

## 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 Bank

WORLD'S  
LITTLE QUE

CANADA. In the interest of the Baptist Foreign Mission Societies of Canada. INDIA.

VOL. 11, No. 6.] "The Gentiles shall come to Thy light, and kings to the brightness of Thy rising."—Is. lx. 3. [FEB., 1896.]

## CONTENTS.

Editorial.....	66	The Work Abroad.....	70
Foot-note.....	66	The Work at Home.....	71
Dr. Pierson's Missionary Crusade in Scotland.....	67	Young People's Department.....	74
Lost Opportunities.....	67	Treasurer's Acknowledgments.....	76
"What can I do to Help You?".....	69		

Miss Buchan will be glad to hear from any young lady who is preparing herself for Medical Work on the Foreign Field.

The article on Mission Bands, continued in this issue from last month, is fruitful in suggestions to workers, not only in Bands but in Circles as well.

### Special Prayer.

"Again I say unto you, That if two of you shall agree on earth as touching any thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them by my Father which is in heaven." Matt. 18: 19.

"And this is the confidence that we have in Him that, if we ask any thing according to His will, He heareth us. And if we know that He heareth us, whatsoever we ask, we know that He hears the petitions that we desired of Him." I Jno. 5: 14, 15.

In view of the urgent need of a *Medical Lady Missionary* at Akido, the Women's Foreign Missionary Board of Ontario asks that every Circle, and every one who is interested in Foreign Missions, will make *special prayer* to Almighty God that He will direct the very best woman for this work to offer herself, and that He will also move the hearts of our women at home so that there shall be plenty of money in the treasury to send her out and support her.

On behalf of the Central Board,

JANE BUCHAN,  
*Corresponding Secretary.*

### Is It I?

"Laborers wanted." The ripening grain  
Waits to welcome the reaper's cry.  
The Lord of the harvest calls again;  
Who among us shall first reply.  
"Who is wanted, Lord? Is it I?"

The Master calls, but the servants wait,  
Fields gleam white 'neath a cloudless sky,  
Will none seize sickle before too late,  
Ere the winter's winds come sweeping by?  
Who is delaying? Is it I?

—Southern Christian Advocate.

### Dr. Pierson's Missionary Crusade in Scotland.

It is known to most of our readers that in compliance with the earnest request of the leading friends of missions in Scotland, our Associate has gone there to complete the work he began after the rising of the London Conference on Missions in 1888. We give below the list of a series of letters on his mission and its results, which will appear in successive numbers of the *Bank*. If all of them shall prove the extraordinary interest of the first, they will surely be read with justifiable interest and gratitude to God. We invoke the presence of our readers in behalf of Dr. Pierson in this mission of love, for such it is. May the reflex influence of this mighty wave of missionary interest on the other side of the ocean reach our shores, and mark a new era in the history of this cause among us.—J. M. S.

EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND, NOV. 27, 1895.

My Dear Dr. Sherwood:

There was no need of coming to Scotland to "kindle the flame of a Missionary Revival," as the brethren of the Committee were pleased to suggest. It is quite obvious to me that a revival of missions is already in progress, and that all I can hope to do will be to feed and fan a flame already burning.

The good ship *Murria* had a very rough passage, through a very "choppy" sea. We were rolled to and fro, and tossed up and down, and found it quite hard to keep ourselves in our berths at night or maintain our standing, or even our sitting, on deck by day. Nevertheless we landed at Liverpool quay at about 7 o'clock on Saturday evening, November 16th. The brethren came to meet and greet us, and bid us "Welcome in the name of the Lord," and cheered us as a singular embassy comforted Paul at the "Three Taverns." There is no disposition either in England or Scotland to allow our sojourn to be one of idle lounging or pleasure-seeking. We found arrangements made at Liverpool for a series of meetings, beginning with one on the very night of our arrival. In fact, no time could be spared even to attend to "customs," and so leaving our kind host with Mrs. Pierson to look after the luggage, I was hurried off in a cab to Gordon Hall, where a large and select company of the Christians of Liverpool were gathered to offer a cordial welcome. Canon Burbridge was in the chair, and the familiar face of Mr. Reginald Radcliffe beamed close at his side. At this meeting I made a brief address on the "Present Aspect of Missions," and was greatly cheered by observing a very manifest spirit of prayer prevailing. This was my first impression, and that impression has been constantly emphasized and intensified during these eleven days.

As I intimated, my sojourn on this side of the water is not likely to suffer by lack of employment. I left Liverpool for Edinburgh on Wednesday morning, November 20, having already held in that city seven meetings,

closing with a grand and enthusiastic gathering in great George Street Chapel, which will hold easily two thousand people. The attendance at all these meetings evinced an intelligent and hearty sympathy with the Missionary cause, and furnished an auspicious forecast and foretaste of the gratifications in store. In Edinburgh, on the night of our arrival, a marvellous assembly convened in the Hall of the Church of Scotland, Principal Cairns in the chair. Rev. Dr. Lowe, Chairman of the Committee, having direction of the meetings, remarked to me that no more significant gathering had ever met in Edinburgh. The various denominations, which have been divided by conscientious differences of opinion, and have sometimes waged wars, not without much bitterness, came together with a profound and sincere sympathy, to further the common cause of a world's Evangelization. Men that had met in the arena of theological and ecclesiastical controversy, and engaged in fierce conflict, came into that Hall on a common footing of cordial good will, rallying around a humble advocate of world-wide missions, forgetful of all past issues and minor differences in the one absorbing object—giving the gospel to this generation.

The object of this first meeting was to express a hearty welcome from all the bodies represented, and to assure me of the most cordial co-operation in the purpose of this Mission Tour of the Churches. The welcome was given with all the enthusiasm of true Scotchmen. These people are not so easily moved as some, but when they do move it is with great momentum. Meeting after meeting followed, the details of which space does not allow me to give; suffice it to say, that, as in Liverpool, they have followed each other in quick succession, on Thursday in the great Synod Hall, on Friday in the Free Assembly Hall, mainly for Women, on Saturday morning in Moucrieff Hall, for the students, when even the standing room was all in demand; then after two sermons on Missions, the Sabbath evening found me confronting an immense audience at the U.P. Synod Hall, where the most marked movement of the Spirit of God which I have ever witnessed in such a gathering, subdued and melted all hearts. My subject that night was "Individual Responsibility with reference to Missions," and as the duty and privilege of individual giving, and especially praying, was urged, and the grand promises to prayerful souls were arrayed before us, a sudden hush fell upon the whole assembly; there was a painful silence, and many bowed in tears before God. As for the speaker, it was with him as with Daniel, when, in his vision beside the Hiddekel, "there remained no strength in him." (Daniel, x. 8.) The sense of the divine presence was positively overwhelming; in no man could produce such an impression; it was manifestly of God, and all felt it to be the gateway of Heaven.

Such a meeting has but one explanation. Ever since it was known that this Mission Tour of the Churches was determined on, and that arrangements were definitely made, there has been an unusual *spirit of prayer*. Those who on their hearts bear the precious interests of God's kingdom, in this land of Martyrs and Missionaries, began praying in secret and praying in little circles, for a mighty manifestation of God's presence and power. Instead of looking to any man, there has been a disposition to fix the eye of faith and prayer on God alone, and those that honor Him, He will honor. Of all the meetings I have ever attended, I remember not one in which God more plainly set all human instruments aside, to speak for Himself in the language that as no human speech as its expression and can be heard only by ears open to the still small voice. Some persons were so moved that they had

to leave the hall. When the meeting adjourned all left in silence, and since then, token after token of the blessing keeps coming to our knowledge. The next day we received a note in a lady's hand, enclosing the money which would buy "one pair of four-button kids," in response to an appeal which I made to Christian women to forego luxuries for the Lord's sake; and turn the moiety to His treasury. The same day brought a half-sovereign, the expression of ill self-denial; and a letter, enclosing two pounds, ten shillings, the proceeds of a bracelet, sold for the Lord's sake. These are but a few signs of God's presence and of a coming harvest of missions. Every day brings increasing encouragement. We can only praise God and give glory to Him.

With Sabbath evening's meeting the series of gatherings in Edinburgh closed for the present, fifteen meetings in all since the *Etruria* anchored in the Mersey River, eight days before. With Monday we began, accompanied by Mrs. Edge, recently returned from Canton, China, and Rev. Henry Rice, on a furlough from Madras, India, to visit cities and towns in the neighborhood of this Scotch Athens. On Monday we held two meetings in Leith, on Tuesday in Peebles and Innerleithen, and today in Dalkeith. The afternoon meetings are principally for the women, and the evening assemblies, held in the largest available places, are crowded to overflowing. We were told yesterday that meetings so large have not been known even in times of great political excitement. Surely God is marching on, and a new departure in missions is at hand.

