

Canadian Missionary Link

XLIV

WHITBY, APRIL, 1922

No. 8



Easter

"Now is the fullness of the Word fulfilled—
For the salvation of the world He shows
The consummation of all-perfect Love,
 'On the third day He rose!'"

"Death has no more dominion, no more power,
Beneath His feet lie vanquished all His foes,
Behold, victorious in His perfect strength,
 'On the third day He rose!'"



Published Monthly by
The Women's Baptist Foreign Mission Board
of Western Ontario

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Limitations vs. Power

"Forgive us for looking so often on the Limitations of our lives, instead of realizing their limitless Power

IN THY POWER

And forgive us for our incomprehensible slowness in making us of that Power."

(From "Prayers for To-Day.")

This prayer goes to the very root of the matter, for it is what we are always doing, isn't it, looking at our limitations when the demand for service, with its attendant opportunity (for please don't ever forget that the two go together—Siamese twins), comes to us. We are apt to think at once, and only, of our Limitations and forget to think on—up—to God, and His limitless power, which is ours in Christ Jesus. Without doing this we just say quickly, "I can't."

There! You can't.

Oh, it's so fatally easy to say. Just two sleek little syllables. But it doesn't matter how small the Demand, nor how large the Opportunity, the same answer is made to fit them all. "I can't"—"simply CAN'T." Like that. And the door has shut—shut out the Demand, and the Opportunity with it of course, (don't forget that!) And there is nothing in this world so happy, so enriching, so enlarging, and enabling as serving God! Too bad.

"But I know I can't." How do you know? You never can tell till you try. You can do so many things so well—make the family clothes, entertain, manage your home and finance it, plan and carry out so many domestic enterprises, make so little go so far. However do you do it? And is this Service, God's work, the one thing you can't do?

And yet His Service is the one thing

we are promised power for! Paul knew this for he said "In Him who strengthens me I am able for anything." Think of it—Anything! "Able for anything—IN HIM." "Anything"—that Circle work, that Band Leadership, building up the gone-to-pieces Circle and reviving the moribund Band; making your particular desert blossom like the rose; moving mountains; redeeming India—it is all alike possible to Him, and whatever you undertake for Him, IN HIM, all Heaven's power bending down to you, to strengthen you to do it.

Ah, that's the secret. All the power you need at your command, IN HIM.

And yet we keep on, some of us, and to our own undoing we keep on, "looking at the limitations of our lives" like Peter at the "strength of the wind" when he was walking to His Master on the waves. The wind was terrifying, it was indeed; but then he had His Master to look at, why did he look at "the strength of the wind?" (Why do we look at our limitations?) No wonder he began to sink; but it was all right as soon as he shouted "Lord save me" and we read "they both" entered the boat—Peter too, walking those same very un-solid waves, but he had Jesus' hand now. Such a difference!

First—It is fatal to look at our limitations. We will never get anywhere, only sink.

Second,—"We are able for anything" linked up with Him. The very same things that we, with our limitations, were so emphatically un-able for.

There was a little hunchback in China who came to a Mission Hospital hoping that the miracle-working lady Doctor there could cure her crooked back. Life

wasn't worth living with it that way for everybody said it was because the devil lived in her that her back was crooked, and she was tired of hearing herself called a devil—oh so tired of her big Limitation. The lady Doctor couldn't make it different, but what they could do, they did do, and the hunchback became a Christian, and asked if she couldn't stay and serve. They kept her and educated her. One day a call came for a teacher for a distant school away "up country" far away from any mission station. None of the trained girls would go—it was too far, too lonely. They were afraid. Little hunchback said "I'll go. Send me." The kind missionaries said "You poor little thing, you couldn't do it—your back, you know. You must always be near a Hospital." But, at last, because no one who could go, would go, they had to send her, limitations and all. She went on the long cruel journey. She arrived at the town, at the gate of the school. She alighted from the vehicle that had brought her and began to hitch and shuffle her way up to the door—for she was a cripple, too. When the children at the school saw her they ran screaming to their parents, saying "It's the devil. The devil is coming to our school!" The scandalized parents immediately removed their children. But she stayed; and won the children back, little by little, and her ability as a teacher, and the beauty of her character gave prestige and wonderful popularity to the Mission School. The time came when she must return to the Mission Station for more training. When she started on her journey back the head officials of the town personally escorted her out of the town and sent with her a letter to the head of the Training School in the Mission Station. "Dear Madam,—Please send little hunchback back to us when she is trained, for we will have no other."

Limitations? Nay, rather "power in Thy Power." "Able for anything, IN HIM." And isn't this the day when that power is needed if we are ever to accomplish our great task? This is no time to be

looking at our limitations and saying, "I can't." It is the last word we should be saying in this glorious day of Opportunity when we Baptist women are called upon to help save two nations—one in India and one in South America—and when we are educated, endowed and equipped to do it. Those weak and miserable two syllables aren't worthy of us, or of our glorious Master and the marvellous gifts He has bestowed upon us, and the doors of opportunity He has opened to us. If you had ever lived in India and had had men, groups of them, deputations, come from villages far and near, asking for teachers, schools,—“We would be Christians, we want to learn how—send us a teacher—give us a school for our children.” If you had had to receive them, only to shake your head and say “We have no more teachers, we have no more money,” you too, would feel that anything, any effort, any sacrifice, were better than to send them (and that Opportunity) hopelessly away. You, for your part, would never, never say “I can't.” You would simply have to say “In Him who strengthens me I CAN and I WILL do my part NOW! NOW! while the doors are open.”

“God has given you definite work, definite Powers, definite Limitations. He planned all three to fit, therefore you need not worry about Results, as long as you put Duty before Pleasure, and do your best”—IN HIM.

—*and forgive us for our incomprehensible slowness in making use of that Power.*”

The day may come when we will never be able to forgive ourselves; or to look Him in the face.

M.

The surest shield at home is the far-flung fighting line abroad. When life no longer radiates out to the circumference it stops pulsating at the heart. The religion that does not strive to gain the whole world is doomed to lose its own soul.

Sir Donald Macalister.

The New Day in Missions

THE NEW STATUS OF WOMEN IN NON-CHRISTIAN LANDS.

By Rev. H. C. Priest.

"The old maid has come to India to stay and to be useful. Modern conditions are producing a large crop of grown-up girls who decide to remain unmarried and to devote themselves to the new avenues of usefulness that are opening up." So said Dr. Joshi, of Bombay, India, a native Professor of English in the Bombay University, in an illuminating address on the present situation in India given before the Women's Canadian Club in Toronto a few days ago.

Such a statement concerning India's women and by a native of India is extremely significant of the changing conditions of the women of the East. Unwelcome at birth, betrothed irrevocably often in infancy, at the latest before she reaches the age of ten, to a man arbitrarily chosen for her, doomed-it may be to child widowhood or entering into married life at twelve years of age and in some cases earlier, largely uneducated, for only one in one hundred and forty-seven of the women of India can read and write, passing her life in the enforced and unnatural seclusion of the zenna. The lot of the women of India has been one of appalling social and moral wrongs. The hall-mark of Hinduism, it has been well said, is its degradation of women.

