

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

The Canadian

Missionary Link

CANADA

INDIA

The Gentiles Shall Come To Thy Light

And Kings To The Brightness Of Thy Rising

17-3

December, 1892.

CONTENTS.

Editorial	58	Work at Home	68
Responsive Reading	58	(News from Circles, Bureau of Missionary Information.)	
Methods of work for Mission Band Leaders	60	Young People's Department	69
Mrs. Ashmead's Bureau Drawer	62	(No Christ, No Christmas, Letter from Miss Rogers, A School Boy's Letter.)	
Work Abroad	65	To All the World (poem)	72
(Letters from H. F. Lafamme, J. E. Davis, R. Garside, F. M. Stovel.)			

CLINTON 23

PUBLISHED
IN THE INTERESTS OF THE
Baptist Foreign Mission Societies
OF CANADA.

W. S. JOHNSTON & Co., PRINTERS
TORONTO, ONT.

The Canadian Missionary Link

VOL. XV.

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1892.

No. 4

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM,"

Sunday, the First Day of the Week.

Dear Miss Buchan.

Papa read to me in the paper this morning, that you asked one penny a week from the Baptist women. What do you think baby and I will do? We will each get a box and we will put in the box a penny a week, and we will send it to you. Good bye, MISS. BUCHAN.

MISSIONARY IGNORANCE, AND HOW TO OVERCOME IT.—A sister writes us: "THE LINK is always delightful and so inspiring, but this November number is especially interesting. A great many of our women have the idea that the missionaries receive enormous salaries and that a great amount of money is wasted, so I would like very much to have a few extra copies of November LINK, so that they can see just how the money raised in our Circles and Bands is appropriated. These women, of course, do not belong to our Circles and do not take the Denominational papers and I shall distribute THE LINK and try to get them to subscribe."

A WIDOW, who possessed little of time or means, being anxious to do something for the cause of missions, suggested to her little daughter that she might get subscribers to THE LINK. This little girl in two days' time got seventeen subscribers, in a place where there had hitherto been only four. May these new readers of THE LINK all be led into a deep and living interest in the heathen. Then, indeed, it shall be true again that "a little child shall lead them."

IT IS NOT often that our editorial drawer is so abundantly filled with original articles as at present. Our readers may expect a feast of good things from time to time as we have space to print them.

W. B. M. U.

MOTTO FOR THE YEAR.—"As my Father hath sent me into the world, even so, send I you."

PRAYER TOPIC FOR DEC.—That those whose hearts seemed touched during Miss Gray's visit in Sep., may renounce all, and turn to Christ.

By the time the Dec., number of THE LINK reaches our readers, every one will be busy with preparations for Christmas. I wonder how many have remembered to send a Christmas letter to our workers on the foreign fields?

Amid your preparations should there not be a special offering to Him, whose coming we celebrate this Christmas tide? Cannot something be saved from your own home gifts, that the light, and warmth, and brightness which the Christ-child brings to your home, may be at least reflected in the dark places of earth?

We give for our Responsive Reading this month, one entitled, "Promises and Responses." A number of such are kept constantly on hand.

A list of leaflets has been published in our Woman's Column, in the *Messenger and Visitor*. Will our sisters cut this list out and have it near by, so that our Aid Societies and M. Barts may never want for food.—A. E. J.

PROMISES AND RESPONSES.

PROMISE.—Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.—*Mark xvi: 15, 16.*

RESPONSE.—"I will go." *Ann Hasseltine.*

PROMISE.—If any man serve me, let him follow me: and where I am, there shall also my servant be: if any man serve me, him will my father honor.—*John, xii: 26.*

RESPONSE.—"I am not my own, nor would I choose for myself. Let God employ me where he thinks fit, and give me patience and discretion to fill my station to His honor and glory." *Wm. Carey.*

PROMISE.—Have I not commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.—*Josh. 1, 9.*

RESPONSE.—"I would rather walk in the dark with God, than go alone in the light."—*Ex. Gov. Wilson Lumpkin.*

PROMISE.—If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.—*John 15: 7.*

RESPONSE.—"North America for Christ."—*Am. Baptist Home Mission Society, motto.*

PROMISE.—Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God? But even the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not therefore; ye are of more value than many sparrows.—*Luke xii: 6, 7.*

RESPONSE.—Oct. 28th.—"We know that He who careth for the sparrows, knows and cares for all our needs. We shall not want. Oct. 30th.—Didn't I say we had the Lord's promise, and it would not fail! Just when I did not know what to put in my baby's mouth, we looked out and beheld the steamer, with supplies, entering our little harbor."—*Mrs. Willard, missionary in Alaska.*

PROMISE.—And He said unto them, Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest awhile; for there were many coming and going, and they had no leisure so much as to eat.—*Mark 6: 31.*

RESPONSE.—"I have been saying, 'Lord help me to work for Thee'; now I pray 'Lord help me to rest for Thee,' and He said unto me, 'My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest.'"—*Home Missionary.*

PROMISE.—Say not ye, 'There are yet four months, and then cometh harvest?' Behold I say unto you, 'Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields: for they are white already to harvest. And he that reapeth receiveth wages, and gathereth fruit unto life eternal; that both he that soweth and he that reapeth may rejoice together.' *John iv: 35, 36.*

RESPONSE.—"Sinners perishing all around me, and I almost panting to tell the far off heathen of Christ! Surely this is wrong. I will no longer indulge the vain foolish wish, but endeavor to be useful in the position where Providence has placed me."—*Sarah B. Hall.*

PROMISE.—Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.—*Psalms, 37: 30.*

RESPONSE.—"I go in the name of the Lord, believing and relying upon His promises."—*Addie C. Morris.*

PROMISE.—In all places where I record my name, I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee.—*Ex. 20: 24.*

RESPONSE.—"I have proved this twice in Dakota."—*Emma L. Miller.*

PROMISE.—And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.—*Dan. 12: 3.*

RESPONSE.—"Let me shine for Thee, O Saviour, but choose Thou the way in which I shall reflect the light Thou dost pour into my heart and life. It will be enough for me if I shine for Thee in Thy way."—*Invalid.*

PROMISE.—And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills; and all nations shall flow into it.—*Isaiah, 11: 2.*

"O that we could enter at a thousand gates, that every limb were a tongue, and every tongue a trumpet, to spread the gospel sound."—*S. J. Mills.*

PROMISE.—Sing and rejoice, O daughter of Zion; for, lo, I come, and I will dwell in the midst of thee, saith the Lord.—*Zech. 2: 10.*

RESPONSE.—"If my Saviour were here on earth he would surely be found among these colored people; and I have the daily assurance that he walks with me as I enter their lowly cabins, and give to their neglected little ones a mother's love and kindly counsel."—*Joanna P. Moore.*

PROMISE.—Princes shall come out of Egypt; Ethiopia shall soon stretch out her hands unto God.—*Ps. lxxiii: 31.*

RESPONSE.—"I have been blamed for giving so many thousand dollars for the benefit of colored men. But I expect to stand side by side with these men on the day of judgement. Their Lord is my Lord. They and I are brethren; and I am determined to be prepared for that meeting."—*Nathan Bishop, LL. D.*

PROMISE.—For as the earth bringeth forth her bud, and as the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth; so the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all the nations.—*Isa. lxvii: 11.*

RESPONSE.—"To-day there are recorded 3,847 volunteers ready, or preparing, to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ in every land under the sun."—*Missionary Review.*

NEWS FROM THE WIDE FIELD.

The news which we present this month is surely cause for praise, "His promises are yea and amen in Christ Jesus."

The Rev. Dr Mackay writes from Formosa of a wholesale turning from idolatry. By unanimous vote

the people of Ka-le-oan handed over a heathen temple for Christian service, and nearly 500 cleared their houses of idols, and a great bonfire was made of the rejected gods.—*Missionary Review.*

Reports from Japan indicate that about 400 people are baptized in the Protestant Church every month.

In the China Inland Mission field there are 40 men and women working in the foreign field just as they would work in their own churches at home, entirely supporting themselves.

A western farmer has recently sold his house and lands, and with his wife and children—all consecrated to the work—has gone to Africa to constitute a self-supporting missionary household. A lady of wealth, within the last month; sailed from New York, taking with her eight other missionaries, she providing for the perpetual support of all the party. The widow of one of our honored missionaries is carrying on a work in Japan of the same kind, she providing for the entire support of herself and her co-laborers.—*Dr. Gordon in Missionary Review.*

REV. E. G. PHILLIPS, of the American Baptist Missionary Union, writes:—"The work among the Garos (in Assam) seems to be moving on with increased momentum. In this tribe there were, last year, about 375 baptisms, on personal confession of faith in Christ, and the number of communicants rose to about 1,000. Every year marks advancement in Christian life. These converts are organized into fifteen churches, eleven of which are self-supporting, and every year marks advancement along this line. The movement started last year, aiming to establish a school of higher grade than the village schools, to be supported and controlled by the native Christians themselves, has met with success. The school has been opened with quite a large attendance.

The native Christians are becoming more and more earnest in their efforts for the conversion of the heathen. There is a tribe of aborigines, semi-Hinduised, living on the plains adjoining the Garos. These formerly considered themselves as of a higher class than the Garos, and, to a degree, despised them. But coming into contact with the Christians as they have, has worked a change, and now they are asking for religious instruction; and this year one small Christian village is supporting their own teacher of last year, as an evangelist to them. Others are showing their interest in these neighbors and the work of preaching to the unconverted of their own tribe is carried on with enthusiasm. The preachers are working with the conviction that the whole tribe will soon be brought to Christ.

Among the Kols the work is progressing. These are aborigines from Central India, who have been imported into Upper Assam, in great numbers as laborers on the tea gardens. Of these Kols and kindred tribes 300,000 or more are in Assam, and the number is constantly increasing. Among them one missionary is laboring with great encouragement. Last year about forty were baptized. In March last he baptized forty-three, and the communicants from this tribe number 300, or more.

