

W. B. M. U.

MOTTO FOR THE YEAR: "We are laborers together with God"

PRAYER TOPIC FOR MARCH.—For Mr. and Mrs. Archibald, and Miss Wright, that the seed long and faithfully sown in Chicacole may soon yield an abundant harvest.
For all the native workers on this field.

TO SERVE.

To sit with folded hands
Brings to no waiting soul the joys of life;
In hard, yea, weary labor, and in strife,
Rather than peace it stands.

Peace waiteth farther on,
But 'tis a battle-field we first must tread;
By our great Captain of salvation led
Hardly is victory won.

Rest shall come by and by,
And none can taste the joy of rest untired;
What wages earns the servant who is hired,
If all at ease he lie?

Not for reward alone,
This law is given that we must up and do;
By all who would be strong and happy too,
Must strenuous work be done.

The unused hand is weak,
How can its nerveless fingers grasp the lyre?
Silent its music ever if we tire
When first its sweet cords speak.

All stagnant life is death,
But follow thou the Master on his way,
And thou shalt never be of death the prey,
E'en as the Master saith.

Extracted from a volume entitled, "From Advent to All Saints." Verses suggested by the Epistles and Gospels, by J. E. A. Brown. (*Orinth, Paron, Okden & Welch.*)

Our suggested programme is now published both in the *Messenger and Visitor*, and in *Tidings*, so it seems hardly necessary to print it in *THE LINK* also.

Our own Publishing Committee has just issued a Leaflet which we print in this number of *THE LINK*. We hope to have one from each of the other fields. We are very grateful to Mrs. Morse for complying with our request so promptly.

Correspondents will please notice that the address of the President is 178 Wentworth St., St. John, N. B., not St. John, west.

We have on our Telugu Field now, nineteen missionaries. Just think of it! Nineteen missionaries sent out to one million, seven hundred thousand people! And it takes forty-five thousand people to send these nineteen! Oh, the pity of it! Oh, the shame of it! Women of our Union rouse ye to this work. Tell it, pray it, until every

church member is aroused. Surely we are sleeping. Is it not time to awake? Should not Zion arise and put on her beautiful garments? Should she not let her light shine into every dark corner of this world? How many missionaries should we have on our Telugu Field? According to Rev. W. Higgins, we need, in order to man the field in any proper sense, forty men with their wives, and twenty single lady missionaries. Mr. Higgins says: "The remaining eighty-one should be sent forth speedily. They should have been on the field long ago; and because they have not been sent forth, thousands of Telugus have perished without a knowledge of Christ. If the 45,000 Baptists in these Provinces gave one cent a day each, we would have annually one hundred and sixty-four thousand dollars for this work instead of fourteen thousand now given." Think! "Canada's total contribution to missions (from all churches) in 1891, would not pay Canada's drink bill for four days!"

"Give, saints! as God has given,
And see as your reward
Denise pagan darkness given,
And Christ received as Lord."

A card received from Miss Newcomb, dated Madras, speaks of their arrival there on the 19th. All well; and they hoped to leave for Biml on the morrow, so as to reach there in time for Christmas.

Officers W. B. M. U. of the Maritime Provinces, for the year ending July, 1897:—President, Mrs. J. W. Manning, 178 Wentworth St., St. John, N. B.; Treasurer, Mrs. Mary Smith, Amherst, N. S.; Cor. Secretary, Mrs. Henry Everett, St. John, N. B.; Prov. Secretaries, Miss A. E. Johnstone, Dartmouth, N. S., Miss M. O. Davis, Charlottetown, P. E. I.; Editor of W. B. M. U. column in *Messenger and Visitor*, Mrs. J. W. Manning, 178 Wentworth St., St. John, N. B.; Correspondent for *LINK*, Miss A. E. Johnstone, Dartmouth, N. S.

Miss Wright expects to leave India, in March, and will probably reach N. S. in April. It is a sore disappointment that she is obliged to leave the work.

Let us give glad praise for the new souls won for Christ, and baptized in Bobbili; and let us ask that the others who are "seeking" may come into the light.

TO THE RESCUE.

"To the rescue!" shouts the seaman,
Through the howling midnight dark,
As athwart the seething waters
Pilots he his trusty barkque;
"To the rescue, man the lifeboat,
There are precious lives to save;
Aid the shipwrecked ere they perish,"
Sounds o'er tempest, wind, and wave.

"To the rescue, to the rescue!"
Is the sturdy fireman's cry,
Fiercely are the embers glowing,
And the scorching flames leap high:
Yet at duty's call he riseth,
There are lives from death to win,
So to save them doth he hasten,
Through the smoke and glare and din.