

THE RECORDER - 1921-1930

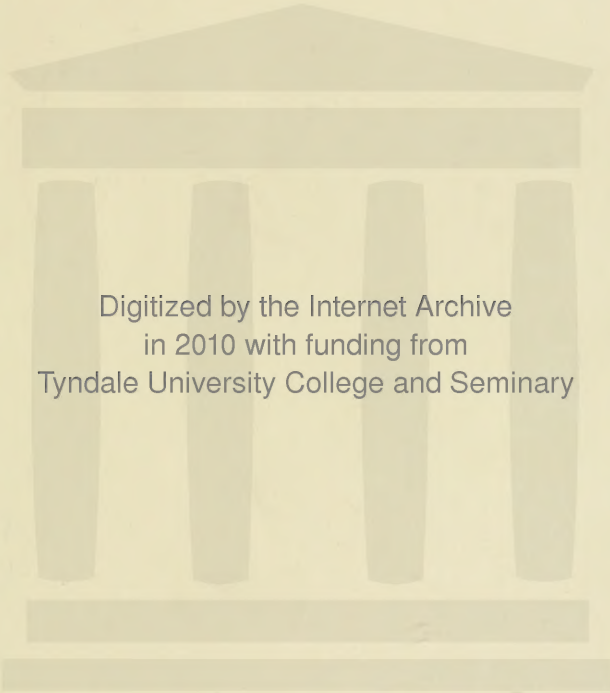
Toronto Bible College

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TORONTO

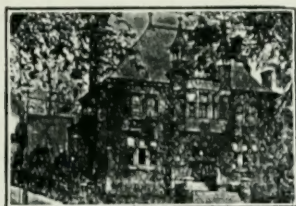
CANADA

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A Missionary Number

This number of the Recorder is made up largely of extracts from letters received during the session from former students of the College who are now on the mission field. These letters come from all parts of the world. These pages show how widely scattered is the Bible College Family. They also reveal something of the daily life of these students as they carry on this work to which they have been called in different parts of the world.

The Bible College has always been

a recruiting ground for foreign missionary service. The evangelization of the world is ever kept in the foreground as the great task of the Church. All the Mission Boards of the Canadian Churches and all the Interdenominational Missions represented in Canada have missionaries in their service who received part or all of their training in the Bible College. Five of the class graduating this spring are already under appointment to the field.

The Close of the Session

The Closing Exercises of the present session will be held on the last two days of April.

On Thursday, April 29th, in the afternoon, the annual conference of the Alumni Association will take place. Arrangements for this gathering are being made by the Committee and an announcement will be sent out by the Secretary, Rev. Dixon Burns. In the

evening of the same day will be held the annual meeting of the Students Association in the Assembly Hall of the College.

On Friday evening, April 30th, the Graduating Exercises will take place in Knox Church, when the first class to graduate under the extended course of three years will receive diplomas.

An Evangelistic Tour in China



Dr. J. E. Graham ('22) writes of a trip into the mountain region of Northern Hupeh which he took with Mr. Kulgren, a Swedish missionary who has been for over thirty-two years in China.

After spending a week at Hankow and another week at Hwangchow we got our outfits together, which consisted of cots and bedding, some changes of clothing and a little foreign food. We took a cook and colporteur, about 1,000 gospel portions and numerous tracts.

The country we passed through was very beautiful, range after range of mountains or high hills, with narrow valleys and occasional streams. All up these valleys and along the sides of the mountains, every foot of arable land is under cultivation. In fact, they use land that we would think was impossible, but they have a real system of their own. Looking up one of these valleys it presents a view like a large stairway or a large amphitheatre. As the rain is never certain, they have dug out huge pits at the top, and during the dry weather this water is let out and runs down irrigating all the fields with little difficulty. But there had been a long dry season this year and most of the pits were empty.