Among the Mikirs, a hill tribe of 90,000, there has been an interest for many years, and a few converts gathered in connection with work for another people, their neighbors. Three years ago converts from this tribe petitioned for a missionary. A missionary and wife have been sent to them, and we may confidently hope for the work to progress rapidly among them.—*Christian.*

METHODS OF WORK FOR MISSION BAND LEADERS.

BY MISS TAPSCOTT, HAMILTON.

Some months ago, in the course of a conversation on Circles and Bands, a lady made the following statement: "Mission Bands are not nearly as successful at the present time as they were a few years ago. We do not hear of as many being organized and those already organized are not doing such good work." The remark was made by one who knew whereof she spoke, so that I could not doubt its truth, but I was filled with sadness at the thought and immediately began to look for the reason. Whose must be the fault for this sad declension in mission work among the young? Can it be with the boys and girls themselves or is it with their leaders?

On the first Sunday in August I was teaching a large class of boys of from twelve to sixteen years of age; at the close of the lesson I remarked, "The Mission Band is having a holiday, is it not?" "Yes," one lad replied, "we are not going to have any more meetings until the hot weather is over." "Not for a whole month," said another, while a third affirmed the Mission Band to be a good thing, we'll all be glad when it starts again, and every boy in the class, with the exception of two who were not members of the Band, looked as if he too considered that institution a "good thing."

That little incident settled the first query and convinced me that in that Band at least, it would not be the fault of the young people if the work were allowed to flag. And this I believe would be the universal verdict of the young people wherever a good Band has been in existence. They may be ever so trying and indifferent, irregular in their attendance and hard to control, yet in their hearts they love the Band, and the fact that it is their own meeting gives them a sort of pride in it.

Is it then the leader who has failed? Too often it is to be feared this is the case. From various causes she may have been forced to resign her work. Perhaps to be married, or she may have become discouraged or left the neighborhood. It is found difficult to fill her place, and perhaps one quite incapable is placed in charge.

Not long ago it was my privilege to visit a large and flourishing "Circle." The president of the Band was present. I asked her about the work they were doing. It was practically *nil*. Their large membership had dwindled down to a low number in the teens, and for months they had not had a meeting. On enquiring into the nature of their exercises, I was told that they sewed, and made useful and fancy articles for sale. When I suggested that the true work of the Band was not so much the gaining of a dollar or two for the society, as to educate the young, to kindle in them a missionary spirit, a love for the work itself, the lady acquiesced, but admitted that she could not do this, as she knew so little about missions herself. Another young lady who prided herself on her influence in society, when asked about her Band said "Oh, I have no influence with the boys at all, I can do nothing with them"—and she evidently did not see how humiliating was the confession, as it was made without a blush, and apparently without a pang of regret. Here certainly are two sufficient causes for the failure of any Band. In the first instance she who is supposed to interest and in-

struct the children in the cause of missions, acknowledges her almost total ignorance on the very object for which the meeting is held. The second confesses she has no influence with those whose training in this line is of the utmost importance. Is it any wonder the Bands over which they preside, and which were once well-known for numbers, giving and general enthusiastic work, have become well-nigh extinct?

But the fault does not all lie with the Leaders. Many of these have toiled so nobly and under such discouraging circumstances, that their health has become impaired, and they have only relinquished the work for lack of physical strength. A Band of which I once was president was afterwards conducted by a young lady formerly a member of the Band and who lived at some distance from the town. This dear girl told me that for the winter during which she was president she drove into town, got the key from the sexton, lit the fire, and waited in the cold church till the children gathered from school. And even then, it was not because of any lack of enthusiasm or love for the cause that she gave it up.

Dear Sisters of the Mission Circles, this work of training the boys and girls ought not to be neglected by us, or be delegated to one who may be quite incompetent for it. Considering the number of years that Circles and Bands have been in existence ought we not now to have a whole army of trained workers? Can we come to any other conclusion than that our work has been one-sided, that while our thoughts and prayers have been given to the work in far-off lands our own young people have been neglected? Ought not every Circle to become responsible for the Band in their own church? To remember it in their prayers, to assist the leader in preparing studies, programs, music, etc., to talk it up in their own homes among their own children, to visit the Band occasionally, and speak a few encouraging words if opportunity offers? Surely all the toil and responsibility of the Band should not be left to the Leader. Why is it her duty any more than yours, to provide a warm, comfortable and attractive place in which to meet? You cannot manage a lot of boys and girls but you *can* make arrangements that the Sunday School will be always comfortable for the hour, or you could offer your warm, cosy dining-room for the use of the brave girl who is undertaking the work you fear to face. The children will soil your carpet and the furniture become worn all too soon! Yes, but what of that? Does not your house belong to the Lord, and would He not be pleased if you were to use it in this way for Him occasionally?

A lady once said to me, "I can do very little in the way of Christian work publicly myself, but while my daughters are engaged in this way, I can think and plan, and make suggestions at home which the girls sometimes find helpful. This same lady has for years made a practice of giving the boys and girls of the Band a treat, either a sleigh-ride, a picnic, an evening's entertainment with refreshments at the close, or something equally enjoyable. And who shall say that a large part of the credit of this most successful Band is not due to the woman who has sometimes sighted because her work has to be done principally by proxy?

But while the Circle should consider itself responsible for the Mission Band (at least in churches where the Band is not showing satisfactory signs of progress) there must be one

"true-hearted, whole-hearted, faithful and loving" who will undertake the superintendence of it. Oh, the many qualifications that are needed by this one? Is she hard to find? Where are all our would-be missionaries? Surely that church has failed in part who cannot point to at least one of its members in whose heart is a yearning toward the Foreign Field! And what better guarantee can be given for aptitude in the foreign work, than faithfulness and devotion to the work at home? Dear young sister, you would gladly serve your Lord among the Telugus of India, but perhaps that desire may not be granted. Now here is work just in your line.

"If you cannot cross the ocean and the heathen lands explore" determine that you will use your influence to the utmost in preparing others for the work.

Never, never allow yourself to become discouraged. Moody truly says, "God never makes use of a discouraged worker." Take hold of the work with a will determining that you will make yourself as capable for the work as possible. Know the name and the house of every member of your Band. If you succeed in winning their affections and they are convinced that you have a personal and special interest in them, your influence will be almost unbounded.

Cultivate a style and manner that will be most pleasing and attractive to the children. F. R. Havergal's little prayer: "Make us winning, make us wise!" is an admirable one for any Christian worker, but especially for a worker with the young.

If you would interest your young people in missions, you must be interested yourself, to be interested you must be informed, to be informed you must read, read constantly, read thoughtfully, treasuring up the fact in your mind to be used at will. To do this, other reading must largely be sacrificed. A Band leader said to me a short time ago: "The only time that I allow myself to read a novel is during the summer vacation. During all the rest of the year my reading is chiefly for my Sunday School class and Band. But said she, "This is no self-denial, for everything in the shape of missionary literature has now the greatest fascination for me, greater even than the most thrilling romance."

Dear young sister, would not you be willing to follow the example and to avoid light literature at least for a few months in the year in order that you might the better fit yourself for service?

Every Leader can be fully equipped for work now. A wealth of material is furnished by the Bureau of Information and the circulating library, which are at the disposal of all. Write to Miss Stark, enclosing stamps for postage and she will send you books and leaflets that will be invaluable to you. Of course no Leader will think of doing without the LINK and *Visitor*—they are indispensable.

Missionary music, lively and bright, is an essential to a well-conducted Mission Band. The demand has created a supply, though few as yet seem to be aware how large and excellent the supply is. Fellmore Bros. of Cincinnati, O., have recently published several concert exercises for Mission Bands. Some of these are "Open Doors," "Missionary Bands," "Children's Offering," "The Little Missionary," "What can the Children Do?" "Little Crusaders," "Emblems of Praise."

These contain both music and recitations. They can be obtained for five cents a copy or fifty-five cents per dozen. "Light in Darkness" can be had from Miss Stark. John Church & Co. publish the "Missionary Triumph," a collection of one hundred hymns, most of them suitable for the Band.—Price 35c. "Mission Songs," published by the Congregational Pub. Society, Boston, includes 183 pieces, at 30c. paper covers. But these are more appropriate for adult gatherings.

"Primary Songs," published by the D. C. Cook Co., contains 72 pieces, most of them just the thing for Mission Bands.

Have a list of mission Fields prepared, and at each meeting select the one to be considered the following week. Always select some special object before you, for which present an appeal; show the need for more men, more money and especially for more prayer. Encourage the members to pray; suggesting the subject, for instance, the lonely missionary, the native Christian, mission school, Zenana workers, etc. Let the exercises be conducted with briskness and animation; dullness is unpardonable in a missionary meeting.

Many Bands are adopting the plan of giving to each member the name of a missionary. They are then expected to find out all they can about their namesake and report to the Band. If curiosities can be obtained from the field they represent it will add to the interest.

The older members should be encouraged to glean items of news from all over the world from the daily papers and magazines. The officers with the exception of the Leader should be changed quarterly, that all may share in the training and responsibility. By all means have the roll revised quarterly. It is not justice to the faithful few that the credit of their offerings should be shared by those who seldom attend and give nothing. Strike off the names of irregular members and fish for them again.