The Committee having in charge the details of my Tour of the Churches had made singularly complete and satisfactory arrangements. They have secured one or two Missionaries, now at home from their fields, to accompany me. Mrs. Edge is a ready and accomplished speaker and gives vivid glimpses of Chinese home and social life, showing the marked influence of the gospel in modifying and transforming especially the women and girls of the Celestial Empire. Rev. Henry Rice is one of the most fluent, intelligent and striking speakers on Missions that it has been my good fortune to hear. He touches with rare skill the salient points of Missions, and gives both picturesque and impressive views of East Indian religions and customs. His book, recently published, on "Native Life in India," printed by the London Religious Tract Society, compresses into a brief space an immense amount of interesting and instructive matter. He is full of missionary zeal, and zeal according to knowledge. It is with not a little gratification that we add such a man to our REVIEW list of Editorial Correspondents, and announce a series of articles as about to appear in these pages from his instructive and attractive pen.

The details of these meetings we have given to some degree, because these pages will be read not only in Great Britain and the United States and Canada, but in far off lands where Christ's Godly messengers are telling the old, old story. Such a movement at the great centers of Christendom will be felt at the outmost bounds, as a mighty heart throb pulses warm life blood to the extremities of the body. And we bid all missionaries in God's name, "Be of Good Cheer." There is a revival of missionary knowledge and zeal at home, and it means blessing abroad. The key note struck at the opening meeting was "the gospel to be published through all the world in this generation," and this thought seems to be taking possession of the most earnest, prayerful and consecrated men and women on both sides of the sea. God has given us a thousand facilities unknown to our ancestors. He has thrown open the doors to the nations

and challenged us to enter in and possess the land. What are we waiting for? All things are now ready. A united movement all along the lines—more men and women to the front, and the Church of God backing them up with more money and prayer and sympathy; more Godly parents giving their children to God and to Missions from the cradle; more enterprise for God, pushing the conquests of the cross as we push secular and scientific endeavor for objects infinitely less important—who can tell what glorious and speedy results may follow a true awakening of the Church of God to the duty and privilege of proclaiming the gospel to every creature!—  
*Miss. Review.*

### Lost Opportunities.

Some of the members of the auxiliary in the Central Church in W—— did a good deal of thinking on the afternoon of the last Sunday in December. Surely it was not an accident that the regular time for the meeting should come on the same day that the earnest young pastor preached a searching sermon on the close of the year, taking for the text, "Inasmuch as ye did it not . . . ye did it not to me." The sermon created quite an impression—not to say quite a breeze—among the self-satisfied ones, who did not approve of the way in which the sin of omission was pressed home upon them.

Whether it was the effect of the morning sermon, or the bright December day, or the fact that a "real live missionary" from India was to address them, or a little of the three, there was certainly a very encouraging attendance at the meeting in the afternoon. The president, continuing the theme of the morning, spoke earnestly of the plans that had been made at the beginning of the year, which had been carried out in some measure, but which would have been so much more effective if more had entered heartily into them. Mrs. H——, the missionary from India, followed with a thrilling talk on the many openings for work in India, telling how the hearts of the missionaries sank within them as they saw one opportunity after another go by unimproved because of the inadequacy of the force of workers. The meeting was one of unusual spiritual power, and at the close the president made another tender appeal for more earnest work for foreign missions in the church, asking that each one present should honestly try to find the might-have-dones of the past year, and make them into the shall-be-dones of the year to come.

Almost everyone in the church would have said that if there were any one who did not need such an injunction as this it was dear Mrs. Foster, whose heart and soul was thoroughly in the foreign missionary work; but, as is often the case, she took every word that had been said to herself. As she sat down in her cozy sitting room in the dusk of the winter evening, the haunting thoughts came thick and fast, and the might-have-dones loomed up like goblins in the darkening room. After awhile her thoughts ran on like this: "I believe the trouble with me is I am afraid of what people will think. I often imagine them saying, 'Oh, that tiresome Mrs. Foster, with her foreign missions! I wonder if she ever thinks of anything else!' Often fancy I see such a resigned expression coming over their faces when I introduce the subject, as if they thought, 'She is riding her hobby again; we must try to bear it!' This has kept my mouth shut dozens of times. How sorry I was we lost John Mason's dear little wife in our auxiliary. When we wanted a new treasurer, I started to ask her ever so many times to take the place; but I knew she was a rich society girl from New York, and I didn't dare mention religious things to her, least of all foreign missions. One day I went specially to ask her, and she got to talking so earnestly about her European trip I came away without having said a word about it. How disappointed I was when I went into the Ladies' Aid Society the very next day and found she had been made Secretary, and was really pleased, as she said, 'to be set to work.'

And I wanted her so much for the auxiliary! Then to have her say, as she did afterward, she would have much preferred foreign missionary work, and that she didn't say anything about it because I hadn't mentioned the subject, and she thought I was not interested in it! She is making almost a new thing of the Ladies' Aid, and we have lost a fine worker.

"Then there was dear old Mr. Hamilton's money. I heard he was going to give something as a memorial for his wife, and I immediately thought how nice it would be if he would have a memorial room in the Bombay Home. I had so many things on my hands at that time I couldn't get to see him for nearly two weeks. To be sure, I did meet him on the street one day, and walked three or four blocks with him, but I didn't want to speak of it too suddenly, it seemed so much better to bring it about in the course of conversation. I met him at church and at Mrs. Wood's tea, but when I got my courage up to the point of asking, he was called away, and the opportunity was gone. It was hard when I did get to tell him, to find that he had promised a window for the church. How my heart sank when he said: 'My dear woman, why didn't you tell me this before? I could hardly make up my mind which Mary loved best, the church or the Woman's Board; but Mr. Blake was very anxious for the window, and he was so kind in her sickness, I thought she would like to please him.' How disappointing 't was to find, too, that Mr. Appleton, a man who is not a member of the church, but is very proud of the new building, would have put in the window if Mr. Hamilton had not. I think I shall have to confess to one thing,—that, above all things, I dislike to ask for money, and a very small excuse keeps me from it.

"I can console myself with one thing,—I have attended every meeting of the auxiliary except the two when I was out of town, although I may not have done what I might in the meetings. I wish I had written that paper on Japan that I was asked for at the September meeting, especially as Mrs. Hartley made her appearance there for the first time after our many invitations. I know that I had some material on Japan that would have astonished her. As it was, the programme was made up at the last minute, and it was the least interesting meeting of the year. She was too polite to say so, but I know Mrs. Hartley thought it was stupid, as she has not been since. It was too bad, too, to refuse to lead in prayer two meetings in succession. The first time I thought I couldn't because I was not well, and the last time was the day that Bridget left at an hour's notice, and I was too worried and flustered to compose my thoughts. Good Mrs. Bacon suggested to me afterward that it might have calmed and helped me; and so it might. In any case, when I saw Mrs. Blake ask four other ladies and finally do it herself, I made up my mind I would never refuse again."

So Mrs. Foster's thoughts ran on till the might-have-dones seemed to her sensitive conscience to bury out of sight the really efficient service she had rendered, and led her to a prayerful reconsecration of herself to the work asked of her by her Lord, whatever that might be. Oh for many Mrs. Fosters in our churches!

Among those specially roused by the services of the day was Mrs. Meenwell. Ever since the morning sermon she had had a haunting sense of duties left undone which rested heavily upon her as she sat indulging in her favorite occupation of finding pictures in the bright wood fire. The afternoon meeting was still in her thoughts, and the pictures she recalled were connected with the missionary society. The annual meeting in February was at Mrs. Sanford's lovely home, and the charming surroundings came vividly before her,—the pleasant social tea that followed, with the conservatory and other rooms open to all; the meeting itself in the elegant parlors, filled with well-dressed, intelligent women, all more or less intent on the subject of the hour. She saw herself sitting in a quiet-corner receiving a revelation as to the great missionary movements of the age, and remembered with a pang of regret the resolutions she had made to inform herself about their progress, to attend the monthly meetings, to give generously. She had then and there subscribed for

*Life and Light*, noted the dates of the meetings,—the first Wednesday in each month,—and made up her mind to double her subscription, so did not pay the dollar she had brought for the purpose.

Then came the pictures of the different meetings. The first Wednesday in March saw her tied to the sofa, filled with real regret that she was too ill to attend. She had planned to spend the hour reading the first number of her *Life and Light* that came that morning, but it had unfortunately fallen into the clutches of her Skye terrier and been torn in pieces. The day of the April meeting found her sitting by the fire with an old friend, indulging in school reminiscences, comparing notes as to household affairs, the "blessed babies," and their hopes for the future,—a sweet and peaceful picture were it not for the disapproving conscience which constantly reminded her that, in her joy at seeing her friend in the morning, she had entirely forgotten the auxiliary meeting, and urged her to stay for the day.