* The farmers live in small villages, their houses huddled close together, and one door, very seldom any windows. The light gets in through an opening in the roof covered with glass. The Chinese seem content to live in these dark, dingy, damp, dungeon-like houses. To add to this they have no chimneys for the smoke to go out of, but it fills all the house and gets

out any place it can. The dogs, pigs, cats, and chickens are as welcome as the rest of the family, and, as we would be invited out to a feast, while we are eating the animals all come in and pick up whatever is thrown on the floor. In the Chinese home they throw everything on the floor, never leave scraps on the table. Often a free-for-all fight takes place over the bones and we have to take care lest we also become involved.

One is more and more impressed with the demoralizing effect idol worshippers expose themselves to, and cannot but be the main cause of China's present condition. In one temple we visited, which was very famous, the priest said they had an idol that could stand up. We were much interested and asked him if he would not kindly have the idol do so for us to see. "Oh," he said, "of course we have got to help him." He also said that this idol could write characters and showed us some on the wall he was supposed to have written. We requested that he write some for us to see, but the priest replied that he never wrote in the day time but only at night when it was dark. One cannot but be impressed with the eagerness with which the people seek to deceive themselves and thus close their minds to the entrance of any light. However, when we preach to them and try to show how useless it is to bow down and worship these dead things, and show how they cannot even help themselves and thus much less anybody else, they all smile and say that is right. But years of following these things have darkened the mind to spiritual realities and leave very little to which to appeal to. Yet in all the places we were, there were some who seemed to understand and gave signs of apprehending the meaning and need of the gospel.

At our next stop there was a theatrical performance going on and the country people came from all over and it gave us a good chance to preach to them. Our books were now all sold out, but we gave out tracts. All up in this country the practice of foot-binding goes on as of old, we only saw two girls with large feet, so in every place we exhorted the people to stop this foolish and harmful custom.

Away up in these out of the way places, the Chinese know little of what is going on in the rest of the world or in China. They knew little about the Shanghai affair and seemed to care less. Here it is one great struggle for existence and the survival of the fittest. If the crops are bad they are on the verge of starvation and it takes them all their time to tide over until the next crop, this notwithstanding the fact that they have two crops a year.

In the Belgian Congo



Miss Daisy Kingdon ('23), the first student of the Bible College to go out under the Heart of Africa Mission, tells of her arrival and her work at her station in the Belgian Congo.

We arrived at Poko, the first H. A. M. station, at the beginning of September, after a fortnight's journey up the mighty Congo, and two days by motor truck. After spending ten days at Poko we were able to get 100 porters for our luggage and we then trekked to Nala, another station about five days journey away. We ladies trek in tipos, a kind of Sedan chair carried by four men. But even this mode of travelling has its thrills, especially when one is carried down a steep slippery path, or across very rickety native bridges. Most of the way there was no road but just a foot path through forests and villages, where the people all run to have a good look at you, and if you smile at them they are so pleased and delighted.

Three weeks ago I came out to this station which is about three hours by tipo from Ibambi. The station is really just a clearing in the heart of a big forest; leopards have been heard prowling around the houses at night.

I have not yet heard these intruders, and of course they cannot get into the houses, but if one keeps goats or has a dog they will attack and kill them.

I have charge of the school work amongst the boys. There are thirty-eight boys now living on the station. A black man looks after their food, and superintends their work around the station such as cleaning up the paths and planting.

Each morning at 6.30 a.m. a bugle is blown, and all the workmen and boys line up on parade, salute the Belgian flag as it is being hauled up, and then sing the national anthem. After this they all have drill for fifteen minutes, and then I have the boys for a short morning service and give them a wee message for the day.

After breakfast I have school with the boys who can read, and teach them Spelling and Arithmetic. Some of them are quite clever and have been known to learn to read in six months. Then in the afternoons from two to four, I have all the boys and forty-five workmen in for Reading and Writing. I do not actually teach them Reading, the boys who can read act as teachers to the others in all the various stages of learning. The lower classes have cards hung out in front of them with various syllables, consonants and vowels, while the others have blocks with words on them. At

the end of each week those who know cards or blocks come up to me, and I hear them, and if they really know them, I pass them on to the next class. I feel sorry for some of the grown-up men for they do try so hard, perspire so hard (from nervousness perhaps), and try to splutter out the syllables. I am glad, and they are more glad

still, when I am able to pass them up. I guess the boys think me rather "mukali" (fierce) as they express it, because I won't allow them to talk in school; and as Kingwana does not mince words but says what it means, I am often saying in school "funga kinyu" (shut your mouth). But I am enjoying the work immensely.

