much help and strength from his messages. Every Saturday evening at half-past seven is the meeting of our Christian Endeavor Society. Attendance at this meeting is not compulsory, but very rarely this year has any girl absented herself from it willingly.

The subjects considered are those assigned by the Christian Endeavor Society. The meetings are conducted by the girls and lady teachers. We have in our Society 26 active members and 16 associate members. We are receiving much good from this society. As one

girl remarked to me recently, "After I had worked to prepare my meeting I felt so much closer to God."

The first meeting of each month is a Consecration Meeting, when the thought of consecrated lives is placed before us.

The last meeting of the month is of a missionary character. In these meetings we have taken lessons this year from the book "Beacon Lights," considering the work of Baptist Missions in India. Our last missionary meeting dealt with missions in Moslem lands.

We find our Christian Endeavor Society of great help to us, and the majority of the girls take an active part in it.

Sunday morning the entire school attends the service at the church, where we receive the helpful messages of Pastor Revel.

Sunday School is held in the afternoon from three until four. We assemble in the chapel for the opening exercises, after which we meet in small groups, and, under the direction of a teacher, study the lessons assigned in the International Sunday School Lesson course. Discussions are freely entered into, and many are the helpful thoughts brought out during our short study together.

We then gather in the chapel, where Principal Masse reviews the lesson, bringing impressively home to each one of us the practical truths and the lessons to be followed by all.

Sunday evening we all attend the church services, conducted by the pastor.

We cannot but feel that we are continually surrounded by influences which tend to develop the best there is in us, and make of us young women of moral strength and character.

Do these influences bear results?

After a week of special revival services held here under the direction of Pastor Revel, assisted by Pastor McPaul of Ottawa, several of the girls took their stand for Christ, and four publicly professed their faith in Him by baptism, Sunday, February 23, and we feel there are others who will take this stand soon.

Can we estimate too highly the influences which surround us here? May we always be true to the principles and teachings received at Feller Institute.

Yours sincerely,

Sadie R. Emwright.

THE GADABAS

Miss Bessie Churchill.

The Gadabas are a small aboriginal tribe found in parts of the Vizagapatam District. There are only a few villages of them, and these villages are usually near the base or in among the foothills of the Western Ghats.

In appearance, in dress, in customs, in language, and in religion, they are quite distinct from the Telugas, near whom they live. Their religion, however, has been affected by their contact with Hinduism, so that they have adopted some of their Hindu neighbors' rites, and the Brahmins have gained a marked

ply tied around the waist, the knot coming on the left hip. The upper cloth is also a yard long and a half a yard wide, and is worn on the left shoulder, tied under the right arm. These two cloths are woven by themselves, the women going into the woods to gather the necessary bark, which, after pounding, separating the pulp, and drying, they weave into their cloths, with broad alternate stripes of navy blue and crimson.

Tied over the lower cloth, at the back, they wear a "bustle," composed of many strands of cord, also made from bark, and weighing as much as three or four pounds. Their ornaments are heavy and coarse. On their wrists and



Gadabas—Hill Tribe People on the Bobbill Field.

influence over them, causing them to leave their more simple religion. They are looked on as a distinct caste by the Hindus.

They have a language of their own, which sounds more like that used by hill tribes than like the Telugu; but this language has never been reduced to writing.

The men are not distinguishable from the Telugas in dress, wearing the loin cloth and upper cloth as do the common people of the humble castes; but the women wear a very peculiar costume. Their lower cloth is a yard long and three-fourths of a yard wide, and is sim-

ply tied around the waist, the knot coming on the left hip. The upper cloth is also a yard long and a half a yard wide, and is worn on the left shoulder, tied under the right arm. These two cloths are woven by themselves, the women going into the woods to gather the necessary bark, which, after pounding, separating the pulp, and drying, they weave into their cloths, with broad alternate stripes of navy blue and crimson.

Tied over the lower cloth, at the back, they wear a "bustle," composed of many strands of cord, also made from bark, and weighing as much as three or four pounds. Their ornaments are heavy and coarse. On their wrists and

arms they wear bracelets of brass, as many as they can afford—15 or 20 being no uncommon sight. Around their necks they wear chain of brass and cowrie shells and bright beads. On their heads they wear a double row of heavy lead beads, and a string of cowrie shells, from which hang a number of bits of fine brass chain, over the forehead, like the "bangs" of a not far past period or our own Western civilization. On their ankles they have heavy lead and brass anklets. But a list of their decorations is not complete without a mention of their earrings. These are of fine brass wire, like rabbit wire. The hole in the

lobe of the ears is as large as the lobe can stand, and through it is coiled strand after strand of the wire, the whole forming a heavy ring, which hangs quite to the shoulder.

A legend concerning this peculiar dress of the Gadaba women is of interest. In olden times, it is said, they used always to wear the white, gracefully draped cloths of the Telugu women. One day, while some of them were roaming through a forest, they met the goddess Seetha, who was expiating some sin by wearing just this strange costume of blue and red. The Gadaba women ridiculed her because of her odd garb, and, as a penalty, Seetha doomed them to wear the same costume forever, making it with the labor of their own hands.

Among the Gadabas a widow is allowed to marry again, the only stipulation seeming to be that she shall not have such an extensive celebration as a woman married the first time.

In their care for the morals of their women they have extremely strict rules. They are not allowed to go alone into the Telugu towns, and must be in their own villages before nightfall. A woman who has been guilty of immorality is ostracized and can receive no help from even the members of her own family. Contrary to the usual rule among the people of India, the women of the Gadabas seem to be superior mentally to the men. The latter are a stolid, slow-thinking set, little interested in anything apart from their everyday life. The women, however, seem to have keener intellects, or more interested to hear new things, and quicker to grasp and understand them. There is usually more satisfaction to talk to them concerning the Gospel message; whereas the men sit and listen stolidly, nodding their heads in assent to everything while their thoughts are far away, the women will listen intelligently, ask questions, and show by their remarks that they remember previous teaching.

