

Canadian Missionary Link

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

VOL. XXXVI.

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LIFE.

Let me but live my life from year to year,
With forward face and unreluctant soul,
Not hastening to, or turning from the goal :
Not mourning for the things that disappear
In the dim past, nor holding back in fear
From what the future veils ; but with a whole
And happy heart, that pays its toll
To Youth and Age, and travels on with cheer :

So let the way wind up the hill or down ;
Through rough or smooth, the journey will be joy ;
Still seeking what I sought when but a boy,
New friendship, high adventure, and a crown,
I shall grow old, but never loose life's zest,
Because the road's last turn will be the best.

—HENRY VAN DYKE.

Canadian Missionary Link.

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DEATH OF MRS. PORTER.



AFTER an illness of nearly four weeks' duration, Mrs. (Rev.) W. H. Porter, passed peacefully away, at her home, Huron St., Toronto, on December 12th. The death of Mrs. Porter, causes deep and sincere regret, not only to those of her own household and her immediate relatives, but her decease is mourned by a large circle of devoted friends, who had learned to admire and esteem her for her kindly disposition, and for the genuineness of her interest in the spiritual welfare of all with whom she

Church an example of loyalty to truth, and to her Saviour; with the community the memory of a life of consistency quite too seldom seen even amongst those who bear the name of followers of Christ.

Mrs. Porter was born in St. John, New Brunswick, nearly seventy-two years ago. For some time she was a teacher in the department of music in Acadia Seminary, Wolfville, Nova Scotia. In this she was most successful, and was highly esteemed as a young lady of refinement and high character. While in St. John, she was a member of Leinster St. Church during the pastorates of the late Rev. E. B. De Mille, and of the late Rev. W. S. McKenzie, D.D., and was there always a leader in the missionary activities of the Church. Later she was made treasurer of the first organization of Women's Missionary Aid Societies of New Brunswick. She was an efficient officer, always honored for her personal qualities, her executive abilities and her whole-souled devotion to the interests entrusted to her.



Mrs. W. H. PORTER.

came into contact. Unselfish, active, generous, steadfast, it cannot be estimated how great was her influence for good in all her relationships,—in her home, in the Church, in the community. She leaves with her family a most cherished memory; with her

Mrs. Porter will be best remembered by readers of the "Link," as having been its editor for more than eight years, a position which she filled most capably and with great acceptance to its entire constituency. She leaves to us a most precious legacy in the memory of a life of loyalty and devotion. The lines which follow were written by her husband, Rev. W. H. Porter, M.A., and beautifully express the feelings of many friends.

R. D. W.

AT REST.

How calmly she rests amid flowers,
Sweet tokens of sorrowing love;
Remindful of what she held dearest,
On earth, or in heaven above;
Fond friendships, in service so sacred
and pure,
That out-living death, they will ever
endure.

How sweetly she sleeps on her pillow,
Her hands gently laid on her breast;
From bearing the burdens and sor-
rows
Of others forever at rest;
At rest, blessed rest, from earth's ills
ever free,
With Jesus "and spirits made per-
fect" to be.

And, oh! what a look of contentment,
And beauty, the blossom of grace;
As if the dear night-watching angels
Had pictured her soul on her face;
With a smile on her lips, and peace on
her brow,
From childhood she never seemed lov-
ely as now.

And thus she will live in the memory
Of fond hearts for many a day;
Like a strain of delightful music,
When the player has ceased to play;
Like the beautiful glow in the golden
west,
Long after the sun has sunk to rest.

Missionary News.

The progress of Christianity in Madagascar has been hindered for a long time by the French governor. It is good news to hear that a new governor has just declared a policy of toleration in religious matters. This means the re-opening of mission schools, the permission to hold public services on Sunday, and license to erect church buildings. The people have long been favorable to the Christian religion, so there is every reason to hope that Madagascar will soon cease to be one of the dark places of the earth.

Protestant work on the Congo, has received an impetus from the action of a Belgian official, who, though himself a Catholic, has appreciated so highly the kind of work done by the Protestants that he has promised to approve the choice of, and defend from any interference by Roman Catholics, any tribes who wish to be taught by Protestant missionaries. As a direct consequence of this, two kings, ruling over more than a million people, have chosen the Protestant faith, and have placed their eldest sons and heirs in mission schools.

Fears have been entertained by many that the great religious movement in Korea, would be hindered by the appointment of Prince Ito's successor, a

man of stern disposition. But to the relief of many, one of his first proclamations guarantees that "all religions shall be treated equally, and further, due protection and facilities shall be accorded to their legitimate propagation."

China is making rapid progress. The Provincial Assemblies, the first step towards popular government, met for the first time last year. The Senate, the first National Assembly, convened on October 3rd last. Arrangements had been made that the first Imperial Parliament should be called in 1915. But the demands from the people, and the urgency of the already-constituted assemblies, have resulted in the Throne granting an earlier date, and now it is expected the Imperial Parliament of China, will meet for the first time in the history of China, in 1913. This is a great advance movement, and opens the way for wonderful progress along many lines.

Political conditions in Persia, have been very much unsettled of late. But the mission work has not lost any ground. Perhaps even a little progress has been made in the matter of attendance at the public services, and in the mission schools. The people are waking up to the importance of education, especially that of girls, and many native schools are springing up for them.

Out of an attendance of 300 at the boys' mission school in Telierrai, 180 are Moslems, and at the girls' from an enrollment of 235, 110 are Moslems.

The Baptist Congress recently held in Russia, has created great enthusiasm; so much, that the reactionaries are crying not against the Government for allowing such freedom. The corner-stone of the new Baptist Tabernacle, of which the noted Mr. Fetler is minister, was laid, and it was a great triumph—and one not secured without great difficulty—that such a ceremony could be publicly held. There were German, British, Lithuanian, Polish, Finnish and Russian Baptists, took part in the ceremony, each speaking in his own language, and each in turn being interpreted by Mr. Fetler. Mr. Fetler's contribution to our denominational life and work, has been a mighty one, and every Baptist ought to know of and appreciate him.