At the same time, it would be wrong to give the impression that all Indian women are unhappy and conscious of their need. They are, many of them, bright and attractive, patient sufferers usually accepting their fate without a murmur. Many of them are loved and kindly treated by their husbands. Nevertheless, while this is all true, not only in India, but throughout the non-Christian world, woman has been regarded as belonging to an inferior order, and the crimes against womanhood have been among the outstanding social evils of those lands.

But a new day is slowly but surely

dawning. There is a new valuation of women throughout the East, both by the women themselves, and also by the community. "Every thinking person," said a Japanese statesman in a recent address, "realizes that no nation rises above its womanhood." Such a sentiment uttered by a Westerner would be regarded as obvious and commonplace, but from an oriental statesman it marks a new era of thought concerning womanhood.

When the new medical school for women was projected in Vellore two or three years ago, through the union of American and British Boards, under the leadership of Dr. Ida Scudder, the Government of India assumed one-half the maintenance of the school provided six women would enter as students. When the school opened, sixty-nine young Indian women applied for admittance, of whom only eighteen could be admitted. Fourteen of these went up for examination and took the highest rank in the Madras Presidency. The following year there were no less than eighty-five eager applicants.

Of no small significance is the fact that colleges for women have been established recently in India at four important centres—Lucknow, London, Lahore and Madras. The Maharaj Kumar of Tikari recently bequeathed seven million dollars to found schools in which girls from five to sixteen years may study in residence according to modern methods.

In Lahore a group of well educated Indian women has been developing for some years extensive community work, demonstrating such questions as hygiene, sanitation and the care of children.

Still more remarkable than any of these remarkable incidents: Two years ago at the meeting of the Indian National Congress at Delhi, a body which meets annually for the discussion of social and political questions by the leaders of Indian thought, where the main question was the new political reform measures for India, several hundred women were

not only present but actually took part in the discussion. Such a thing would have been undreamed of a few years ago.

Such instances may be regarded as outstanding and isolated. That is true; but when one remembers the status of women, particularly in India, throughout the centuries, they certainly herald the dawn of a new day.

The advance of any social reform will necessarily be slow among a people numbering hundreds of thousands with whom conservatism has ever been a distinguishing trait. They are all, however, a cause for great rejoicing on the part of those who have the uplift of the womanhood of the world at heart, and indicate at the same time the enlarged opportunity and imperious challenge for Christian work among the women of the East.

There is, however, another side to the situation, marking a new day for women. The projection into the East of the industrialism of the West, with its factory life, has brought new and appalling perils to the women of the Orient. Think of five thousand workers in rug factories, many of them women, many children almost too young to speak, working from five in the morning till six in the evening. Think of Japan's great and rapidly increasing industrial army of whom at the present time half a million are women, three-fifths of whom are not twenty years of age, with their ranks swelled each year by two hundred thousand new girls from the rural districts of whom thousands fall victims to sin and disease, and of whom no less than eighty thousand annually go back to their homes ill and unfit for work, of whom at least half have already contracted or are threatened with tuberculosis—the plague of Japan.

The new day for the women of the Orient, with its enlarged conception of womanhood, its social and educational opportunities into which these women are entering, and the menacing evils that abound, sounds an imperious call to the women of the West for renewed and consecrated effort that the Gospel of

Jesus Christ, the only solution of the world's problems, may be known and accepted in all its glorious fulness.

YOUR QUIET HOUR

A great many Christians are now praying, and working for one particular soul. The Lord knows them all. Let us pray for these that their faith fail not, till their one soul finds Jesus.

A great many of the Christians in India, go out, as they have opportunity, to do evangelistic work. Let us help them by our prayers to bring many into the Kingdom. Please pray also for the thousands of Hindoos, who heard of Christ and His great salvation, through my preachers and myself the last few years I was in India.

M. F. C.

O FOR A THOUSAND TONGUES!

In every land, as pants the hart for cooling streams, so mankind everywhere needs God, who knows every strangest language to the farthest corner of the earth. Think of the valiant saints who everywhere through blazing deserts and arctic zones, through cannibal ferocity and the desolation of loneliness, have somehow mastered 700 of these 1000 tongues already, in order to give the word of life and love and peace to the waiting peoples of the world.

"O age of strife! O age of life!
When progress rides her chariot high
And neath the borders of the sky
The signals of the centuries
Proclaim the things that are to be.
The rise of woman to her place,
The coming of a nobler race.

"To be alive in such an age!
To live in it! To give to it!
Rise, soul, from thy despairing knees,
Give thanks with all thy flaming
heart,
Crave but to have in it a part,
Give thanks and claim thy heritage,
To be alive in such an age."

—Selected

The Work Abroad

THE STORY OF A HOSPITAL

Dear Link:

I have just been reading "The Story of a Ford Car," by Addie Trebilcock, in the February Link, and am sure that Addie, and you, dear Link, will rejoice over this bit from a letter dated September 28th, in which Dr. Allyn says of the car: "The outer tires are still all in service, and this is their third year. We have just bought two new inners. Our top is beginning to look shabby, and by Christmas I expect our tires will be pretty thin. But the car has been exceptionally shod for service." Over two years of hard wear in a tropical climate is a good record."

I want to tell you, too, how the Lord further used that group of Vancouver women. The Women's Missionary Society of B.C., with which they were all affiliated, carried nothing in its budget for women's work at home or abroad. All it ever did was to collect money for the general work, Home and Foreign. So when the suggestion was made that they pray for, and give towards the building of three hospital wards for the use of the women missionaries needing Dr. Allyn's care, they felt that since they were debarred from helping to send out or support women missionaries, it would be most fitting that they help to provide a hospital that every one of the women missionaries might feel was especially theirs, whenever they needed medical attention.

Not one of that group of women will ever forget the day when the Treasurer announced that the \$1200 needed for the car, had all been sent on to Dr. Allyn. And then the need for hospital wards for the women missionaries was stated, and the cost \$2500. There was silence, then some one said: "Oh, we couldn't think of a hospital and \$2500, we are so few." Another said, "perhaps we might undertake \$1000."

Another said, "We can pray, and God answers prayer. We know how blessedly true that is."

Again there was silence, then someone began to pray, and the burden of her prayer was that God would give us faith to "pray the walls of that hospital up."

One of the women went home to her dinner table and told of the meeting, and of the car that was a direct definite answer to prayer, and of the Hospital we had begun to pray for. A guest at her table said, "I would like to help with that if I may," and gave her a cheque for \$100.00. Then she knew, and we all knew, that God had surely set the seal of His approval upon our undertaking.