In the Northern Wilds of Canada



Mrs. Lesslie Garrett (Mary Gomme '24) and her husband, Rev Lesslie Garrett, occupy a northern post under the Anglican Church among the Indians in the region of Hudson Bay.

Last July I received a very kind letter from the Missionary Society of T. B. C. written in March, and enclosing a Money Order. Perhaps you will hardly believe it possible, but I am answering this by "return of post" (Dec. 31st). There should have been a mail out last August, but our letters only got as far as the coast, then they came back to Trout Lake because the schooner had called at Severn two weeks earlier than usual, and would not be back until July 1926.

We found an Indian was going out to a place on the railway line so we just sent out a letter to mother, hoping it would reach her sometime this year. Otherwise we have had no communication with the outside world since the first week in July.

We were much cheered this Christmas by the arrival of two quite elderly men from a long way south. They had travelled "three nights journey". That means four days travel by dog sled in order to bring in an offering, and attend the services. They also wanted to buy books for their friends who could not get in. One man sent in a lovely skin which fetched seventy dollars at the store and it was all to be spent on books. The range of books

is very limited, just prayer books, hymn books, and two small books of short addresses and hymns. They are now printing a monthly paper for the Indians and we have a few copies of that, but although printed every month we won't be able to get them more often than once a year.

Up to the time of our arrival the people had been taking the books on their promising to pay for them, but so many "forgot" their promises that we decided only to sell for "cash" or its equivalent, fur. At first there was quite a to-do, but now they have got quite used to the idea and either bring their fur to us to take to the store, or else take it themselves and bring us an order for the amount realized.

We feel so much that to meet the needs of these scattered people we will have to have some way of sending them written messages from time to time. These would have to be written in the Syllabics and then copied and sent out.

Many of the people do not get to the Mission more than once in three or four years, and then only for a few days. They are so scattered that it is almost impossible to visit them in their camps, for not only is travelling difficult but terribly expensive. Then there is the difficulty of the language. We are gradually picking it up, but it is slow work especially as the Trout Lake Indians speak a slightly different dialect from any that is printed, so that the grammars we have are not always the help they should be.

The Indian of the Argentine



Mr. Herbert A. Gerrard ('21) tells of new work he is entering upon among the Indians of the Argentine and Bolivia, for which he asks special prayer.

I would like to ask you if you would kindly pass on to the Missionary Society, or to the Missionary prayer meeting, a request for prayer for the Indians of the Argentine and Bolivia, especially the Chiriguano nation of them. Since coming to South America over four years ago a great deal of our time has been spent among them, so we have got to know them fairly well. But though both Mr. Powell and I have made several attempts to study their language, neither one of us has ever got very far on with it, owing to the ever present pres-

sure of the Spanish work. For a good many years something has been done among them in the matter of Gospel propaganda, but always in a language foreign to them. As time goes on we have all been more and more impressed with the tremendous advantage there would be in being able to speak fluently their own tongue. At last Mr. Powell and I have arranged among ourselves that he take over, as far as possible, the Spanish end of the work in order to leave me more free for the study of Chiriguano. By the Lord's grace I have been able to make some progress, but I have still a long way to go before I shall be able to do any translation of the Scriptures. This Chiriguano nation seems to be especially open to the Gospel, far more so than the Argentines and Bolivians. Yet they have none of the Scriptures translated into their own language. Besides all this there are many thousands of them that have never heard a word of the Gospel. "How shall they hear without a preacher"?