The men are great hunters. The Bobbili Maha Rajah has given them fields in the vicinity of Bobbili, with the understanding that they shall bring him news of game in the hills around and always be ready to accompany him on his hunting expeditions. The sad thing is that their Hindu neighbors have proved too shrewd for these simple Gadabas, and most of their land has gone over into Hindu hands because of debts.

They are greatly addicted to intoxicating liquor, and waste much money on their toddy. Besides tilling their lands, herding their cattle and hunting, one of their chief occupations is the selling of firewood. Both men and women go into the forest and cut wood and bring it into the town bazaar to sell. The bustle of cord, already mentioned, is said to strengthen the women's backs when they carry the heavy loads of wood on their heads.

Among their interesting customs their peculiar dance should be mentioned. The women form in a large circle, with their arms around each other's waists, and, chanting weirdly as they sway back and forth, they move slowly around in a ring. Inside the circle the men dance with all their might, leaping, jumping, bending, twisting, bowing and shouting, while one of their number, playing on a flute, leads them on. As the men wear strings of bells tied around their ankles and knees while they dance, the medley of sounds and color and movement is something never to be forgotten.

Some years ago a school was started in a small house on the Mission Compound in Bobbili for the boys of a Gadaba village nearby. A few boys came and were learning well, but for various reasons the school had to be closed in a few months. After some years another attempt was made to educate these Gadabas, and a second school was started in a shed built in their own village. As they have no written language, all the teaching had to be done in Telugu, with which language they are all more or less acquainted, because of their frequent contact with their Telugu neighbors. Nearly all the boys of the village attended, the mothers showing much more interest than the fathers in seeing that they were in their place each day, and many of them proved very bright. In due time a few of them passed the IV. standard, and it was thought best to send them away for training in a Normal School, so that they might afterwards teach their own people. All arrangements were made, and the boys just about to sign their names to their certificates, when the mothers appeared, and, in spite of explanation and entreaty, steadfastly refused to allow their boys to sign or to go. So all plans to train up some educated Gadaba men met with failure. Later, in a big fire in their village, the schoolhouse burned, and for lack of a competent teacher the

school had to be discontinued. Much preaching of the Gospel has been done in this village, and from time to time an evangelistic school has been held there, so many of the Gadabas have learned much about Christ. But, thus far, none have been baptized.

P.S.—We are all indebted to Miss Bessie Churchill, one of our missionaries now on furlough, for this interesting and instructive article on the "Gadabas."

Sisters! don't let us forget that we, too, can be helpers together in prayer for these hill people. B. M.

THE SPRING SISTER.

A STORY OF THE CHINA OF TO-DAY.

E. A. Taylor.

"To the land where even the shadows
are bright red.
To the land where even the dark is
bright as silver."

A tiny girl was singing to a tinier baby in a far-off village in very far-off China.

Her name was Chang-mei (Long Sister), and the baby was Chwen-mei (Spring Sister), and they sat together in the house of their father, Lee Tsang-wa. It was a succession of small rooms on three sides of a yard, where the family cat was walking, with a brick tied to her neck by a long cord, to keep her from straying. There were many children in the yard, for the five Lee brothers lived in the rooms off it, with their families, and their old mother to rule the house.

Two other children came to where Chang-mei still sang to the baby; they were another tiny girl, Tong-mei (Winter Sister) and the one boy of the family, Chong-seng (Rest), so named because only the prayers of a son can get the souls of his parents out of the Buddhist purgatory, and so give them rest in the hereafter. His name was the one he would keep; but the girls had as yet only their "milk names" (baby names); when they reached young girlhood they would be given a real name, that of some flower, or jewel or virtue. A girl is not of enough importance to have her name at the start of life. Indeed Grandmother Lee had grumbled much when the third girl was born;

especially when the mother died soon after. "What is the use of keeping girls?" she demanded. "They eat and wear out clothes, and as soon as they are able to earn anything it is the custom that they must be married, and so all the profit of them goes to another family."

But it was only in words that the old Chinese woman was sharp to her son's motherless children; and even while she spoke disparagingly of the baby, she was putting on its first tiny pair of shoes that she had bought for it—black velvet, beautifully embroidered, the toe being the picture of a black cat's head, stiff white out-sticking whiskers, bright green stone eyes, and little pointed ears. In these the baby took her first unsteady steps, while the Grandmother said to the others, "Did you ever see a cat trip over anything? That is why the first shoes anyone wears should be something like a cat, for that means we hope the baby will never trip over anything as through her pathway of life."

"But honorable Grandmother," objected Tong-mei, "she fell down the first time she stepped in them."

"Honorable Grandmother means," said the wiser Chang-mei, "that she may not fall or lose her way on the other path—that leads to 'the land where even the shadows are bright red.'"

She sang her little song as she hobbled off on her bound feet after the baby, who had gone into the courtyard.

"Honorable Grandmother," said Tong-mei, "in the land where even the dark is bright silver"—where our mother is gone—do they have roast duck at every meal, and potted fish, and sweet cakes, and tea, all the time?"

"They who are there know," the old woman answered wearily. "All you need to think of is to remember always to respect your parents and elders. Never steal. Be industrious. And do not follow after new things."