It was wonderful how the money came in. One young man said to his mother, "You are going to the missionary prayer meeting at Mrs. _____ to-day, are you not?" and handed her a fifty dollar Victory Bond for the Hospital.

Another gave the first increase in the amount of his pay cheque, to the Hospital Fund his mother was so interested in.

Mrs. Morton tells of how wonderfully the way opened for her to give a ward in memory of her husband, and one contribution of \$400.00 has a truly marvellous history.

Dr. Allyn wrote of the plans for the building—the three wards in the centre, the big wide shady sitting-room porches at each end and added that some day she hoped to build sleeping porches above the sitting-room porches. Reading her letter we said to each other, that some day we would pray for the money for those sleeping-porches, but before we called, God answered—in Toronto he touched the hearts of friends of Miss Nellie Washburn, to give one ward in her memory, and that, together with \$2300, we were able to send, provided the building complete with one sleeping-porch.

There are three wards—one in memory of Sheila Buchan; one in memory of John Morton; one is memory of Miss Nellie Washburn.

We were able to send fifty dollars in linen, all made up and initialled. The Toronto friends also sent linen, and so

did Mrs. Ida J. Ryerse Wall. Dr. Allyn writes that these gifts of linen are a great boon to the sick missionaries who come and have no need to worry about bringing these things with them.

That the hospital fills a very real need is testified to by the fact that the wards are always occupied. And in Vancouver there are women who know that God answers prayer.

F. S. McLeod.

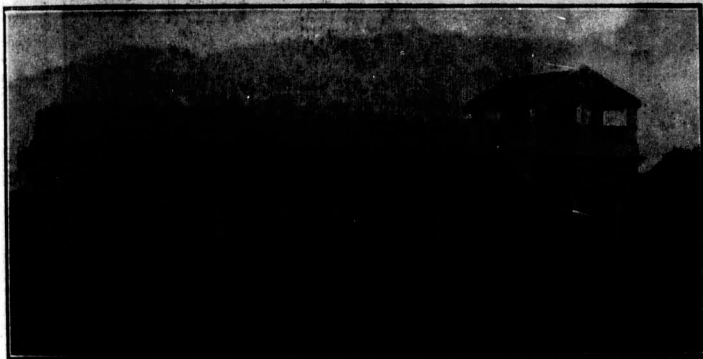
THE MISSIONARY REST HOME, PITHAPURAM.

A number of our missionaries, including all those from Western Canada, were invited to be present at Pithapuram on December 28th, 1921, to witness the un-

told of how the great need for this Missionary Rest Home had been met by three gifts for memorial wards, with an additional amount for verandahs and sleeping porches from a group of Western women. Special gifts of linen, too had been sent for each ward by friends of those in whose memory they were built.

The urgent need for furniture, too, had been partly supplied by loans of furniture from Miss Marsh and Miss McLeod, and by an unexpected gift from a private sewing circle in Edmonton.

The Nellie Washburn tablet was unveiled by Mrs. H. B. Cross, the John Morton tablet by Miss Janet F. Robinson, and the Olive and Sheila Buchan



veiling of the three memorial tablets of the new Missionary Rest Home.

Together we sang:

"When through fiery trials
Thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all sufficient,
Shall be thy supply;

For I will be with thee,
Thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee
Thy deepest distress."

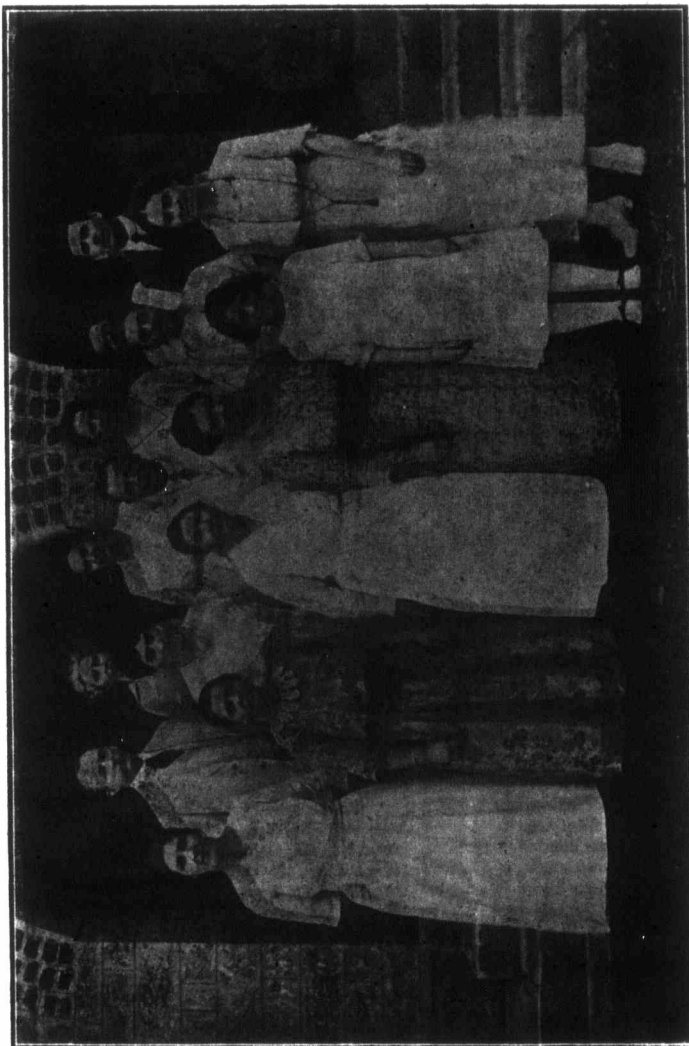
Dr. Wolverton read the Scripture, Acts 9: 36-42, and Dr. Smith led in a dedicatory prayer, after which Dr. Allyn

tablet by Miss M.R.B. Selman, each of whom spoke briefly of those whose memory was thus being perpetuated.

Baskets of roses for decoration came from the Pithapuram Rani, and the exclamations of surprised delight over the linen, the hangings, and covers, and the flowers, as the missionaries entered the rooms, were good to hear.

At the time of writing, one week after the opening, the wards are not sufficient to accommodate the missionary patients numbering seven, and two patients in addition.

Jessie M. Allyn.



GROUP PRESENT AT OPENING OF MISSIONARY REST HOME

Back Row—Dr. Smith, Miss Baker, Miss Eaton, Dr. Findlay, Miss North, Dr. Wolverton; Centre Row—Mrs. Wall, Mr. H. B. Cross, Mr. J. Findlay; Front Row—Misses Laura and Jessie Allen, Miss Selman, Mrs. Cross and Kathleen, Miss Robinson.

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CHRISTMAS AT VELLORE, INDIA

The following letter, descriptive of Christmas among the children at Vellore, was written by an Indian woman (medical student) to Dr. Elizabeth Findlay, who at the time was visiting at Pithapuram.