One of the memorials of the Edinburgh Conference is of great interest. It was to the British Government, expressing the earnest desire of the conference that, since China was evidently sincere in her attempt to suppress the opium evil, she might be left entirely free as to the importation of opium. This memorial was signed by over a thousand names of leaders of Christian activity the world over.

In 1611, the King James version of the Bible, was first published. Next year will be the tercentary of that great event. Suitable commemoration services are to be held all over the English-speaking world.

It seems scarcely possible that for thirty-four years after Livingstone gave up his life in the heart of Africa, no one followed to carry on his work in the place where he died. It is only three years ago that Rev. Malcolm Moffat, a nephew of David Livingstone, went to Chitambo's village, and started missionary work. The story of Livingstone's sojourn and death there, he got from the young chief, and gives it in his own words. It is so interesting that we give it here:

"Chitambo Mukulu (the great Chitambó) lived here long ago. This was

his country, and he built his village just over there (pointing to an open space about 100 yards east of the monument). That was his home, and he hoed his gardens there, and here; and when Engelesa (Livingstone) came, he found that Chitambo Mukulu's son was chief, Engelesa came here with his sickness. He brought it with him. It did not catch him here. It was a disease of the stomach. It was not his head. He came here from Chinamwa, across the Lulimala. He came here very sick, and he was only here one day; he was broken, he fell (he died). And his men built him a booth. They built the Innase (booth) under the mupundu-tree, and it was there that he died, and his men took his body, and disemboweled it, and they buried the parts and the heart under the mupundu-tree, and his body they dried in the sun. Then Chitambo called all the people from all the country, and they brought drums and they wailed and cried for Engelesa; for three months they cried long and much. Three months his men stayed in the village, and they dried his body, and put it in a box, and tied it round and round. Engelesa's men brought forth much cloth, and gave it to the people, who had wailed and cried, and they then took the body and went away to the north. This is what the old man told me. Then afterwards there came war. It came from Muyeche. It was the Wayongo that came with war, and they burned all the villages, and Chitambó—that is, and father, had to run away. He took his people and ran to the east. He went to the Loanqwa, and he built huts near to Shyiria and stayed there. It was there I was born, and it was there my father died. I was then a little boy; and again there came war. It was the Wachikunda. They came with war; from the south they came. Then the people said, 'There is war here, let us run to our own country; there is rest there. The Wayongo are gone away.' They all came back. They went and built houses over yonder at the Misumba (about eight miles southwest), and there lived. Then the smallpox came and killed very many. I was then a boy with sense, and the old men brought me to the Chipundu, and they told me about the Engelesa, and they said, 'When the English people come, take them to this tree and tell them about

Engeless. His men have taken his body away. Tell them that Engeless came here with his disease. It did not catch him here.'

'Then we lived and lived and there came a Muzungu (white man). I was a boy with wisdom then, and we brought him to the Chipundu and he climbed up it. He picked fruit and leaves off. He put them in his pocket and went away.'

Chitambo went on to tell of all the different Europeans who visited the place. How at last Mr. Codrington, the administrator, came and chopped the tree down and carried all the trunk and branches away. How later Mr. Stroud 'came with many workers, and made bricks, and built that big thing (pointing to the monument). We call it Chipundu. That is where Chitambo Makulu and Engeless are.'

That is the story given to me yesterday by Chitambo. It was touching to see with what reverence he always mentioned the name Engeless, 'the good one,' 'the man of compassion.'

The centennial meeting of the American Board of Foreign Missions were held in Boston, beginning October 11th. The American Board is the parent organization of all the numerous missionary societies now at work in the North American continent, and so this was a really great anniversary. The convention made a pilgrimage to Andover, the birthplace of the missionary spirit which resulted in the organization of the Board. A stone weighing seven tons, has been placed on the spot from which the four students, one of whom was Adoniram Judson, walked to Bradford and back, twenty miles, to ask the Massachusetts Association to send them to the foreign field. A bronze tablet explaining the memorial, was unveiled. The delegates then went on to Bradford where another great boulder, thirteen tons in weight, has been set up on the spot where stood the church in which the American Board was organized. Another brass tablet here tells the story. Dr. John R. Mott gave the address. The supreme monument of the great day came, however, when six young missionaries were set apart for the same work as their predecessors of a hundred years ago.

The work in Germany is causing much anxious thought to the faithful workers there. There is a spirit of unbelief abroad, and not only is it among the older ones, but the children and young people seem to have a defiant attitude toward everything religious. Many children are forbidden to attend Sunday schools. It is thought that a great cause of this is the widespread influence of the pernicious literature which is so abundant throughout Germany. In some places the Government has undertaken to correct this evil, but there is much need for strong measures.

The anti-clerical movement in Spain has been a great boon to the little companies of Protestants, few and poor and scattered, all through the country. They have, to be sure, been allowed to meet together for worship, but were not allowed any sign on the building which would give an idea of its purpose, and the only invitation to Protestant worship which they could extend was the sound of the singing of Christian hymns. Now the Government has granted the right to Protestant congregations to place notices on their walls stating the time and character of the meetings. And this is what the clericals protest against, and this is why the Vatican has withdrawn its representative from Madrid. The 'Union Christiana de Jovenes' of Madrid (the Y.M.C.A.), has taken advantage of the conditions and has sent out speakers from city to city, to tell the grievances of the churches and plead for liberty.

Greece is not without its leaven of true religion. One of the ministers in Athens, writes that encouragement has come to them in the frequent attendance of many gentlemen of influence and prominence, and from the assurance of these sympathisers, that their halls will soon be too small to accommodate the interested ones.

Assam is the home of a religious awakening. Thirty years ago the Lushai Hills were inhabited by savage tribes. Now whole villages are Christian. For two years an especial interest has been aroused, and requests come from many villages for teachers and missionaries. One appeal read as follows: 'Can you, yourself, come and

stay and teach the children? Your real self, come and stay. If you can stay, we will be very glad. We are longing for God's words very much."

