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The Canadian

Missionary Link

CANADA

INDIA

For the Gentiles Shall Come To Thy Light

And Kings To The Brightness Of Thy Rising

IX-3

FEBRUARY, 1897.

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Editorial.

We hear that Mrs. McLeod is improving in health.

Mrs. H. M. N. ARMSTRONG, who has been visiting Canada for a few weeks, writes as she is about to leave for Burmah:—

"I turn my face Eastward, full and satisfied with the pleasant days the Master has given—my holiday.

"Few have realized, as I have come and gone from their homes, what it meant to me to take up for a little while the old way and walk in the old paths and share in the Canadian home-life. It is not for me—shall I say the Lord having reserved some better thing for me? Yes, better for me.

"I go back to my work refreshed and strengthened, ready for what lies beyond—all the Master shall give His servant to do."

We have pleasure in calling attention to an interesting letter from Mr. Morse concerning the baptism of a man of the goldsmith caste, whose cousin was baptized a year or two ago. This letter appeared in the *Messenger and Visitor*. Another letter tells of the baptism of the new convert's wife. The names of this new couple are Soorynarayana, a short form of which is Soorana, and Ramayamma. After her baptism, they returned to their village, where Somalingam received them into his home. Soorana's father was sick, but his mother and eldest brother visited them, cried, scolded and went home. In a few days Ramayamma's mother and eldest sister arrived from their village, full of wrath and lamentation. Mr. and Mrs. Morse went to Polepilly and stayed there seventeen days, devoting much of their time to the converts. Somalingam's wife had become deeply interested, and appeared to be set on becoming a Christian. The eldest brother and his wife seemed to be moved as never before, and Mr. and Mrs. Morse came to the conclusion that the latter is a believer. The closing paragraph of Mr. Morse's letter is as follows: "Last Saturday, Somalingam and Soorynarayana came to Binli with shining faces and stayed over Sunday. They say that Ramayamma is growing in grace, and every leisure moment she wants to be learning more of Christ. Polepilly has become a sweet name to us. The air seems full of invisible bells, ringing chimes of hope." Let us rejoice with Mr. and Mrs. Morse and pray for Polepilly.

GIRLS' BOARDING SCHOOLS—DO THEY PAY?

Miss Hatch has six regular workers who are "a success," and some of them "a great success" in their work—all school girls.

Miss Simpson's workers are all boarding school girls, except Miriam, and of course the Eurasian helpers.

Miss Priest has five workers, of which two are school girls, and these two the best.

Miss McLaurin has four Bible-women, of whom two are school girls, and one of these her very best worker—her "right hand."

Miss Stovel has three workers, full graduates of girls' schools.

Dr. Smith has two girls, from the old Tuni school, at work on his field.

And what about their usefulness as wives and mothers—their influence in the villages where they live? A missionary wrote: "You cannot tell, because you have never experienced it, how refreshing it is to come to a village where lives a woman who is an old 'school girl,' after seeing other villages that cannot boast of such an ornament. The lone school girl in the village always has her hair combed and her hands and face, at least, clean, and wears decent—if not new or fine—clothing. She has some manners. Her house is clean, so are her children. She does not use foul language, and is known as the 'singer of hymns.' It is quite likely she has taught the ignorant Christian women around here some hymns and told them all they know of Bible stories.

"When you come to her village, she greets you with a radiant face, takes you to her house, seats you on her little veranda, gathers your audience—Christian or heathen for you, helps you sing, keeps the women in order, supplements your lesson to the women by helpful explanations or comments, gives you a helping hand when you get stranded in Telugu (if you are new), and in a thousand little ways helps you immeasurably."

We say, God bless our school girls, God bless Miss Baskerville in her work of training them. The missionary counts every girl who goes to her from the school as "another hand" in the work—a veritable treasure.

MISS HATCH writes: "The cuts in the estimates this year are making awfully hard times all around. This, together with the impending famine, is making pretty serious business. It is hard to cut down or cut off our workers at any time, but to cut them off in time of famine means simple cruelty."

MRS. DOUGLAS AND THE PRAYER UNION.