Persecution in Paraguay

Mrs. B. G. Fay (Annie Mason '17) who was home on furlough with her husband and family last year, writes again from her field of service under the Inland South America Missionary Union.

Some new believers in the country are suffering persecution. One elderly woman lived all alone because her husband did not like the Gospel. The neighbours did not like it either so they came at nights to throw stones at the door, take the grass roof off, fire shots, until the poor old lady was so frightened that she left the place. Her sheep she sold very cheap, but the other animals she left.

In another camp place nearer Asuncion there were special meetings. A watch-night service was to conclude them. Men from long distances came on horseback to disturb. When it came about time for the invitation to be given the devil got busy as usual. A

lady missionary was about to give her testimony when a man sprang up with a war whoop, waving a long sword wildly in the air. He started to pound the baby organ, and went in among the people bringing terror to them. The crowd soon hid and the lights were put out. He did not do any harm to any one, but the ladies were in a house that did not have a door, so they could not sleep the remainder of the night. It was indeed a watch night service.

In Yegros the other day an elderly couple were being dealt with and the woman broke down crying, saying that she was too big a sinner to come to God. My husband said that he had never seen that happen before here. The people don't think they are bad. Much prayer had gone up for a revival in Para, and one sometimes thinks that the cloud the size of a man's hand is in sight.

In Portuguese West Africa



Rev. John C. Procter ('16), writes from Angola of the work which he and Rev. A. A. Wilson ('13) are carrying on in Portuguese West Africa, under the South Africa General Mission.

Here at the Cuelel, amongst the Vanyemba tribe, the Message is still so new, and our presentation of the truth so imperfect, that there seems to be little evidence of the working of the Gospel amongst the people. Last month, I ventured to ask one of the natives the following question after a service: "Do you understand the Message yet?" After a moment's thought he, very guardedly, replied: "Yes! We are beginning to understand a

little of some of your sayings—sometimes." Usually, they protest that we speak the language perfectly, that they understand fully, and believe absolutely in the Gospel message. So you will understand that the frankness of this boy was, to say the least, refreshing.

We are happy in the work here, and although the enemy hates the light, and seeks to hinder the work, we believe that God will honor His Word, and that the seed sown will bring fruit.

A little medical work is done, and a few boys are being trained as carpenters and bricklayers, so that eventually the missionaries will be relieved of a good deal of the manual labour connected with a mission station, and will be able to devote more time to other branches of the work.

Among the Blacks of South Africa

Miss Inez Botterell ('20) has been serving under the South Africa General Mission both in Durban, Natal, and up in the interior of the country. Here is her interesting account of a visit to an outstation.

Last time I took you on a walking trip among kraals near by. This time we'll go to the Mahahani Outstation, about fifteen miles away. Albert, the native teacher at Zibungu Outstation, is to accompany us and preach also, so we impress on him the desirability of being here to set out immediately after Saturday morning prayer meeting, about 9.15 a.m., as the sun is rather hotter now, and among the hills we shall be exposed to it. Starting early is not always as easy as it sounds when you have natives with cattle which will wander off, or "indabas" (affairs) which must be attended to, and no timepieces. Ten o'clock arrives, no Albert; 11 o'clock, no Albert; 12 o'clock, no Albert, although we

keep sallying forth to peer into the distance along the white road. About 12.15 Albert appears with his horse, a wild little thing that has kept him chasing about after it until so late.

Our journey is wearisome as we have steep hills to deal with, sometimes on foot, and the sun is hot. At last we have come to the worst hill which leads us down, down, down to where James, our cripple preacher, has his outstation beside the pretty, winding Umzimvubu River. Hills rise all around us at a little distance. Miss Eldridge has a hut at Mahahani, built as a memorial to her much-loved father, Bishop Eldridge, so we have not had to bring bedding or utensils with us. James comes to take our horses and does not even smile at our red, sunburnt faces, but welcomes us to the hut which has been nicely swept and opened up for us. Emily, his wife, with their little girl toddling after her, waits on us to boil our kettle or

cook our beans and potatoes. Out of the box in the hut we whisk the covers and bedclothes, and soon we have quite a nice little home for a short time.