The child limped out after her sisters, and old Mrs. Lee turned to the big loom, for there was no time for anyone to be idle in that home; but as she worked she thought of her hard, grey life, with no clear hope of anything beyond. She wondered if it was real kindness to keep the three little girls alive; for the law allowed parents to kill children, if they were deformed, or if they could not af-

ford to bring them up properly. The boy would go to school and learn the Book of Rites, of Confucius—the Bible of China; but whoever heard of a girl learning to read, even? The boy, if he was clever, might be kept at school and become a great scholar, and learn from the books the reasons of everything in Heaven and on earth, so the Grandmother thought; but for a girl there was nothing but work, and enduring of everything, without every knowing why.

Still she was very kind to the three girls, and it was only in kindness that, when the baby was a lively romping girl of five, that she embroidered the tiny shoes that would hide the bandages to bind, and break, the poor little feet.

Mr. Lee, her son, watched her thoughtfully, then went out, leaving a book behind him. Old Mrs. Lee looked at it. She could not read, but the pictures were plain. There was footbinding illustrated, and then set of pictures—one showing a child falling into the water, and a mother with unbound feet running to save it; while the other showed the child drowned because the mother could not get there in time to save it, on her crippled feet.

"Take your foreign devil's book away," screamed Mrs. Lee, when her son came back. "Of course the child's feet must be bound. We could not get her married if they were not. Do you want to bring evil spirits into the house to suck all our lives away that you bring in books teaching to disregard ancient customs?"

Mr. Lee was a placid, patient, hard-working man, like most Chinese; but the leaven that was to raise China into her revolution was beginning to ferment among the people, and he hoped to keep the baby's feet from being bound. But seeing his mother's determination, he said nothing, and the bandages were put on Chwen-mei's poor little feet. There were many days when she cried, and sometimes screamed with the pain, for her feet were bent right over, until at last nature gave way, and the child learnt to hobble about on the deformed lumps where her pretty feet had been. Now the toe nails could be actually seen growing under what had been the heel.

Something had been bound and broken in her spirit, too. She had learnt the quiet fatalism of the East. Customs are immutable things. Sooner can the course of the sun across the heavens be

changed than we do different to our fathers. Then, too, she learned the intense dread of change that is the foundation of the Chinese mentality, with the fear of the evil spirits—the restless ghosts—that lies by the root of all Chinese religion, throwing its dark shadow across the high philosophy of Confucius and the dreamy calm of Buddha.

The eldest daughter by now had been given a proper name, Fuh-hsi (Happiness-gay), and was married, going away to a city near by; but Chwen-mei still kept her "milk name" and lived in the courtyard, minding the babies of the big family, and sometimes, though she was a girl, wondering about the world outside, with its schools, where Chong-seng, her brother, went with his books.

"Why cannot a girl learn as well as a boy, Honorable Grandmother?" she asked, when she was called to learn to work at the big looms that filled up half the living rooms in the house, and at which all the women worked. "Is it from books that we know of the land of bright red shadows?"

"It is not the custom for girls ever to go to school," said the old woman tartly. "And if you go against customs, dead things will crawl out of their graves and haunt you till you die of fear. If you want so much to do what boys can, why not believe what the Buddhist priests tell us—that everyone lives many times in the world, and if you are a very good and obedient woman, who knows but what you may not be born a boy at your next birth?"

But the prospects of a distant reincarnation, which is not even a positive article of belief, is not alluring to a healthy ten-year-old girl. Chwen-mei frowned over her work at the puzzles of life, and Mr. Lee, her father, who was repairing some tools in the yard—he was the village headman and a literary graduate—looked at her keenly.

None of the women and not many of the men in the village had thought about, even if they heard of, the revolution that had swept China from her antique empire to the forms, at least, of a republic. Mr. Lee was one of the few who thought much on the matter, but he too was puzzled as to what it all was leading. Then he startled his mother and Chwen-mei by putting them on the donkey and leading it through miles of emerald green rice fields to the city.

Chwen-mei was too bewildered at the multitude of new sights and sounds to

notice anyone in particular, but her father pointed out to his mother the hands of little girls walking through the streets, all looking very sedate, and wearing a kind of uniform of dark blue, and all carrying books.

"The new government has started schools for girls," said Mr. Lee, "and there are some coming from one."

"Girls out on the street alone," screamed Mrs. Lee. "And learning from books. They will all be ruined, and China with them."

"There are strict rules," he answered. "They must never stop on the way, nor speak aloud. And any man who speaks to them, or even goes too near them, will be severely punished."

"It is against old customs. They will all be ruined," Mrs. Lee repeated, stubbornly. "Surely it is not possible that you mean to destroy your own daughter, by leaving her here to go to school?"

The man glanced at Chwen-mei, and saw the excited delight in the child's eyes, then the grandmother broke out in redoubled violence against all new things, and Lee escaped out of the house, pretending he had a business engagement. But he took with him the look of dull hopelessness that had crept over his little daughter's face again, when, as she thought, he had given way to his mother. Yet what else could he do? He asked himself, remembering uncomfortably how he had resolved that Chwen-mei's feet should not be bound, and then had let it be done. For a principle Lee could have defied the laws of his land, but not even for a principle could he dare his mother's curse, it was too likely, he thought, that to give Chwen-mei what she was hungry for might ruin her, yet he was not sure.

He was glad to escape from the weary argument with himself by noticing a small store, and recognizing its owner. Lee San-tsang had been his cousin and a fellow-scholar, but the news that he had embraced a "foreign religion," and was living in vice unspeakable, had caused his name to be struck from the family records. Now looking at him, the elder Lee thought, "He did not join the foreigners for money, for his store is very small, but it is too clean, he is too happy faced, for the tales we heard of him to be true."

He went in, to be welcomed delightfully by his cousin, though the villager shook his head—"How did it come that

you followed the foreign swine?" he asked, reproachfully. "Had you not learned the doctrine of Confucius, and knew it was better than any other?"