"This evening at 5 p.m. I went over to the children's home. There was great excitement. Every child was out in the little court-yard, some jumping, others clapping their hands, and the wee wee babies were crawling about. Miss Petrie, her helpers and myself had decorated their Christmas tree. It was decorated with paper chains of different colors, paper flowers, tiny flags and wee artificial lanterns; also little celluloid ducks and fishes were hung here and there. We then attached the little stockings filled up with various toys, the little bags with a cake of soap in each and other tiny bags of various colors with candy in each. There were several dolls on the tree and also many other toys.

"There were about twenty children, little boys and little girls, the oldest being about eleven years old and the youngest baby about three months.

"On the arrival of Doctor and Mrs. Scudder the little children hurried into the room and one of them came out and told us that they had an entertainment for the occasion. The program had three items on it. First, a welcome song, sung by four of the girls, then a little boy came out dressed as Santa Claus. He was about seven years old. He had a long grey beard, wore a green suit with black edging to it, and a long folly and cap, and carried a number of toys in his arms.

(Continued on page 153)

**QUARTERLY REPORT OF THE
W.B.F.M. BOARD.**

The Mission Circles may now expect to receive extracts from foreign reports on the first of January, April and October, the Convention report to answer for the fourth quarter.

At the monthly meetings prayers have

been offered for our missionaries, for all branches of their work, their assistants and converts in India and Bolivia.

Relative to Bands the following was recommended: 1. that they be asked to raise this year for education \$1000; medical, \$750; evangelism, \$750; total, \$2500.00. Details to be worked out by Band Secretary.

2. That each year some special object be assigned to the Bands.

3. To aid the Band Secretaries in carrying out this policy and in view of the shortage of the names of available students we allot no student to any Band in future.

The Circle campaign for new members has been very successful.

Our Literature department was presented with a duplicator on its birthday last month. We now have a fully equipped office at 66 Bloor St. West, and well worth the visit of all Circle members.

Our President, Mrs. Matthews, is now on a trip through the Mediterranean, and will be away two or three months. May she have a safe and pleasant voyage.

Mrs. Doherty reports 569 new subscribers for the "Link" and Mrs. Pettit tells us of the receipt of \$1786.40 during the quarter.

Six out of fifteen Associations have reported that their Circles are willing to help undertake the cost of passage and support of Miss Pearl Scott as Missionary to India. What about other Associations?

Speakers at different Circle meetings are being continually asked for. If you know of anyone willing to help in this work, kindly correspond with Miss Gertrude Dayfoot of Georgetown, Ont.

At the last Board meeting, the following were nominated to fill vacancies on the Board:

Mrs. J. H. Rinch, St. Thomas, class '22
Mrs. J. A. Wallace, Simcoe, class '23
Mrs. E. A. Cole, Toronto, class '23
Mrs. W. R. Henderson, Toronto, class '25.

The matter of the Link and Visitor Union has been discussed and a mem-

orandum has been sent to the Home Mission Board for their consideration.

Jessie L. Bigwood, Rec. Sec.

ON DIT.

Essex, Ont.—Here is another subscriber for the "Link." I will try my best to get more as the year advances, for we, as loyal Baptists, should take the foreign mission paper. We cannot get the same news elsewhere.

Peachland, B.C.—Please send five copies, all new subscriptions.

Stroud, Ont.—Am enclosing renewal. Have taken the "Link" for a year and watch its pages and read them with great interest. I appreciate the writings by the author of "Something More."

Invermay, Sask.—Would not like to do without the "Link." Have taken it a good many years.

Woodstock, Ont.—I have done my best to get them all to take the "Link" again this year, and will try to get more.

Point Fortune, Que.—February number is so interesting. I just long for others to have it.

Athens, Ont.—I do not think we can have an intelligent view of our work in the Foreign Field without our "Link." None of our subscribers are discontinuing.

Robson, B.C.—8 new subscribers for the "Link."

Paisley, Ont.—Let us hope that those who are discontinuing will miss the little paper so much when it stops coming, that they will find they cannot get along without it.

Elmvale, Ont.—Although I am here in this northern country, away from all Baptist Associations, I do enjoy reading our denominational literature. It is a connecting link.

Edmonton, Alta.—Will you please send a few sample copies to our Young Women's Mission Circle. We may be able to interest some thereby.

Stratford, Ont.—While I am agent, I will do my best to prevent any arrears.

Grande Ligne, Que.—I enclose my subscription for another year with many good wishes for the paper and appreciation of its interesting contents month by month.

Outremount, Que.—Many thanks for your letter, letting me know exactly where we stand with our subscriptions to "Link." I will endeavor to keep all the subscriptions paid in advance from now on.

Ladner, B.C.—We get much help and information from the "Link" in preparing monthly missionary meeting programmes.

Leith, Ont.—We have put the "Link" in every Baptist home but one in our churches.

Phillipsville, Ont.—I have recently been appointed President of the Mission Circle, and will need the help of the "Link."

Rudyard, Mich.—I read you over and over again, and keep you unless I can send you to someone who needs you. I certainly appreciate your coming.

Reidvale, Middleton, N.S.—I greatly enjoy reading the "Link." It gives the latest news of the work I loved and do not forget.

St. John, N.B.—Am sending one renewal and three new subscriptions. Please send me complete list as you find it on your books.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

Does your subscription fall due before Convention? **November, 1922.**

How will you know? By your receipt, (or) Ask your Agent. (or) Write the Supt. of Agents, 118 Gothic Ave., Toronto, Ontario.

Will you depend on the label? No. The dates have not been changed. They are being dropped as the type is re-set.

When will you renew? As soon as possible. If you renew promptly, that is before the 15th of the month of date of expiration, you will lose no copy of the paper.

Among the Circles

THE NEW-MEMBER CAMPAIGN

Toronto:

Dufferin Street Mission Circle. Our Circle had a campaign the last week in January, as suggested by our President, Mrs. Matthews. Our members made 34 visits, and while we only gained 4 new members, I believe the visiting has been a great blessing to members and those visited.

Mrs. Bunker, Pres.

Port Arthur:

In response to the letter from the Board as to gaining new members for our Circle, would say a meeting was held of Circle officers and visitors, and your letter read. A motion was carried to the effect that a campaign be had and visiting lists were thereupon made out and distributed.

It was arranged that our regular monthly meeting, held on the last Tuesday in January, should take the form of a social, which proved to be very successful. Reports showed that about thirty-five calls were made and nine new members added to our roll with promises from others in the near future.

On behalf of the Port Arthur Circle.

L. Roberts, Sec.

Bothwell:

As suggested by the Board, on the last week in January we visited several homes, and as the result we had two new members join our Circle, one subscribed for both the Link and Visitor, and one for the Visitor. We visited several homes where there were little children, and they said that as soon as the weather got warmer they would come and join our Circle. We have planned to have a social afternoon some time in April and invite them all out. We are sending for a map of our foreign fields and a book on Missions, and we will try to make it as interesting as possible for them and put before them the needs of our work and the great privilege of doing the Lord's work.