The experiences of missionaries on the field are many and varied. Here is an account of the task of a missionary of the London Missionary Society in Combarore.

"I had to settle a quarrel between a young man and his wife last Sunday, after conducting the morning service at Komaralingam. A fortnight ago the husband beat his wife, and she ran away to her mother's house—you will not blame her for this—and for ten days she stayed with her father. We had both in the church; the girl stood with her nose against the wall and her back towards me, and the husband stood behind the door. We found both were to blame. I tried, however, to show that it was wrong for a man to beat his wife, but I did not succeed. When a woman won't do as she is told, she must be beaten; and the strange thing is that the women think it is perfectly right to be beaten in this way, only as the girl's mother said, the husband should take a cane, and not use a rafter from the roof to punish his wife. A missionary is policeman, magistrate, architect, builder, as well as preacher of the glad news of salvation. We not only tell men the way to heaven, but show them how to live on earth."

Tibet, the "Great Closed Land," is being opened to the Gospel message. A medical missionary has found access five hundred miles farther on the Chinese side than ever before. Not only was he allowed to go, but when the people saw what to them was the miracle of painless removal of fingers and toes, and the performance of minor operations, they urged him to stay or to come back as soon as possible. Surely it will not be long till this land becomes an open door of opportunity.

The Chinese Laymen's Movement is assuming great proportions. About four years ago a Men's Auxiliary was formed in the district of Shanghai. One station after another has followed suit until there is only one station now that does not have one. The object of the movement is to raise money and to encourage the church members to do work among the non-Christian Chinese.

The great success of "The Orient in London," the missionary exposition held in London, England, a little over two years ago, has led to several similar expositions being carried out since. The first one for America is to be held in Boston, April 24th—May 20th, 1911, and is to be known as "The World in Boston." The preparations are on a very large scale. 10,000 stewards or assistants, are to take part and represent the natives of the different countries. Chinese villages with opium dens and the pagoda will be there; Indian bazaars; Indian zenanas; Korean houses; an African fetish, etc. etc. Medical missions, leper missions, home missions among Indians and immigrants, and industrial missions will be shown in operation. The Pageant of Darkness and Light, produced in London, will be given, adapted to American missions. This exposition will certainly prove a very great educational value, and will, we hope, be as successful as the pioneer one in London in 1908.

A new quarterly magazine is to be published, under the title, "The Moslem World," having as its editor, Dr. S. M. Zwemer. Its pages will be devoted to the history, doctrine and development of Islam. At the present time, when its development is assuming such alarming proportions, especially in Africa, this magazine ought to be widely read, with deep interest and with an intense desire to do what we can to stay the progress of this false doctrine. A quotation recently cut from a paper, gives a glimpse of the influence of Mohammedism. "The whole life of a Mohammedan woman is mirrored in that pathetic Arabic proverb, 'The threshold weeps for forty days whenever a girl is born.'"

The Burman Buddhists have recently received a great prize in the presentation to them of a female baby white elephant. It is to be taken to Rangoon and installed in the Shive Dagon, with ceremonies almost as imposing as those celebrated when the relics of Buddha were received.

An Indian magazine gives the following "appalling figures" concerning infant marriage in India. In 1909, there were 537,000 boy widowers and 96,000

girl widows between 5 and 10 years of age; and 113,000 boy widowers and 276,000 girl widows between 10 and 15. The writer goes on to say that for years the reformers of this awful abuse have talked, discussed, passed resolutions, but done nothing. They go on and on "educating public opinion," but "individually we shall do nothing that is troublesome, or inconvenient, even in the interest of those nearest and dearest to us."

The distinction of being the first of her sex to become a Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians in England, belongs not to an English lady, but to Miss Dossibai Rustonji Cowasji Patell, a Parsee lady, of Bombay. Her plan now is to specialize two years longer and then go home, to start practice among the women and children of her own people and religion.

A HINDU GIRL'S REQUEST.

Miss Ellen Priest.

At a mission station in Telugu land the missionary's wife found the work amongst the little girls in the Caste Girls' School one of the most interesting times of the day.

Many of these demure little ones found a place in her heart and especially a bright girl named Karoonamma. One day while the lesson was being taught, Karoonamma told of her aunt's death, and on enquiry as to which one, the teacher's heart was filled with sorrow for her pupil, for it meant that according to the rules of her caste this widower uncle would marry her ere long. Poor child! She would have nothing whatever to say in the matter.

Her school days were few after this and after they ended the missionary lost sight of her for some years, but very often she was remembered and prayed for her.

One night one of the Bible women came to the bungalow, saying, "Amma, Karoonamma is at the gate and wants to see you." On going out quickly to see her, there stood a little mother with her baby boy of a few weeks in her arms. There were some words of greeting and then the little mother said, "I have been waiting to see you so long, but could not slip away. He" (meaning her husband, whose name the wife must not speak,) "and my

father are away, and I pretended I was asleep this evening until the rest of the folks in our house were all asleep, and then I slipped out with my baby boy to come and see you. I do not forget what you taught me in school and as soon as my baby is big enough I am going to teach him about Jesus. But there is something else I want to say also. I hear you are going to your country and you say there are lots of Jesus Christ people over there. Won't you bring some of them back with you? See, God gave me five fingers on each hand. If I only had a thumb, I could not pick up anything, and even with a thumb and one finger I could not hold anything very tight. No. He gave me five fingers so I can pick up and hold things fast. Now what can you do alone and even with one to help you. You can't accomplish much, but if there were five of you!"

Who will help make up the five fingers, either by going or sending, so that it may be possible to lay hold of and keep hold of, India's women for Jesus Christ?

THE RAJAH AND RANI OF PITHAPURAM.