Mrs. Easton sat in her own room, rocking a sleepy child and reading a book from the Public Library. She was very sorry to be interrupted, although the visitor announced was her friend Mrs. Farley. After greeting the lady politely, Mrs. Easton remarked: "I cannot imagine why you are so anxious for me to go with you to see Mrs. Douglas. Is she a member of your Home or Foreign Circle, of which I have heard so much?" "No," replied Mrs. Farley, "She is a very poor woman, and is not a member of either. But she is bright and intelligent, and her conversation is always helpful to me. You will enjoy spending a few moments in her presence."

The ladies found Mrs. Douglas on the piazza of her little house, busily engaged with a bit of delicate needle-work. Her husband had died when little three-year-old was a baby, and Mrs. Douglas was entirely dependent on her own exertions for the maintenance of her family. Faith in God and the consciousness of doing her best for the little ones kept her heart warm and her face bright. After a short chat on the ordinary affairs of life, Mrs. Easton, who was anxious to return to her library book, suggested that they might be taking too much of Mrs. Douglas' valuable time. Mrs. Douglas assured her that she was at leisure until sunset. "You know," she continued, "I am an active member of the Prayer Union, and my Union meets just when the setting sun is gilding the top of that little mountain in the west. I have waited and waited to find a missionary organization in which I could afford to be active, and the Prayer Union seems to have been instituted to meet my need." "I should like to have a more definite idea of your Prayer Union," remarked Mrs. Easton. "Well," continued the hostess, "the Prayer Union was suggested by Miss Hatch and Miss McLeod at the Convention held in Toronto, on the eve of their departure for India. I was not present, but Mrs. Farley told me all about it. Our missionaries so deeply felt the need of united prayer for themselves and their work, that they requested all the members of the Circles to unite at twelve o'clock each day in earnest prayer for the work among the Telugus. The names of those who were willing to pledge themselves to this service were enrolled during the meeting. When Mrs. Farley told me about it, I asked her to send my name to the Secretary of the Union. I began to pray at twelve o'clock each day, but the attempt proved anything but successful. George and Anna rushed home from the store reminding me that their noon hour was shortened. The younger children came from school hungry and noisy, and baby Marguerite was always tired with her play and followed me from room to room. I could not pray at twelve o'clock. But I resolved to find an hour when I could pray, and now each evening the sunset glow on that hill in the west is a signal for prayer.

For whom do I pray? For them all, certainly, and their names have grown familiar, so often repeated in prayer. That is Miss Hatch's photo on the mantle. I have never seen her, but I love her for her devotion and heroism. And Miss McLeod, Miss Stovel, Miss Baskerville, Miss Simpson, Miss Rogers, Miss Murray, Miss Priest, Miss McLaurin, yes, and Miss Folsom, each bearing her own burden of compassion for the multitude, and spending her life for Christ's sake. Why, if my Anna were there, I should want every Christian in Ontario to pray for her. And do you know," she continued, addressing Mrs. Farley, "this Prayer Union has been as great a blessing to me as to any missionary in India. I cannot tell you the joy it brings to my own soul. It gives my tired eyes and over-taxed brain a few moments of quiet and rest. My own burdens are forgotten while I am pleading with the Lord to lighten theirs. I have the joy, too, of knowing that I have a part in extending the Kingdom of Jesus."

The visit was continued till a ray of light came from the west, heralding the sacred hour. When Mrs. Easton reached her home she went at once to her room and kissed the sleeping child. Then she looked through the west window and the summit of the little mountain was aglow with the reflected gleam of the setting sun. Closing the book that lay open on her rocker, she knelt and prayed.

The following evening little May Easton carried a basket of choice fruit to Mrs. Douglas and left a kindly message with the words: "From an active member of the Prayer Union."

IDA E. BAKER.

NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S MONTH.

BY ANNA FRANCES BURNHAM.

"My dear!"

The Rev. Frank Barnes smiled complacently behind his *Expositor's Monthly*, and waited for the rest of it.

"It is the first Monday of the quarter, and nobody has mentioned money to me. Have you any commands about dinner?"

"Yes. I have strict orders from the Council at Jerusalem to abstain from things strangled and from blood."

"That's all very well for a joke," pouted his wife, displaying a collapsed pocketbook, "but even a rabid vegetarian like you will be tired of what you'll get before the month is out, if you don't give me a little money to spend on the butcher pretty soon."

The young minister laid down his paper pleasantly.

"Well, Sharley, you told me to do it!"

"The Board Hundred? And this isn't quite saved yet? Well, if that's the case——"

"That's the case!" said her husband, nodding gravely.