The first Wednesday in May she saw herself hurrying into the meeting half an hour late, having stayed in town on a shopping expedition much longer than she intended. Some one was reading a paper when she went in, of which she did not hear the title nor the introduction, and she could not fix her thoughts upon it. A short missionary letter and some business finished the meeting. The business suddenly brought to her mind the fact that she had not paid her annual fee, although the collector had called twice for it, and she had promised to send it. She could not pay it this afternoon, that was certain, as she had spent every cent she had in town. A most delightful picture in June was a perfect day, a pleasant ride of ten miles to a large, inspiring Branch meeting, delightful Christian fellowship, and a strong impulse in the good cause. In July and August there were no meetings; and since her return in the autumn, to her shame she confessed they had passed from her mind altogether. Could it be possible? She had attended only two meetings, had not paid a cent into the treasury, and had let more than half the numbers of the *Life and Light* lie unread on the table. A whole year gone, and she had had almost no part in the ongoing of the kingdom of her Lord in the foreign lands! Ah! the might-have-dones were weighing heavily upon her. Would the shall-be-dones be increased in the year to come?

Among those present in the afternoon was Mrs. Goodyear, who had never attended a missionary meeting in all her life before. She knew, of course, that there was an auxiliary society in the church, and that it had meetings, but she was busy here and there, and did not think it concerned her. Once or twice when the condition of heathen women had been brought to her notice she had been quite troubled by it, but had turned it off with the thought that very likely they were reasonably happy, after all; she didn't see why she should be troubled about it. She had gone to the church in the afternoon to carry some flowers for the meeting, not intending to stay, but she had been seized by two or three friends and persuaded to remain. Her kindly soul had been stirred by the story of the life in India which the young missionary told. "To hear that girl talk, and to know how much she had done," she said to a friend afterward, "makes me feel as if I had done nothing but match ribbons all my life." One sentence from the address rang in her ears as she entered her beautiful home: "Remember, dear friends, that these are sensitive, delicate women; of the same flesh and blood as ourselves, with eyes that weep, and cheeks that burn, and hearts that ache over cruel wrongs; and then let us try to think for a moment what our lives would be if all that pertained to Christianity were taken out of them." She could not get the words out of her mind even when she lay down for her usual Sunday afternoon rest.

She did not know how quickly she had passed into the land of dreams, and it seemed a part of her waking thoughts when a young Hindu woman stood beside her, dressed in the brilliant costume of her country, with flashing jewels in nose and ears, on neck, and arms, and ankles. Her dress was in strong contrast with the sorrow in her face and in her voice as she said: "Do you know what your life would be without your

Christ? Come, and let me show you. This garled and twisted staff in my hand represents heathenism; see what it does."

"I felt irresistibly impelled," said Mrs. Goodyear, in writing of the dream, "to follow her without saying a word. Her first movement was toward the copy of the Sistine Madonna over the mantel, which she touched with her staff, and it turned into a piece of soiled canvas. 'Of course,' I thought, 'if we had no Christ we should have no pictures of Madonnas.' Then she turned to Raphael's cartoon, the healing of the cripple at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple: her touch eliminated the stately figures of Peter and John, leaving only the maimed and loathsome cripples on the ground. In the same way the lovely figures bowed in prayer in Millet's 'Angulus,' hanging near, disappeared, and left only the barren moor. Looking in pity on my distressed face, she led me down stairs to the library, where she carried dreadful havoc among Henry's books. Who would have believed that Christ and his teachings formed so large a part of the books of all time? By the time she left, there were great gaping holes in the different shelves, and there was hardly a book that was not scarred and blurred by the inexorable touch that would not leave a word that referred to Christianity. She dragged me into the music room, and in an instant all the hymn-books arranged for the family singing after tea, every exquisite bit from an oratorio, every piece of sacred music had vanished, and there was hardly a song that was not cut and slashed to take away the expressions of love to God or man. And so she took me through the other rooms, till every one was dismantled, marred, with all the soul taken out of it.

"Then she took me into the street, and her first stopping-place was at the Church of the Good Shepherd,—the beautiful piece of architecture so perfect from cellar to steeple top,—and at the orphanage near to it, and in a flash the staff had razed both houses to the ground. The silver-tongued orator, with the words of life still burning on his lips, was turned into the street, silent henceforth; and the little ones were homeless, shelterless wanderers once more. With a cry of dismay I tried to stay the hand of my guide, but she went relentlessly on, till every church, every hospital, every building for charitable purposes, every poor house, every asylum of any kind that she could find, was as if it had never been. Every bookstore, and newspaper, and periodical felt the chilling blight.

"As we passed through the business streets, the shop windows were resplendent with holiday goods, and fragrant Christmas greens were in every hand, but all disappeared in the twinkling of an eye. 'No Christ, no Christmas, you know,' said my guide. 'Can you imagine the loss of the blessed time of "good will to men" in your beautiful America?

"I cannot stand it, any longer!" I cried; "I cannot see all the beauty of my native city ruined!"

"Cannot bear it?" she answered; "and you do not know the half of the misery we bear in India; yet we must bear it."

"She took me back to my home, and I hurried to my pretty tea-table to tell my tale to sympathizing ears. But there were no sympathizing ears to hear it; my husband treated me as if I were a child of ten, to be potted, and soothed, and sent away; my boys looked at me in supercilious wonder that I should dare to seat myself at the table with them. The pretty china, the shining glass, the tempting food were there, but there was no place for me. Gradually I perceived that I was no more than a slave in my own house, and in horror, I rushed from the room, to fall fainting on the floor outside.

"After awhile I opened my eyes,—and could I believe it! I was in my own room, with all its adornments untouched, and my boys were calling me to tea."

It was only a dream, but it had its effect. "To think," she exclaimed to a friend next day, "that I have lived all these years and never lifted a finger to help these women! How much I might have done!"

Ah! the might-have-dones of the year that is past! Shhll

they lead us all to the shall-be-dones in the year to come? 'Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.'—*Life and Light for Women.*

### "What Can I Do To Help You?"

BY DR. JAS. L. PHILLIPS.

It was one of the dark days. Pestilential fever was raging throughout Bengal, and Midnapore had been invaded. Several of the native Christians were ill; there had been a number of deaths, and now one of the missionaries was prostrated, and with anxious hearts we watched by day and night over that patient sufferer. Rest seemed out of the question, and all through the long days of that desolate rainy season, our little band was working on, always tired yet trustful, cheerfully looking ahead for the cool north breeze that the last October days are sure to bring.

It was almost noon, and the Dispensary patients were all gone, and breakfast announced, when a *chaprasi* entered our compound gate, and walking quickly around the cactus hedge of the front garden stepped up on our south veranda, where I stood watching the rain fall in torrents. He brought a brief note from an English neighbor—one of so many noble Christian men England now has in the East—who had heard of the illness at the missionary bungalow. The seven little words, "What can I do to help you?" were in that note, and I can never half tell how they helped me there and then. His brave father fell at the gate of Delhi or Lucknow,—I forget which,—in the Sepoy mutiny of 1857. I've heard him tell the story; and didn't the Calcutta mail bring the sad news but the other day that he, royal good fellow and friend indeed, had passed on to the majority "beyond the river"? What is there that so cheers one, when worn and weary, as help sincerely and heartily proffered?

One of the very saddest things I ever had to do was to toll a heroic volunteer, whose soul was too big and brave for her shattered body, that she could not go to India. To my dying day I'll never forget how grandly the little woman took it, saying with smiles and tears together, "Then I'll stay at home and work for India." And if there was one salient and shining trait in the life too early ended here, of my sweet sister Ida Orissa, it was her eagerness to help others. From childhood this trait was prominent, and how precious it makes her memory to many on both sides of the great sea. But I cannot trust myself to speak of her, only to illustrate the topic of which I am writing.

