

we discuss our dinner, only two of us. For years this has been the case. The topics of conversation are generally closely related to our work, the school, the mission, the societies at home, the dear ones, and the Home Land—love land—dream land—the land of our fathers and the land of blessed memories.

The bell rings once more and the boys gather in four companies for their home work. Each company has a leader who is responsible for his company. When all are in place each company numbers, and the words of command, "Attention!" "Left face!" "March!" are uttered and all are off to some kind of work.

I generally spend this hour with them. Some are carrying and pouring water on young trees; some are building or mending mud walls; while others are at different kinds of work. After this hour is over they are at liberty till seven o'clock, after which all are required to be in the compound.

How do we spend this interval? If we have a pony and carriage we drive out for half an hour; or walk, or attend to our plants, etc. The rest of the time till seven p.m. we generally spend on the front veranda reading a book, or having a chat with our neighbors, one family, who have dropped in for a few minutes.

Tea at seven o'clock is a light affair and soon disposed of; family prayers follow immediately after. Shortly after this I am left alone for the evening's work; lessons for the morrow, consulting books, writing home letters, letters for the LINK, *Brightist* and other papers, fill up a quiet and satisfactory three hours till 10.30. In half an hour more I am at rest for the night; and thus ends one day's work for Jesus. Blessed work, to be followed by and by for "the rest that remaineth for the people of God."

While writing this letter I am sitting cross-legged on the bottom of my palankeen, out in the jungle twelve miles north of Tuni, and fifty miles from Samulcotta. I can hear one of the boys preaching Jesus to some people who have come out of curiosity to see a *dhora*—a white man.

Now little fellow-laborers, good-bye, and God bless you all, is the prayer of yours for the Telugus,

JOHN McLAURIN.

## THE WORK AT HOME.

### Ontario and Quebec.

#### BOOKS FOR THE CIRCLES OF THE SOCIETY OF EASTERN ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

Our friend and Missionary the Rev. John Craig, has been anxious that the Circles might have access to some of the excellent books that are written on mission subjects, and he has kindly placed the following at the disposal of our Society: *Around the World Tour of Christian Missions*, by William F. Bainbridge; *The Life of Abner Judson*, by his son; *Alfred Saver*, a biography, by E. B. Underhill, which introduces us to the work of the English Baptists at Cameroon's and other places in West Africa; *Rise and Progress of the Work on the Congo River*, published by the English Baptist Missionary Society; *Our Gold Mine*, by Mrs. Ada C. Chaplin, the story of American Baptist missions in India; *Rambles in Mission Fields*, and *Missionary Sketches*, by S. F. Smith; *Pagoda Shadows*, by Adele M. Fielde, an interesting account of the condition of Chinese women; *Carey, Marshman and Ward*, the Serampore Missionaries; *From Darkness to Light*, the story of a Telugu convert, by Rev.

J. E. Clough; *Heroines of the Mission Field*, by Mrs. Emma Raymond Pitman; in this volume we are told of the work of twenty-eight women who have labored in different parts of the world. *Missions*, a prize essay, by Rev. George Patterson, which treats of the heathen world, its need of the gospel, and the church's obligation to supply it. *Historical Sketches of Women's Missionary Societies in America and England*; this title is misleading; as the sketches are confined to Societies in the United States, with the exception of one out of the twelve English Societies, none of the Canadian being mentioned. *Our Eastern Sisters and their Missionary Helpers*, by Harriett Warner Ellis; this book takes us to India, Egypt, China, Burmah, Persia, Syria, and Palestine. *Mission Life in Greece and Palestine*, by Mrs. G. R. Pitman.

These books are intended to form the beginning of a circulating library. Any member of a Circle desiring the use of one can obtain it by sending her address.

1395 St. Catherine St., Montreal.

A. MUIR.

BROCKVILLE, ONT.—Our Mission Circle, after being disbanded for some time, was reorganized last Thursday, when the following officers were elected:—Mrs. Tuttle, *President*; Miss Lizzie Smart, *Vice-President*; Mrs. Vaux, *Treasurer*; A. C. Evans, *Secretary*. We look to our Heavenly Father for a blessing on our undertaking; may He inspire us with sincere love for the work.

We trust, with such an able president and the information we get through the LINK, to make our meetings interesting and profitable. A. C. EVANS, *Secretary*.

January 13th, 1885.

## Nova Scotia.

### A COMELY EFFORT.

To the spiritual eye nothing is comparable in satisfying beauty to a vigorous self-denying effort on the part of any to do good, in the christian sense of the word; to energy self-denyingly put forth to the end that the gospel may be more widely extended; and more especially is this true when the effort is made by young and tender hearts and hands. I wish to inform the readers of the LINK for their mutual approval of an effort of the above description now being put forth by what to many of the readers of this would be doubtless considered, a *small* Sabbath School in Milton, N.S. For years it had been their custom to lay aside the mites contributed from week to week for Missionary purposes, and this at the end of the year was given into the treasury of the Foreign Missionary Board.

This was praiseworthy, and the amounts yearly given in this way added their quorum to the general fund, and doubtless brought to the youthful givers a gracious smile of approval from the Father above. But it is a fact that to be most benefited ourselves by our liberality we need to imitate our Saviour and, as far as possible, be ourselves the disbursers of our benefits. The school recognized this and, at the suggestion of the pastor, sought the desired opportunity. Through correspondence with Bro. Hutchinson they learned of a young man, then in Bro. H's service, who desired training to aid him in becoming efficient as a preacher of the gospel. The name of the young man was *Zuchamadu*. This intelligence at once aroused the enthusiasm of the school. "Zuchamadu," "Zuchamadu" you could hear whispered on every hand, although the formidableness of the name rather puzzled a good many. They learned, however, that to educate this young man would