"It will take another month to do it,—unless the people take hold better than I think they will."

"All right," said his wife, getting up to attend to the back-door bell. It was the butcher, and she sent him off with Spartan calmness. Out in the entry she wiped away a furtive tear or two.

"There's no use in saying that crosses don't hurt while you're bearing them, for they do!" she said, under breath, so that only the Lord heard, and it couldn't displeas him. "It may be your Christian duty and pleasure to put your name down for a 'Self-denial Nobody-knows-how-long,' for the sake of helping the dear old Board pay its debts, but there's no use saying it isn't self-denial. And I'm afraid our 'board' has got to go bare till the time is up."

When she appeared again she was as cheery as ever, and no one would have suspected that she had no more idea than the birds of the air where her dinner was coming from. After all, there were worse things to worry about. One was that she could not stir up her Society ladies to be any more public-spirited about the matter.

"I declare I wouldn't ask my husband for every cent I wanted to give away!" she said energetically. "It should be my earning or my saving, somehow, and a definite, count-able sum, at that! I'd do it if I had to earn the money—selling greens!" she added desperately, looking out of the window at two small boys with big baskets and shining broken knife-blades,—signs that they were "going greening." A bright thought popped into her fertile brain, and she put her head into the dining-room where her husband was at present engaged with the last number of the *Hebraica*, studying up the Pentateuchal question.

"Want some grass, Nebuchadnezzar?" she said laughing.

"Ye-es!" he said absently, looking through her rather than at her, and seeming to weigh the matter profoundly. "Still, even the most conservative scholars have long recognized the existence of various documents (in an undigested form) in these and other——"

A merry peal of laughter half roused him from his dazed condition, but the door closed considerably, and a few moments later he might have heard the closing of another door, as his wife sallied out into the street with a big basket in her hand and a broken knife in the basket, and a big shade hat on her pretty, bright head. She had a morning call to make, and her visitor lived on the outskirts of the village.

Miss Pettijohn looked down, as she saw her yellow head framed in the light of the doorway. She was standing on the top stair of the front entry stairway, brushing cobwebs.

"What are you up to now, Shalott Tewksbury, for the Lord's sake!"

It was only Miss Pettijohn's way of speaking. She had rough, pious ways. She had known the minister's wife ever since she had worn sunbonnets, and never proposed to call her by anything but her "given name" if she had a dozen married ones.

"I am glad you see what I've come for!" laughed Charlotte, running up the stairs, and dropping down on the broad, three-cornered step at the turn, where she could talk easily. "'Tis for His sake, but to some folks I have to tell my errand. I'm round to talk to you about that hundred dollars that we've pledged to the Board to help along, you know! I do want that we ladies should have a hand in it, Miss Pettijohn, and I want you to be the good, strong, middle finger!" "Humph!" said Miss Pettijohn, grimly, retying her check apron, which she had wound around her head to keep the spiders off. "I'm all thumbs. You mean well, Shalott, and you're a first-rate, enterprisin' forefinger to point the way, and do a good share of the work, and all that, but the rest of us aren't of much account to raise money, and you ought

to know that by this time. You can't depend on so much as one, good, active, little finger! We haven't got the money, bad as we'd like to give it, and that's all there is to it. No—the rest is that we don't know how to get it."

"Oh, ain't I glad I came to you first!" said Charlotte, seeming in nowise dismayed by this discouraging way of looking at the situation. "You have such a blessed way of picking up my dry Aaron's rod of a simile, and making it bud and blossom in ways I never thought of! Oh, you dear woman, if you only will be 'thumbs', and help us poor weak fingers get a good grip of the money there is lying around ready to pick up, we'll have that hundred in no time. I've got a scheme!"

"Getting married don't take 'em out of ye!" was Miss Pettijohn's half-smiling comment. "Come along down into the kitchen an' set awhile, if you can stop, an' tell about it. I've got to stick an' pick a chicken. We're going to have the Hollises to supper to-night, and they're the greatest hands for chicken salad,—or he is. Why ain't you down stairs cutting up that bunch o' salary, Roxy Ann?" she demanded suddenly and sharply, in a tone of voice that was as good as a shaking, reaching over and past the startled visitor on the stairs to surprise her little handmaid listening curiously at the foot, while she pretended to be busily dusting the baluster.