The Women of our churches can ask no more significant question than this, "What can I do to help on the work?" In this day, this calls for no proof, only for illustration. Since Eve, the helpmeet of Eden, and Miriam and Ruth and Phoebe and Priscilla and the Marys and "the beloved Porsia," of Old Testament story and Now, that a host of helpers has God raised up in His Church. Mothers, teach your children to be "succourers of many." In the home, the church, the parish, the world, there is no brighter badge of honor. The chief glory of Christianity is what it has done for woman; and how can the women of the church more fitly or more effectively prove their gratitude than by toiling always and everywhere for the amelioration of human want and woe? God grant that we all may be able to say from our hearts, in the presence of destitution and distress, and in the face of the many profound problems for alleviating suffering, checking crime, and lifting mankind towards hope and heaven, *what can I do to help?*

### THE WORK ABROAD.

#### A Day at Home in the Mission Bungalow, Tuni.

7:30 a.m. The "boy" comes in from the back veranda where he is churning the day's butter—which, when done, will be about the size of a silver dollar—takes down the boll and rings it, puts it back in its place, then turning anything that he happens to see upside down over his churn, which, by the way, is only an earthen jar, hurries away followed by the sweeper, who has thrown down her broom (a bunch of dried grasses tied with a string), and the water-boy who has left his two brass pots, just filled, by the well; from the study the school-girls can be seen passing the window, followed by the Bible-women, teachers, and preachers; soon all have disappeared into the little chapel, shaded by the great tree near the gate; then the sound of clear, shrill singing, and the morning service is begun; when ended, the cook may be seen running along the veranda after the cat, who, during his absence, has knocked the cover off his churn; the water-boy, before he can go back to his water-pots, goes after the cow and drives it out of the "woe bit garden" that in the raising season grows native beans, in the cool season some of our well-known vegetables, and in the hot season gets baked hard as a brick; the sweeper takes up her broom and sweeps industriously in the middle of the room. Now, round the corner of the house comes a woman, old, wrinkled, broad and dirty, a water-pot on her head. She is the caste woman who draws drinking water from the well in the town (a caste well,) she comes up the steps and disappears along the veranda to fill the jars at the farther end; a scream, the servant who went to lift the covers for her has come too near, she does not like to spoil her caste by rubbing her dirty rags against his snowy white, fluttering robe. Passing on her way back she looks in, down goes her pot, "Mother, your pot is broken, your rope and little bucket are in the well;" she lifts her pot to her head when down it comes again, "Mother, my wages, the month ended yesterday, see please," but after understanding that there are still seventeen days in the month to work and wait, she is off. Now comes half-an-hour of looking and unlocking, provisions for the day, for house, horse and oow must be given out; the school-girl's rice and curry stuffs measured and handed over to the old lady who, for her food and clothing, looks after the children and goes to the bazaar for them.

9 a.m. It is prayer-meeting, so the bell must be rung, and soon the Christian women are gathered in the little, round sitting-room, the prayers are long and earnest as the worshippers, covered, and with head bent to the ground, prayed for the heathen, for their "Mother" (the missionary's wife), and for themselves.

11 a.m. Breakfast is ready. "Salaam," it is only Nancy, the preacher's wife, passing through to get the school-girls sewing from the next room. "Salaam," it is only Martha, the Bible-woman, to say that it is time to give Mary (one of the school-girls who is sick with the fever) the medicine. Now, there is a little, thin boy on the front veranda, breakfast ended, we go out to him. His father rents the garden opposite from the Rajah, and he has just run over to "Salaam," and bring this pretty red flower.

12 a.m. The sun is high, the venetian doors are shut, the servants are gone, the travellers have lain down under the tree by the road-side, and the great glare of an Indian sun whitens all the landscape, whitens even the green fields and hills, till color itself seems lost in a glare of

whiteness. Now for a rest, it is dark inside and quiet out; all but for those impudent crows, who never rest, but now that the red turbans and bare feet have all disappeared, hops around the veranda, upon the table, upon the top of the filter and knock down the tin dipper, upon the hot-box and knock down the toasting finger, while with their hoarse "caw, caw," they seem to be saying, "O dear, where is the cook? he said we could not come on the veranda, and here we are sitting on the table." "Caw, caw, so this is the filter? no one must touch it, and here we are sitting on top. O dear! where can the water boy be? caw, caw, caw;" and they flap their wings and a lot more crows come and they have a have a concert, whose rude sounds soon soften to the ear of the sleeper, or mayhap come but as the sweet Sabbath chime of that familiar, though now far away city cathedral.

2 p.m. The school bell is ringing, while there is the sound of bracelets jingling just outside the window, the Bible-women are come, they are ready to go to the town, a little talk and prayer and they are gone. After the sewing class, other things crowd in and fill up the afternoon.

4.30 p.m. is here and so is dinner; after dinner the coolie, with the week's bread, potatoes, etc., arrives; but this is the evening we promised to see that woman in the Malapilly, so we hurry down town as the sun's long rays stretch to us across the fields. We reach the house and stoop to enter the low door, it is dark inside but here they all are, the old lady, her widowed daughter stretched on the bed sick with fever, and just behind the door her very tall young son, who stays there all the time for very shyness. The mother has such a wise face and listens well; we go to the door to see better, the sick daughter follows and we talk with her. But the crowd about the door is darkening everything.

We are home again just as the last touch of red fades behind the hill, and "the day is done."

MAGGIE GARBIDE.

Tuni, Nov. 23, '89.

### Extracts from Missionaries' Letters.

Miss Rogers was expected to arrive in Cocanada on the 5th of December. She arrived at Madras on the 29th of November, where she had to wait a few days for a steamer to Cocanada. She writes of the pleasure she felt in seeing Dr. Rand in London, also the Walkers and Browns, and says, "My twelve days in London were busily spent in shopping, sight-seeing, and visiting some of my friends, and passed very quickly. One Sabbath I spent in visiting missions in the East End of London. Commenced with a free breakfast for tramps; there were about 200, I should judge—London's worst characters; they were bad enough, certainly. They were given a large piece of bread and a mug of coffee; nothing that would tempt them if they were not really hungry; there was a service, to which they all remained. From what I saw and heard of this mission work in the East End of London, I think that every one might hear the Gospel if they would.

We sailed on the P. & O. Line on the 31st, second cabin. We find it very comfortable, and by getting there at the different stopping places, we got on nicely. There are eight missionaries besides ourselves in this saloon, but I am the only Baptist. They are all for different parts of India.

We have Bible readings in the afternoon; some of the passengers join us, and we are hoping and praying for

conversions before we leave the ship. If we are abiding in Christ, there certainly ought to be some fruit from a three weeks' voyage.

Miss Sherman, from the American Presbyterian, and Misses Harris and Jamieson, from the Canadian Presbyterian Board, and myself, occupy the same cabin; we are rather crowded, but we are of one mind, and have pleasant times and communion with each other and the Lord, and when the time of separation comes I shall feel as if I were parting from very old friends.

After reaching Madras she writes from Mrs. Drake's home:

Mrs. Drake has three German missionaries staying in the house; two of them know very little English, so they talk German. The language of the house is Telugu; that, with the Oriental houses and palm trees, remind me continually that I am in a strange land, but I am so glad that God has given me the privilege of coming, and I am sure that I shall grow very fond of these dark faces. I know that I shall have to work hard to master the language, but I know that the Lord will help, and it is such a strength to know that you will be bearing me up in prayer."

Mrs. Craig writes from Akidu, Dec. 5th: "Just now, while we (Miss Stovel and I) are so puzzled over five patients, will be a good time to begin a letter to you, for I may be able to plead our cause more earnestly than when there are no sick ones in the compound." Then she tells of three of the school girls who are very sick, of Deborah, a Bible woman, whose case is very critical; of her own dear little baby, who is suffering, and they do not know just what to do for her, and mentions many other cases, and continues, "I think the Lord does wonderfully bless the medicine given sometimes, for we are all so inexperienced and know so little what to do." There is a native dresser nine miles distant, but we do not think he knows any more than we do, so, of course, he is of little use to us. Our nearest doctor is 35 miles away, I think, but I have never seen him. A medical young lady could have all the work she could do without leaving the compound, for the people would come from far and near as soon as they heard she was here. A nice looking young man came 25 miles not long ago to be cured of leprosy. He had heard that the *doragam* in Akidu had some kind of medicine for it, so came to see. Mr. Craig was away from home on a tour, and we did not know what to tell him, but Miss Stovel talked to him for a long time of Him who could heal the leprosy of sin. Of course, Mr. Craig could not cure him, but there is an oil that alleviates their sufferings considerably if they use it faithfully.

Miss Stovel attends to a great many who come, and, of course, Mr. Craig does when he is at home. It would not take a Doctor half the time that it does us, for we so often have to sit down and look through our books before we know what to do. At present Miss S. is trying to find out what is the matter with a boy 7 or 8 years of age, who has been badly afflicted for the past two years.

And now, my dear Miss Buchan, I am sure you will know how much we are longing for an M.D., and how much we really need one, and you will do your best to send us one next year. Of course, it will mean a good deal of expense, for another house would have to be built in time, but we are sure our Board will be quite willing when they understand our needs."

Friday evening.—Our meeting of the King's Daughters was this evening. All the school girls and women in the compound belonged to it, and the meeting was quite enjoyable.

After it was over we gave medicine to six of the girls. There has been more sickness amongst them during the last two months than during all the remainder of the time since we moved to Akidu. The three who were so sick yesterday are much better to-day, and Deborah is better to-night, too, but baby is about the same.

Mr. C. is not at home, having gone to Cocanada to attend Miss Folsom's farewell this evening, and also to see our new missionaries. The Browns and Walkers arrived a week ago, and Miss Rogers was expected to-day, and the meeting to-night is also to be a welcome for these new workers.