Pithapuram, Oct. 23, 1916.—A prince was born here on Oct. 21st, at 1 p.m. It was a day of great celebrations! Guns were fired, great gifts of money were given, and meals served to hundreds of people. Thousands thronged the courtyard, awaiting the announcement. Such was the message sent through the mails by Dr. Jessie Ailyn, our medical missionary at Pithapuram, who, with Miss North, her English trained nurse, was in attendance; to be followed some days later by a cablegram announcing that the happy father had (in grateful recognition of their services, no doubt,) presented her with Rs. 10,000 for our medical work there. In our currency this sum means about \$3,350.00. This is a royal gift from one who appreciates Canadian skill and the sympathetic presence of our medical missionaries in his vicinity.

The Rajah, father of the new-born prince, though not a real ruler or king, as the name would seem to indicate, but one who holds his title by courtesy of the British Government, is nevertheless a man of large and weak-

thy estates, and who has many in authority under him. He owns miles and miles of the country in his district, whereon are situated many towns and villages. His income is \$300,000, and consists largely of rentals. He in turn pays revenue to the Indian government. His wife, the Rani, is the daughter of the "rajah" of Nuzoid, in whose vast estates Vuyuru and its neighborhood lie. These families are not nearly so enlightened nor progressive as the Pithapuram family, which has been, as long as we have known it, friendly to progress, for in the early days of our work in India, it was the present Rajah's father who presented Samalota Mission Bungalow to Mr. Timpany for our work. So the present rajah is upholding well the traditions of his house. Although not of the highest caste, his personal worth, his desire to develop his estate and his people along worthy lines, and his justice and clemency, as the "lord" of thousands who serve him in various ways, have enthroned him in the high respect of his people and his friends. He is a matriculate, a high standard of education among the Hindus, for one who does not need to earn his bread by his education!

The Rani, the little mother of the new-born prince, herself only 16 years old, is pretty, bright, alert, very intelligent and gently sweet. She exhibits that captivating quality, a mixture of shyness and dignity which is the Indian gentlewoman's chief and invariable charm. She has enjoyed the privileges of Christian tutorage and companionship ever since she came, a mere lassie, to her husband's home, for he was determined she should have the advantages of as much of an English education as was possible to a purdah lady; and equally determined that her governesses should be Christians. He has successfully carried his points in spite of considerable opposition—to the last clause—from her family. At present her tutorage is an Indian Christian graduate of Madras University. The Rajah means that his wife shall share his wide horizon. He desires a companion and helpmeet as well as a mother for his children. We are glad to note that her desires seem to coincide so happily with his, and both of them have shown

more than ordinary interest in Christianity and even desire toward God. Let us ask for them the highest gift.

The gift of the Rajah makes possible the Women's Hospital, so much needed in the best interests of our work, in Pithapuram. Our present equipment is inadequate for the fast developing work; also social conditions in India debar a hospital where both sexes are entertained. Now, it is for us to build the lady doctor a residence worthy of this noble gift.

K. S. M.

IN THE SPIRIT OF ELIJAH

A Strange Story.

In a somewhat remote part of the Ceded Districts there is an important village, which we shall call Virapalle, attached to which is a large Pan-chama Christian community. To this place there came, comparatively recently, a severe epidemic of cholera. The usual panic ensued. All who could fled, but of those who remained, many died. Only those who understand something of the Indian village from within know the unutterable horror with which cholera is regarded by the people. Fear of death is not the uppermost thought, not that, but the unimakeable belief that cholera is not a disease but an enraged, bloodthirsty deity. Ageneration of Sanitary Inspectors and well disinfections have affected the superstition hardly at all. What can the foreigners know of the ways of Maramma the awful!

At these times of acute fear things strange, and often horrible, emerge. Cattle innumerable are slaughtered in sacrifice and many weird rites that date back to Brahvidian days are performed. Amongst them all, however, there is nothing more striking than the phenomenon which, known in any Indian village at most times, is specially prominent in these occasions of mortal terror. Some poor ignorant person, usually a woman, becomes, as is called, a "Shivashakthi," that is, becomes possessed, to the complete alteration of her character, by, as the people believe, some demon goddess. In ordinary life she is probably a quiet, inoffensive individual and lives unnoticed, but in times of superstitious panic she is seized, apparently, by some power that transfigures her, in a moment, into

a raving witch, an object of terrible importance. She rises, suddenly rushes for the nearest neem tree, crams her mouth with its leaves; these she proceeds to chew and to spit as she runs shrieking frightfully up and down the village streets predicting the death of its inhabitants: "To-morrow by sundown the wife of Bala Reddi will die," she screams and, in due time, the doomed woman dies. "The second son of Chinappa will go to-morrow morning," and whether from fear or infection, or more probably from a combination of both, the word comes true. This extraordinary phenomenon, explain it how you may, is known in every village in the Ceded Districts and probably also over all India. It would be impossible to conceive anything better calculated to foster the spirit of hopeless terror that contributes so greatly to the fatality of the disease.

The Shivashakti went first, closely and lastly severe and lasted long. As the days passed a striking circumstance became daily more marked. Though in the Sudra and Chuckler houses the disease daily claimed its victims, the Christians—though the houses all closely adjoined—remained unaffected. This, too, again, explain as you may, is quite a usual circumstance, so common indeed that it is remarked upon by the other castes. Now in the village there lived a person of much wealth and evil influence, called Venkata Roddi, in many senses a wicked man, a tyrant, a drunkard and a brute, feared and hated alike by all. To this man it seemed a matter of grave injustice that Christians should escape the fate that was afflicting so heavily all the others. So he bethought himself and laid his plans. He called the Shivashakti of the place—in this instance a poor shepherd woman—and induced her on the promise that he would build a temple with a handsome gopuram to her goddess, Mysuramma, to exert her supposed malignant powers against the Christians, to pass on to them the dread disease that the other castes might go free. This kind of inverted philanthropy is well understood in the Indian village and crops up in many curious places. A time was fixed and all arrangements made.