A rest and meal refresh us, and then we visit the main hut of the evangelist and its occupants and look around a bit at the exquisite scenery, making our way nearer to the river. In the evening we spend some time in preparation and then go over to the main hut for a little meeting. They have finished their evening meal around the fire, and we have a nice time of hymn-singing and some thoughts on the Ephesian characteristics, faith and love, each one joining in the season of prayer. We cannot see much of the contents of this hut, but in the heathen huts the fowl generally come and go at will, and some spend the night inside, together with a calf or so, a few little pigs, the dogs and the people, and often considerable other live stock.

Our hut has two nice little open windows, so we sleep comfortably. In the morning how sweet to have our quiet time and special prayer and study out in the open by the river. As

the day goes on it becomes unusually hot even for Hahabani, but our hut is mud-walled and thatched and fairly cool.

Two or three calls must be rung on a piece of iron deftly handled by native girl and then we go in to the school-church hut for the people have at last arrived. A beer-drink is in session not far away, preventing heathen from coming to the first service, at which Albert interprets for us on the Good Shepherd, the Great Shepherd and the Chief Shepherd. After an interval outdoors we go in again. Now, quite a few heathen have arrived, redolent of beer, and rather heavy-eyed, but Albert delivers a splendid, powerful message, using some of our material, but making it more directly evangelistic for the sake of the heathen who have come in.

After the services we distribute picture cards to the children and teach them a chorus to the tune of "When He Cometh", and talk a little with them, and soon after set out for Nkanga again. The horses are always in a hurry going home, but the pulls up hill are heavy.

Building Churches in China

Mr. E. Roy Baker ('15) is in charge of a mission district of the China Inland Mission in Southern Honan. He writes recently as follows:

Since last writing to you foreign business people and missionaries have passed through one of the worst anti-foreign demonstrations since the Boxer year of 1900. You all have been reading about it so there is no need of anything further being said. We are thankful to say that in the out of the way places, such as this, it has practically subsided. The undercurrent effects no doubt will remain for years, thus making mission work very difficult. While a few in some of our out-stations attempted to make trouble we are thankful to re-

port that the churches in general were not carried off their feet by the agitators.

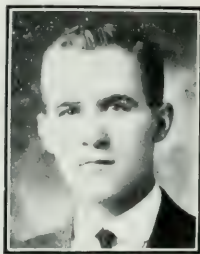
It is wonderful the interest the Christians take in building their own churches. Here and there throughout our district the alteration and enlarging of church property, and the building of new churches, is constantly going on. I was amazed recently on learning that the few Christians at "Ancient City" market town were building a new church, a hope they cherished for years. One member, a most faithful and devoted old man, is giving nearly everything he possesses in order that their little church might be completed. His giving is real sacrificial giving, such as we praise God

for, and for the work of grace in his life, for he gives all his time to the work of the church without receiving a cent from the mission.

Early last summer a market town seven miles to the south of this city was nearly half destroyed by fire. The Christians for years had been moved from pillar to post, first in this small place, and then in that, until finally about a year ago they managed to purchase a place of their own. Last spring they built a new church and were looking forward with great joy

to the time when they might occupy it. But alas, they only held two services in it, when the fire swept all before it, including their newly built church. Needless to say they are down-hearted and know not what to do, for the autumn crops were a failure and everything is so expensive, rice and labor costing nearly three times as much as a year ago. Please pray for the Christians at this "Fallen Village" market town, who have done so nobly in the past, that they might again have a church in which to worship.

Christmas on the Border of Tibet



Mr. and Mrs. George Bell are in the extreme west of China, working not only among the Chinese, but especially aiming to reach the Tibetans who come across the border. Mrs. Bell (Dorothy Wade '23) sends the following account of their last Christmas day, which shows that people there enjoy the social side of Christian fellowship as much as ourselves.