## W. M. U. for the Maratime Provinces.

Mrs. Churchill writes :

I have had fever off and on for three months ; when I was better I used to go into the town to work, but it would have been better to have given up altogether, but I did not know that then. Weakened by fever I went out one Sunday to S. school. Mr. Churchill was away and all the burden fell on me. I felt much done out when the school closed, but thought that while in the town I must go to see the father of one of my pupils who was very ill. It was a fearfully hot day, but after seeing him I went to the hospital to urge the Dresser to do something for him. When I reached home the fever returned. I seemed to have taken a sunstroke and was very ill for some time. Indeed I have not since been able to go into town, and only this week am I beginning to feel like myself again. The fever I hope has gone, and the delightfully cool weather has come on, so I feel very much encouraged and thankful to our Heavenly Father, for I hope soon to get out to my work again. I have not been exactly idle all this time, for there are the four boarding girls and two boys to look after, their food to purchase and give out to them daily. The last two girls have been baptized this year. . . .

We are now in the midst of house-cleaning. We have to whitewash our houses outside and in, and all our stone fences.

We are also preparing for Miss Fitch's coming. Mr. Churchill's study is a large room, and a very pleasant one, and this we purpose giving to our young lady, and he is moving his desk, etc., into a smaller room, but he does not mind this if we can only have more help here at Bobbili. We are looking forward to Miss F.'s coming with great joy.

While on tour Mr. Churchill found a few persons in an out-cast village who had been "poured" by the London missionary before they withdrew from the Vissanagam field.

One man seemed to have the love of God in his heart, and though very ignorant, Mr. C. thought he was converted. This man was called to come to Bobbili in October. Taught him in regard to many things and in regard to baptism also. When he heard that Jesus was baptized in the river Jordan he wanted to be immersed. He gave a good experience in the conference and was baptized on Sunday with one of our boarding girls. We asked if he would like to learn to read and he said yes, he felt like a man walking without sight, he could learn nothing of God's will only as some person read or told him. He is now learning very well ; is about thirty years of age.

He says his wife and mother have not gone back to idols, so we sent him this week to bring his mother and one of the boys. They came to-day. Oh, how vacant the poor old woman's mind is. She has a bad cough, and is exceedingly thin. She says she believes in Jesus, but also says that since she believed and left off worshipping idols, her food seems to do her no good, and she is growing thinner and thinner, and she thinks the idols are doing it because she has left off worshipping them. It really seems as if she would have to be taught a long time before she is ready to be baptized. She wants to do right and to learn right, but there is so little in her mind to work upon, and it is so hard to get an idea in except with regard to her eating and drinking. And yet we must try to teach her for she has a soul to be saved.

Dear Sisters, will not these extracts make your prayers more earnest for the workers on the foreign field? Let special prayer be offered during February for a family to go out at once. Matt. ix : 38. John xiv : 13. A. E. J.

## Mission Bands.

(Continued from January No.)

It is a very practical matter—this providing books for mission service, and reading them. You need not wait to accumulate a library, and then to secure a life of leisure for reading. Mission work is not done in that way. For a few cents you can subscribe here, to-day, for the *Missionary Magazine* and *MISSIONARY LINKS*. They, with your Bible, will form all the missionary library that you need to begin with. Read them. Read them every month while they are fresh, then lend them. The reading will not long be a task. The fire of interest will soon begin to glow. What then? You shall choose. With one burning taper you may light a fogot, place it in a hand-warmer, close the cover tightly, put it in your muff, and it will keep your own two dear little hands warm for six mortal hours if you just sit still and hold it ; or, with that same taper you may light a fire on the hearth, which will diffuse warmth and cheer, power of activity, among a whole circle of people.

Does that mean to get up a missionary fair or supper or an entertainment to raise some money? Not a bit of it. It means, get some more information. Add fuel to the missionary fire until something comes of it.

The three needs of missions to-day are prayers, means, and men. We all agree that the prayers and the men must come from the churches. Isn't it strange that any one should think of trying to get the means somewhere else? Is not that what the raising of money by fairs and other devices comes to?

Let us see. We invest money in materials ; we spend time and energy in making them up ; then we have the fair, and buy back the articles at a good profit ; and then put that money into the treasury. Why not put into the treasury in the first place the money which we spend for materials, plus the money which we pay for the accompanying supper, plus the money which we pay the men and women who help to arrange the building and do the extra work, plus the money which we pay the doctor to restore our physical equilibrium, and get us back into working order again? Would not that make, for most of us, a pretty good sized missionary contribution?

Yet all this we must do in order to make the fair a success, unless we rely on being "helped out" by other people who, aside from being led into it by some such device, would not be likely to give for the spread of the Gospel. Need of money is not the only need of missions to-day. There is need of more prayer. We all feel that. We all deplore the need in our churches. It is the great need. If prayers were abundant, sincere, living, soulful, means would come. Who can doubt it?

Go to, now. Let us have a fair and raise some prayers. It is prayers that missions need. Let us sell the fancy articles in our fair for prayers of varying lengths and intensities. Will that please God? We are shocked at the thought. That we are not equally shocked at the thought of securing money for the Lord's work by the same means is due only to our low appreciation of the true value of giving as an act of religious service to God. He does not need our money ; He does not need our prayers ; but He asks us to bring to Him both prayers and money, and both in the same spirit.

It is a solemn thing to say to our Heavenly Father, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven." It is no less a solemn thing to bring a part of that which He has given us, and offer it in the true spirit of sacrifice of self and selfishness, in order to help the coming of His kingdom and His will. Is it not here, in the degrading of one of the choicest of their privileges toward God, that our churches are shorn of their power with Him to-day? Take the question home, and think of it.



To teach a child that, when money is needed for missionary work, the proper thing to do is to "get up" something, in order to "get out" something from somebody else, is to confuse all his ideas of religious, or even moral responsibility.

If, in our mission bands and circles work, we follow this plan of educating the children, we need not be surprised if, when the girls grow up to be busy women, and the boys become business men, with no time to spend in "getting up" mission fairs and entertainments, they turn aside from missionary enterprises in the main, as good interests for children and women of leisure, but not to be counted on a par with business investments and engagements.

The young women of to-day could not do a nobler service to the cause of missions than in teaching the children that giving money for the spread of the Gospel is an act of direct service to God in the same sense in which praying is a direct service; that it is to be not something indirectly gained from others on special occasions; but that it is to be a direct, voluntary, regular offering from ourselves, from that which brings us our living.

In all our children's bands the important part of the work is the education, not the contribution. The information put in is far more valuable to the work than are the pennies drawn out.

A little boy six years old, listening to a description of fetish worship in Africa, turned with glowing eyes to his mother and said, "I did not know they were so bad. Why haven't you told me, mamma? I must give two cents a Sunday for missionaries if the heathen are so bad as, that, and, mamma, you better give two dollars."

Make the band meetings bright and entertaining. Use all the tact and ingenuity you possess, and acquire more. Do not forget the social element. Do not forget the eating element. Eating together promotes good fellowship. Have little suppers, or large ones, frequently. Have them, frankly, just for the sake of having a good time together. Welcome contributions as you welcome prayers, from all who are moved to offer them; but let them come as direct offerings.

To review: In order to fit ourselves for responsive missionary service, we need to provide ourselves with books, to know how to read, and to learn to keep the place.

Our response is to be a direct response. I will name only one more characteristic: Our response should be a full response.

Our Leader says, "Go ye into all the world." We respond, "To the women." Again the command sounds strong and clear, "Preach My Gospel to every creature." We respond, "To the women."

Is that enough? Have we so learned of Christ? He came into the world in the form of a man; but He came not to do man's work for man, but to do a Saviour's work for the world. Have we so learned of the women of apostolic days? They, in unison with other members of the churches in which they were, contributed to the support of Paul, of Silas, and of other missionaries who went to labor in "the regions beyond."

The popular acceptance of the restricted motto, "Woman's work for woman," for our Society, may be traced to two causes: First, a sweet humility on the part of those who organized the Society; and second, a conviction of the special needs of those for whom the work was to be done. It was not a great, wide-reaching, high-sounding work which they propose to undertake; but it was believed that, besides contributing directly through our Missionary Union, to whose support the women of the churches were already committed, they might make some additional offerings to be used in "promoting the Christian elevation of women in the stations already under its care."

The wonderful success which has attended the work has shown us how God's smile of approbation has rested on it from its beginning. To-day, in the full tide of the Society's prosperity, we are in danger of failing to appreciate at its true worth the faith and the bravery shown by those who organized it eighteen years ago. Nothing was to be taken for granted. Such a society must demonstrate its right to

be first of all. Its members and officers were to demonstrate not only their personal fitness, but the fitness of women, as women, to organize; and to man or woman such a society, in all its departments, to transact its business, to deal successfully with financial problems and matters of executive policy. That work has been done so well that it will never need to be done again. Out of the very success of the demonstration has grown the problem which confronts us to-day. It was not left to be the instrument of doing a little work, quietly and unseen. The eye of the Lord behold it and shone upon it, and made it to grow and increase, so that it has become a great work, and can no more be hid. And now He has brought us to face this problem: What is the highest, wisest, divinest use to be made of the immense resources for mission work, which women have shown themselves to have at their command? We are told by one who has carefully studied the matter, that "one-fifth of America's contribution for the spread of the Gospel is given by women."