The plot was, of course, soon known to the Christians. Their state of mind

may be imagined. That they should treat the whole matter with contempt was too much to be expected. Superstition that has been bred into the bones of a thousand generations and pervades the whole country like a subtle atmosphere, cannot be risen above so easily. They did, however, what probably Elijah would have done. They determined to meet spiritual forces, as they conceived them, with yet stronger spiritual forces. On the dreaded evening the community divided into four bands and under trees in the four corners of their hamlets, all night prayer meetings were held—not prayer meetings for quiet devotion by any means, as for hours they made their part of the village resound with loud singing and strong praying. The excitement grew as the hours passed. All rites like that about to be performed are recognized as works of darkness, and it is not till the moon hides its kindly face that they may begin, so it was long after midnight before the procession started.

The Shivashakti went first, closely followed by Venkata Reddi and his friends. Next came the Madigas, the Chucklers, making the narrow village street resound intolerably with their ear-splitting tom-toming, their maddening Chindu dances and wild shriekings. Close behind them crowded half the village. Torches were carried, whose flickering, smoky flame made the strange scene yet more fearsome. The woman—an awful figure—started ahead, as one possessed. Her black hair tumbled loose over her starting eyes, her face horribly contorted, her fingers clutching like claws. Her blood-curdling yells were clearly heard above the din of the drums. As she went, she stuffed her mouth with leaves that she meant to spit across the entrance to the Christian houses. Slowly the procession pushes its way towards the boundary. Inside the Christians redouble the vigor of their hymns and prayers.

All at once the wretched woman stops rigid with terror. The crowd, too, halts, for it feels that something strange is happening. Even the toddy-filled Madigas drop their tomtoms and cease their frenzied dancing. "See," screams the frenzied Shivashakti, "there he stands! The God Jesus, with hands outstretched—protecting His people, as a shepherd does his lamb!

Back! back! He is a great God, I dare go no further, if I do, I die!" And in abject fear she turns and wildly tries to force her way through the crowd.

But Venkata Reddi is in no mood to accept defeat. Far too drunk, probably, to understand, he blocks her way, catching hold of her roughly. She struggles frantically. Then he pushes her, and eventually, in tipsy desperation, beats her with his fists. The people tremble. Has not the goddess been insulted by the blow? What will happen next? There is no time left to wonder. With the fury of a tiger the woman turns upon him, shrieking madly: "The curse of Mysuramma be upon you. It was not me you struck, but her. By to-morrow evening Maramma will have gripped you." When the words of the curse reached the stupefied brain, the great, brutal fellow collapsed. He had to be helped to his home; he died the night in deadly fear, and by sundown of the next day the curse had come true.

A strange story, but one that happened substantially as it is here related. There is no word in it that would appear the least improbable to the Indian peasant. Needless to say, the triumph of the Christians was as complete as it was dramatic, and the impression in the village proportionately great. J. I. M.

"Madras Mail."

WHAT WE ARE DOING.

The annual report of the Grande-Ligne Mission has recently come to hand, and contains much of interest and encouragement. The uprisings against Papal authority in Southern Europe are being closely watched by the people of Quebec, and must surely lead many to question seriously the claims of Rome. The great Eucharistic Congress recently held in Montreal, seems to have resulted in arousing many to such questions as, "How can a man make a God?" "Why the hysterical fear lest something should happen to the man-made God, so that the military should be required to protect it, if it be really God?" The report pleads for more missionaries to answer the great call of Quebec. Two new buildings at Lac Long and Roussillon, where wonderful awakenings have

taken place, have been erected. Thirty workers have been employed,—teachers, missionaries, colporteurs and Bible-women. 93 baptisms have taken place. In Feller Institute, 50 of the students professed conversion during the year. A new venture is being made in Montreal, where a bi-lingual church has been formed, the first in Canada, with a membership of 46. A lot has been purchased, and funds are now being solicited for a building.

The third convention of the Women's Missionary Society, of Western Canada, was held in the First Baptist Church, Winnipeg, November 10th to 15th. The President for the year is Mrs. J. F. McIntyre, Winnipeg; the Recording Secretary, Mrs. R. C. Sharpe; the Cor. Secretary, Mrs. C. W. Jackson; and the Treasurer, Mrs. C. W. Clarke. There are 88 Circles in the four provinces of Western Canada.

A course of studies for Mission Bands, extending over three years, has been arranged by the Women's Board of Western Canada. The editors are Mrs. Shaw and Miss A. C. Cornell, of Winnipeg. The aim is to give a thorough knowledge of all the mission fields in which Western Canada is interested, both Home and Foreign. The new course is well planned and well written, and ought to create a good deal of enthusiasm among Band workers. The lessons appear in "The Western Outlook" every two weeks.

The Timpany Memorial School has been much in our thoughts the last year or so. The following letter, an application for a position as teacher, is interesting:

To the Lady Principal,
Timpany Memorial High School,
Cocanada.

May it please your honor:

I beg most respectfully to approach your honor with this humble petition, for the post of teachership fallen vacant at your school.

I beg to state that I have studied up to the matriculation class, and that throughout my scholastic career, I was accounted among the intelligent and diligent of the students.

But when I came to the matriculation class, suddenly my circumstances assumed a dark aspect, and I was compelled with a heavy heart to give up

my studies, but attempted for the matriculation examination of the Madras University.

But since then, while casting for employment, I have been trying my utmost to improve my knowledge of English, Persian and Urdu, and I have at present been able to compete with any matriculate in respect of English and G. knowledge.

I have accepted presently the post of 1st assistantship in the Muhamadan school, Bempelly, Secunderabad.

I have come off a very respectable family of Carnatic, that has long enjoyed multifarious blessings under the benign British Raj; ready to protect and patronize the respectable and deserving. Still very recently also a well-to-do one.

In conclusion, I very humbly pray that your honor may be gracious enough to favorably consider my application and confer upon me the post prayed for.

For which act of kindness and magnanimity myself and my crippled family will ever pray for your honor's long life and prosperity.