There will be much to try your perseverance, when the novelty has worn off and the attendance is small, when curious facts and horrible customs have ceased to charm. Then comes the testing time. But let no one think her trials are peculiar; there are certain difficulties every leader has to face. Perhaps the chiefest is to retain and interest the older members. Each season as it comes seems to offer some new attraction for the boys, while from the girls it is not uncommon to hear such an expression as, "Oh, I am not coming to that meeting any more, it is only for the kids." Now is the time for a little tact. Instead of appearing shocked or depressed tell them honestly that you have sometimes felt tempted to become a little discouraged yourself, and to give it all up, but then you had remembered that the heathen did not stop dying because you grew weary in well doing, that the sufferings of the Indian widow did not cease when you ceased to pray and to work for them, and that if we at home become faint hearted under slight discouragements, what can we expect of our missionaries, who are working alone with ignorant and degraded heathens? Then draw from your quiver a few striking facts showing the need for united work and continuous effort. Pray with them, reason with them, invite them to your home to have a serious talk over the matter, convince them that instead of its being at all derogatory to their dignity to attend a meeting with the children, you

expect their co-operation and assistance in preparing recitations, music, etc., for these same small children, ask them to suggest some new plan of work that they think would be practicable and enjoyable. While they discuss they will become interested, then for that time at least you may consider that you have won them. But it is the boys who will need your special thought, study and prayer. For their sakes you will require to be widely familiar with missionary literature. Cultivate in them the desire to read such books by giving them bits out of the lives of the missionaries. Then have them in turn write and read or narrate to the Band selections from what they have read.

Never require anything of them that they will consider lowering to their dignity, but rather show them from your expectations and requirements of them, how high is your ideal for them. If they love you they will not willingly fall below your ideal.

Do not try to do all the work yourself. Associate as many as possible in it with you. Have in training those who shall take the lead in your absence. Moody says, "It is better to set ten men to work than to do the work of ten men."

Let me invite you to accompany me to our Band as I think you will enjoy even one of our ordinary sessions. We meet at seven-thirty for the accommodation of those who are studying or at work. As we enter we hear the buzz of lively, not boisterous conversation, and we see from twenty-five to forty bright young people, whose happy faces and eager manner tell us they are expecting to spend a pleasant hour. The President, who is this term a modest young maiden of fourteen summers, is at her table with hymn sheets, bell and collection plates before her. The chairs have been properly arranged and everything is in readiness.

The moment the hand of the clock points to the half-hour the bell is gently tapped, and the officers, the Vice-President, Secretary and Treasurer take their places, while the Superintendent sits at another table near enough to be able quietly to prompt the President if occasion requires. Then the ushers come forward and distribute the hymn sheets, retaining a few too hand to late comers as they are shown to their seats.

The organist is at the instrument, ready to start the instant the hymn is announced. And oh, such singing! you find yourself carried away with it, and even if the strain is unfamiliar, you are forced to join in with those happy young voices. After the singing, the Band remains standing, and together repeat a familiar portion of scripture, with motions where this is admissible.

Then follows the roll call, each member responding to his own name by chosen missionary name. Proposals for membership are then in order, no member being received except on motion of the band. The minutes of previous meeting are read and adopted on motion.

The President then reads out a number of questions, the answers being Bible rules for giving, which have been distributed and memorized, one by each member, who stands while repeating the text.

The reports of Look-out committee on absent members and Program committee are next received and any other items of business are attended to.

A pleasing feature of the opening exercises is the taking

of the collection. The Band rise, mark time with their feet, and led by the officers march around the room singing "Hear the Pennies Dropping" to the tune of "March Along Together" in "The Old Sunday School Organ."

The Treasurer's report is then called for and if the sum exceeds fifty cents we have a good round of applause. The Secretary announces the number present.

Finally the President announces that we are ready for the missionary exercises. Singing is a great feature of our Band. The Superintendent has gathered from various quarters, a number of the very choicest mission hymns, these he has printed on the Neostyle and the boys and girls are thoroughly drilled in them.

Sometimes we have a blackboard drill, on the names of the missionaries and their stations, sometimes a map exercise, selections are read or recited by various members. And so the hour has flown all too quickly, the ushers are requested to gather the hymn sheets, and with a word of prayer the Band is dismissed.

Any number of hints and plans might be suggested, but it is not so much my object to furnish these, as to try and stimulate my fellow-workers to renewed activity and consecration. From the organizations of Circles and Bands, it is universally conceded that mission work has received a new impetus, and shall we now go back on our record and suffer this work to flag.

Very soon the responsibility of Christ's work will be laid on the same boys and girls, whose character it is now our privilege to mould and train. Much might be said about the reflex influence of the work on their own lives, of the broadening and expanding effect on the mind that comes from the knowledge of the lives and thoughts of men in other countries and different ages. Some day it will be given you with joy to see that the work you took up so hesitatingly and tremblingly, has resulted in the gathering of many into his garner.

There, do not be overwhelmed at the responsibility. Remember who has said, "Certainly I will be with you." We are strong when our weakness is linked to His might. Above all be much in prayer. It were vain to try to do the Lord's work without his help. With a heart full of love to him and an earnest desire for the advancement of his cause you cannot fail.

If you cannot accomplish all you would like, be content to do what you can—and

"Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well,
Angels will hasten the story to tell."

MRS. ASHMEAD'S BUREAU DRAWER.

(Continued from last month)

"You are neat, dear, I had said many times, 'but you are not orderly, and you must learn' to be more tidy, or you'll never make a good housekeeper."

"I looked at the drawer. I had never seen it in such confusion before, and I sighed in discouragement as I said:

"Ida, you are getting more careless every day. Instead of improving, you are going back, when, when will you learn to do things well?"

"I don't see how I can help it if I don't have room enough," said Ida.

"All the more need of system, my child. But let us see how much room you need. Take everything out and we will rearrange the drawer."

"Out they came on the bed. There was a good deal of rubbish, soiled robes, frayed collars, handkerchiefs that belonged in the laundry bag, scraps of paper covered with algebra examples, Latin exercises, and the like. They made together a big pile at the foot of the bed. Ida was quiet and I think ashamed. Then we put back just what belonged in the drawer, some things in boxes, some folded neatly in piles. It took us a good half hour, but when we finished Ida said:

"What a difference it makes, mamma. Throw away the rubbish and arrange what there is left with some system, and there is plenty of room. I'll see how long I can keep it as nice as it is now."

"I was encouraged, as I always was when the good resolutions were made. That night I was unusually tired from extra cleaning and sewing, but I could not sleep. Everything that had occurred through the day kept coming up in my mind. I thought about Ida, and wondered if she really would grow more orderly. I hoped that I could be wise and patient in dealing with her; and then I thought of the missionary meeting which was to be next day, and wondered if I ought not to go. I hadn't been present for at least five months; perhaps it had been longer; I wasn't sure. 'Why had I been absent so long?' something seemed to say, almost sternly. I went over, sleepily, all my old arguments: Can't do everything; it would be different if we were rich and kept a servant to relieve me. Then one day it had rained; then I had had a good deal of extra company. How could I belong to the sewing society and missionary society and keep my house neat and sew and attend to it properly? It was surely too much to expect. Why, though, must I be bothered by this uncomfortable feeling? If it were right for me to stay home, why was not the question settled—why must it constantly vex me, me, Mrs. Ashmead, who every one knew tried to do her duty and her share of everything? At any rate, I kept my dues paid promptly, and I tried to console myself with that thought.

"'Dues are not you, dues are not you,' seemed to sound in my ears.

"'Well,' I said, 'there is plenty to do for the heaven right in our own land.'

"Our society was for home and foreign missions, and I, with a number of ladies, had often said that we believed most thoroughly in home missions. O, how I did approve of home missions! 'Look out first for your neighbors,' I had said. Yet if my interest in home missions was so deep, why didn't my zeal show itself by giving a part of one afternoon in the month to the meeting? Mrs. Hamilton tried to be fair in arranging the programme so that both the home and foreign fields were equally represented; and was it possible that I couldn't endure a little of the foreign for the sake of what I claimed (or tried to) was near to my heart?

"At last I fell asleep. Such a strange dream as I had—I can never forget the impression it made on me. An apparition, like a man dressed in a long, dark robe, approached, and said slowly and distinctly. 'Come with me.' I was almost startled by his peremptory and unnatural manner, but there was nothing to do but obey.

"I arose and quickly followed him. On and on we went, it seemed for hours, yet I felt no fatigue. At length we entered into a large, empty room. It was very large—miles in length, I thought. The sides were completely lined with bureaux.

"What does this mean?' I asked.

"'Hush,' said my guide; 'ask no questions; all needed information will be given you.'

"I noticed that the bureaux were high and full of drawers. Some of these were closed; some partly shut, and others wide open. A strange, unnatural feeling came over me. I was so impressed with the immensity and stillness of the room that I turned, saying faintly to the guide:

"I—I think I will go home."

"He smiled and said: 'Not yet, not yet.'

"Then I found that I could not have gone had I tried. No door of exit was in sight. But the smile brought reassurance, and all desire to leave had gone. I seemed to be in another and a new sphere of life, yet felt no longer any fear.

"These drawers,' said my guide, 'are the lives of God's creatures. Each bureau represents a family, each drawer a human life. Some, as you see, are closed, never to be opened in this life. Others are nearly closed, which means that the Master's coming is near at hand. Those that are wide open are in the morning or noonday of their earthly stay. If you walk about and examine the contents you can see the character of each life. The reputation is what you can see from here—the outside. Look about before we take our tour of inspection.'

"Tour of inspection! Where had I heard that before? Why, those were the very words I had so often used to Ida. Ida! What Ida? Everything seemed far away, but soon my mind cleared. I looked carefully from where I stood at the outside of these drawers. I felt something impelling me to do this. Some were beautiful—smoothly polished and without a scratch on the surface. Others were marred by careless usage, varnish rubbed off, knocks here and there that had taken more than the varnish—they had made deep dents in the wood;

"It is not very difficult,' said my guide, 'to keep the outside, the reputation, as good as new. Only be a little careful not to get the varnish off, for it's hard to get it back to look like new; and as for these dents that you see, they are deep and always are likely to show. There is a kind of filling that has often been used, and it makes the surface so like the original that often the place of the dent is seen only by looking closely. In certain lights, though, the scars cannot be hid and the sham filling stands out plainly. You'll notice that you can't always tell from the outside how the drawer will look when you get to see into it. Some of the best polished and hand-somest ones are really the worst ones of all. Now, we'll

look into a few that are opened.'