We all know that women are only beginning to realize and to use their ability in this direction.

Two-thirds of the members of churches in America are women. In thousands of families the only contributions to missions are made by women. Are the channels of this outgoing tide of missionary giving as broad as they ought to be?

The time has come when every woman, especially every young woman, with the prospect of many years of activity before her, must face this problem, must share the responsibility of helping to decide it.

It was no part of the plan of the women who framed the constitution of our Society eighteen years ago to make it a cast-iron document, fitting closely the exigencies of that time, and then to compel the growing activities of all the future generations of women to be packed into the same dimensions. They were too wise for that. You may find the proof of their wisdom in this respect in the thirteenth article of the By-laws of the Society, which expressly provide for alterations. To them the past was not too sacred to be improved upon if they had been content to follow in the footsteps of their mothers they would have been kept busy with something quite different from organizing missionary societies. In beginning this work they made a greater advance on the past than any new generation of women will soon have opportunity to make.

If the young women who stand to-day at the threshold of the second generation of workers would prove themselves worthy daughters of such mothers, they must be alert and responsive to God's leadings; must respond with mind, as well as with heart; must so serve their time that, when they in turn pass the work on to their daughters, it shall be characterized by added scope and power.

I have said that the acceptance of a restricted motto for our Society might be traced to two causes: A sweet humility on the part of those who organized the Society, and a conviction of the special needs of those for whom the work was to be done.

The attention of Christian women in America has been especially drawn to the zenanas of India, and to the women imprisoned in them.

Let us find the place for to-day in the book of God's providences, and see what is written there:

First, the zenana system does not exist in all heathen countries.

The heathen races of Africa are not reported as having zenana systems.

Japanese women do not live in zenanas.

China has no zenana system. Dr. Ashmore tells us that in the Swatow district, China, nearly or quite as many women as men listen to the preaching of the Word and become members of churches. Mr. Uperatt tells us that in inland China the women, as well as the men, come to listen to the public preaching of the Gospel.

In India, where the zenana system still exists, only certain castes are subject to it. Our venerable Dr. Jewett, for nearly forty years a missionary in India, sowing the seeds of that

wonderful harvest of redeemed souls among the Telugus, tells us that the women, as well as the men, came to him to learn of Christ.

In Slam, Dr. Ashmore tells us, he could enter the homes, from that of a royal princess to that of the poorest woman in the land, and could talk with the inmates, women as well as men, about Christ.

Second, not only does the zenana system not exist in all heathen countries, the providence of God has not led us to send our women missionaries chiefly to the zenanas, even where they do exist. Our women missionaries are, and have been from the beginning, chiefly engaged in school work and in work among women who are not in zenanas, and are not of the especially secluded class.

Third, where national prejudice makes it impossible or difficult for women to be reached by the Gospel through the preaching of men, there the same prejudice renders it impossible, or exceedingly difficult for the women whom we send to reach any but women.

In India, which, through its caste zenana system, makes a stronger plea for "woman's work for woman" than any of the other heathen countries do, the number of men exceeds the number of women by more than six millions. Are we willing to shut ourselves out from participation in sending the Gospel to this largest class of the heathen population?

In America, hearts were rent by the needs of four millions of freed people at the close of the war. Have we thought of the needs of the men of heathen lands? It is true that the anguished cry of dying heathen women still goes up night and day in India, but their cry goes not alone. The men number one to every woman, an six millions more. Are our brothers less dear to us than our sisters—our brothers for whom Christ died?

We have no need to wait for changes of constitution or by-laws or policies. Let us heed, as never before, the calls of our Missionary Union for prayers, means, and men.

Our Missionary Union, not "the men's society!" It was never that. It has been from the beginning the society of the churches. Two-thirds of the members of the churches are women. That is, two-thirds of the constituency of the Missionary Union are women. Is it not our society, doing our work? If it should fail to do all that it ought to do, we could not excuse ourselves from responsibility. It is the instrument of the churches, of whose membership we, as women, constitute a two-thirds majority.

We are not doing too much, we are not doing enough, for heathen women. Let us do more for all!

Christ commands, "Preach My Gospel to every nation." Let us make our response direct and full, "To every creature." Let our motto be, "Woman's work for the world."

MAHONE BAY.—A meeting was held at Mahone Bay, Lunenburg County, on the evening of January 3rd. The Aid Society and Mission Band furnishing the entertainment. Reports were read and a collection of \$5.70 taken for Home Missions. Our Corresponding-Secretary also adds: During vacation I visited the Society at North West, and we had a very enjoyable meeting. On account of illness the President was unable to be present.

Text for Mission bands for February: Psa. 148, 12-13. Does it seem a strange one to give you? Well, I think there are more ways than one of praising the Lord. And you are shewing forth His praise in this work of self denial, this work of prayer, this work of giving the knowledge of His name to the heathen. A. E. J.

WINDSOR, N. S.—In the December number of the LINK, I notice an account of a Missionary meeting being held somewhere, but as no place is named it is only proper for me to say that it was in Windsor, N. S. The error occurred through the report being copied from our local paper, the *Hants Journal*, and not being properly headed before it was sent to the editors of the LINK. On the evening of December 11th, our Aid Society held its annual meeting and as usual "The night was cold, and dark and dreary; it rained, and the

wind was never weary," and the mud can be better imagined than described; it took quite a missionary zeal to face the elements and plunge along, lantern in hand, through the streets to the school-room. We were delighted to see such a large audience, and even the brave souls from Falmouth were present. Our pastor, Rev. H. Fasharf, presided and spoke words of encouragement to our sisters to continue in well doing. The Secretary's report was then read, and it showed that the work is advancing; our present membership is fifty-nine. We raised \$109.91 for the past year—\$20.15 of this was for Home Missions.

We have several new names added to our list of members every year. Some of the young ladies who have received their first lessons in Mission work through the agency of the Mission Band, have come among us, and we expect they will prove to be a valuable addition to our working force.

Miss A. E. Johnstone next addressed us in her own impressive way, and we feel sure that her earnest appeals to the young people will bring forth the desired results.

Rev. Joseph Murray, of Falmouth, next spoke to us, and left with us each a most precious thought on the commission to women, to "Go tell my disciples," from the Master's own lips. When Mary recognized His voice, and in her loving eagerness would "have touched Him" or "clung unto Him" for very joy of heart, He directed her, "To go tell." So now instead of the sisters sitting in seclusion, simply content with their own sweet experiences of His wonderful love and power to bless, they must go out and be busy in telling the "old, old story," both at home and abroad.

THE MISSIONARY LINK seems to be gaining in favor with the women. Thirty-six copies are now taken.

The collection amounted to \$9.

R. NALDER, Sec.

[The name being omitted in the first notice was owing to a mistake—*Cor M. Provincers.*]

## News from the Circles.

TEESWATER.—It has been my pleasure for many years to be a reader of the LINK, and I have been much encouraged and strengthened in reading the various letters, written by our dear sisters, especially those from foreign lands. But as yet, I have not added one word to the many contained in the LINK in the way of encouragement, although some time ago, a Sister requested me to write to the LINK, I felt reluctant to do so, but, the present season of the year, has brought to my mind a remark which was made by a President of one of our Circles. Last year at the close of the Winter we were conversing on Mission Work, and she expressed herself as feeling sorry that there was not more interest felt in the work among the members of the Mission Circles, especially in the way of attendance. She then remarked "We never think of having a meeting with less than five." I told her their way was not our way, for if there were only two of us, we had a meeting and in closing we would have a short season of prayer, remembering specially the absent ones, and God has heard and answered our prayers, though few in number, we are encouraged, both with an increase of attendance and interest. I believe one great cause of the weakness of many of our Circles is the none attendance of the members. There are sisters whose names are on the Circle books with their membership fee paid, but their presence is never seen at a meeting. This is not united effort. To be co-workers with Christ we must be filled with His spirit, possessing a knowledge of His works, and by the united efforts of—not the quarter of the number of our Sisters, but of the entire number—great things shall be accomplished for our Lord and Master. In every Circle there are some who are sure they have no gifts, and therefore no responsibility. Have they considered the influence of regular attendance? Few things

cheer the heart of the leader more than the eight, month after, month, of the same faces, responding with looks of interest to the words spoken. May we become willing to make whatever self-denial is necessary, to meet the regular engagements of the Meeting. Next, let us consider if it is quite clear that we cannot help in some other way to make the meeting interesting, to repeat or read a promise from God's word, or bring a brief item bearing on Missionary work, which should strengthen our own hearts and the hearts of our Sisters! If there are those who have never done so, let them make a start in the coming New Year, by commencing in this simple way, doing so in Jesus name. Let it not be said of us, that our talent is lying unused. Let us heed both the warning and the promise in the verdict of the Lord. "Take, therefore, the talent from him, and give it unto him which hath ten talents, for unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance, but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."