I beg to remain,
Most honored madam,
Your most obedient servant,

Mrs. Scott, of Tuni and Miss Jones, of Ramachandrapuram, are both at

Pithapuram Hospital, under the care of Dr. Allyn. Neither one is seriously ill, but Dr. Allyn has thought it wise for each to take a rest, under medical care.

Miss Folsom writes from Brantford, that she is spending a delightful winter with Mrs. Yule, and is "acquiring the habit of being well all the time."

News from the Timpany School indicates that all is going well under Miss Findlay's supervision. One of the new teachers is showing such interest in the work, that she has brought two new pupils to the school, and expects to bring more next year. Another one of the teachers has been made superintendent of the English Baptist Sunday School.

The north-east Monsoons in India have been so unusually copious this season, that considerable inconvenience has been felt by our missionaries, and touring rendered almost impossible, except from the stations where house-boats are used for this purpose.

Miss Zimmerman, in taking up Miss MacLaurin's work in Vuyyuru, writes that "it seems a heavy task to attempt this work, but I feel that God has counted me worthy of this responsibility, else He would not send me, and so I go gladly in His strength."

Our Work at Home.

NOTICE—ONTARIO WEST.

The address of the recently-appointed Treasurer of the Society is Miss Helen H. Burke, 23 South Drive, Toronto. Please note the change in sending money.

YOUNG WOMEN'S CIRCLES.

SUGGESTIONS.

Miss May Davies.

There are in our convention, nineteen Young Women's Missionary Societies; eight of our societies were represented at Woodstock, attracted primarily by a conference arranged for us. About thirty of us enjoyed an hour together asking questions and giving suggestions, a few of which will follow. But

first,—our aim is to band all the young women of our church together, to shoulder our share of responsibility in spreading the knowledge of Jesus Christ.

Our societies are regular organizations with a constitution, that of the women's Circles, which may be obtained from Mrs. Holman, Toronto. A programme of definite instruction in missions, should be drawn up at the beginning of the season, by a committee, and then each monthly meeting, prepared by the different members. Both Home and Foreign Missions should have our attention, especially our women's work. Several study books have been suggested; Mr. Mellick's book on the Indians, the Study Book on India, "Life of Ramabai," and three by

Miss Belle Brain, "Holding the Ropes," and "Fuel for Missionary Fires," and "Fifty Missionary Programmes," obtained at the Baptist Book Room. There is no excuse for lacking interesting variety in our programmes.

When possible secure a missionary to speak; occasionally have a meeting conducted somewhat in the form of a spelling match or a debate. An echo meeting, and a night given up to missionary news from all over the world, is profitable.

Any young woman, Christian or not, is thought eligible for membership. The active members must strive to interest the inactive by giving them something to do, by a personal interest in them; persuade them to attend a missionary convention or conference. The social evening and a monthly sewing circle, or sort of junior Darcas, brings about good results, but the social spirit must be felt at all times. Someone suggested a missionary library started, perhaps, by each girl donating a book. Giving was a dice question. Some impose a fee of ten cents a month, some a yearly fee, and some no fee, collecting monthly or quarterly. A penny collection taken at each meeting, is one good way of meeting expenses. The duplex envelope system was mentioned, but as yet has been tested by no society.

CIRCLE REPORTS

Haldimand.—We were favored by a visit from our missionary, Miss Pratt, in October, which has deepened the interest in the cause of Foreign Missions in our circle. At our December meeting, we decided to take up a "special offering," towards helping to pay Miss Hinman's passage to India.

Catherine Gorman,
Secretary.

Barrie.—The annual thank-offering meeting, was held November 8th, when a very pleasant and helpful evening was spent. After the usual business of the Circle, an address was given by our Vice-President, Mrs. Smith, speaking from Matt. 12:30, "He that is not with Me is against Me, and he that gathereth not with Me scattereth abroad." Refreshments were served. The offering amounted to \$15.00.

W. M. Pearsall,
Secretary.

Park St., Peterboro.—The annual thank-offering meeting of the Park St. Mission Circle, was held on Tuesday, November 8th. The President, Miss M. Mann was in the chair. In a few words Miss Mann explained the beginning of Women's Mission work in Canada. Thirty-four years ago, Mr. Timpany, a returned missionary from India, so enthused the women by his heart-thrilling account of the needs of women in far off lands, that the work for missions among women was started. This was followed with scripture reading and prayer, by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Riddiford. An instructive address was given by a missionary from China, Rev. Mr. Fee. The offering was \$6.00.
M. M.

Pape Ave., Toronto.—On Wednesday, November 2nd, our Circle held its first thank-offering meeting. During the evening Rev. C. N. Mitchell, of Bolivia, gave an address full of interesting information, of the work and customs of the people in Bolivia. Thanksgiving texts were read, and the amount of offering was \$6.00. Solos by Mrs. Lacke and Miss Kimber were much appreciated. Afterward refreshments were served, and a social time spent.

M. N. T.
Secretary.

Harrow.—The thank-offering meeting of this Circle, sent to our treasurers \$7.63, this year.

Mrs. A. B. Tofflemire.

Tillsonburg.—On Wednesday evening, November 16th, the Women's Mission Circle held its open annual meeting. There was a good attendance, and it was felt by all that the meeting was the best ever held in the interests of the Circle. The annual reports of the Secretary and Treasurer were given by Mrs. Wilkins and Mrs. Jackson. Mrs. Hawkins in well chosen words, sought to gain fresh subscribers for the "Link." The President, Mrs. Oliver, took for her subject, "The Wise Use of Influence." The address was listened to with much pleasure and profit. After the thank-offering had been taken up, an able report of the Women's Convention held in Woodstock, was given by Miss Cartwright.