"O no," I said, "indeed, indeed, sit; you will please excuse me."

"He shook his head gently and smiled, and again I was reassured and calmed by his manner. I cannot tell you all that I saw as I passed slowly along with my mysterious companion. I was impelled by some irresistible power beyond my control to gaze into all of the drawers as we passed. The same power enabled me to see at a glance just the condition of each character, of each life, not as it appeared to the world, but as it really was. Such a variety! So many in great disorder! I noticed that there was a great deal of what seemed altogether unnecessary, in fact out of place.

"Take away the rubbish and have some system about what is left, and there is plenty of room."

"How familiar the words sounded! Why, they were the very words Ida had used, but when! It seemed years ago.

"Plenty of room," I echoed, "room for what, guide?"

"I could not hear his answer, but I saw his lips move, and it seemed as though he was saying:

"Work and prayer for God's children who have never had the light; missionary meetings, the heathen, home missions, foreign missions."

"One thing I noticed in my strange journey. Every drawer had some one package larger than all the others, so large that it was recognized at once as the chief thing in the drawer. The contents, as I said, were various, but there was always present this large package, and I seemed to see at once the label written plainly on the side. One belonging to a young lady read, 'Love of this world.' The package was transparent, and I could see the contents. Beautiful dresses, jewelry, invitations to parties, dancing, love of praise—some of the things perfectly harmless in themselves, but O how much room they took up!

"That's the trouble," said my guide. "See, this drawer scarcely has room for the Bible."

"I looked for it and could not find it for some time. There it was, way off in a corner, packed out of sight. Another drawer that I remember had its chief package labeled, 'Love of money.' I thought at first this drawer had nothing else in it, but I saw on closer inspection quite a number of small, insignificant articles thrown in disorderly. Another drawer had a large bundle called 'Selfishness'; another was 'Ambition,' and so on. I noticed that the more nearly closed a drawer was the larger was its chief bundle."

"It keeps growing," said the guide, "larger every day or smaller. It never remains the same."

"We came to a drawer that my guide looked at lovingly. I saw that it belonged to one of my friends—I seemed to know—a dear old lady of three score years and ten. The drawer was nearly closed, and all was in readiness. No confusion here,

"Set in order, set in order," said my guide.

"There was a large package, and it read, 'Love for those for whom Christ died.' I could look right into the package. I saw the name *Siam*, and right beside it *Salt*

Lake City. I saw the provinces of China and India, and near at hand the freedmen and the Indians. All the letters of equal size.

"Sic has the spirit of the Master," said the guide giving me a keen, searching glance that seemed to read my very soul.

"The home mission, the foreign mission! Did the Lord have two missions? Nay. Christ's mission, the mission of His children, is one. Go ye into all the world, every creature.

"Look again," said my guide.

"It was a beautiful sight. The words seemed to increase in size. How clear out they stood out. There was no mistake. 'Love for those for whom Christ died.' Suddenly, as I gazed, a wonderful transformation took place. A heavenly light illuminated the words, and they read now, 'Love for the Master.'

"The label is still the same," said my guide; "the meaning has not changed. Now, let us look at yours."

"No, O no, not yet, please. I've never really loved the heathen, never really loved those for whom Christ died."

"What!" said the guide, sternly, "are you not ready for the Master's coming? How are you sure that He will not at any moment close the drawer? Too late then to put it in order. Let us see what we read in your own drawer."

"O, I cannot. I dare not. It cannot be Love for the Master, else I'd love those for whom He died."

"You must."

"And then I was borne in great distress of mind to the end of the room. I was filled with anguish.

"Here we are said my companion.

"I tried wildly to shut my eyes, and then—I awoke. Was it a dream? There was my own room. There was my own bureau. How happy, happy, that I had my life, some of it, left. Maybe my Master would soon come, Not yet, I hoped. I, Mrs. Ashmead, excellent Christian woman, as I had proudly thought myself, wanted more time to throw away the rubbish, arrange things properly, and then I knew there would be plenty of room. Room for what? Room for the missionary meeting, but more room for Christlikeness—a genuine interest in those for whom God gave His Son. The isles of the sea and the nations lying in darkness seemed real now. I could, I would do something. I knew that I could pray words that would come from the heart. I got up, kneeled down in the moonlight by the window, and thanked God for that dream. He sent it; *next*, to show me my mistake."

"Wednesday it rained, and the wind blew a perfect gale, but I went to that missionary meeting. I doubt if a cyclone could have kept me at home. I've been ever since—I love to go. I'm trying with the dear Lord's help to throw away the rubbish, to put things in order. It's missionary day to-morrow, Mrs. Stowe. Will you go with me?"

"Yes, I will," said Mrs. Stowe, softly but firmly, with tears in her eyes. "I'll go," and she went.

Sisters, will you go?

—Mrs. Wm. S. Young, in the Occident.

Work Abroad.

MISSIONS TO THE TELUGUS.

YELLAMANCHILI, INDIA, Sep. 26, 1892.

India is a great country; so vast indeed that the Imperial Postal Guide without trenching on truth terms it the "continent of India." With 180 different dialects, 8 great provincial divisions, 460 feudatory and semi-dependent states, an area of over 1,500,000 square miles and a population of 278,000,000 it well deserves the name.

In magnificent mountain ranges, noble rivers, wealth of undeveloped resources, density of population and ancient civilization, India compares with the superlative nations of the earth. An inviting length of coastline, rapidly extending railway, telegraph and telephone systems, newly planted manufacturing interests, recently opened wheat areas, the discovery of coal fields and kerosene oil deposits, the re-opening of gold and diamond mines worked under the latest scientific methods and an unlimited supply of cheap labor give promise of a marvellous expansion in commercial activity.

The general occupation of the country by the British, one hundred and twenty-five years ago, has been promotive of the regeneration of India, in exerting a unifying influence on the many diverse races by pacific measures and a fair, just and wise rule, in extending national enterprises such as railways and telegraphs, in promoting commerce with the outside world, by the opening of safe harbours, in encouraging agriculture by a network of irrigating canals and tanks, in quickening the intellectual life of the people by a system of state aided general and higher education and in making possible through a long period of uninterrupted peace the effort of the missionary forces of the Christian churches, that most potent of all the civilizing and vivifying factors now tending to the regeneration of India. To-day there is a new spirit and a new life springing up from amongst the effete civilizations of the past. All the nationalities of India have entered on what seems like a competition for first place in the new India that is to be.

Among these competing races none are more expansive, intelligent and enterprising than the Telugus. Their shrewdness has earned for them in the marts the sobriquet "The Yankees of India." They are reputed to be the handsomest race of Southern India. Their language, a sub-division of the old Dravidian branch is called the "Italian of the East," an appellation not more due to the millifluence of its sounds than to the fine airs and manners of those who speak it. They number about 18,000,000, their country stretches along 600 miles of the Coromandel Coast of the Madras Presidency. They have resisted the inroads of that most fearful of all scourges, the Asiatic Cholera, have overcome the decimating pestilences of famine times, and have survived in turn the drouth, the flood and the destroying Mussulman invader by sheer propagating power. They have extended their area of population far up into the centre of India where they mingle with the tribes of the Deccan at Hyderabad 300 miles from the Bay of Bengal, far to the south where they meet their Dravidian kinsmen of the great Tamil speaking race in the busy streets of metropolitan Madras and far north within sight of the far famed temple towers of Puri, the abode of the image god Jagganath and there draw borders with the followers of the old Urigan kings, one of the most ancient of all the hoary dynasties of India.

From time immemorial the triangular area of the country of the Telugus, occupying the historic divisions of the northern Circars and portions of the Carnatic and Deccan had been the scene of petty strifes between warlike chiefs, bloody conflicts with encroaching and powerful neighbors, and of conquests by successive "hordes from foreign lands." Within the last few centuries the French, the Dutch and the English have striven for its control, and finally about 1765 with all other parts of India, the land of the Telugus became British soil. In 1768 the arrangements by which the whole Telugu country became British were ratified by Nizam Ali of Hyderabad and for the northern Circars extending from Nellore to Ganjam over which he claimed sovereignty and including 17,000 square miles of the best land in India he received £50,000. That was not a fair equivalent but an unpleasant necessity had compelled Nizam Ali to rid himself of this troublesome section of his domains. And as a mark of appreciation for having presented them to the British, the latter handed him £50,000. To-day the gross revenue of the Godaviri District including only 7345 square miles amounts to more than £641,744 a year. And a single Zemindar in the district of Vizagapatam out of an income of £180,000 pays an annual government tax of £50,000.

In the year 1805, forty years after the conquest of the land by the English two missionaries settled at Vizagapatam, the chief town of the northern Circars, these were the first messengers of Christ to the Telugus and the second representatives in India of the ancient, honorable and catholic London Missionary Society. In 1835 a Canadian named Day the first missionary of the American Baptists to Teluguland, landed at Vizagapatam where he spent eleven months, subsequently removed to Madras and finally opened work at Nellore afterward so well known as the Lone Star Station. In 1836 two Christian business men from Bristol England commenced preaching in the Godaviri Delta some 50 miles south of Cocanada and in six years immersed their first convert. The Church Missionary Society established a mission at the then important and flourishing sea-port town of Masulipatam in 1841 and subsequently extended operations inland. In 1845 the German Lutherans opened work at Rajamandry on the Godaviri some 40 miles from Cocanada. In 1874 Mr. McLaurin landed at Cocanada, a rising trade centre and the largest shipping port between Calcutta and Madras on the west coast of the Bay of Bengal. Here he established the pioneer station of the Baptists of central Canada. Following him came four missionary families of the Maritime Baptists of Canada with two single ladies who fixed on Bimlipatam a flourishing seaport 17 miles North East of Vizagapatam as their central station. Still later on the evangelical Lutherans of Germany opened stations in the western border of the Vizagapatam district hoping from them as a basis of supply to evangelize the feverish plateau of the Jeypore Zemindary with a present population of about 700,000 souls.