A. G. KELLY.

GREENOCK, Jan. 21st, 1890.—Our little Circle was organized a year ago last November, with a small membership of four. We have since added two to our number, but as there are only eight women in the church, we cannot expect our Circle to increase very much in number; yet we hope and pray that we may be increasing in love and earnestness in our Master's work.

We have sent \$12 to the Foreign treasurer, but only \$4 to the Home. We were very undecided about taking up Home work at first, on account of our small number, but after a thorough discussion and a little prompting by our director (Miss Braden), we concluded to work for both and divide our little.

We think it a grand privilege to have a Circle, and think every church no matter how small (for they can scarcely be smaller than ours) should organize one. Not so much for the small amount of money we weaker Circles make, but we are having our minds trained in missionary work, and when if we are scattered, we will each one, we trust, carry with us that missionary spirit, and thereby influence others. MARY F. MCKINNON, Sec.

WHITBY.—The annual meeting of the Women's Mission Circle was held at Miss Starr's, the last Tuesday in November. After the reading of the Secretary and Treasurer's Reports the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Miss Starr; Vice-President, Mrs. Freeman; Treasurer, Miss Thompson; Secretary, Miss Ray. The reading of the Secretary's report was quite encouraging, and, although feeling regretful that so many of our members had left during the year for other fields of labor, yet we all look forward to a prosperous year in this department of the Master's work.

During the month of November, a very successful "At Home" was held at Mrs. Thomson's, an interesting programme was rendered, refreshments were served during the evening and a very profitable and enjoyable time spent. A collection of between 7 and \$8 was taken up during the evening to aid in carrying on our Mission work.

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

### The Apostle of Greenland.

Nearly two-hundred years ago, a young man named Hans Egede finished his studies at the Copenhagen University. He was only twenty-one years old, but was called to be pastor of a small village Church in Denmark. The people soon learned to love him as he preached Jesus

unto them. Before long he married a wife who proved a most faithful help-meet to him, and for a few years they were very happy. Then a change came. Hans grew silent and sorrowful. In vain his people tried to comfort him and to understand his sorrows. One day he told his wife that he had been reading in an old book of a little company of Christians who had gone to Greenland as missionaries. For a time reports came back of their work, but three-hundred years had now passed, since anything had been heard of the devoted band. Hans felt it his duty to leave his pleasant home and go to Greenland as a preacher of Jesus Christ, but his wife and everybody else tried to persuade him to give up the idea. People were much more afraid of sailing then than they are now. All sorts of terrible stories were told to Hans about the dangers of the Northern sea. His friends called him crazy to think of such a wild scheme. But God's call had come to him to go, and he would not stay. At last his wife said, with tears, "Where thou goest, I will go; where thou dwellest, I will dwell. Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." So Hans gave up the little church where he had spent ten happy years, and tried to get a ship to take him to Greenland. Four weary years of waiting passed before he was successful. He went to traders and merchants, to captains and sailors, to bishops and princes, telling his story until people called him crazy. He would sit on the shore, watching ship after ship depart, praying that some one of them would carry him to Greenland. Men would tell each other, in whispers, that Hans had seen a vision of the Lord, and could not rest until he had obeyed it. At last, on May 3rd, 1721, just thirteen years after his decision to go to Greenland, he found a small ship willing to carry himself and wife, and a few other people who had decided to go with them, to that far-off land. Instead of finding Christians there, poor Hans found filthy, savage Esquimaux, who tried in every way to prevent his settling among them. These people lived in small huts, full of filth and dirt, and seemed to delight in being unclean. The mothers washed their babies with their tongues, as cats do to their kittens. They all believed in two great spirits, one good and one evil, and a great many little spirits. Their priests had much influence over them, and tried to make them hate Hans and his little party. The language was very difficult to learn, so Hans asked his son, Paul, to draw Bible pictures, which he could explain to the people. But they would not listen, and only laughed and mocked him. The good seed found no place in their hearts. Years passed away without any results being seen. At last a terrible form of small-pox came to the land. The huts were full of dead and dying. Now the natives welcomed the missionaries gladly, and while they went from hut to hut caring for the poor, suffering bodies, they told of Jesus and all He had done for them. Thousands were led to believe in Him. One man, when dying, said to Hans, "You have done for us what our priests would not do. You have fed us when we were starving, and have buried our dead, instead of leaving them to be eaten by dogs and foxes; best of all, you have taught us to worship one true God." At last Hans and his devoted wife died, but their son, Paul, aided by a noble band of Moravian missionaries—of whom I must tell you another time—continued the good work until the whole land became Christian. The grateful Esquimaux called Hans the apostle of Greenland, and said, "He was more than a father to us." So God added His blessing to faithful, patient years of labor, as He always does when people put their whole trust in Him.

SISTER BELLE.

347 McLaryn Street, Ottawa

RAMAPATAM, INDIA, Nov. 11, 1889.

*My Dear Young Friends*.—In the "Young peoples' department" of the CANADIAN MISSIONARY LINK for October, 1889, is a short story about four little boys who sat on the ground, tailor fashion, and wrote letters in the sand, pretending they were Telugu boys. You doubtless remember the story, and how little Ernie cried because he could not come and teach the Telugu children to write GOD. Perhaps little Ernie may be glad to know that we have been talking about him here to-day, and learning from his earnestness to feel more interest in our work of teaching the Telugu children about God, and are more than ever determined to do it well.

I took the little story this morning and putting on my sun hat, went out to my three little children who were playing and swinging under a shady, old Banyan tree close by, and read it to them. They were much interested, and yet we did have to criticize one little thing. Those four little white boys used "pointed sticks" to write their letters with, while real Telugu boys use only the forefinger of the right hand when they learn to write their letters and figures in the sand, and they are doing here now in our school, while I am writing this.

As soon as I had finished reading, Theodore, said: "Mamma, can't we go and tell Ernie that some of the Telugu boys do know about God and can write His name—that all in our school know about Him, and some of them have been baptized." When convinced that we could not go to tell him, he asked me to write and say it.

"Then I said to him, "But Theo, there are a great many children in Ramapatam who do not know about God, and cannot learn from their teachers because they are heathen. What shall I write about them?" "Say," he replied, "that we go out nearly every evening to preach to the people about Jesus, and we hope that many may be saved soon."

Theodore is not yet 8 years old, but he and his younger brother have been praying every evening for the last two years that the heathen and Mohammedans may be saved. He also wants me to tell you that there are many Christian children in Angole Nellore and other places in the Telugu mission. He has never seen Cocanada, Bimlipatam, or any other Canadian mission station, and for that reason he mentions only Angole and Nellore which, as you probably know, are near us here in the American Mission, south of the places where your missionaries are living and teaching the Telugu children of Jesus.

Dear little Ernie, well may those eyes fill with tears, and the heart with sorrow, over the lost condition of millions of heathen Telugu children! When we who are here among them, see how little we can do for them compared with what we long to do, and with what they need, and especially when we see their carelessness and unwillingness to hear when they have a chance, we too are very very sad. There is so much more work than we can possibly do. Oh, what a number of good earnest missionaries we need! I wish that Ernie and hundreds of others were all ready to begin teaching the heathen Telugus to-day. Above all other needs is that of the enlightening and quickening power of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of the people. For this my dear young friends pray, pray, pray. Yours very truly,

F. E. BOGGS.

### A Doll's Story.

BY MISS NELLIE R. GREEN.

My new owner had a little sister. She came once or twice to the school to see her—a poor, thin-looking child. She wanted to stay in the school with her sister, but could not leave home, as they wanted her to help in the household; but she attended a Christian day school near, for it was held at a time when she had least to do at home. Her name was Grace; my owner's name was May. I loved little Grace, she seemed such a sweet, patient child,

and looked so longingly at the happy little girls playing about in the school courtyard. One day May took me up and talked to me something like this: "My beautiful dolly, I love you very, very much. You are all the dolly I have, but my little sister has not half as many good things as I; and yesterday they told us at school how much more blessed it was to give and help others than to keep one's things to one's self. Now I want to give you to my little sister. I shall see you sometimes; for she will bring you when she comes, and at vacation I shall play with you all day long." Then she kissed and hugged me a great deal, and her wet face took all the remaining paint off entirely.