The morning of the 25th we were all astir very early, and soon had the final preparations for the day's activities completed. Before ten o'clock the prayer meeting started, where God's people here, called upon Him to bless the services during these three days when we were celebrating the birth of His son. At eleven the doors were thrown open and before long, the hall we had borrowed for the occasion which is situated on one of the main business streets, was crowded.

The women's kang was too small to hold all who came, so benches had to be brought in to accommodate those who wanted to listen. A native preacher from another Mission told about the birth of the Saviour of mankind and sought to turn his hearers' hearts unto Him Who came to earth as a little child. At the end of the service, the Christians were told to stay for their own particular treat.

Of course, each one had brought as many relatives as possible, but that made all the more fun when we played games. The Chinese were just as excited as a group of kiddies at home are when the yearly Christmas entertainment comes around. A number of us tried to pin a pigtail to a Chinaman and what laughs our poor attempts elicited. A few men were sent out of the room and brought in one by one. Each one was shown a few piles of books, told to look well, then blindfolded, they lifted up their long gowns and tried to step over. Great was their surprise to the delight of the onlookers when they discovered that the books had been taken away long before. Then we tried "Musical Chairs", and even a couple of old women joined in when women alone tried. But, though the games were an important part of the programme

and occasioned a great deal of fun and laughter, a more important item still, was to come.

The place was quickly cleared and tables set for the "eats". There were two tables for women (each seating over ten), two for men, and one for boys, the girls staying with their mothers. The Christians had themselves, with the aid of a small gift from us, paid for and cooked the food. Of course, it was not so nice as if it

had been prepared by a professional cook; but we all enjoyed it. A year ago the Christmas feast was a nightmare to me, but this year I ate plenty of everything, and almost wished that I were like a camel in one respect. Soon darkness crept on, and weary in body, but happy in spirit, praising the Lord for His goodness, we came home to a cup of good foreign tea, and a nice long sleep.

A Bible School in Indo-China

Rev. D. I. Jeffrey ('15) of Cochin-China, writes us of the triumph of the Gospel in that land where his mission has approximately one thousand baptized converts as a result of their work begun in 1913.

Recognizing the sound principle that a country must be won to Christ largely by her own sons, they are seeking to establish a self-supporting and self-propagating Anamese church. To this end in 1921 they opened a Bible College for the training of evangelists and pastors. From an attendance of eleven in the first year, the present enrolment has grown to fifty young men and thirty young women, all preparing for the ministry. The students are drawn from various stations in life. Many of them are university men, doctors, teachers, clerks, carpenters, and farmers. All are zeal-

ous of preaching the Gospel. The course extends over three or four years. Each alternate year is spent out of the College in actual work. Mr. Jeffrey pays a high tribute to the efficiency of French rule which has brought to the country all the external benefits of western civilization in educational institutions, roads, sanitation, etc. He says "Ours is the opportunity to preach the Gospel that puts the CORNER STONE into their civilization, and we thank God that the foundation has been laid in Indo-China, but a great work is yet to be done. We covet the interest and prayers of all who are interested in Bible College work, that the students of the Word of God in French Indo-China may be established and strengthened for the furtherance of the Gospel in that needy land."

School Teaching in Central India

Miss Alice B. Munns, '18, of the United Church Mission, Neemuch, C. I., has given us the following interesting note regarding her work:

School teaching in India in many respects does not differ from school teaching in Canada, but the conditions under which the teaching is done differ greatly. One of the schools of which I had charge was for boys of the leather-workers caste, despised and shunned by all others because they

belonged to the "untouchables". The little whitewashed two-roomed building on the outskirts of the town was the school-house for the thirty or forty pupils who attended. Here the children gathered each day to be instructed by the Christian head master and his wife. The children sat in rows on the floor, holding their slates on their knees, and with their books on the floor in front of them. With the lusty singing of a hymn, which could

not be called music, and a prayer, the school was opened. Classes in arithmetic and reading came first. After a short recess, the Bible lesson was taught. Then came a review of the previous lesson given by one of the boys. The way in which the review was given showed that the lesson had been carefully taught and learned. This was followed by the new lesson

story or the continuation of the old one. Then came the memory work. Many were the hymns, verses, and chapters which these bright-eyed boys committed to memory. We trust they also stored them in their hearts. Who can say now what the result will be? He has said "My Word shall not return unto me void."