"I have followed no foreign doctrine," answered the storekeeper, smiling. "The Bible only tells me just how to worship the Shang-ti." (The Supreme Being according to the Confucian classics.)

Elder Lee looked up quickly. "What do you mean?" he exclaimed. "Confucius tells us that Shang-ti is the principle of life—the First Cause of all living—but he does not say distinctly that He is a personality, and nowhere tells how we may worship Him. We can only infer by observing how Nature obeys the natural laws, that it was doubtless intended that men should live moral and useful lives. But you cannot tell me the foreigners believe in this; why, I have read of the things they do in their own countries. There are no people so vile."

[Unfortunately, the most unsavory details of our worst murder cases, with some of our most undesirable books, have been translated to show the Chinese how Christians (!) live at home.]

The storekeeper's answer was to put a book in his visitor's hands. Lee read its title—"Genesis" (The Beginning), and then forgot himself in the magnificence of the description of the beginning of life. "This is a classic indeed," he exclaimed. "No one could doubt it is a true description of Shang-ti. But how is it possible that the foreigners can call such books their sacred writings, and yet live so vile? Why, they do not even obey their parents. Do they think Shang-ti has no regard for men keeping the moral laws?"

The younger man handed him a second book—"Exodus"—open at the Ten Commandments. Elder Lee read them and the following chapters, then said: "This indeed is righteousness. But how is it with these holy books that some at least of the foreigners live so well?"

"How is it that with the high philosophy of Confucius before them, that so many Chinese do things that men should not? Man's blood is hot, evil desires come, and before he knows it he has fallen into the deep pit of sin. What has Confucius to say to him as he struggles there, helpless in the filth and mire? 'This comes of forgetting the Law'—little help to the sinner there. Nor has Buddha much better comfort. He looks down at the struggling wretch, and tells

him, 'This comes of forgetting the Law. Perhaps you may be given another life on earth, when you can do better.' Then comes the Christ, and He, saying nothing, goes down into the depths of the pit that forever He may help men to walk uprightly. For He is the Will of God made flesh for men to know, and here are the books that we call the New Testament, which will tell you of Him."

"I will take all your sacred classics," said Elder Lee, "but I will pay you for them, as I am no beggar. And I will read them carefully. Do you know that I continually asked my teachers, when a scholar, to tell me more of Shang-ti, and they could not. Since then I have gone to priests in the Buddhist and Taoist temples, and even to necromancers, but none of them could answer me."

"You will find it in the books," said the younger man. "They will show you as they did me the way to have a 'still heart.' Knowing Christ, we can safely let our boys, and even our girls, learn as the foreigners do, so that China will no longer be backward among the nations, for Christ will keep us and our children from ever going against the holy Law."

It took months for Lee to persuade his mother past her fears, but to-day little Chwen-mei goes to school—and also reads the New Testament.

C.B.M. HOSPITAL, PITHAPURAM.

It is seven years since this hospital was built, and it may interest friends to know how the work has progressed in the meantime. Of course, it has been uphill work, as mostly all mission work is, and has required much patience and practical love to gain the confidence of the people, but Dr. Smith has accomplished this, and the fame of the Mission Hospital has spread far and wide. The General Hospital (Bethesda) is under Dr. Smith's charge, and has accommodation for 38 beds, and often patients have to be satisfied with a mat on the floor, as all beds are occupied, but this causes no comment, as it is the usual place to rest on. The working staff consists of two compounders and six assistants. Later on a Women's Hospital was built, and is under the charge of Dr. Jessie Allyn and staff of six nurses, with room for 20 beds, and, like the General Hospital, has often an overflowing capacity. The past year has been increasingly successful in every department, the in-patients total being 978, and treatments (of out-patients) 16,704. There are also two dispensaries in the

town, and one in a village further out. In all these the Gospel is preached daily.

Medical work is intensely interesting, giving many opportunities of proving Christianity in practical ways. Some weeks ago a young priest of Seva was brought in ill with typhoid fever. He was unconscious sixteen days. When he regained consciousness he asked why "that white woman looked after him so kindly. Did she receive a lot of money for doing so? Or did she gain merit thereby?" And when told she did it to prove the love of the Lord Jesus, he replied: "Our religion does not teach us to act like that." The old parents of the patient and several priests were around all the time, and one of the priests read gospels aloud to pass away the time. The Word of God is not devoid of power, so glad results may yet be seen in future days. Some patients are nice to attend to; others test our endurance; but God gives grace and grit if we look to Him. During past years all church services have had to be held in the office of the hospital, for lack of other building. This has proved so unsatisfactory on account of the oftentimes serious condition of patients that it has become necessary to remove to a small and most unsuitable room in the town. If this "House of God" could be moved into Walmer Road, what astonishment it would cause—so low in roof, one side knocked out to get more air, right on the dusty road; naked children fill up the doorway during service time, and blind beggars whine out their woes to add to the other numerous noises of an Indian street. No wonder that it is hard work to remember half the sermon under such circumstances. It is said that "when we ask God to direct our footsteps, we are to move our feet;" so on Christmas morning the Christians of Pithapuram gave a surprise gift of Rs. 39 (£13) toward the fund of the much-needed church. One has to rise early to get anything done without Dr. Smith's knowledge, and it gave all much pleasure to really surprise him for once. The purses of these Christians are not over-loaded, so it meant sacrifice to several, but the service of sacrifice must be pleasing to the heart of God. This little gift has raised hopes that it is but the beginning of larger donations for this much-needed church, to be a witness of Whom we worship in this Indian town.

L. de Carteret,
Nursing Superintendent,
Bethesda Hospital.

January 20th, 1915.

TO THE FRIENDS OF MISSIONS.