Pray for us here in Bothwell that we

all may be real soul winners for the Master.

Yours in His name,

Alice Boynton,
President of M.C.

Hagersville:

In regards to our Mission Circle in Hagersville, we feel we are doing splendid work and the Lord is blessing us abundantly. Our interest and our money are increasing, also our membership since we had the special canvas. We make about thirty calls and had eight new members at our last meeting, and expect more from our efforts. We also had twenty-four out to our last meeting, which was very encouraging, when we generally have an average of ten. We also have a life-membership in our society, which was presented by the lady's daughter. We have sent two boxes to India.

We are hoping for better work in the future.

B. Winger, Sec.

Tillsonburg:

The appeal to the Circles for a united campaign for new members, was adopted by our Circle.

At the February meeting the Visiting Committee reported the Canvassing completed, with the gratifying number of twenty-one new members, fourteen active and seven for the Home Department.

E. Booth, Sec.

Southampton and Campbellford:

Southampton and Campbellford report that they have considered the request of the Board, but they decided there was no need for special effort just now as their churches have already been thoroughly canvassed. A large proportion of the women are members of the Circles. They will make constant effort to secure those who are not.

"Begin where you are and do your best with what you have."

The Young Women

A STEP FORWARD

It has been splendid to hear from many of the Y. W. Circles such a hearty response to the request that they undertake a new missionary of their own, in addition to all other work that has already been done in the past. Six out of the fifteen associations have declared themselves ready to bear their share. The work of these will fail if every Circle does not do its part. This is worth while work, and can be done, but we must do it now. There are two ways to increase our giving. One is by a whole hearted campaign to win new members; the other way is for each one of us who are giving already to search our hearts, and see if we have yet made our complete surrender for all we have and are to Christ who is our Master.

There seems to be some doubt about the duration of this new task. It is a step forward, young women, and is to be for always, six hundred this year for passage money, almost double this amount next year for support. Are you ready for it?

E. D.

THE CLOSED HOSPITAL

It is night in India. Blackness has settled down on the little village with the big name a few miles from Chicacole. Among the houses of the village there is one with three rooms, and a fourth, which is on the verandah. In that room, on an uncomfortable little cot, lies a beautiful Brahmin woman who has been suffering untold agonies for several days. The room is kept for anyone that is unclean. That is why she is there. It is hot in India, about 108 in the shade, and more than that in the little room, dark and stuffy, where the sick girl lies. Yet the door is kept close shut, for she is unclean. She has been unconscious since morning because the devil has entered into her. They burn her to let the devil out, but she only opens her eyes to make feeble resistance.

Her mother, ignoring the rules, cares-

ses her daughter, and calls piteously upon the gods to help her. Outside, the men stand. They scream too, in sympathy. What else can they do? Helplessly they submit to the verdict of the three attendants.

"The evil spirit has killed her child, and is now taking her life" says one.

"Her child has turned into a demon and is gripping the mother's heart to kill her," says another.

"It is fate, we are helpless," says the third.

But listen—a woman's voice is heard. "Why do you not take your daughter to Chicacole. There is a hospital there, and a doctor who will make her well. She cured a friend of mine. She is a goddess. She will cure your daughter." The words arouse hope. But how can they get a palanquin at this hour of the night? There is a long argument about it, and still the girl suffers. The native doctor comes, but for fear he will be polluted he dare not even see the patient, let alone feel her pulse. He leaves two pills, one to be taken half an hour after the other if she does not recover consciousness. They wait the prescribed half hour. Then she is unable to swallow the last pill, and still she suffers terribly.

After another long time of arguing they at last decide to go to Chicacole as a final resort. But,—where will they get a palanquin? It is suggested that they turn the cot upside down and make one of that. But oh, no,—these people are Brahmins. It would never do for people in their caste to do such a thing. This calm statement comes above the moans of the sick girl. At last, after much bargaining and deception, a palanquin is secured. But now the astrologer has to be consulted as to the favorable time for starting on a journey. No, the right time has not arrived. The auspicious hour is three a.m., and still the heart-rending moans continue. At last it is three o'clock, and the bearers have been secured. They start forward with their

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rhythmic shouting, and run gracefully along with the heavy palanquin containing the mother and the patient. The others of the house follow on foot. It is quite a procession.

It is six o'clock now, and the patient is still living and begging for water which is always denied her. The sun has risen and they are nearly there. Hope again fills every heart as the hospital comes into view. They unconsciously quicken their steps. The journey is over. They have reached their goal. The palanquin halts. They call at the door. No one answers. They call again. Yet again. An aged man, a neighbor comes along, and hearing of their errand his answer almost staggers them. "Did you not know our doctor is not here? She went to the hills. She worked so hard. She was tired. She meant to come back. She told us she would. She dropped by the road, dead. She worked too hard."

The rest of the party came nearer, the story is repeated. The women beat their breasts and wail. The men call out in anger and despair.

"Why did she go away? The curse of the gods is on us. We were told we would be helped if we came here. Is there no one here who can help? Why did she go away when so many needed her help? She must come back." By this time more people had gathered. One spoke. "She is gone forever. She worked so hard for us all that it killed her. The work and in this hot country, was too hard for her."

"Then why did she not leave another doctor in her place? That would have been better than closing the Hospital."

"There was no one to leave. Our doctor lady said she wanted a doctor to be able to take her place when she had to leave, but no one has come yet. You must take your daughter to the Government Hospital. A man doctor is there, he will help her."

"A man doctor!" A man! Do you think we would take our daughter to a man? How dare you insult us so? Do

you think we are dogs of pariahs such as you? Do you not think we care for our caste or honour?"

"Well, if you will not do that you must take her in the train to Pithapuram. A lady doctor is there, and Miss Day who helped our Doctor. She will help you."

"To Pithapuram! Impossible. She cannot rise. She is unconscious now. We cannot take her in the train anyway."

"Well, then, said a kind-hearted woman, sorrowfully, there is nothing for you to do but to go home. I am sorry. Perhaps another doctor will come in the Fall.

The mother looked at her daughter in an agony of despair. "The Fall!" The doctor who might come then would not help her daughter, she would do her no good.

Disappointed, sorrowful, hopeless, they turn their faces toward home. It is evening. The palanquin moves into the little village. Now no moans come from within. The rhythmic shouting of the bearers is hushed. Instead the wild cries of the death wail are heard. The young husband comes to meet the procession, but flies before it, for he must not see his dead wife. Later the funeral pyre is built, and he must see that the body of his beautiful young wife is cremated in the proper way.

In a few weeks they have found him another bride, some 8 or 9 years old, the only lament being on account of the cost of another wedding so soon. Who gives a thought to the bride of less than a year ago? Who cares that she suffered so? Who cares that she died? Is there a medical student in Canada who cares enough to go to open the doors of the closed hospital at Chicacole?