From the Leader of the Evangelistic Band

With each new group of students a fresh impetus is given to some particular part of our evangelistic work. This is particularly noticeable in our Hospital and Sunday School work under the supervision of Miss Graham and Miss Jessie Anderson.

Regular visits to the Hospitals are made by a number of the students and on Sunday various wards are visited by small groups to carry on a gospel service. The results are very gratifying. One Sunday alone as many as five professed to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ as their personal Saviour.

During the session a large percentage of the students have been engaged in teaching in Sunday School classes and in various other departments of Young People's work. Their great desire to see the children brought to

Jesus and the many earnest prayers offered up on their behalf has resulted in being born into the Kingdom of God.

Opportunities have opened for the Evangelistic Band to visit several churches and missions in the city and a real work of grace has been manifested on a number of occasions. On Feb. 28th the Band, when "holding forth the word of life" in one of our prominent Missions, had the joy of seeing seven openly proclaim allegiance to the Lord Jesus Christ.

On another occasion the pastor of the church wrote to the College: "The Deacons Board have asked me that if it is possible we invite the Band to our pulpit again. The folk are very enthusiastic over the Band and the choir have won for themselves a large place in the hearts of our people."

Personal Notes

A son, Paul Goforth, was born on February 12th at Toronto to Rev. and Mrs. Ivory Jeffrey, of French Indo-China.

A son, Edward Herbert, was born on May 9th to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert A. Gerrard, at Ledesma, Argentina.

Mr. Vernon W. Gibson ('24) and Miss Katharine Blanche Oliver ('24) were married on November 17th at Minna, Northern Nigeria. Mr. and Mrs. Gibson are serving under the Sudan Interior Mission.

Mrs. Elsie E. Grosart, formerly a student of the Evening Classes, and for some years a missionary of the China Inland Mission, was married on January 26th to Mr. Henry R. Graham at Kenora, Ont.

Rev. Herbert L. Troyer has been called from Essex to Bethany Baptist Church, Todmorden, and has begun his ministry there. This is the church which was established and built up by Rev. Dixon Burns while he was a student at the Bible College.

Mr. Victor Veary ('23), who has been in England for more than a year, has been appointed by the Sudan United Mission to work among some of the tribes in that part of the Sudan that is under French government. He is at present learning French at the Bible Institute conducted by Pastor Saillens near Paris.

Miss Florence Walker ('23) has returned from Africa to England for a short furlough. She will take a short course of study in France and go out again to a new field in the French Sudan.

Mr. Harold Dancy ('24) is at Pyne Valley, P.E.I., where he has charge of a mission field under the Presbyterian Home Mission Board.

Mr. Wm. C. Tiffin ('24) is in charge of a church in Chicago which has called him to the pastorate. He is also taking some further studies in the Northern Baptist Seminary.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Moynan ('23) sailed for China in February in company with Mrs. Moynan's parents, Dr. and Mrs. Jonathan Goforth. Dr. Goforth has returned to China in response to an urgent call to act as Chaplain in Marshal Feng's army. He has taken Mr. and Mrs. Moynan with him to assist him in his work.

At a recent meeting of the Council of the Sudan Interior Mission five students now attending the Bible College were accepted for service in Northern Nigeria. Two who graduate in April will prepare to go out in the fall, Mr. Samuel Shepherd and Miss Lillian Hyndman. The other

three are Mr. Aubrey Hunt, Miss Beatrice Jackson, and Mr. David H. Rough. They will be taking another year of study in the Bible College.

We were glad to welcome as a visitor to the class room recently, Mr. Morley P. Bell, one of the earliest graduates of the College. Our sympathy goes out to Mr. and Mrs. Bell in the death of their eldest daughter which took place on February 6th after a lingering illness.