The following letter is sent to us as a message of love by one of those who did some of the pioneering in Women's Circles, Mrs. E. E. McConnell, well known by the Lake Erie churches. Mrs. McConnell is now living in the Baptist Home in Washington, D.C., and wrote this letter on her 87th birthday. Many of her old friends will rejoice to hear from her.—Ed.

Dear Friends of Ontario:

"When one of our missionaries (Rev. A. V. Timpany) placed his feet on India's shore and witnessed the darkness and ignorance that prevailed there, he exclaimed, in almost prophetic vision, "This is to be the garden of the Lord."

He heard the tread of pioneers—

A nation yet to be.

The first low wash of waves where soon
Should roll the waving sea.

His ideal is fast approaching. It is even at our doors, and the nations were never so accessible to mission work as at the present. The name "missions," to some minds has become stale, unless served with rich viands or flowery words. Others need only to be told of the need, and they are ready to enter the service of the master.

I wish briefly at the close to refer to Home and Foreign work. The words "home" and "mother" give inspiration to all our moral and social joys; I may say, spiritual as well. What magic in those words! They bring a thrill of joy to our hearts, only to be effaced by death. Hence the injunction given, "Tell it to your children, when thou sittest down and when thou risest up, and when thou walkest by the way." As the fields are garlanded with fruit and flowers emitting their fragrance to cheer us on our way, so must our lives partake of the genial spirit of Him who is only love. Can we not say to-day, "Thus far the Lord has led us on in the Christian life?" And are we not often admonished by these words: "Tremble, ye women, that are at ease in Zion. Be ye troubled, ye careless ones." How, then, can we find a remedy for this seeming neglect?

First, by not only reading, but studying, God's Word. When asked what was the secret of England's greatness, the happy response came from her Honored Queen, "The Bible." Cannot we, too, respond, "The Bible for happy results over the heathen world?" Then cultivate the tree that is still blooming. Let us strew the branches through our cities and towns, banishing the weeds that our home fields may blossom like the rose. If we love Home, we will soon love Foreign, not to the exclusion of any of God's work.

He says, "Go, carry the message of a risen Saviour." My dear sisters, we are here for service, not to fold our hands. Never was there such a cry for workers in the vineyard of our Lord. Shall we dare to sit unmoved? Having the Bible in our hands, with the Holy Spirit to lead, let us go forth, purifying the rivers of our home fields that flow onward in their silent meanderings, pure and peaceful, as they enter that Land of Darkness, bearing the Bread and Water of Life. Another problem is at our doors. How shall we bring our noble sons and daughters into the Kingdom? Permit me to answer this question by asking another. Are we truly the King's Daughters? If so, we are all glorious within. With gladness we enter the King's palace. We pause to enjoy this Holy rest. But the King's business requires haste. All of His work is preparatory. Now, we arm ourselves with all the Christian graces given us for the great work, while we listen with bated breath to the last words of Jesus: "Tarry ye at home until endued with the Spirit."

With this to cheer, we enter the Foreign land, where there is no hope to cheer the darkened homes save here and there a lone missionary, like an oasis in a desert land. As our nation calls for her noble sons to protect her country, so we call for her noble daughters to enter this spiritual drilling in order to make our work more efficient over the sea. He brings no restraint to man, woman or child. All can glean and bring in their sheaves, while our small offerings help to complete the structure until the top-stone is laid. Then we, with every nation and tongue, will cry, "Grace unto it!" Then let us steadily march, the banner held high as we go. Hidden in Jesus, we never need fear. 'Tis He who conquers the foe."

MISSION CIRCLE PROGRAMME.

Programme III.

Study Book for 1914-15, "The Child in the Midst." Chapter III., The Child at Play and at Work.

Scripture Reading—"The Child in the Midst." Matthew 18: 1-6, 10-14.

Three-minute talk or paper on "The Value of Play as One of the Chief Educators of Childhood."

Reading—Japanese Children at Play. Paragraph 1, page 96, "Feast of Dolls," "Feast of Flags," (pages 93 and 94).

Reading—"Games That Are Known the World Over." African "London Bridge" (pages 95-96-97).

Reading—"Children of the Desert at Play" (page 98.)

Reading—"A Little Russian Girl and an American Doll" (page 102).

President: "We see that children are pretty much the same the world over; the spirit of play is born in them; but in non-Christian lands, all too soon the games of childhood merge into the stern realities of life; and as we watch, and listen, and smile, we suddenly wonder why the laughter is hushed, why the smiling girlish lips are covered by a woman's thick veil, why the little backs stoop beneath loads far too heavy for them, why children so early become "little old men and women." With shame we have to confess that, even in our own Christian country, premature child labor is to be found; but law after law is being passed, protecting the child from ignorant parents and greedy employers. In non-Christian lands, in general, there is not only no law to protect the child, there is no public sentiment to enforce law on the subject."

Paper or talk on "Children at Work in Many Lands" (material beginning page 104).

Season of prayer for our work among the children of our own and other lands.

Quis.

1. Do you know that there are countless little slave children, who are stolen from their homes in "darkest Africa," who are sold by their parents in China and Assam, who live lives of unspeakable misery in Korea, in Siam, in Turkey, Morocco and Arabia?

2. Do you know that "To set at liberty them that are bound" is still the work of Jehovah's servants, and that a few Rescue Homes for slave children have been opened here and there in non-Christian lands by Christian missionaries?

3. Why is it that, until missionaries started to work for defective children—cripples, deaf mutes, the blind, orphans, famine waifs, children of lepers—no effort was made to better their condition in non-Christian lands?

(Other questions may be added.)

Reading—"A Russian Helen Keller" (Page 117).

In closing the meeting, all rise, and, with bowed heads, repeat:

THE COVENANT.