So I left the school, and came to my new home. What a place it was! Such a tiny room, earth floor, rough brick walls, scarcely any furniture, a few cooking utensils, a broken chair, and a box for a table! I heard that Grace's father was a bad man, and seldom at home. I saw him only once or twice. Grace was her mother's only comfort. She often held her in her arms and cried over her, wondering what would become of her; for she, poor woman, could do nothing if her husband wanted to sell her. Although my ears were only wax I could hear a good deal, and I felt very sorry for my dear little girl. Every day she would come home from school and tell her mother what she had learned, and sing to her, "Jesus loves me." She sang in Chinese, but the meaning was just the same, I know. Then she would tell her mother about Jesus, and the poor woman's weary eyes would brighten up, and she would repeat softly to herself: "Jesus loves me; Jesus loves me. I never knew that anyone loved me before. It is good; it is good."

One morning Grace's head ached; but she went about her work, as usual, only more slowly. When schooltime came she said, "Mother, I think I cannot go to school to-day, I am so tired." So she lay down, and was very quiet; and though she held me in her arms, she said nothing to me. Toward night she became worse. Her mother prepared her some food, but she could not eat it. She was hot and restless now; and whenever in her tossings I slipped from her arms, she always missed me, and searched around till she found me again. I felt her little breast heave as she hugged me each time more closely. In the morning she said: "Mother, where is my book? I must go to school." Her poor, sobbing mother replied: "My little girl, you cannot go to school; you are very sick. You do not know what you are saying." Nor did she. She could not lift her head. I saw her cheeks were flushed, and her eyes very bright, and she would look at things as though she did not see them. As evening came on she seemed better. "Mother," she said, "where is my book that tells about Jesus opening the gate of heaven to let little children in?" Her mother brought the book. She held it and me together in her arms, and lay with closed eyes for a long time. Then she smiled and said: "Mother, I have seen Jesus; and the gate is open wide, and it's so beautiful—so beautiful!" She spoke softly; and afterward, almost in a whisper, she would say, "Jesus—so beautiful—I am coming!" She looked lovingly at her mother, her book and me, but it seemed as though she saw something else, and I believe Jesus was there, and angels were there, waiting till he should give the word; then they would take this poor, weary little lamb to the beautiful fold above. That night she was delirious again; and just as the lovely summer dawn was breaking in the east, and the golden light streaming through the torn-paper window sent a ray of glory where she lay, the word was given, and I knew she was where Jesus is.

Though my heart was very sad when she died, I could not but rejoice for her. Then I thought of my first owner, and wished she could know all the happiness her gift to Jesus had brought to these little Chinese girls. I wanted to tell her, but, being only a doll, how could I. Then I thought, Well, some day she will know; and I think when Nora reaches the golden gate, one of the first to greet her will be little Grace, and hand in hand they will roam about among the beautiful green fields and lovely flowers of the paradise of God,—no more separated by a wide ocean or difference in race and country, but children of our loving Father in his eternal home; and I think as Grace talks with her, Nora's heart will be always glad that she listened to the voice of Jesus when he spoke to her that morning so long ago. I am only a doll, but I have noticed how much good little children can do; and my heart has been glad or sorry as they have responded or turned away when gracious opportunities were given them for helping in the holy work of making others happy and saving the lost.

Dear children, my story is told. Does it mean anything to you? What are you going to do to help little heathen girls in far-away China? Of what will you deny yourself to drop a penny a week into the mite-box for Jesus' sake? Do not forget when you pray to ask God to bless with you your dark-eyed brothers and sisters in other lands; and may it be that at last, when your feet shall reach the golden city, not only one, but many waiting there for you, will take your hands and bless you, because through your loving efforts, by the grace of God, they learned the way to the beautiful place Jesus has prepared for children of every clime.—*Heathen Woman's Friend.*

### A Lonely Light-Bearer.

In the following account of a lady-worker in Burmah, we see the power of Christ's religion over self-interest. Here, if anywhere, we meet one to whom Christ's promise applies in a very special manner, "He that loseth his life for My sake shall find it."

The lady came to Burmah about fifteen years ago, in company with her husband. After a short time of work together the husband died and was buried while on an evangelistic tour in the Shan States. His wife toiled on alone till failing health necessitated her return to America. There she took regular courses in medicine and theology, after which she came back alone to Burmah. She went far into the interior among the Shan people, and for nine years uninterruptedly worked in that lonely region. She gathered a native church about her, trained her own preachers, built her own bungalow, school-houses and chapel. At the end of nine years she allowed herself a holiday for two weeks, and has again returned to her life and work in the jungle. She does not feel that her life is in any sense extraordinary or deserving of special commendation, for its self-denial, so unwavering and unprotected as to be almost the despair of ordinary Christians.

Western Asia.—In Persia religious liberty is granted to all who are not Moslems; but the Moslems who apostatize from Islam subject himself to the death-penalty. Police men stand at the doors of mission chapels to arrest all Moslems who attend Christian services.—Dr. Thomson's "The Land and the Book," Dr. Pierson's "The Crisis of Missions," and Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine," are excluded from the Turkish Empire by the consuls.

### WOMAN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

Receipts from Dec. 25th 1897, to Jan. 24th, 1898, included:

Mrs. Cooper, Kelso, Scotland, \$1.52; Wolverton M. C., \$2.15; Blytheswood M. C., \$2.71; Toronto (Parliament St.) M. C., \$17, for the support of A. Miriam, No. 17; Grimby M. C., \$4; Hamilton (James St.) M. C., \$11.72; Ingersoll S. S., Birthday Offering Mission Box, \$11.52; London (Grosvenor St.) M. C., \$3.59; London (Talbot St.) M. C., \$48.85, of this sum, \$2 was a special donation from Mrs. W. Sage, \$20 from Mrs. W. Friend, for the support of Komingford Peter, and \$5 from Miss M. C. Jones, being the quarterly payment towards the support of Samuilootta student; Toronto (Dovercourt Rd.) M. C., \$3; Toronto (Parliament St.) M. C., \$3.75; Teeswater M. C., \$7.50, towards the support of Rhoda, a Bible woman, Gocanada field; Teeswater M. B., \$9, towards the support of D. Paramina; Mount Forest M. C., \$3.87; Mount Forest M. B., \$3.40; First Southwold M. C., \$2.25; First Southwold Union S. S., \$2.80; Quolph M. C., \$16; Toronto (Beverly St.) M. C., \$9.80; Toronto (Beverly St.) \$17, for the support of "Venkataraiza," Samuilootta; Tiverton M. C., \$3; Westover M. C., \$3; Burgessville M. C., \$2; Blenheim M. B., \$9; one-half collection at Annual Meeting, Woodstock, \$22.33; New Harum M. C., \$2.50; Etobicoke M. C., \$3; "A Friend," Uxbridge, \$1; Hillsburg M. C., \$3.01; Greenock M. C., \$3; Listowel M. C., \$3.02; Galt M. C., \$7.47; Waterford M. C., \$11, of this \$5 is from Miss Nellie Hall; "A Friend to Missions"; St. Catharines (Lyman St.) M. C., \$3.80; Toronto (Jarvis St.) M. C., \$104.12; Springfield, two S. S. classes, \$4.75; Toronto (Immanuel Ch.) M. C., \$13.55; "Do without" B., \$2.25 for Mrs. Garfield; Glammis M. B., \$2.99; London (Grosvenor St.), "In His name" M. B., \$11; Glammis M. C., \$4.38; Orangeville M. C., \$4.85; Wingham M. C., \$1.73; Mrs. A. J. Starn, Tavistock, 75 cts.; Toronto (Bloor St.) M. C., \$34.32; Peterboro' M. C., \$11.95; York Mills M. C., \$3. Total, \$467.18.

VIOLET ELLIOTT, Treas.

109 Pembroke street, Toronto.

### TO THE W. M. A. SOCIETIES OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES:

Please remember that all money is to be sent direct to Mrs. Botsford Smith, Amherst, N. S.; and also, that the money should be sent to her quarterly, in order that all our obligations may be fully met.

### ADDRESSES OF PRESIDENTS, SECRETARIES AND TREASURERS:

Of Ontario: Pres., Mrs. D. W. Booker, Hamilton; Sec., Miss Buchanan, 105 Bloor St. East, Toronto; Treas., Miss Violet Elliot, 109 Pembroke St., Toronto; Sec. for Bands, Miss Mattie West, 51 Huntley St., Toronto.

Of Quebec Province: Pres., Mrs. T. J. Claxton, 461 Upper St. Urban St., Montreal; Sec., Mrs. Bentley; Cor. Sec., Miss Nannie E. Green, 478 St. Urban st., Mont.; Treas., Mrs. K. B. Smith.

Lower Provinces. Pres., Mrs. J. W. Manning, 26 Robt St., Halifax, N. S. Sec., Mrs. John March, St. John, N.B.; Treas., Mrs. Botsford Smith, Amherst, N.S.

Miss A. E. Johnston, 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.

## The Canadian Missionary Link.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT TORONTO.

Communications, Orders and Remittances to be sent to Mrs. M. A. Newman, 110 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.

Dudley & Burns, Printers, 11 Colborne St., Toronto.