Adapted from the leaflet "The Closed Gate" by Dr. Nilsson, pub. by the Co-operative Literature Com. of the W.M.S. of the Lutheran Church, Philadelphia, Pa.

Work without prayer is presumption. Prayer without work is fanaticism.

Our Mission Bands

EXERCISE BY MRS. SHEARER

Rev. John McLaurin, D.D.

Scene I—Meeting of Foreign Missionary Society—1874.—Several members seated about a table—chairman at the centre back—map of Telegu field on wall at back.

Chairman—Some of you may not know the circumstances which led us—the Baptists of Ontario and Quebec—to take up work of our own in India. As this is one of the first general meetings we have held I have asked our secretary to give a brief review of the events leading up to this independent meeting.

Secretary—We Canadian Baptists began our work in India by joining with the American Baptist Missionary Union. In 1867 we sent out Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Timpany as our missionaries, and two years later Mr. and Mrs. John McLaurin joined them. They worked at Ramapatnam, and Ongole, (points to places on map). Here is an extract from a letter from Mr. McLaurin which explains why we undertook a separate work. (compiled from "Among the Telegus" and personal items). (reads.) Ongole, 1873—"Some two years ago, as I was studying in the early morning I looked up and saw an Indian gentleman and his servant sitting resting by their oxcart in our compound. I went over to speak to him and he told me the following unusual story. His name was Thomas Gabriel and he lived at Cocanada, 200 miles north of us. He was not a caste man but had held a good government position until his conversion. He then sacrificed his position with a prospect of advancement, and a pension, so that he could devote all his time to preaching. His private means had given out and he was then on his way to Madras to seek assistance from some organization. He was unsuccessful, and had since then been continuing as best he could. He can do nothing more and now we appeal to the Baptists of Ontario and Quebec, earnestly recommending you to take up this work. When I was leaving Canada Prof. Wells said

to me, "We, as Canadian Baptists, can never do our best work until we have a mission of our own—so watch for our opportunity and let us know." I believe that opportunity has now come. A large number have already been converted about Cocanada, many have been baptized, and a church of fifty members has been organized. The needs of the people are indeed great. May God give you guidance in this matter." After consulting with the American Board, we have acted on his advice. Mr. and Mrs. McLaurin have been released by the American Board and are now located at our station, Cocanada, having arrived there on March 12th of this year.

Chairman—I'm sure you would like to hear about the early life of Mr. McLaurin. I shall call on A—for this.

A—Mr. McLaurin was born in Gleggarry county, 1839, and had godly Highland Scotch parents. He always stood high in his classes at school and yet he enjoyed sport and did not neglect his chores about the farm. As a boy he was noted for always telling the truth, bravery, and finishing whatever task he started. So he built up a strong character. He was converted when he was fifteen and said that his pastor planted at that time in his heart the seed thought of India's need.

Chairman—The definite call to service abroad came to Mr. McLaurin while he was a student at Woodstock College. B—will tell us about these student days.

B—The brilliant student is not always popular. Mr. McLaurin was brilliant, and was also popular among his fellow students. An evidence of this came in his final year when he was chosen to make the farewell speech to Mr. and Mrs. Timpany when they were leaving for India. In it he said, "If you need help, let us know, and it will be sent." Two years later he kept that promise by going himself. Just before leaving Canada he married the younger daughter of Rev. John Bates (Mrs. Timpany was her sister).

Chairman.—During his four years at Ramapatam and Ongole, under the American Board Mr. McLaurin toiled early and late to help his people. C—your report please.

C—Shortly after Mr. and Mrs. McLaurin joined Mr. and Mrs. Timpany at Ramapatam, work was begun on a Theological seminary building. It was ready to open in a month, with Mr. McLaurin as Principal and fifteen students in attendance. Two years later Mr. McLaurin went to Ongole and although he had a bad attack of jungle fever, he soon won the love of his people. These were wonderful days. He baptized 277 in less than a month, and in the two years spent here he baptized over 1100.

Chairman.—Surely we Baptists have great reason to thank God for the privilege of working in India and for such devoted missionaries as Mr. and Mrs. McLaurin.

Scene II—Seeking the Light.—Cocanada—sitting room in missionaries' bungalow. Missionaries seated reading. Visitors enter one by one.

1st Visitor—Telegu man (in costume).

Salaam Salaam

Your servant is K. Potorazu. He is a cook, and earns many rupees. He can speak Telegu, English, Hindustani. He work for Englishman, such good food. Such good food, such big money, such big place. Now I work for a Judge.

Mrs. McL.—I should think you would stay there. We are missionaries and cannot afford all these grand things and costly food.

1st Visitor.—Oh! that gentleman give plenty much money, give plenty much kick too. You are kind. Your God is kind. You teach me? (stand with arms folded).

2nd Visitor—Little Telegu girl—(sari—jewels—comes in hurriedly as cook is finishing his speech). I had to come to you even if I am poor. My mother says girls can't learn to read, we have no brain; the gods will be angry and curse us; no man would marry a girl who could read his letters and know

about his business. But couldn't you teach Narsamma, couldn't I live with you?

Mrs. McL.—You poor little neglected mite. Surely we can help you!

3rd Visitor—Telugu boy. (costume)—My name is Veeraswami. I am an Eurasian. I go to school here. I have learned much. I can read. I can speak English. I know the earth is flat and rests on the back of an elephant, and that it is surrounded by seven seas, filled with milk and honey. Now our school is closed—can't you teach us? I want to be a bookman.

Mr. McL.—These poor children need good schools and good teachers and kindness and most of all the Bible.

4th Visitor—Could the missionary come to my village? He could come in an ox-cart—it is only two hours' journey. We are poor. The gods are angry with us. Mr. Gabriel came to our village once and said your Jesus loves us. Tell us more about Him.

Mrs. McL.—How thankful Canadian women and children should be for their Christian homes and all the love brightening their lives.

Mr. McL.—Yes, these Telugu people are so neglected and unloved. But how can so few missionaries reach so many? We need more men and women. More money. More prayers. We must pray, pray; pray.

Scene III—The Light Given—Visitors come on platform, one at a time.

First.—I am Beemadu, a servant in the missionary home. I used to be proud and unkind to other servants. Your missionary told me your Jesus was kind, and wants me to be kind and honest and love Him. My missionaries live Jesus. Their home is happy. We are glad you sent them so we can live happy and hear about Jesus.

Second.—(Telugu girl from boarding school).—I have been living at the girls' boarding school at Cocanada. Mrs. McLaurin started this school. She said girls had brains, and she loved us. Our mothers didn't want us to come at first.

Now we have about 200 girls. We study our lessons, the Bible, prepare our rice and other food and learn to sew and are very happy together. I hope to be a Bible woman soon.