Grateful that "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Mindful that vast millions of women and girls can never hear the "tidings of great joy" unless a Christian woman be sent to them. Remembering that Jesus made loving obedience the supreme test of discipleship, and that His last solemn command was "Go teach all nations."

I gladly enter into this Covenant of obedience, that I will not cease to make offerings of prayer, time and money, to the end that the daughters of sorrow in heathen lands may know the love of Jesus.

E. C. CLINE.

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

TREASURER'S REPORT FOR FEBRU- ARY, 1915.

Receipts from Circles—

Toronto, Immanuel, \$100.00; Owen Sound, \$10.00; Wallaceburg, \$5.50; Snelgrove, \$3.00; Galt, \$6.20; Toronto, Walmer Rd., \$23.60; Toronto, Dovercourt Rd., \$15.82; Hamilton, Victoria Ave., \$2.75; Tiverton, \$3.50; Port Hope (thank-offering, \$38.75), \$45.90; Toronto, Indian River, \$1.15; Guelph (additional thank-offering, 60c), \$6.10; Denfield (annual offering), \$25.00; Belfountain, \$8.00; Chatham Central, \$7.92; Kenilworth (thank-offering), \$2.40; St. Catharines, Queen St. (Tuni Bungalow, \$7.15), \$19.00; Toronto, College St. (Additional thank-offering, \$1.50), \$32.15; Toronto, Olivet Church, \$8.35; Pt. Burwell, \$10.00; Indian River, 90c; Delhi, \$5.00; Eberts, \$5.00; Hamilton, James St. (Life Membership), \$25.00; Brantford, First (for Miss McLeod), \$30.00; East Williams, \$6.00; Eglington, \$5.00; Gladstone, \$4.25; Orillia Y. L. (P. Mary), \$20.00; St. George Y. L. (Life Membership account, \$2.65), \$4.00; Ridgetown, \$9.93. Total from Circles, \$451.47.

From Bands—

Toronto, Roncesvalles Ave. (student), \$2.60; Penelon Falls, \$5.00; Brantford Immanuel, \$7.00; Durham, \$2.00; Toronto, Walmer Rd. (Life Membership, Miss Evelyn Walker), \$10.00; Port Hope, \$7.14; Stratford, McLaurin (student), \$4.25; Vittoria, \$3.60; Parry Sound, \$3.00. Total from Bands, \$49.49.

From Sundries—

Toronto, Roncesvalles Ave. S. S. Primary (student), \$14.40; Poplar Hill Ladies' Aid, \$5.00; Brantford Park Philathea Class, \$5.00; Brantford, Riverdale, Jr. B.Y.P.U., \$1.50; Miss A. M. Tapscott (Miss Kellock Fund), \$10.00; Miss Margaret Boon (lepers), \$10.00; "M. A. S." (student), \$17.00; Interest on account, \$48.45. Total from Sundries, \$111.35.

Disbursements—

To General Treasurer, on regular estimates, \$980.33. Extras—Dr. Hulet (from Bloomsburg Circle), \$25.00; Miss Jones, for lame girl, \$10.00; to the Treasurer, \$20.83; LINK, for extra postage, \$59.50.

Total Receipts for February, 1915, \$607.31; total Disbursements for February, 1915, \$1,095.66; total Receipts since Oct. 21st, 1914, \$4,689.00; total Disbursements since Oct. 21st, 1914, \$4,457.81.

Kindly note that the Bank Interest for the half-year ending Jan. 1st, 1915, amounts to \$48.45, as reported in receipts.

MARIE C. CAMPBELL, Treas.
MRS. GLENN H. CAMPBELL,
113 Balmoral Ave., Toronto.

TUNI BUNGALOW ACCOUNT.

Received to date total amount needed for the land, \$1,230.00; received to date for the building of the Bungalow, \$767.64. The Bungalow will probably cost in the neighborhood of three thousand dollars (apart from the land, which is paid for). We need, therefore, to complete Miss Priest's Bungalow, about \$2,250.00. M.C.O.

W.B.F.M.S. EASTERN ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

TREASURER'S STATEMENT FOR QUARTER ENDING MARCH 12, 1915.

From Circles—

Philipsville, \$10.00; Coaticook (support student), \$18.00; Osnabrock, \$5.00; Breadalbane, \$5.00; Perth, \$32.00; Brockville, First Church, \$40.50; Kingston, First, \$12.50; Montreal, Olivet, \$13.50; Ottawa, First (L. M., Mrs. Richard I. Gréennesse), \$25.00; Bolivia, \$27.00; \$66.00; Barnston, \$5.00; Highland Park, \$2.00; South Gower (support Ruthamma), \$15.00; Montreal, First (L. M., Mrs. Rose Hess, \$25.00), \$75.00; Westmount, \$17.00; Ottawa, Fourth Ave., \$11.75; Montreal Tabernacla, \$4.00; Delta, \$5.00; Quebec, \$25.00; Almonte, \$5.00; Lachute, \$8.00; Point St. Charles (thank-offering, \$2.50), \$5.00; Thurso, \$9.03. Total for Circles, \$389.28.

From Bands—

McPhail Memorial (support Katashamma), \$15.00; Westmount (student support), \$15.00; Cornwall, \$1.95; Ormond, \$7.70; Delta, \$5.00; Rockland, \$9.00; Quebec (support girl), \$15.00; Perth (support students), \$30.00. Total for Bands, \$98.65.

Sundries—

Mrs. McDiarmid (L. M., Mrs. D. N. Connell; Cornwell, \$30.00; Interest, 58c.; proceeds of Lecture, \$63.35. Total for Sundries, \$93.88.

Disbursements—

To General Treasurer on regular estimates, \$780.00; Special, for Miss Murray's work, \$15.00.