A letter from our friend Mr. Robert Hayson who spent part of the session with us, tells that he is back in his old haunts in northern British Columbia, where he is inspecting a telegraph line along the shores of the Portland Canal. He has a gasoline launch at his disposal and a man to run it. He has met a large number of men from the mines, with whom he worked some twenty years ago. He says "some of them look at me as a kind of curiosity, as they cannot understand what the Lord has done for me." This has given him wonderful opportunities of giving a testimony, illustrating in his own life the transforming power of the Gospel. Speaking of victory over temptation, he says "I am sure the angel of the Lord encampeth around about them that fear him." Mr. Hayson is located near the Alaskan border where church privileges are few. He has asked that his friends remember him very specially in prayer that an opening may occur for him to enter upon some regular form of Christian service.

Receipts

Between November 20th, 1925, and March 10, 1926.

No.	Amount	No.	Amount	No.	Amount	No.	Amount
2400	\$20.00	2410	4.00	2420	26.00	2430	10.00
2401	12.00	2411	8.00	2421	10.00	2431	6.00
2402	10.00	2412	4.00	2422	12.00	2432	100.00
2403	10.00	2413	5.00	2423	15.00	2433	10.00
2404	30.00	2414	100.00	2424	5.00	2434	2.00
2405	5.00	2415	50.00	2425	2.00	2435	208.37
2406	5.00	2416	10.00	2426	5.00	2436	7.50
2407	20.00	2417	11.00	2427	8.00	2437	100.00
2408	10.00	2418	10.00	2428	10.00	2438	23.00
2409	208.33	2419	25.00	2429	5.00	2439	10.00

No	Amount	No	Amount	No	Amount	No	Amount
2440	2.00	2470	40.00	2499	2.00	2528	10.00
2441	50.00	2471	5.00	2500	785.23	2529	5.00
2442	20.00	2472	20.00	2501	10.00	2530	5.00
2443	100.00	2473	15.00	2502	5.00	2531	5.00
2444	2.00	2474	25.00	2503	10.00	2532	19.13
2445	5.00	2475	28.00	2504	10.00	2533	50.00
2446	5.00	2476	208.33	2505	5.00	2534	5.00
2447	12.00	2477	50.00	2506	100.00	2535	208.33
2448	5.00	2478	17.00	2507	25.00	2536	8.00
2449	150.00	2479	10.00	2508	5.00	2537	5.00
2450	2.00	2480	75.00	2509	5.00	2538	5.00
2451	5.00	2481	20.00	2510	5.00	2539	10.00
2452	5.00	2482	10.00	2511	10.00	2540	10.00
2453	10.00	2483	10.00	2512	10.00	2541	10.00
2454	5.00	2484	35.00	2513	10.00	2542	5.00
2455	5.00	2485	10.00	2514	50.00	2543	10.00
2456	5.00	2486	5.00	2515	25.00	2544	10.00
2457	35.00	2487	2.00	2516	8.00	2545	25.00
2458	2.00	2488	5.00	2517	4.00	2546	5.00
2459	65.00	2489	82.50	2518	1.00	2547	5.00
2460	10.00	2490	10.00	2519	5.00	2548	1.00
2461	50.00	2491	1.00	2520	1.00	2549	100.00
2462	7.00	2492	10.00	2521	5.00	2550	5.00
2463	12.00	2493	100.00	2522	2.00	2551	5.00
2464	71.00	2494	25.00	2523	10.00	2552	15.00
2465	44.00	2495	5.00	2524	7.25	2553	10.00
2466	173.25	2496	5.00	2525	5.00	2554	20.00
2467	10.00	2497	15.00	2526	2.00	2555	1.00
2468	50.00	2498	12.00	2527	5.00	2556	50.00

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Mr. Martin Love,	Mr. Thos. S. Cole,
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J. M. Waters, M.D., C.M.	Secretary.
Mrs. Annie Gray	Assistant Secretary.

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