TREASURER'S REPORT

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

Receipts from November 15th, 1910 to December 15th, 1910, inclusive.
From Circles—

Toronto, Ossington Ave., for life membership for Mrs. I. E. Bill, \$10.00; Woodstock, 1st Church, thank-offering, \$7.25; Toronto, Jarvis St., \$47.98; Peterboro, Park St., \$2.95; Toronto, Pape Ave., \$3.00; Toronto, Ossington Ave., life membership for Mrs. M. M. Taylor, \$25.00; Calton, \$9.50; Thamesville, \$8.10; Brantford, 1st Church, for Miss McLeod, \$35.00; Aurora, \$3.00; Fort William, \$10.25; Toronto, Western, (\$11.96, thank-offering), \$24.61; Grimsby, (\$3.05, thank-offering), \$12.30; Font Hill, thank-offering, \$5.65; Belleville, thank-offering, \$5.00; Oshawa, Immanuel, \$5.25; Kincardine, thank-offering, \$7.00; Stratford, \$16.00; Toronto, Immanuel, \$9.30; York Mills (\$14.00, thank-offering) (\$25.00, life membership for Mrs. P. A. McEwen), \$39.00; Brantford, Park Church \$13.00, thank-offering, \$15.15; Villa Nova, \$18.59; Woodstock, 1st Church, \$10.00; Toronto, Walmer Road (\$77.47, thank-offering), \$100.87; T. sonburg, thank-offering, \$6.00; London, Talbot St., thank-offering, \$26.50; Windsor, Bruce Ave. (\$5.00, Bolivia, \$5.00 for Lepers), \$10.00; Atwood, \$7.70; Toronto, Parliament St. (\$7.00, thank-offering), \$17.20; Toronto, Waverley Road, for Bible-woman, \$20.00; Sparta (\$10.76, thank-offering), \$12.00; Georgetown (\$7.02, thank-offering), \$7.57; St. Catharines, Queen St., Y.L.M.C., \$17.00; Weston, \$5.58; Hamilton, Stanley Ave., \$4.00; Gravenhurst, thank-offering, \$8.00; Uxbridge, \$5.00. Total, \$577.30.

From Bands—

Toronto, 1st Ave., for P. Mary, \$8.00; Berlin, Benton St., (\$5.00, cot in Vuyuru Hospital, \$17.00 for M. Mangama, \$22.00; Mount Forest, Happy Workers, \$4.00; Snelgrove, \$1.50; St. Catharines, Queen St., for V. Krupanandam, \$10.00; Walkerton, for G. Sundramma, \$1.00. Total, \$38.50.

From Sundries—

Mrs. William Davies, for Akidu Bungalow furniture, \$20.00; Bracebridge, Y.L.M.G., for P. A. Elizabeth, \$6.00; Mrs. Reynolds, for Harris Bungalow safe, \$35.00; Kingsville, B.Y.P.U., for M. Paul, \$5.00; Hamilton, Stanley Ave., for G. Vermana, \$6.25; F. for Sayamma, \$10.00; Hamilton, James St., Junior B.Y.P.U., for T. Anandamma, \$12.00; Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Brown, for

B. Joan, \$10.00; St. Thomas, Centre St., Junior B.Y.P.U., \$8.00; London, Talbot St., Builder's Class for student, \$9.00. Total, \$121.25.

Total receipts during the month, \$737.05.

Disbursements—

By General Treasurer on Estimates for India, \$1,081.65; Extras—Berlin, Benton St., cot in Vuyuru Hospital, \$5.00; Bracebridge, Y.L.M.G., for P. A. Elizabeth, \$6.70. Total, \$1,092.65.

Expense Account—

Stationery, Letter-file, postage for Treasurer, \$5.15; By P. R. Wilson, Printing Co., extra pages in Link, \$50.00; Advance copies Treasurer's Annual Report, \$4.00; Advance copies Secretary's Annual Report, \$6.50. Total, \$64.65.

Total disbursements during the month, \$1,157.30; Total receipts since October 20th, 1910, \$1,007.24; Total disbursements since October 20th, 1910, \$1,953.56.

HELEN BURKE,

Treasurer.

23 South Drive.

Treasurer's Statement of the Women's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society of Eastern Ontario and Quebec.

Receipts from Sept. 25th to Dec. 9th, 1910, inclusive:

Circles—Grande Ligne, \$5; Dixville, \$5; Olivet, \$2; Montreal, 1st Church, \$40; Abbotts' Corners, \$10; Philipsville, \$6; Coaticook, \$17; Breadalbane, \$7; Kingston, 1st Church, \$7; Brockville, \$6.75; Winchester, \$5.25; Kenmore, \$5; Ormond, \$5.25; St. Andrew's East, \$2; Almonte, \$3.50; Philipsville, \$8; Rockland (thank-offering), \$40; Montreal, 1st Church, \$30; McPhail Memorial (thank-offering), \$15.50; Arnprior, \$5. Total, \$225.25.

Bands—Moe's River, \$9.25; Olivet, Montreal, \$8; Philipsville, \$2.75; Delta (support Malta Chikamma), \$5; Quebec, "Willing Workers," (support student), \$15; Olivet, Montreal (support girl), \$15; Rockland (support Paluhuri Premavatamma), \$15; Clarence, \$6; Kenmore "Willing Workers" (support Yella Santamma), \$15. Total, \$91.

Sundries—Estate—Miss Jenny McArthur, \$33.75; sale post cards, 50c; collection taken at Convention, Montreal, \$17.89; Mrs. Malcolm McCallum, \$1; A friend, for Valluru School, \$78; A friend, \$1.50. Total, \$132.64.

Total from Circles, \$225.25. Total from Bands, \$91.00. Total from Sundries, \$132.64. Total, \$448.89.

JESSIE OHMAN, Treasurer.

Young People's Department.

NEDDY'S NEW YEAR.

A little shape came floating in
And paused by Neddy's bed;
"I'm half afraid to speak to you,
And yet I must," it said;
"I'm your New Year—and oh I wish
I didn't have to be!
Because I've met outside the door
Your last Old Year, you see.

"He looked so weak and tired and sad,
And carried such a pack
Of angry words and foolish scrapes
Upon his weary back!
'Don't, don't go in!' he cried to me;
'For though you're young and strong,
That boy will make you just the wreck
That I am now, ere long!'

