

were present, all to labor in connection with the Baptist Zenana Mission. Four are returning to the work, the others just entering upon it. The mission rooms were filled with sympathizing friends. Dr. Angus, and Rev. Mr. Baillie, of Bloomsbury Church, addressed the meeting. Each of the seven missionaries present followed in calm and cheerful words. These English people have a very quiet-and-every-day-way of doing heroic things. The feeling, however, was deep and strong. It was a delightful meeting. Miss Angus, one of the number, is a daughter of Dr. Angus, of Regent's Park College, and another, Miss Gango, is the daughter of Rev. Mr. Gango of Bristol.

Yesterday, who should come in to spend a few hours with me but Mrs. Maria N. Armstrong, of Brighton. A great many of the readers of the LINK will remember her as the founder of the "Aid Societies" or Mission Circles in the Maritime Provinces,—in fact, of the Baptists of America. It was a great pleasure to see her again. She has been in England some two years on account of ill health. Her husband is at Maulmain. Mrs. Armstrong's interest in mission work is unabated. Her health is much improved. Her three children are with her. To-day it has been no less pleasant to have a visit from our own missionaries, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Walker and Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Brown, who are leaving London on Monday to take ship at Liverpool for Madras. They are in excellent health and spirits.

This evening I called upon Miss Rogers, who arrived in Liverpool yesterday, after a pleasant voyage, and in London to-day. She is very cheerful and happy, and hopes to secure an early passage.

I hope the meeting at Woodstock is to be one of the best, both for Home and Foreign work, in the history of the Women's Mission Circles of Ontario.

Mrs. T. H. RANK.

14 Torrington Square, London, Eng.,
Oct. 19, 1889.

Idol Worship.

Because you live in a land of Gospel light and liberty, you have never been disturbed by such scenes as some of your tropical readers witness daily. It is of one of these that I wish to tell you.

One afternoon when on my way to a village with my Bible woman, I noticed a party of three walking slowly towards the temple of the village goddess Durga. The man was leading a sheep, one woman was carrying a brass plate containing fruits, and the other had a new quaka in her hand. The cause of such a visit to the temple was this: The man had had an attack of smallpox, and upon recovering was about to offer a sacrifice to this cruel goddess, that had, as he supposed, sent the affliction.

We changed our plan of work for the afternoon, and went to the temple to see the idol worshipped. Upon entering, the worshippers washed the idol, then they daubed saffron on its forehead, shoulders, hands and feet. After that, on the same parts they rubbed over the saffron, a mixture of alum, lime juice and saffron, which when mixed together becomes bright red. Then they sprinkled a little sandal water on the idol, placed a few white flowers about it, and presented the new quaka. They now placed before Durga, rice and curry, two small cakes made of rice flour; two balls of rice flour with split peas inside, fried in ghee. On a saffron plantain leaf uncooked split peas, a few pieces of cocoanut, pieces of sugar cane

and a few sweet potatoes. One of the women sprinkled water around the last leaf, and the other did the same to the leaf on which they had placed the rice, etc.

The three persons in turn touched the feet of the idol, and immediately placed their hands to their breasts saying, "You have saved us from this danger, be pleased to accept our offering and protect us in the future." Having thus worshipped they came out to prepare the sheep for the offering. Before killing it, they washed its head and feet and then daubed some saffron on it. This they did to purify it. The man raised the sheep before the idol and immediately placed it on the ground, and at once its head was struck off with one blow. Several passers by had stopped to look on, and some of the more interested ones came to the temple. Now that the ceremony was over, all that had been offered to the idol was taken from it, and distributed among the few who had assembled. The women offered my Bible women some of the fruit but they refused it.

We then told them of the great Sacrifice that was once offered for all, and of His power to save and to protect. They did not appear so susceptible to the message as I have often known them to be, and at this we must not be surprised; for at that time they were under the power of Satan and unwilling to consider the claims of the Saviour. However, it is our joy and privilege to "sow beside all waters," and trust in the great promise, "My word shall not return unto me void."

H. WRIGHT.

Chicaco, Oct. 11th, 1889.

Five Cents in a Tea-Cup.

CHAPTER I.

There was no doubt that old Mrs. Hampden was poor. She lived in one room in the upper story of an old building in the business part of the flourishing village of Eaglewood. Eaglewood of late years had grown and extended itself greatly. It had in old days been known as "Wiggins' Mills," but as it became larger it yearned to be more genteel, and changed its name to "Eaglewood," though in general there were no woods, and in particular there were no eagles.

Mrs. Hampden had had troubles many and sore, and most of them she had borne with far more resignation than she bore this change in the name of her native place.

Old Ezra Wiggins, who had built the first mill on the creek, who had founded the first church ever gathered in the place, had been Mrs. Hampden's father, and now, in her old age, it went to his daughter's heart to have his name, homely though it might be, tossed aside and forgotten by the town he had begun.

"Well I woe!" she said to herself at last, wiping away the tears, "I am an old goose to care whether I go home to Heaven from Wiggins' Mills or Eaglewood, and I don't suppose my father minds it where he is now."

Old Ezra Wiggins had once owned all that was now the centre of the town, but he had died poor. Mrs. Hampden, now seventy-six, was Ezra Wiggins' last surviving child. Her husband had lost nearly all he possessed and died, leaving her with two little sons, who had both died in early youth. She had worked and supported herself as long as she was able, and now in her old age she was dependent on the church for the rent of her room, and for other comforts of life on neighborly kindness, and a very small annuity left her by a distant relation.

Through all her trials she had kept the faith, and now that she was so near home she was one whose conversation was in Heaven.

She had from her early youth been deeply interested in the work of Missions at home and abroad, and never yet had she been so poor but that some part of her "sair won"