There are 14 different Missionary Societies with a European staff of 90 or 100 male missionaries and native assistants to the number of 743 now laboring for the salvation of the 17,000,000 of Telugus.

As a result of about 90 years of effort there are 53,000 communicant church members. Of the 100 missionaries 45 are Baptist as are 40,000 of the communicants. 53,000 converts do not make a very sensible decrease in a mass of 17,000,000 idolaters. But figures do not always convey a true estimate of the work done. Amongst the 14 societies now at work in Telugu land

the very oldest reaching back to within 12 years of the date of Carey's landing at Calcutta, one hundred years ago numbers a present membership of only 500. But to the ripe scholarship of several of their missionaries we owe the present perfected translation of the entire Bible, most of the selections in the Telugu Hymnal and a fair proportion of the polemical and proclamatory literature with which the Christian warfare is now being waged. Their mistake has been in attempting to evangelize by a high school and other schools, instead of a direct and widespread declaration of the truth to the common people. Of the 40,000 Telugu Baptists 36,858 are members of the American Union, 2,316 of the Canada Central, 150 of the Maritime Canadians and 700 of the Godaviri Delta Mission. As compared with the total the American Baptist Mission overshadows all others. One of the Lutheran Societies with a membership of 6,020 stands next and the Canada Central Mission with 2,316 comes third. Though one of the last societies on the field the Baptists of Canada have no reason for discouragement if they remember that they occupy third place in comparison with 13 other societies. Such a fact should give us more confidence than ever in the simple methods followed in the proclamation of the Gospel and the setting up of the Kingdom of Christ amongst these people.

Just one other comparison and I am done. From 1847-50 the English threw a dam across the Godaviri River at a cost of \$765,000. Since then they have invested including that amount the sum of \$6,518,125 in extending the irrigating system of the Godaviri. The profit on that investment each year amounts to \$42,915 or 7.68 per cent. on the capital. That is considered to be one of the best investments the Imperial Government has in India. From 1837-91 the American Baptists have spent about \$1,000,000 in establishing 20 mission stations in the Telugu country. The income last year from those 20 stations amounted to 10,000 saved souls. When the Creator spoke of the value of the soul he said "If a man gain the whole world and lose his own soul what profit has he?" None. The soul is precious. And yet 10,000 priceless souls represents the profit in one year on an invested capital of \$1,000,000. To complete the comparison can any amongst the readers calculate what percentage that represents on the invested capital.

H. F. LAFLAMME.

P. S.—The Mission Statistics quoted above are for 1890.

COCANADA, Sep. 26, 1892.

DEAR LINK—We have had rather an exciting time here lately. Last March I wrote concerning the baptism of a Sudra man, by the name of Goorimurti. He had been employed as a teacher in the Girl's School, under Mr. Timpany, and for years had been a Christian, but, on account of family ties, had been kept from publicly confessing Christ. When, finally he did come out, he had to leave his wife and five children with his relatives. His eldest daughter, Siamma, since the days of Miss Frith, has been a staunch believer in Christ as her personal Saviour, but on account of sickness and other troubles among her relatives, she did not follow her father as soon as was expected. However, we did not give up, hoping and praying, and we were daily watching for her to come. In the meantime, Goorimurti, with some of the other Christians, had spent the hot season with me studying the Bible and equipping himself for work. About the middle of July he started

a school, about one-and-a-half miles from the Mission Compound, and not far from his family and relatives. From that date onward, he has been in communication with his daughter, and she has been even allowed to cook his food and send it to him. Occasionally she sent little notes along with the Coolie woman who took the food to him and he returned answers by the same messenger. Thus their plans matured, and on Wednesday, the 14th of September, at four o'clock in the morning, while it was yet dark, Siamma stole quietly away from her Zenana home and came to her father. He, fearing that a number of the relatives would join together and take her away by force, immediately sent her to the Mission house and awaited developments. She was soon safely lodged in the Mission bungalow, where she remained throughout the day. Some ten or twelve of the relatives in the caste came to her father and demanded the girl, but he refused to give her up and told them she was safe and happy. After some angry words they went away, and Goorimurti came to the Mission House and remained with his daughter all day. She requested that her baptism be postponed till Sunday, and we granted her request. In the evening Goorimurti went back to his own lodgings assuring me that there would be no further trouble. We were holding some special meeting in the English chapel, and I went to conduct the service. When I returned Siamma was gone.

About 7:30 p.m., her mother and little brother came to our door and began crying, and threatening to drown themselves if she did not come back with them. For a short time she resisted them, but she had never been so far from home before. In fact she had scarcely ever seen anything of the outside world. She had wandered and played about within the high walls of her Zenana home, and, excepting on feast days or some rare occasions, had never seen the busy street or jostled in the motley throng. Now she had spent a whole day away from mother and home. What wonder if feelings of loneliness crept over her? How she would like to peep into her Zenana home and see the brothers and sister she had left behind! Hark! there is mother and little brother crying for her. No, she will not go with them, but still she must see them and comfort them a little. With this thought she went to the door and stepped outside. In a moment they took hold of her and led her away. A little daughter had been born in our house and Mrs. Davis was still in bed, so there was no one to be firm with Siamma or to send her mother away where she could not hear her. So Siamma, who came with such good resolutions in the morning, was soon back in the Zenana again. It will not be difficult for the initiated to understand my feelings of indignation and disappointment.

What if they hurry her away where she cannot be found? What if they marry her to a heathen, and she, a bright and shining light, be compelled to spend the remainder of her life with a worshipper of idols? While such thoughts as these were running through my mind, I took my lantern and went out, not in search of Siamma, but to get a breath of cool air and relieve my pent up feelings. I soon met Goorimurti and two others, Christians. They had heard that Siamma's mother and relatives were after her, and had come to help retain her. Imagine her father's disappointment when I told him she had gone. Suffice it to say that none of us slept very well that night. The next day her father went to his relatives, and threatened them with the law if they did not give her up. They were all kindness to him and told him it would be according to his wish, but just to

wait a few days. That evening, after service, I heard that Siamma's relatives were preparing to send her to Vizagapatam by next day's steamer, and have her married to a heathen relative. While we were standing deliberating about the matter, suddenly Miss Beggs came rushing into our midst, saying, "Siamma has escaped and is in our house. Come quickly." Mr. Barrow and I ran over and taking her by the hands soon placed her in the carriage, and took her to the Mission House. The next morning we baptized her and no further attempt was made to take her back. She is a bright, clever girl, twenty-one years of age, and is now keeping house for her father. Many of her relatives have since been to see her and she tells them all about Jesus, and how happy she is in Him. Thus the heaven is working in the Zenanas.

J. E. DAVIS.

ABOUT THE WORK IN INDIA.

TUNI, Sept. 23rd., 1892.

After eighteen months of blazing sunshine and very little rain, the monsoon came in its usual style, and now for weeks we have had floods of rain. The crops of rice and grain are growing and all fears of a famine have fled.

The work of preaching the Gospel is progressing, and many are hearing the good words of life.

This year I have been in camp seventy-three days so far, and have travelled eight-hundred and seventy-two miles, mostly on horseback.

The other day a Ryot was baptized; he is an intelligent man and reads his New Testament. During the last four years he has believed in Jesus, but hesitated about coming out. Now he is witnessing for Christ. He has erected a prayer shed in the fields to which he retires for prayer and meditation, especially during heathen feasts, when he does not wish to stay among the idolaters in the village.

The other day we had a marriage between a converted Brahmin and a Christian weaver caste girl. At the Lord's Supper, in Tunj, we have converts from the Brahmin, the Telugu, and the weaver castes, also Christian Malas and Madigas, these with the Missionaries, all sit down as brethren and sisters in the Lord, and thus partake of the elements.

Seeing that Mrs. Garside had not left the Tunj field for more than a year, we proposed a short visit to Peddapur and other stations. We passed through Pithapur, and here were shown through the palace of the late Rajah. It is a very large, three-story house, containing a large amount of European furniture, such as chairs, tables, pianos, organs, etc., in a very dusty condition. There was the jewel room, and also the Zenana, where the women are kept, locked up as jewels, but with their jealousy and intrigue, not leading a very happy life.

The whole house presented a very cheerless appearance. In one room, on the ground floor, was a printing establishment, with fonts of Telugu and English type, printing presses, etc. It was here that the blank forms, notices, and other requirements for managing the large Pithapur estate are printed. Before the Rajah died, elephants and tigers were kept in the fort, the tigers caged of course. These have been disposed of since the estate came under the management of the Court of Wards.

A Lutheran missionary has, we heard, been designated to take charge of mission work in this town,

which is but eight miles from Samulcotta. Upon going some eleven miles further we reach Peddapur, where Mr. Walker lives. Here we were glad to see the missionary looking so well as he came out to meet us on his bicycle. Bro. W. is getting his work in hand and feels encouraged in that some have lately confessed Christ in baptism. The view from the mission house is really grand, it being the most extensive view of any in the mission.

On Sunday, upon invitation from Mr. Stillwell, we drove to Samulcotta, some three miles away, and preached to the students, who number seventy-five we were told.

During our way back to Peddapur we passed the two-story bungalow where Dr. Edman, of the Lutheran mission lives. This gentleman is prosecuting mission work both in Peddapur and Samulcotta and also in the surrounding country. By his knowledge of medicine he helps the natives and sometimes the Canadian Baptist missionaries who have required his services occasionally.

In Cocanada we found the missionaries well with the exception of the Lorimers and McLeods. It seems natural to see the Baptist mission compound again, also the Timpany Memorial School and the Eurasian Baptist Church.

Cocanada is the same noisy, heathen, unsanitary, filthy town. The cholera had not left the place when we visited it, though the rain had come down in floods.