Extras—The Wilson Printing Co., \$55.00; L. E. Waters & Sons, printing, \$13.50; D. Bentley & Co., \$4.25; Postage, Rec. Cor., 30c.; printing Constitutions, \$1.50. Total, \$869.55.

Total Receipts for quarter, \$561.81; total Disbursements, \$869.55.

Total Receipts from Oct. 1, 1914, to March 12, 1915, \$980.85; total Disbursements for same period, \$1,411.55.

FRANCES RUSSELL,
Treasurer.

536 Grosvenor Ave., Westmount.

Correction—

In last Quarterly Statement, Perth, \$6.00, should read Drummond, \$6.00.

THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

OUR LEPER WORK IN INDIA.

India is a land of pathetic pictures; neglected and filthy little children; bowled, gaunt old people, whose faces show in every line traces of hunger, misery and sin; beggars, with bodies wasted by loathsome diseases, dying by the wayside; shrinking little child widows, with shaved heads and coarse garments; sorrowing mourners, prostrated before a huge mud god, seeking some ray of comfort. All these are sad scenes, but probably saddest of all is the leper of India. So many thousands of lepers are there in India to-day that we can scarcely enter any little hamlet or town where there are not several of these pitiable creatures, always in the same condition—homeless, neglected, hopeless and dying. They stand at the temple gate, the market-place, the great feast streets, anywhere, to attract attention, with their poor fingerless hands outstretched, sightless eyes unraised, hair matted with filth, starved bodies a mass of loathsome running sores, their only companions the disgusting pariah dogs, which prowl about, ready to seize any morsel of food which may be thrown down by the passers-by. Away in the distance we still hear their plaintive, weird wail. "Rama! Rama! Ra-a-ma!" as they call ceaselessly upon their stony-hearted god, calling till the dread disease works deeper into the system, and even the voice at last sinks into a hoarse whisper.

Why are there so many of these homeless lepers? Leprosy is regarded as a curse from the gods, and when once the tiny white leprous spots appear, the poor victim, who is perhaps only a wee child, or maybe an old parent, whoever it is, is turned out on the streets to

beg for a living or die of starvation. Thus, in India to-day we have thousands of these poor wandering outcasts, living in the utmost filth and degradation, depending entirely upon the scant mercies of passers-by.

Away in the heart of our Telugu district, in a village called by the long name of Ramachandrapuram, we have one of the brightest, prettiest and most interesting compounds—our Leper Home. A great shady grove of fruit trees, stately palms, wonderful flowering shrubs, and nestling among all this green beauty, long rows of honey little white cabins, a large central open pavilion and other beautiful buildings; beyond, a well-kept vegetable garden, neat little cook-houses and store-rooms, a large well, and still farther back, glimpses of the beautiful canal flowing by. This is our Leper Home, as it appears from the road. However, it is not the compound that interests us so much. It is the lepers themselves, as we see them moving about, over a hundred of them, forming a perfect little leper village. No longer homeless, filthy and neglected, we see them neatly dressed in white garments, hair neatly combed and oiled, the loathsome sores washed, dressed and bound up, and every face the picture of happiness and contentment. Of course all the missionary's care and love, all the skill of the doctor, can never remove the dread disease itself, but suffering can be alleviated to a great extent and the last days of these poor lepers can be made happy.

Nearly seventeen years ago Miss Hatch, who is one of our own Canadian women, and who had already spent several years in India, felt her heart deeply moved over the condition of the many

lepers about her. She decided to open a small shelter, and after much prayer, through kind friends in England and Canada, a little Home was established. At once every corner was filled. Lepers flocked in from all sides, and the great problem became, where to find room for all. Other buildings were added, and still more, until to-day we have the present magnificent Home, accommodating over a hundred lepers, and still the enlarging must go on, for still there is the one great need, that of more room. Miss Hatch is known as the "Big Mother" among the patients, and probably there is no missionary in India more loved and admired. A short time ago the Government conferred upon Miss Hatch the Kaiser-i-Hind Medal in recognition of her services to the lepers of India. This was a great honor, but not any too great for one who has so nobly given her love and services for these people.

In charge of the medical work among the lepers there is a most competent Indian doctor, D. L. Joshee, whose assistance is almost invaluable. A fluent English scholar, and a perfect gentleman, Joshee is fit to hold any position, and yet he remains one of the humblest and noblest of men, literally sacrificing his life for the lepers. His wife, Grace, who is one of the best known among educated Indian women, a gold medalist matriculant, is of equally great importance in the Home. Acting as medical assistant, treasurer, correspondent, matron to the untainted leper children, besides training her own little family of four, she has a most busy and useful life. The beauty of these quiet, noble lives is perhaps little known, but, like the desert rose, they are shedding sweet fragrance in a barren land, and to God at least the fragrance rises up, the savor of a sacrifice, "well pleasing to Him."

The main object of our work among the lepers, however, is not only to relieve their physical sufferings, but to lead them into the Way of Life. When they first come to the Home their ignorance is almost beyond description. Cursed by the gods, they have no happiness in this world, and no hope of salvation in the next. "Christ" is an unknown word to them, while "God" means nothing more than a great cruel power which has afflicted them with leprosy. Gently and patiently, they are told the story of Jesus, and their hearts, which have already been melted by their kind reception, soon respond. In almost