"He stumbled on, with sigh and groan,
I could not take, alas!
His wise advice, for come I must
Before the hour should pass.
But oh, if you would only try
A different plan with me,
I'm sure you'd be surprised to find
How happy we could be!"

Ned blushed; he knew the shape was
right.
"I'll try!" he murmured low;
And when once Neddy says a thing
He means it too, you know.
Quarrels and scrapes were put aside,
The year was free and glad.
And Ned vowed "'twas the jolliest
year
A fellow ever had!"
—Priscilla Leonard in Sabbath School
Visitor.

SKETCHES.

There were four hundred of them,
children of all ages and sizes, some
with clothes, some with a few, and some
with almost none. They sat cross-
legged on the floor according to Sunday
Schools. Each Sunday School had its
banner which the eldest child had the
honor of holding aloft.

A hymn was given out, and four hun-
dred little mouths opened wide to
sing. The combined effort was deafen-
ing. They sang regardless of tune, and
regardless of time. Each Sunday
School had its own special hymn, which,
when called upon, they sang with much

pride, and with their banner held high
so that all could see its beauty.

When it came to collection time,
there was hardly a child who did not
have something to give; it might have
been only a oowie, or a handful of
cowries, but all gave cheerfully, and
were overjoyed if they got a peep into
the collection bag to see how fast it was
filling up.

The hymns were all sung, the ad-
dresses were all given, and the last
prayer was said, and the children
started to march out, Sunday School
after Sunday School. At the door
there was a surprise for them in the
shape of bananas. The big ones got
two and the little ones one. Some com-
menced eating the fruit right away, but
others, tucked it carefully away in their
clothes to keep for later on, and soon
they were all gone, happy and contented.

Rally day was over.

She is a little girl of eleven, but is
learning how to sew. With her hair
shining from coconut oil, with the
caste mark fresh on her forehead, and
with the dark beauty lines drawn un-
der her eyes, she sits cross-legged in
all the bravery of her black velvet
jacket, and pink print skirt, poking
her needle in and drawing it out again
in a funny little way all her own. In
a short time more will come her wed-
ding with its music, its lights and its
feasting. When the last feast is over
and the last guest is gone, she will
settle down to the old life again for
two years, then she will leave for her
husband's home, to undertake the
cares of housekeeping. Will he be
good to her? Will she be happy? But
quite unconscious of the interest she
has aroused, she sits and sews away, in-
tent on her work.

She lay upon the operating table,
with black eyes wide with excitement,
wondering what they were going to do
to her poor little crooked feet. Soon
the doctor lady came with the nurse,
and they brought with them plaster of
Paris bandages. With kind hands the
doctor lady pulled and straightened the
tiny feet, and wrapped the bandages
around them. When it was all over,
she said, smilingly, "Good child," but

the black eyes did not smile back; perhaps the little feet hurt too much. But when the bandages are taken off for the last time, and she will be able to play, and run about like other children, she will be glad that the doctor lady made them straight, though it did hurt.

She was a dear, fat, dumpy sort of a baby, with black eyes fairly snapping with mischief. When she came avisting, she wore a short print frock which she immediately discarded when she got home again. She would make soft gurgly baby noises, and cuddle down in your arms, pretending she loved you the very best. With a little wriggle she would be up to your shoulder, leaning over to make goo-goo eyes at her mother. "Might her mother go away?" A series of soft gurgles for answer which certainly meant "yes," but when her mother started, the black eyes looked very sober, and the little mouth dropped, and there came a heart-broken wail which said as plain as could be, "Don't you love me any more?" Once astride her mother's hip, the dimples came back, and she laughed and waved her fat little hands in good-bye.

Oh, but you are a sad little rogue, Dimples!

MARY STILLWELL McLAURIN.
Cocanada, India.

NEW YEAR'S IN JAPAN.

By Edna Linsley Gressitt.

I wish you could see Japan now in its festival. They celebrate New Year's for six days. The streets are strung with Japanese lanterns, flags, and banners. At each gate are decorations of pine, bamboo, and paper. The streets are full of children, in their best clothes, the boys flying kites, the girls playing battledore and shuttlecock. It is very beautiful until you realize that it goes on on Sunday too, for these dear children do not know God nor His command to keep His day holy, and that it is the coming of the new year, and not the coming of the Saviour King, which is the great day in the year to them.

You will pray for them, won't you? Do you know what my juniors in Oakland did? They made a "prayer circle," and made a little book for me,

each one writing a verse and signing his or her name. In meeting, when their turns come, they recite verses they have written me and pray for the work here.

I hope you are coming over to Japan some day to tell what Christ has done for you and will do for these boys and girls. I am so happy here; you would be happy too.

THINGS ABOUT INDIA.

India is in the south of Asia, and the people are under the control of the British Government.

There are in India about two hundred and sixty million people.

The people of India have dark skin, but their features are like ours.

The women and young girls wear over the head and shoulders a snow-white covering.

The men and boys wear white robes and caps, or turbans.

The people of India are fond of music, and all sing, but their tunes are very different from ours.

Most of the people of India are idolators and worship idols.

The Hindus are early risers, and the first thing they do is to repeat the name of Rama several times.

The religious teacher of the Hindus is called a "guru," and they are very careful not to offend him.

The children of India are generally respectful to their elders, obedient to their parents, and well behaved in public.

The Hindu eats with his fingers. The right hand is used for this purpose, the left being stretched out as far as it will go, being unclean.

Sometimes wealthy Hindus, in order to lay up for themselves a large store of merit, plant a grove, or build a rest-house for travelers, or dig a well on a public road.

A traveler in India usually carries with him a small brass vessel and a long strong cord with which he can draw water from a public well to quench his thirst.

The monkey is regarded by the Hindus as sacred, yet it is esteemed a misfortune to hear the name of this animal mentioned in the morning, as that means you will be hungry before the day is over.

—The Little Missionary.