The canals and the port bring a large amount of commerce to the town and the new railway will bring more.

There is plenty of room for three or four other missions in the town, our only care would be that they do not meddle with our native Christians.

After enjoying the kindness and hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Davis for two or three days, we left for Tunj and were glad to see our village and bungalow once more. Not that it is a cleaner village nor a finer house than we have seen, but it is home.

R. GARSIDE,

A WOMAN'S MEETING IN INDIA.

KOTA CHEREVU, Oct. 11th., 1892.

Twenty-three bright, happy faces; twenty-three cheerful voices raised in hymns of praise to Him who saith, "I am the Lord and there is none else, there is no God beside me"; short, earnest prayers following one upon the other without a moment's hesitation—one for the heathen relatives and neighbors; one for the teacher and his wife, in their midst; one for the missionaries, and so on. Then came the story of Joseph, told by a little woman, with her grandchild clasped in her arms; the story of Moses, by a tall slender girl, with snapping black eyes and a skin somewhat fairer than the others; the stories of David and Daniel, of Jesus, dwelling upon many of the parables and miracles and the prayer he taught his disciples. Following these the Ten Commandments and three chapters from the first catechism. All this from women who cannot read and who, eighteen months ago did not know the name of Jesus. Many of them now are Christians, and others are asking for baptism. Lizzie, the Bible-woman here, besides teaching these Christian women Bible truths, goes in and out among the heathen women in this and two other villages. Her work is not an easy one, for as I said, not one of these women can read,

and as I examined them I realized that I was looking over weeks of patient teaching and telling again and again and again, before the untrained minds could grasp and retain.

Yesterday we had a temperance meeting, that for honest enthusiasm equalled anything I ever saw at home. Every man, woman and child in the village was present.

F. M. STOVEL.

EXTRACTS FROM MISSIONARIES' LETTERS.

In a letter from Miss. Gray, dated Oct. 7th., she says: "Oh! how we long for a break in the ranks of heathenism, for a turning unto the Lord of such as shall be saved.

"In Sept. I spent twenty-one days out on the field. We visited about thirty villages and never before did the people hear so well. All were ready to acknowledge the foolishness of idol worship, and that our teaching was just and true."

Here is something for which to offer praise at the next Aid Meeting.

Miss. McNeil is studying hard at the language and is getting on well with it. She longs to be able to speak to the people.

Mrs. Higgins writes about Sept. 21st., "We have about thirty in our boarding department, twenty-four boys and girls in this Compound and the rest at the Chapel Compound a short distance away. I have the work under better control than ever before, and feel happy in doing all that I can. Beside the sewing class and regular evening class for the recitation of Bible verses, I am now teaching a class of eight boys and girls in the S. School.

"As Mr. and Mrs. Barss have been in Binlipatam for the last six weeks, and Mr. Higgins at Kimeddy, I have been and am quite alone.

"Mr. Churchill is with Mr. Higgins at Kimeddy, engaged in building our new home and other Mission buildings. Mr. Higgins writes that the work is not going on as rapidly as could be hoped, as they are unable to get the amount of timber they need, but they are pushing the work as fast as they can."

A note from Mrs. Archibald, dated London, Oct. 14th., speaks of the party as all well, and intending to sail from Liverpool the next week in the Clan Grant.

Our sister says: "We had a very interesting mission party across the Atlantic, thirty in all. It was pleasant to find old people going back with hearts more deeply wedded to the work, and filled with confidence and love for the Societies at home."

Miss. Wright was of our party and would sail with them.

One of Mrs. Churchill's very interesting letters is at hand and will appear in next issue.—A. E. J.

Craig, returned missionary from India, gave a very interesting address, referring more particularly to the work on his own field at Akidu and the surrounding village and hamlets, where also Miss Stovel is working. During Mr. Craig's absence, Miss Stovel is using his boat, thus being able to reach many more women than she otherwise would. The pastor closed with prayer. The collection and money in barrels brought in amounted to \$40.58.—F. WHITE, secy.

PARRY SOUND.—We can not report a very deep interest in the missions, but we have been enabled by the faithfulness of a few to keep our circle alive. With very few exceptions, meetings have been held since its organization, almost 4 years ago. We believe that the lack of interest shown arises from a lack of knowledge of our different mission fields, and what is being done for them. If our sisters could be induced to look into this, their hearts would be running over with a desire to help on this grand cause. We have contributed \$8 to foreign missions.—AGNES ELLIS, secy.

VANKLEEK HILL.—The ladies of the mission circle held an open meeting in October. The programme was pleasing and instructing. An account was given of the Ontario Circles' work for India. Miss Mose spoke of the eastern division, and Miss L. R. Anderson, of the western division. The speakers, with map, endeavored to locate our Telugu workers, and describe his or her work definitely. Also a full account was given to us of the convention convened in Ottawa this autumn, by Mrs. Jas. McEwen. No doubt we shall profit by the information hereby given. Music and readings interspersed the programme; a duet by the Mesdames Hall, of Hawkesbury is worthy of mention. It was our pleasure to have the Hawkesbury circle with us. A member of the Hawkesbury circle, Mrs. Greenleer, addressed us. Also, Miss Reggs gave us her experience at White River. Our circle is not old, nor have we a large membership, but we hold our meetings regularly, and the members are almost always present. A steady growth of mission knowledge, and increased devotion is manifest. We humbly implore God's blessing to attend our future efforts. MRS. P. RUFUS MCLAURIN, Pres.

FROM THE AID SOCIETIES.

YARMOUTH, N. S., Sept. 20, 1892.

Dear Miss. Johnstone.—By request a number of the sisters of Temple M. A. Society went to Arcadia on the 19th inst., and formed a sister society. Devotional exercises led by Mrs. White, prayer was offered by Mrs. P. D. Kinney, and addresses by Mrs. A. S. Murray and Mrs. Parker, setting forth the objects and aims of our societies, and urging the Arcadia sisters to organize for work. Eleven sisters signified their willingness to take up the work, from among whom the following were chosen: Pres., Mrs. Josiah Webb; 1st vice-do., Mrs. A. Perry; 2nd vice do., Mrs. J. Dunham; Secy., Mrs. A. Frazer; Treas., Mrs. W. Porter; Auditor, Mrs. Browne.

BUREAU OF MISSIONARY INFORMATION.

LEAFLETS ON GIVING.

FOR CIRCLES.

At 5c—Five Cents in a Teacup; at 2c—Mrs. Pickett's Missionary Box; Mrs. Purdy's Parquissits; O. P. J.—Ezra, Me and the Boards; The Willful Gifts and disconnected Deacons—Misc Boxes; at 14c—That Mission

Work at Home.

NEWS FROM THE CIRCLES.

DOVERCOURT ROAD, TORONTO.—The last quarterly meeting of the Women's Missionary Union, was held Friday evening, September 16th. The Rev. John

ary Box; How much do I owe; Giving Like a Little Child; A Suggestion from Dennis; Proportionate Giving; A Story of the Bees; Not for the Heathen merely, but for Christ.

FOR HANDS.

At 2c—A Little Girl and her Missionary Jug; A Partnership; Bob's and Bertha's Bricks; Jack's Pennies; See If Aunt Mary Wants Water; at 1c—The Bed Quilt.

Address all Orders to MISS. STARK, 64 Bloor St. E., Toronto.

THE WOMAN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

RECEIPTS FROM OCTOBER 18, TO NOVEMBER 17, 1892 INCLUSIVE.

Campbellford, M. C., 90c; Peterboro's (Murray-st) Y.P.S.C.E., \$4.70; Brooke M.C., \$13.60; Brooke Children's Mite Boxes, 33; Forest M.B., \$2.00; Stayner M.C., \$1.10; Stayner M.B., 27c; St. George M.B., for Kondabattullo Deva Karunamma, \$10.00; Toronto, Tecumseth st. M.B., \$5.00; Sarmia, M.B. for Devarapilli Reuben \$4.50; Wingham M.C., \$3.68; Jubilee M.C., \$9.50; Tilsonburg, M.B., \$2.00; Norfolk Assn., special for Medical Lady, additional, \$1.00; Collection at Annual Meeting at Paris, \$40.95; St. George M.B. for student, \$7.00; London Adelaide-st., M.C., Duplicate of P.O. O., \$19.35; Wingham, M.B. \$3.80; Midland M.C., \$1.50; 1st Houghton M.C., \$5.00; Port Hope M.B., \$9.00; London Talbot-st., jr., M.B., for Bellam Nukayya, \$6.04; Toronto Tecumseth-st., M.C., \$5.00; Toronto Jarvis-st., M.C., \$13.33; Belfountain M.B., \$1.00; Total, \$170.55.

In the last list the following mistakes occur in the items from Boston, M.C., "for Medical lady, \$13.9." is printed, instead of \$13.50, and "Unappropriated Amount," is printed \$12.30, instead of \$12.39. All the rest is correct. VIOLET ELLIOT, Treasurer, 109 Pembroke-st., Toronto.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT

NO CHRIST, NO CHRISTMAS.

At a Christmas celebration in one of our schools in Japan, the father of one of the pupils sent a note to the missionary, asking, "Who is Jesus? and what is Christmas?" His enquiry is that of thousands of newly awakened minds in heathen lands. Never were so many eyes directed toward Him as now, and never before were the thoughts of so many hearts revealed in that searching question, "Who is He?" The world is feeling after him, if haply it may find the Deliverer. O that the Christmas bells of 1892 might ring into hearts aching and sad the true meaning of their joyful message.

Good will from Him who owns everything; who controls all things by the word of his power; who loves all creatures whom He has made. Our Father means that He is making a way out of earth's deep, dark mystery of sin, into glorious light, through Christ Jesus.