"O, I can't stop, Miss Pettijohn, unless——"

"There ain't any 'unless' about it!" retorted that lady, clattering down stairs with an air of expecting her to follow. "Now, you've said so much, you may tell your scheme, an' be done with it!"

"I want you ladies all to buy your 'greens' of me!" said Charlotte, who was nothing if she was not definite.

"Where'll you get 'em!" demanded Miss Pettijohn, while the little bound-girl stood with upraised knife and a half-decapitated head of celery in her hand, and her mouth open, as if the next thing she meant to do was to swallow it.

"Dig 'em!" said Charlotte, merrily.

"You talk about 'middle fingers'!" said Miss Pettijohn. "There isn't a woman in the parish that would have thought of such a thing!"

"They all will if you tell them about it!" returned Charlotte, "and don't you see how much money there is in it! I saw the boys go by this morning, and they'll sell their dandelions for thirty or forty cents a peck when they get them. And it's just fun! I know; I used to dig them for my mother! You're out doors in the sun, and down in the grass, and it's no harder work than digging up roots for a herbarium. How often will you take 'a mess,' Miss Pettijohn!"

"Every day in the week!" said Miss Pettijohn, with enthusiasm. "Well, just as often as the men folks will stand havin' 'em, anyway; and I'll warrant I'll get twenty women pledged to the same thing 'fofe night. An' what's more, I'll dig. Fun for you is just as good fun for me, I guess! Wish't the Hollises wasn't coming!"

"Please, Miss Pettijohn?" said a timid voice at her elbow. "I know where there's banks of 'em growin'!"

"Ain't a mortal thing to hinder you from going if them dishes don't take till doomsday!"

"Would you be willing I should get a lot more to come, too?" asked the girl, turning beamingly to her adored minister's wife. "I know all your Sunday-school class will!"

"A boy and a girl to every dandelion!" said Charlotte,

Work Abroad.

CHICAGO, ILL.

enthusiastically, realizing the good of getting all the "little fingers" to feel their responsibilities and opportunities.

"We'll give an hour after school every night, and Wednesdays and Saturdays!" promised the child, recklessly beginning to wash dishes with a vim that astonished Miss Pettijohn, used to her ordinary, every-day, uninspired motions. "The power of a new idea, and especially of a Christian idea, is the open secret of miracles. The dull-est soul wakes up when it sees anything to wake for."

This was the beginning of it, and the end joined right on without break or piecing. Miss Pettijohn named it—with help of Charlotte's small joke of the morning, which she retailed for the sake of pleasing Miss Pettijohn. The good woman made her rounds with enthusiasm. More than twenty families were enlisted in the "movement" for "Nebuchadnezzar's Month," all the more, perhaps, because of the fun of making their "men folks" wonder why they had such a steady diet of "grass" all of a sudden. Even the minister was not let into the secret, and neither the *Hebraica* nor the *Expositor's Monthly* shed any light on the reason of his wife's hilarity at every fresh ring of the doorbell, till one day when she opened the door and found ten or a dozen ladies waiting all together on the doorstep. They all began talking at once.

"We had to come—the whole of us!"

"We weren't going to let any one woman have the glory of this!" said Miss Pettijohn, holding out a bagful of jingling quarters and ten-cent pieces.

All at once the minister's wife sat down sobbing, right on the doorstep. There is a point when fun dissolves in tears, like a rainbow bubble that bursts when it gets too big for itself. All at once it is gone, and there you are with wet faces!

"This'll make more'n a hundred!" said Miss Pettijohn, encouragingly.

"There's more than a hundred and fifty, with what we had saved to begin with!" said Charlotte, speaking as if she had a cold in her head, because she was so very warm at her heart!

"What is all this!" said the Rev. Mr. Barnes, coming to the door, and looking down wonderingly at his wife's back, as she barred the way against all intruders. "Who's bringing so much money, and why don't you let them in?"

"It's the Board money!" said Charlotte, solemnly, getting up and handing him the bagful. "The rest is up in the bureau drawer; more than we pledged—a good deal!"

"Where did you get it?" he asked in genuine astonishment. He thought he knew the West Parish.

"Out of the bank!" said Miss Pettijohn, seeing he looked at her. And it was some time before he could get anybody to explain lucidly that she meant the bank where dandelions blossomed, or to tell how they had been inveigled into drawing out their money.