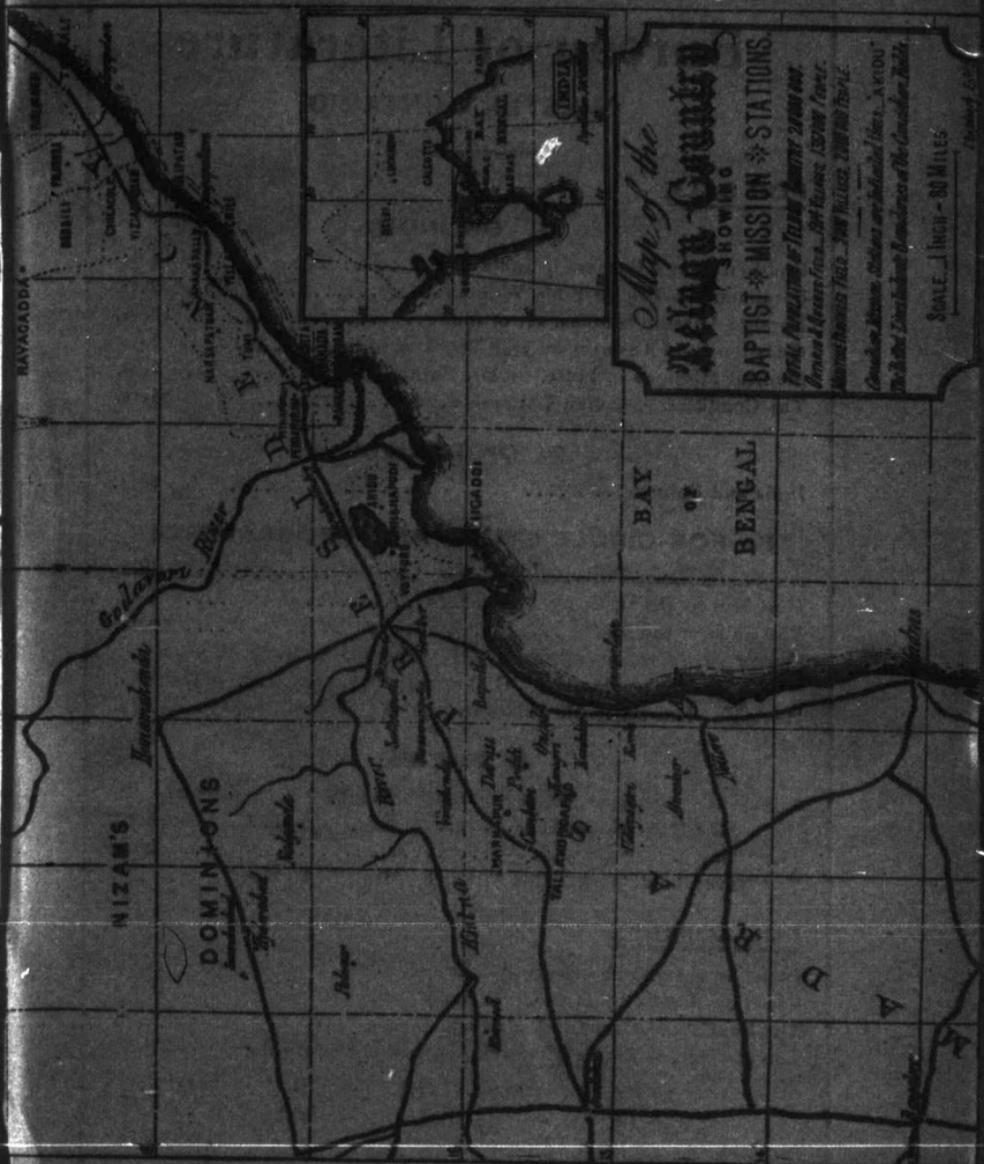
every case, as soon as the leper really understands the new story, he readily accepts Christ as his Saviour. Can you conceive, then, how different life becomes to these people? Death is no longer a cruel monster, going out into a black, despairing night, but it means a joyous release from suffering, an entrance into a new life, and joy, where all the scars and disfigurements will be forever washed away in the Blood of the Lamb.

Some of the lepers, taught by a leper teacher, have learned to read and write, and this is a great privilege. Think how many otherwise tedious hours can be spent with their books. Others, not so intelligent, or hindered by their disease, are not able to learn; but all are taught to recite hymns and Scripture portions. Many of our Canadian scholars, with all their advantages, would be put to shame could they listen to some of these sufferers repeating chapter after chapter. This part of the work is left entirely in the hands of dear old Pastor David, who, though not a leper himself, has for years lived right on the compound, acting as general overseer, choir-master, school teacher, peacemaker, and pastor. Thus this little leper colony thrives, as happy a little spot as could be found anywhere in the world.

In connection with our Leper work, we must not forget our new Home in Vizianagram, a few hundred miles north of Ramachandrapuram. So great was the need of such a Home in this densely populated centre that the Rajah of the district gladly donated a hundred acres of land. At present the Home consists of a little group of rude mud huts, where already twenty-four poor lepers are being cared for. The Mission to Lepers in the East supports both of these asylums, while the missionaries have direct oversight of the work. Many of our Circles and Bands have undertaken the support of a leper or an untainted leper child.

During this hard year do not let us forget these little leper settlements. As we have received this little glimpse of these desolate people, and hear them cry, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold and see if there is any sorrow like unto my sorrow," do not let the cry pass unheeded. Do not let us, like the proud Brahmans of India, "pass by on the other side," but, like our Master, let us draw near and touch them by our love and gifts.

RUTH PHILPOTT.



*Map of the
Nizamiyah Country*

BAPTIST MISSION STATIONS

*First Mission in Bengal founded 1790
Second & Third 1794
Fourth 1798
Fifth 1800
Sixth 1802
Seventh 1804
Eighth 1806
Ninth 1808
Tenth 1810
Eleventh 1812
Twelfth 1814
Thirteenth 1816
Fourteenth 1818
Fifteenth 1820
Sixteenth 1822
Seventeenth 1824
Eighteenth 1826
Nineteenth 1828
Twentieth 1830*

Scale 1 inch = 30 Miles

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