The contrast between our happy life in a Christian and that of heathen women without our Christ has been vividly expressed in a "dream" by a writer in

Life and Light, the substance of which we quote. A lady had been present at a meeting where she heard the pitiful condition of heathen women pictured by a missionary. Coming home to her cheerful room she threw herself upon the lounge, with a weary sigh, wishing she could rid herself of the unhappy weight which she unwillingly felt for those unfortunate people, who had seemed so far away before, but uncomfortably near since she had heard the missionary speak.

Presently by her side stood a woman clad in Oriental dress, the bright hues of which contrasted with the sadness of her face, and the pathos of her dark eyes. In her hand she held a wand; looking with intense gaze into the lady's face she said: "Do you know what this is? It's name is *heathenism*. Let me show you what it does." Turning, she touched with her wand a picture of the Madonna, and the beautiful faces of the Mother and the Babe faded. "No Christ No Madonna," she said in a hard, cold tone. Then she touched a picture of the two disciples healing the lame man at the beautiful gate of the temple and the figures of the two apostles vanished, and only the helpless diseased cripple was there. She struck her wand upon the picture of the Angelus, and the church and the figures of the praying peasants faded from the canvas, and nothing was left but the bleak and desolate moor. "Come with me to the music room," she said; and with a touch of her hateful wand she destroyed every oratorio, every anthem, every hymn. Running her wand across the library shelves, she left gaping spaces where the books that spoke of Christ, or Christian civilization, or Christian poetry had been, and with a sudden sweep she obliterated every line of the printed Bible which lay open on the table. "Come with me to the street," she cried. The windows were ablaze with Christmas light and beauty. With a touch of her wand every beautiful thing was swept from sight. The churches, trimmed with immortelles, were levelled to the ground. "No Christ, no Christmas," she said. Orphan asylums were thrown down, and the children were hopeless waifs on the street. "Stop," cried the lady; "You shall not ruin my home and my city so! I cannot bear it!" "You cannot bear it?" said the other, her dark eyes piercing to the very soul of her companion; "and yet we bear all this, and more, in my country." The lady turned with a despairing heart to her home, and entered the room where her husband and boys were seated at the table. The familiar and attractive table furnishings were before her, but no seat for herself. Her husband looked coldly at her, and even her sons showed no mark of respect. "It is the work of that hideous wand," she moaned, and fell in a dead faint upon the floor. With a start the sleeper awoke; her eyes fell on the sweet face of the Madonna; the blessed Christ-child was still a reality; the work of the destroyer was only a dream. "How could I have been so selfish?" she murmured. "Help me to remember, Lord, that those who love thee most will serve thee best by caring for those to whom a Christmas never comes."

Nearly nineteen hundred years ago the angels sang to a little company of shepherds. The stars upon this Christmas night will look down upon millions who will answer with the glad refrain, "To us is born a Saviour." The Christ spirit, "not to be ministered unto, but to minister," prevails more and more each year. Never before were there so many sweet charities. Little stockings will be filled on Christmas eve that would have hung limp and empty but for the Christ-love. Empty hearts will be filled with comfort, hungry souls

with good cheer, hungry mouths with good things, giver and receiver will share a mutual joy. Blessed chimes of peace! Blessed chimes joy! Hear them sound over Western plains, and echo from Eastern hill-tops, glad tidings for the race.

For all the weary, waiting world they ring in tones of certainty and hope.

"Out of the night,
Into the light,
Up, up above
To heaven and love,
Christ of Bethlehem lead!"

MRS. J. H. KNOWLES in *Heathen Woman's Friend*

MISSIONARIES' LETTERS.

TUNI, Aug. 27th., 1892.

I think perhaps your boys would like to hear about the Todas, one of the hill tribes, that live on the Neilghenies. They claim a right to the land and some of the other tribes acknowledge their right by paying a small rent, so it is supposed that they are the remnant of the first people who lived in India. We had heard about them and were all anxious to see them, so we rode one morning about five miles around the mountain side to one of their villages. I was quite disappointed to find only three houses, but they say that they seldom have more than four in one place. One of these is their temple, but it only differs from the rest in being in a separate enclosure a little distance from the others. In it the priest lives alone, and as far as I could find out his duties consisted in milking the buffaloes and taking care of the milk, as the temple is really a dairy. The houses are made of wood, plastered with mud, and are something the shape of a half-barrel, cut through the long way. There is no window and the door is a small hole in one end close to the ground so that one has to stoop low to get in. I put my head in and when my eyes got accustomed to the dim light, I saw a raised place on one side where they sleep, and some earthen cooking pots. That was all, except an old woman sitting beside a fire roasting some kind of grain. I did not go inside for as there was no chimney, it was rather smoky.

They were quite friendly and showed us how they salute each other. The younger men and the women bow with their face to the ground and the older men touch their toes to their heads. Their clothes were very dirty; some say that they never wash them, but the women's hair was very nicely combed into shining ringlets hanging down both sides of their faces. The men do not work and were sitting around looking lazy enough. They all keep buffaloes, and the Toda buffaloes are noted for being fierce and will charge at strangers. Ten years ago many of the girl babies were killed by putting them down for the buffaloes to stamp on them, but now English rule has put a stop to that. They do not marry when they are children and the Toda maiden has the chance to refuse her lover. In this respect she is ahead of her Hindu sister. But instead of one man having more than one wife as some of the Hindoos do, one woman may have several husbands, the brothers of the man she marries. They have no written language, but now a clever young lady missionary is studying their language and hopes to be able to make books, and teach them to read, and better than that, to tell them about the Saviour. Some of the men understand a little Tamil, but none of us knew

that language, so we could only talk to them by signs. Pray for these ignorant Todas, and for the young lady who is trying to give them the Gospel. A hard task is before her for these people are the lowest of the low, but not too low for the Lord Jesus to save and make fit for our home in heaven. Some time I hope to tell you about our Sabbath Schools. We have six now, with more than four-hundred children, and in this town we could have as many more. In the years to come may the Lord call some of you boys to "come over and help us," for the need is great, or rather, may He show you that you are called and make you willing to come. I am so thankful that you are interested, and so glad that you are praying for us and the people here. Yours sincerely, in the Master's service.

MARTHA ROGERS.

A SCHOOL BOY'S LETTER.

(For the boys.)

(The boys in the Seminary have English as one of the subjects of study. I am sending you a sample of their early efforts to write in English. J. R. S.)

Samulcotta, August 25, 1892.

MY DEAR FATHER:— I am quite well by the grace of God. I am doing teacher work in Murrmandab. 10 boys and 7 girls come to my school. I am expecting next year for study. I paid pray to God to arrive in Seminary. You must paid pray to God for me and to arrive in Seminary. You must not forget me. I am study myself in english 4th reader and Bible. I have very like in study. I will pray every day for your family and your Seminary. If you will write a letter to me Rajahmandrytalook Murrmandalh. Please take my salames you. Please tell my salames to my mamma; please tell my Kisses to Miss Mary, please tell my Kisses to Miss Iarin. I am thinking to come Samulcotta the last of this month. Please tell my salams to Seminary boys. Please excuse my misticks in this letter. Please take my school boys salames.

Your likly Son,

By Mortha Prakasam.

LIST OF GIRLS IN COCANADA GIRLS' BOARDING SCHOOL, AUGUST 1892.

NAME OF STUDENT.	SUPPORTED BY.
STANDARD V.	
Moramputi Cassio (ohinna).....	Owen Sound
Mandapatl Karunamma.....	Uxbridge Band
STANDARD IV.	
Vinakoti Ruth.....	Port Hope Band
Vara Mary.....	Barnsville Band
Thuluru Mary (pedda).....	Barnsville Band
Ponduril Rajayavodamma.....	Sarah J. Starr, Newmarket
Pitain Lydia.....	"Busy Ito" M. B. Guelph
Gudiso Esther.....	Thurso, Que.
Moramputi Mary.....	First Houghton
Thuluru Mary (ohina).....	Junior M. B., Adelaide St. Ch., London
STANDARD III.	
Kerra Mokamma.....	Mary A. Starr, Newmarket
Nokku Mary.....	St. Mary's Band
Nelli Karunamma.....	Isabel B. Starr, Newmarket
Nelli-Sarab (Lillie Grimaby).....	Grimaby Memorial Band
Rajala Mary.....	Norwich Band
Mortha Abomma.....	Belth-Band, King
Sampara Sandamma.....	Guelph, Second M. B.

STANDARD II.

Battula Sundramma.....	Whitby M. B.
Sadhi Anupurnamma.....	Two Marys, Toronto
Nalle Saramma.....	First Bradford Band
Palli Viramma (pedda).....	Ingersoll M. B.
Netotala Dora.....	Miss Hatch
Jani Appalamma.....	Miss Simpson
Kolla Carunamma.....	Tecumseh St. Toronto
Nakka Kate.....	St. Mary's (So. Note)
Gali Donalamma.....	Young St., Winthrop
Nalli Pulaniamina.....	Waltowater & Hawthorn
Gudi Subbanamma.....	S. S. Class, Simcoe
Buahi Adamma.....	

STANDARD I.

Sal'a Rapanamma.....	Stonewall, Man.
Vinakoti Dhanamma.....	
Nalli Nilavati.....	
Peyyala Subudramma.....	College St. Band, Toronto
Mates Sundramma.....	Choltenham
Solam Strah.....	Mrs. Brown, Bloor St., Toronto

INFANT STANDARD.

Thalura Esther.....	
Patti Suramma.....	
Vinakoti Sattamma.....	

NOTE.—Of the names that appeared in the last list published in the LINK, three are missing altogether, another will probably appear in the list for Akidu, Chinna: Palli Viramma and Tute Viramma have been married to heathen men, though only little girls, and we have little or no hope of seeing them again; Ballikuri Mary has not yet returned, and K. Deva Karunamma went back to Akidu.

