

A PROGRAMME USED BY CALGARY, ALTA., AGENT FOR THE "LINK"

Object—To promote greater interest and to secure new subscriptions.

First Lady.—This afternoon we are to have a visit from someone, who is doubtless known to most of us, someone who comes to your homes several times a year. Sometimes when she comes we are so pleased to see her we sit right down to have a cosy chat with her—and that makes her very happy. Sometimes we are really too busy at the time of her call to talk to her, but we excuse ourselves and say, "Oh just sit down and wait until I get my duties done and I'll be right with you to hear all you have to tell me." And she is quite content to await our convenience, knowing we give her a welcome and will take time later to visit with her. Sometimes, I'm sorry to say, we receive her very coolly on her arrival—we have not time to be bathered with her at all. This brings her unhappiness. After she talks with us this afternoon I am sure we will never treat her like that again but will love to have her visit us. And to you who maybe will meet her for the first time this afternoon, we bespeak for her a welcome to your homes too. She is going to tell us a little of her history, when she was born, and where—and she isn't young either. She does not mind telling her age, in fact she is rather proud of it, because age has only served to add to her claims and to make her lovelier and stronger. Now meet our Canadian Missionary Link.

["Link" speaker, followed by the friends, and when through first lady resumes].

"Link"—Good afternoon, ladies. I can see that I am not a stranger to most of you. Some of you have known me for many years, but for the benefit of some, I am going to give you a little of my personal history. To do this, I must refer briefly to the life of our pioneer missionary in India, A. V. Timpany, because he was the man who was really responsible for my coming into being. One day as he sat on a log in his father's woods, he fought the battle of his life and God won out, and A. V. Timpany surrendered himself without reserve to go where

ever he might be called, though it might mean the separation from loved ones and from a home very dear to his heart. After some years of preparation, we enter with the missionaries that never-to-be forgotten meeting, held in a Baptist Church in Ingersoll on October 17, 1867, when Mr. Timpany and his young bride were dedicated to the work in India. Ontario's first contribution in manhood to that great work which was then in its infancy. If you want to be thrilled read the account of that in "The Enterprise." "I solemnly charge my brethren of my beloved Alma Mater, Woodstock College, before God," said he, "that you do not allow our challenge to lack a man among the heathen," and this solemn charge was kept by Woodstock so long as it was in existence. "Will we ever be sorry that we did what we could," said he? "Never, never! I am glad to go. When the call was announced the pent up emotion of that gathering broke and though \$50 was the sum asked for, the collection received that memorable night amounted to \$1152 and the meeting did not close till after midnight.

We have not time to follow Mr. Timpany during those first nine years spent there. The record of his accomplishments during that time were remarkable. He opened a school in Ramapatnam, organized two churches, trained workers, built ten chapel school houses, leaving ten in course of construction, did translations, etc. When he came home on furlough it was not to rest. He was on fire with the needs of India and he communicated this zeal to everyone who met him. Realizing that on that day when the women proclaimed "He is Risen",—right up to the present, women have played a large part in the spread of the Gospel, Mr. Timpany organized the women for work for their sisters in India. And as no one can be interested in anything they do not know about, he went further, and it was through his inspiration and encouragement that the organ of the newly-formed Societies was brought into being, and my first number contained an article in it from his pen.

All through these 49 years I have endeavored, as my name indicates, to be the "Link"