Third—(Telugu Boy—I have been able to go to school because Mr. McLaurin opened a boarding school at Samalkot, for boys and young men. We have classes in literary subjects, and Bible and some classes in Theology for the older students. Mrs. McLaurin started a literary society for us and helped teach English and the Bible. She was very kind to all the students. Mr. McLaurin thought the boys needed exercise to keep them well so told them to each work in the garden a few hours a day. At first some said, "No, we came to be bookmen—they never dig—if we work with our hands no one will respect us as bookmen." Some went home, but they soon came back for they liked the school.

Fourth (Telugu woman or man)—Mr. McLaurin gave us the light for he did evangelistic as well as educational work—so I thank you for him. He visited our towns and villages by ox-cart and canal boat, teaching and baptizing the people, opening up chapels and schools and teaching us how to live. He was often sick because his work was too heavy. Could you send us more men and more women like him and Mrs. McLaurin?

Fifth—Brahmin Gentleman—I am a Brahmin. My family is proud and wealthy. I have been well educated—so were all my ancestors. I know a well-educated man who isn't a Brahmin. That is Dr. McLaurin. He spoke the Telugu fluently—he wrote well. He spent his last 15 years in India translating for the American Mission Society. He wrote many text books for schools and churches, and most important, a commentary on the New Testament, which is very well translated and is of great use to your native pastors. He had a wonderful mind. He was a great and a good man."

Sixth—A Returned Missionary—I'm

sure you have all been interested in hearing what Dr. McLaurin did for our Telugu country along educational and literary lines. Ill health forced him to return to Canada in 1907, and it was during his declining years, 1907-12, that he was the real hero. Three summers he and his gifted wife spent in Woodstock amid the scenes of his young manhood. He said, "The Lord allows my declining health for some good purpose. Nothing ever happens. I was never happier in my life. God is blessing India and I would not take millions for the chance I have had." Does this not prove "at eventide it shall be light?" His last days were days of weakness. The last service he attended was the prayer meeting at Walmer Road Church. At the close, in great feebleness he prayed, "O Lord remember India with her millions unsaved." What a harvest we are reaping from his sacrificial giving of strength and talents. In less than fifty years we have about 18,000 Christians, over 700 native workers, 76 churches, and a hundred missionaries. Three of his children are on the foreign field.

Miss Kate McLaurin, who has been serving since 1898;

Rev. John McLaurin, now at Ramapatnam teaching theology in the college his father helped to found;

Mrs. Gordon Jury, (Elsie) now with her husband in Judson's College at Rangoon, Burma.

Could one leave a greater monument than this witnessing by daughters and son?

All repeat—"He that goeth forth bearing precious seed shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

"God is not so much concerned about our success as He is about our faithfulness. He cares not so much to know our plans and ideas as that we should be anxious to know His will and be obedient in following it."

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BAND REPORTS

CHRISTMAS AT VELLORE, INDIA.

(Continued from page 145).

Sault Ste Marie,

Dear Editor of Link,—I am glad to say that our Mission Band has been re-organized with a membership of 87, and we hope to have some interesting items to send to our papers in the future.

With many helpful exercises in the Link and Visitor we feel sure that we shall learn much about our mission work and its needs.

We hope that some of our members will be on the mission field in the future.

We have adopted the name of "The King's Messengers."

Tom Neil, Secretary.

Brantford

The Mission Band of Calvary Baptist Church, Brantford, held its usual monthly meeting Sunday, February 4th, 1922.

The attendance was very good, there being about seventy present. The Band is certainly flourishing under the zealous efforts of their Superintendent, Mrs. Showers. The chair was taken by the President, Miss Mabel Stenabaugh. After the opening exercises the Scripture lesson was read by Gracie Crandal. Edna Hayes gave a sweet solo "It Pays to serve Jesus." Then followed a very nice dialogue by several girls, showing the great advantage it is to a missionary to have a knowledge of medicine. This will gain admittance for her into the homes of the natives where in turn she can teach them about the Great Physician.

Jean Roberts gave a recitation "An Indian Tea Party." Then came the surprise. The Mission Band presented to two of their very faithful workers, viz., Miss Mabel Stenabaugh, President, and Miss Lulu Rouleau, two life membership certificates, to which both fittingly replied. Plans were made for a copper contest for the next month, the Superintendent, Mrs. Showers, thinks that children are more interested when they have an objective to work for. Meeting closed after singing and prayer.

He had a basket slung over his shoulder. His name was Theophilus. I believe he lost his mother when he was a week-old baby and his cruel father deserted him and ran away to Singapore. This boy was a funny little boy; he pretended a mighty lot. He tried to speak English and act like a real Santa Claus, which kept us all in peals of laughter. Doctor tied bells around him and the nurse gave him a walking stick; indeed he looked mighty important. The next item was "The prodigal son." A dwarf-looking father with a long beard, and an old mother came out and bade good-bye to the young, richly dressed lad, who proudly set out with all his belongings on the back of a mule. And where do you think they got the mule from? It was a great surprise to us. Two little girls were walking about with their heads and backs bent, and they were covered with a watery salmon-colored blanket, and on their backs they carried the load. The rich man then became poor and came round like an Indian beggar to us all, and we gave something—pictures, etc. The return of the prodigal son was very pathetic. There was a feast, a grand feast—Indian sweets laid out in plates, and all, big and small children, enjoying the sweets.

"After this the prizes were distributed. I wish you could have seen the happy, beaming little faces; each one was stretching an arm, first for a doll, then for a stocking, then for the little bag with the soap, and then a candy bag. The little boys got marbles instead of dolls. Picture books were given to the older children. No sooner had they received their presents than they settled themselves on the ground, busily unpacking the contents of the stockings, bags, etc. I wished I had a camera to take a picture of this happy little world after the Christmas tree was over."

—Western Baptist

The Eastern Society

A MESSAGE TO EVERYONE IN THE EASTERN SOCIETY

Dear Sisters,—This is a message that we want to reach every person in our Society, or it will not be really effective.

We know that every Circle and Band and every officer at some time during the year has a message to give to the "Link"—perhaps a specially interesting meeting has occurred—you may have had an increase in membership or in offerings, or possibly you have a good suggestion as to how to make our meetings more helpful and inspiring which you would like to pass on to others.

Well, now, The Link has kindly placed at our disposal one page every month for news from the Eastern Society, and we want our women, girls and Band children to send us some message to put into this page.

The Board has appointed our Asst. Cor. Sec., Miss M. Barker, 4136 Dorchester St., Westmount, as our Editor, and all material must be sent to her. Also bear this in mind, and in future send all letters, reports and notices to the above address, before the fifth of each month.

Let us all help to make our Eastern page bright, interesting and uplifting.