The advanced class increased to five for a time, consisting of two Akidu girls, Anna, a new girl from this field, whose family had come from some other mission; M. Pedda Cassia, who had been teaching in her own village, and Lydia. During vacation the two Akidu girls were married; Lydia's time is now taken up with work, Anna has not returned, so Cassie is alone. Elpe Ruth was married on Sept. 21st '91. The three girls who tried the Primary School Examination were successful, Lydia returned to Toni, Cassie and Karunamma are now studying for the V Standard Examination. The last list received from Miss West gives Nakka Kate to St. Mary's Band; as Nokku Mary already belonged to St. Mary's there may be some mistake unless possibly there are two Bands in St. Mary's.

In the recent examinations the pupils were examined as far as III standard only. The IV and V standards now have special examinations appointed by the Government. The results are as follows:

STANDARD.	CHILDR.	BOYS.
Iptant to I Standard	2	2
I " II "	11	1
II " III "	5	3
III " IV "	4	0

A. E. B.

The St. Mary's Band claim Nokku Mary, as their protege, so Nakka Kate may be adopted by some other. I cannot account for the mistake.—H. WEST.

NEWS FROM BANDS.

A letter from Parrsboro N. S. says that the "Solid Rock" Mission Band has re-organized "and the children have decided to work for the support of the Children's Missionary." This Band sends for a Map of India with our stations marked. Every Band, and every School should have one. On Sunday evening our regular prayer meeting is held, but on this special evening, August 12, we have converted it into a missionary meeting. The weather was to our regret somewhat rainy and unpleasant, however quite a number were gathered

in our vestry, to enjoy the exercises, and witness the presentation of a certificate of life membership in the W. B. M. U. to Mrs. Vincent (the wife of our pastor.) It was neatly framed, and Mrs. Levi Woodworth, the president of the Aid Society, presented it. An address on missions was then given by Mr. Vincent. At its close the door opened and one wearing the graceful Telugu dress, advances to the front and reads an interesting article on "Contrasts in Mission Work from 1792 to 1892."

All see and recognize one of the Mission Band in this would be Telugu, and all smile at the imitation. The annual report of the Aid Society was then read by the secretary, and a collection was taken at the close of the meeting.

We give this short sketch to show that Mission work is still being accomplished in Canning, and many a thought is given to our perishing sisters over the sea, who, like ourselves, "have been bought with a price.—

A MEMBER OF THE MISSION BAND.

ST. GEORGE.—Our Rope-holders Mission Band was organized about four years ago, and have gradually increased in interest, and we meet every two weeks. A collection is taken at each meeting instead of a regular fee being charged. Our Band helps annually both Home and Foreign missions. In the year just closed, we have raised for Home Missions \$4.75; for Foreign, \$17.00, which goes to support our student at Cocanada. It is not very much; we wish we were able to send more, but we give it gladly unto the Lord, knowing He will not despise even small things that are done in His name. Yours in the Master's work,—M. B. Pres.

ANCASTER MISSION Band, "Little Gleaners," organized. Officers Supv., Mrs. H. J. Haviland; Pres., Mrs. Misner; Vice-Pres., Miss Ethel Misner; Rec-Secy., Harry Bayney; Cor. Secy., Essie VanSickle; Treas., Sarah VanSickle.

SPEAKING WOOD.

WHILE Mr. Paton, whom we told you about in January and February, was building his house on the island of Aniwa, he one day wanted some nails and tools which had been left at the native house in which he was living. He picked up a bit of planed wood, and pencilling a few words upon it, asked one of the natives to take it to Mrs. Paton and she would send what he wanted. In blank wonder he stared, and said,

"But what do you want?"

"The wood will tell her," Mr. Paton replied.

The savage seemed almost angry, as though Mr. Paton was fooling him, and said,

"Who ever heard of wood speaking?"

By hard pleading he was induced to go, however. And great was his amazement when Mrs. Paton, after looking a moment at the wood, brought him the needed articles. He brought back the wood, and eagerly asked for an explanation. Then the missionary, as well as he could, for he had not as yet learned much of the language, read to him the words, and told him that in the same way God had spoken to us in his Book, and when he learned to read he would hear God speaking from its pages, just as Mrs. Paton had heard him speaking from the wood.

This little incident was a great help to Mr. Paton, for this man became very desirous to see the Word of God printed in his own language, and so did everything he could to help Mr. Paton learn their words and modes of expression.

THE LITTLE BROWN PENNY.

A LITTLE brown penny, worn and old,
Dropped in the box by a dimpled hand ;
A little brown penny, a childish prayer,
Sent far away to a heathen land.
A little brown penny, a generous thought,
A little less candy for just one day ;
A young heart awakened, for life mayhap,
To the needs of the heathen far away.
And who can tell of the joy it brought
To the souls of the heathen far away,
When the darkness fled like wavering mist
From the beautiful dawn of the Christian day ?
And who can tell the blessings that came
To the little child when Christ looked down,
Nor how the penny worn and old,
In heaven will change to a golden crown.

"TO ALL THE WORLD."

BY MRS. M'VEAN-ADAMS.

"Go ye to all the world ; to the uttermost parts of the earth.
Go teach all nations." These are the words He gave his own ;
And had they heeded not, or deemed them little worth,
We never had learned his love, or knelt before his throne.
Only two cents a week to drop from your dainty glove ;
Only two hours a month to pray and plan for them
Who never have heard a sound of Jesus dying love,
Never, like you, have touched his precious garment's hem.
And when we ask it, some are "too poor to give so much ;"
And some "have not the time," and fear they cannot come ;
And some when we have tried their generous hearts to touch,
Answer reproachfully, "We have heathen enough at home."
At home ! where the Sabbath bells make music the whole land through ;
At home ! where the clust'ring spires are piercing every cloud ;
Where Christian influence falls as free as the summer dew,
And the very breezes sing the name of Christ aloud,
How shall we dare to speak of distance near or far ;
To Him who swung the spheres to roll in rhythmic grace,
Who guides the solemn march of shining star with star !
His thoughts are not as ours,—our narrow thoughts of space—
And, looking down from heaven, "Home" and "Foreign" are one.
Such words are all too small for place in a Christian heart.
For all the world God gave his well-beloved son ;
For all the world Christ died, not for our little part.
Shall we not then rejoice that unto us is given
Some of the service sweet that angels well may claim,—
To work together with God to win a world in Heaven,
And help "his kingdom come" in Heaven and earth—the same?—*Heaven Woman's Friend.*

ADDRESSES.

ADDRESSES OF PRESIDENTS, SECRETARIES AND TREASURERS

Of Ontario: Pres. Mrs. W. D. Booker, Woodstock; Ontario, Sec. Miss Buchan, 165 Bloor St. East, Toronto; Treas., Miss Violet Elliot, 109 Pembroke St., Toronto ; Sec. for Bands, Miss Hattie West, 51 Huntley St., Toronto.

Of Quebec Province: Pres. Mrs. T. J. Claxton, 213 Green Avenue, Montreal; Sec., Mrs. Bentley, Cor. Sec. Miss Nannie E. Green, 478 St. Urban Street, Montreal; Treas., Mrs. F. B. Smith, 8 Thistle Terrace, Montreal ; Secretary of Mission Bands, Mrs. Halkett, 347 McLaren St., Ottawa.

Lower Provinces: Pres. Mrs. J. W. Manning, 26 Robie St. Halifax, N. S.; Treas., Mrs. Botsford Smith, Amherst, N. S.; Sec., Mrs. C. H. Martell, St. John, N. B.

Miss A. E. Johnstone, of Dartmouth, N. S., is Correspondent of the LINK for the Maritime Provinces. She will be glad to receive news items and articles intended for the LINK from mission workers residing in that region.

Subscriptions to the LINK, changes of address, and notifications of failure to receive copies of the paper, should in all cases be sent directly to the Editor.

MISSIONARY DIRECTORY

BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONT. AND QUE.

Rev. G. H. Barrow, *Tuni*. Miss A. E. Baskerville, *Cocanada*. Miss L. H. Booker, *Ootacamund*. Rev. I. G. Brown, B. A. and wife, *Vuyyuru*. Rev. John Craig, B. A., at home Port Hope. Mrs. Graig, *Akidu*. J. E. Davis, B. A. and wife, *Cocanada*. Rev. R. Garside, B. A., and wife, *Tuni*. Miss S. I. Hatch, *Sannulcotta*. Rev. H. F. Laflamme and wife, *Vellananchilli*. Rev. A. A. McLeod and wife, *Cocanada*. Miss Martha Rogers, *Tuni*. Miss E. A. Folsom, *Cocanada*. Miss S. A. Simpson, *Cocanada*. Rev. J. R. Stillwell, B. A. and wife, *Sannulcotta*. Miss F. M. Stovel, *Akidu*. Rev. J. A. K. Walker and wife, *Pedapuram*.

BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARIES OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

Bimlipatan.—Rev. R. Sanford, M. A. and wife ; Rev. L. D. Morse, B. A. and wife ; Miss A. C. Gray.
Bobbili.—Rev. G. Churchill and wife ; Miss Kate MacNeil.
Chicacole.—Rev. W. V. Higgins, B. A. and wife ; Rev. W. Barrs, B. A. and wife.
Vizianagram.—Rev. M. B. Shgw, M. A. and wife.
At Home.—Rev. I. C. Archibald B. A. and wife ; Miss Hettie Wright.

The Canadian Missionary Link

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT TORONTO.

Communications, Orders and Remittances to be sent to Mrs. Mary A. Newman, 116 Yorkville Avenue, Toronto.

Subscribers will find the dates when their subscriptions expire on the printed address labels of their papers.

Subscription 25c. per Annum, Strictly In Advance.

Subscribers failing to receive their papers will please make inquiry for them at their respective Post Offices if not found notify the Editor at once, giving full name and address, and duplicate copies will be forwarded at once.

Send Remittances by Post Office Order, when possible, payable at YORKVILLE Post Office, or by registered letter.

Sample Copies will be furnished for distribution in canvassing for new subscribers.