

WHAT an advance would be made in our work and in Christ's kingdom if each woman would endeavor during the coming year, first, to interest at least one other in missions; secondly, to increase her contribution to missions until it should be according to her means. We wish all our sisters would get rid of the idea that \$1 a year is a proper contribution for one who is able to give \$2, or \$5, or \$10, or \$100. Many readers of the LINK could give \$100 each, more easily than many others could give \$1. One dollar may be a very good minimum amount, but very few should be contented with the minimum.

It would be well if Circles would occasionally hold their meetings in the evening for the benefit of such as cannot get out in the afternoon. The Bloor Street, Toronto, Circle lately tried this with the most gratifying results, the attendance being about five times as large as usual.

EXTRACTS FROM OUR CORRESPONDENCE.—A sister writes from Forest, Ont. :—

Ever since I came home from the Convention at Woodstock, I have been yearning to try and get new subscriptions for the LINK, but I am continually busy in my family cares, and I have not been able to do much. The meetings at Woodstock put such vigor into me, that I cannot rest unless I do more for our mission cause. Since I came home I prepared an address, and after Divine service requested all our sisters in the church to remain one Sunday, and read the appeal to them, and although we have not seen much good come out of it yet, some of them have told me that they must have been asleep and just got awakened, and some have promised to come and join our Circle.

The following word of good-will and cheer comes from Bay View, P.E.I. :—

I think if we could get every sister in our churches to take the LINK, we would soon have plenty of money and numbers of sisters to carry the glad tidings of salvation to heathen lands. O that we could see our duty more clearly; much has been given unto us and much will be required. If we cannot give ourselves, let us give as the Lord gives us, not grudgingly or of necessity but as a thank-offering to the Lord for all His goodness to us. I have been trying to do a little more in organizing Aid Societies. I travelled by coach, twenty-two miles to S—, spent two or three hours in calling on the sisters of the church, who were all strangers to me, and succeeded in getting fifteen to meet in one of the houses, at eight o'clock the same evening, and we formed an A.S. with fifteen members and expect as many more to join who could not come that evening. I had several copies of the LINK which I gave round and asked them to subscribe.

This comes from Hespeler, Ont. :—

I feel that the LINK has been a blessing to me. It has inspired me with a missionary zeal that I never felt before, and I pray that it may accomplish its intended work, that many may consecrate themselves to Christ, and go to labor in His vineyard.

A Winnipeg sister, whose account of Mission Work in the North-West we publish elsewhere, has this to say about the paper :—

The LINK is always welcome. I think that I should feel lost without its monthly visits. It contains so much that is of interest about our own workers, and so much information that one does not get anywhere else. It seems to me it is just such a paper as the work demands.

The following is from the Report of the Woman's Baptist Missionary Union, mentioned elsewhere :—

The number of MISSIONARY LINKS taken among us is increasing, and it is a noticeable fact that the more LINKS taken, the more money is raised.

The Ox Cart.

Dearer than the drosky to the Russian, the dog-cart to the Englishman, or the buggy to the American, is the ox-cart to the Hindu; he rides in it and sleeps in it; in this cart at least it combines in one vehicle, the freight train, passenger car and sleeping carriage.

The construction of this cart is very simple—two large wheels ranging from four and a half to more than five feet in diameter, a thick axle on which is placed a light frame work made of bamboo poles; there is a top like a gipsy wagon which is covered with mats to keep out sun and rain. The tongue of this vehicle is a unique contrivance made with two bamboo poles, eighteen inches apart, these are laced together with ropes, and on this shaky bed the driver sleeps, his feet stretched out towards the yoke of the oxen.

The time for travel in this country is night; all day long the oxen have reclined beneath the shade of some tree eating straw, while the drivers, half asleep, have moved about cooking their meals or bringing food for their cattle. The time comes to yoke the oxen, then you hear da, da, da, from the driver accompanied perhaps with a sounding thwack which makes the patient beasts bestir themselves; soon they are on the road moving along to the music of tinkling bells.

In Canada, the ox-driver takes his blue beech gad and rouses his animals by shouting "g'long" or perhaps by the more expressive "git," and in the lumber woods he shouts "haw" or "gee" as he turns the cattle to the left or right. Here, however, in the melodious Telugu "da, da," means go along, while "pop, pop, pop" or "thrup, thrup, thrup," turns them to left or right. Large sections of our mission field here, away from the canals can only be traversed by palanquin or ox-cart, and as palanquin is rather expensive, except for special occasions, it follows that the missionary must spend a good many nights for about a third of the year in one of these springless, jolting vehicles.

The memory of several journeys down to Cocanada is quite fresh. The straw was first put into the cart and then a camp matras and pillow, a mat was fastened in front to separate me from the driver, a goglet of water tied behind, good byes said, and away I started. Of course the driver commenced to smoke, and then it became necessary to tell him that if he wished to indulge in this way he must walk. One thing I soon discovered, viz, that these carts are not made to accommodate persons who stand six feet, or else there would be room for ones boots; neither was it safe to allow them to project, for behind me came another horned team whose great desire all that livelong night was to eat the straw from under my mattress. Sleep came at intervals as we jolted along under the spreading banyans, and so did visions of tigers and other dangers of the jungle.

It may be a selfish comfort to know that when the tiger comes he generally takes the driver and leaves the occupant who is sleeping inside the covered cart unscathed. The oxen would run down the hills, and at such times I would be half aroused and think, dear me, this is a very dangerous pace to be going at, but we shall doubtless be in Cocanada in the morning; in the morning we were crawling into Cutapoody, eighteen miles from Tunni, having taken ten hours for the journey.

On another occasion, while returning to Tunni, we were attacked by thieves, who nearly tore the native preacher's dress off him. Ox-cart travel is full of incidents; you hear the gingles of the running postmen as they pass you in the night, or see the flash of the torch which is carried in front of some Rajah's palanquin; you may be rudely