H. W.

DR. CHUTE'S VISIT

Montreal has had the great privilege of seeing and hearing our beloved Missionary, Dr. Pearl Chute. On Tuesday, February 14th, she spoke to a large audience in Olivet Church. Her address illustrated by lantern slides, brought vividly to the minds and hearts of all the great needs of our sisters in India, and their woeful condition for lack of the skilled medical aid which we can so readily procure. An offering was taken which amounted to \$61.

The following afternoon the members and officers of the Board were invited to the home of our President, Mrs. H. H.

Ayer, to meet Dr. Chute. A delightful social hour was spent and Dr. Chute gave an informal talk on the work which is so dear to her heart and to which she has devoted her life. As her hearers were made to realize the wonderful change which takes place in the lives of those who are turned from darkness to light we were made to exclaim "What hath God wrought!". The Eastern Society greatly appreciates the visit of Dr. Chute, realizing the self-sacrifice which she made in order to come to us.

Mrs. Bryant, of Smith's Falls, writes as follows of Dr. Chute's visit to their Circle:

The occasion of Dr. Chute's visit to Smith's Falls was our Thank-offering meeting. Although the weather was quite unfavorable a full house greeted Dr. Chute. Miss Washburn, our enthusiastic President, conducted the meeting in her usual capable manner. After devotional exercises a sweet gospel solo was rendered by our blind soloist, Mr. Staff.

Dr. Chute, with word and picture, brought before us very vividly our medical work in India, showing something of what has already been accomplished by our devoted missionaries, and bringing home to us in a very forceful manner the great need of our sisters in that far-away land, and helping us to realize more fully the privilege that is ours in being workers together with Him.

A Thank-offering of \$55 was received.

Our Superintendent of Supplies, Miss Tester, 371 Prince Albert Ave., Westmount, informs the Circles and Bands that she has received from Brockville Circle 3 quilts for the Hospital at Vuyuru, quilts for Miss Meyers' Bible women, hospital supplies, pneumonia jackets and baby clothing for Dr. Hulet. Point St. Charles sent parcels of bags, cards, scripture rolls to Miss Myers, Miss Lock-

Canadian Missionary Link

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

All matter for publication should be sent to the Editor.

Subscriptions, Renewals, Changes of Addresses and all money should be sent to "Canadian Missionary Link," 118 Gothic Avenue, Toronto.
50c. a year in advance.

LITERATURE DEPARTMENT— Women's F. M. Board, 66 Bloor St. W. Toronto

hart and Miss Hinman. From Olivet Circle parcels to Miss Murray and Miss Lockhart, also scripture rolls to Miss Mason, contributed by Young Women's Circle. Will Circles and Bands communicate with Miss Tester for any information they may desire as to the sending of these supplies to our missionaries. The need is pressing and we must provide the fuel for the missionary fires.

The Women's International Day of Prayer for Missions was observed in Montreal on March 3rd, in the American Presbyterian Church. An hour of earnest intercession was spent and sisters from the various denominations united in fervent prayer.

M. E. Barker, Asst. Cor. Sec.

MONTREAL—TEMPLE MISSION BAND.

We began our work this year as usual, the first Saturday in September. As it was very early in the season, we only had 12 at the first meeting, but since then we have steadily grown. In October we doubled the attendance and each month since November we have had an increase of two, four or five members over the previous meeting. On February 4th we had 34. We have some lovely times and everyone helps. We have had no building in which to hold our meetings, so have been gathering at the home of one of our leaders. In January we had a "working meeting"—that is we spent an hour making bags, scrap-books, etc., for India. We support a little girl

in Miss Hinman's school. At present we are working hard getting up a concert, along with the Y.W. Circle. We take our turns at taking part in the meetings. Each one answers the Roll Call with a verse, even the little tiny ones. We will report again later on. Would you like to know our motto for 1922?

"Ready to go, ready to wait,
Ready a gap to fill;
Ready for service, small or great,
Ready to do His will."

Janet L. Stone, Secretary.

EVERY CIRCLE CONTRIBUTING

Are our Circles remembering that we need \$329.00 this year for Specials (as per statement below.) How many circles are planning to help raise this amount? Is yours? "Every Circle Contributing" is the ideal way to make this effort a success. Do not let any Circle therefore miss the opportunity of sharing in this important part of our work.

Our Convention Year is passing—it is time to be "up and doing!"

Yellamanchili Wall (Miss Murray)	\$ 83.00
Yellamanchili Meat Safe (Miss Murray)	16.00
Avanigadda Writing Table, (Mrs. Cross)	15.00
Narsapatnam Writing Table (Miss Mason)	15.00
Vuyyuru Boarding School, Extension Fund	200.00
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	\$329.00

From the Literature Department

- A Bag of Wishes—for 7 children 3c
- Aunt Polly joins the missionary society—for 5 young ladies, one of whom is a missionary enthusiast and persuades "Aunt Polly" to join the missionary society5c
- An Evening with the Hindus is a perfectly splendid missionary evening. Instructive as well as interesting. Recitations, songs and a dialogue7c
- An Eastertide Evening—you will want for your Mission Band meeting at Easter . . .5c
- If They Only Knew, requiring at least 10 young ladies and 3 young children, founded on the story, "If They Only Knew." Because of the pathos of this, it should be inspirational7c
- Lighting Up India, an instructive exercise on our own work in India5c
- Little Lights, an exercise for small children8c
- Mite-box Convention and Song for 7 children representing mite-boxes.7c
- Missionary Acquaintance Party about the 10 southern stations of our mission7c
- Other Children Speak, for Juniors, 7 characters5c
- One Day at Pithapuram Hospital, for 4 girls over 15 and one child5c
- or for 5 for15c
- One Day in India is a Canadian reproduction of a play by this name of the A.B.W. S. adapted for senior girls or Y.L.15c
- Tired of Missions, for young women who say they are tired of missions, and do not want to continue their work, but on the needs being put graphically before them, they change their minds12c
- Three scenes in a Hindu girl's life is a story requiring 3 Band girls and 2 older girls who represent their mothers. This was written by Mrs. C. W. King, Claremont, Ont.5c
- The Challenge of the Cross, a missionary consecration exercise for young ladies (7 characters and an invisible soloist)28c
- The Foreign Missionary Dollar and what it does, for 10 boys or girls.4c
- Studies in the beginnings of our work in India (Dr. John McLaurin), for boys or girls)2c
- "Wanted," a life service exercise for boys5c
- Study of Palestine for boys or girls.5c
- Where shall I hang my sign? The best ever, life service exercise for 8 senior band girls or young ladies (8 for 25c)5c
- Spring time exercise for two children, boys or girls. . . .2c

In addition to this there is our leaflet "Questions and Answers" about our work in India, which would form a good Mission Band exercise, the children having been taught the facts, then taking these questions in the fashion of an old time school, one of the older ones being the teacher.

WRITE, LITERATURE DEPARTMENT, 66 BLOOR WEST, SIDE ENTRANCE, OR PHONE N 8577F, OR BETTER STILL CALL TO SEE US