"I thought I knew the West Parish!" he said again, for the second or third time, when they were all happily started homeward. "I declare it makes me feel sheepish!"

"You shall have some mutton for dinner!" said his wife, laughing, "Nebuchadnezzar's Month is over!"—*Life and Light*.

Psalm lxxviii, 38.—Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led captivity captive.

Dear Link,—Were your readers out here this morning to shiver with us, you would believe there had been a change in the weather since I wrote that letter for the "M. & V."

But how much cold is required to make you shiver properly? When I got up this morning, the mercury registered 67 in the room, and we had slept with doors and windows open. Ethel dressed herself and went out to attend to the fowls, a part of her morning's work, and took the thermometer along, and there, the coldest place on the compound, and out doors, it registered 58°

This cold snap (isn't that the proper expression?) began last Saturday night, and we wish it would last three months instead of the three weeks it may possibly but not probably continue. I do not think it will go on at this rate ten days longer, and when the days begin to lengthen the cold does not strengthen, but the heat does, and how much good this does us all! Why, I have just heard this morning of a certain baby in the mission who is taking as much again milk as usual. It is no wonder the babies oft look like our wilted white lilies, but it is a wonder that they grow as well as they do. Sometimes I think the children, little and big, of the Great All Father, who live in these unfriendly climates require and receive a larger share of His attention than those who are in safer surroundings.

Have you forgotten about those S. S. pictures you sent me some time ago, or have you been praying that they might be used for the good of many?

We have a lady apothecary here, who has a sunny but bare room in the hospital, where she ministers to the wants of women and children. She is very kind and attentive, and is winning her way into the hearts of both sexes, and all classes. She allowed us to decorate her hospital walls with some of those beautiful pictures, and let the face of Christ be put anywhere, and it has an attractive power.

One of the first women who saw a picture of the resurrection, stood before it with the tears literally streaming from her eyes, as Miss D'Lilva told her about it. Another sick one came for medicine, and sat down at her feet, in the usual manner, to wait her turn, but her eyes fell on one of these pictures, and she ran to it with clasped hands and begged to be told who it was. Many people have already heard the Gospel from these pictures, as scarcely a day passes but some one asks about them. Frequently one of our Christian women is in the hospital, and Miss D'Lilva asks her to talk to those who are ever ready to listen, as she has not the time. A dancing woman was there the other day, and the woman at the well at-

tracted her, at least that picture did, and Miss D'Lilva told her about it, and she was determined to have the picture, so I told Miss D'Lilva she could give away any, where there was a hope of doing good, and I would see that the blank did not remain on the wall. A few of the pictures have gone to a home in Vizagapatam, and we heard that they are helping to diffuse the light which streams from the Cross of Christ.

Some time ago a policeman was baptized here. He was not a convert from heathenism, as his parents profess to be Christians, somewhere to the north. But through him and the Police Inspector I am going to try to get a few put up in the police station, where he can tell the stories to his comrades.

In this wilderness these are beautiful things, and I am very glad to hear that more pictures are on the way with our coming reinforcements.

Many years ago, when I was in this big house alone, a man named Renga Appanah, was converted and baptized in Akalateompara. Here was the first of a large family. His wife left him, taking their little boy and girl. Years passed, and finally two other brothers were converted. Appanah's wife died, and I have written you about how we got the boy and girl, and they are both now doing well, and both true Christians.

A year or so ago the mother of these men was baptized; and when we were in Kimidi the other day, attending a quarterly meeting, we saw and talked with one of the two remaining brothers. They both are evincing an interest; and, as I looked at them, my mind went back over the years, and the events that have led them up to the present; and though sixteen years have passed since the first brother came out, I feel to praise God that He makes His word to triumph. They are a family possessing character, and have an influence wherever they live. Appanah is markedly growing in the fear of the Lord, and we hope that the Palcondah field, where he now is, will yet produce a harvest from his faithful sowing.

The improvement was very manifest in him when he was here to a quarterly meeting several months ago: but God may have been getting him ready for the bereavement that was in store for him. For two months later, his wife and little boy died of fever, within a few days of each other, and there was not a Christian brother near by to whom he could turn, till Mr. Archibald got there at Appanah's call. The Cross of Christ separates the Telugu Christian from his countrymen, and when he is miles away from another Christian man, I do not wonder that a great cry of loneliness goes out from his heart.

Even Christ in His extremity said, "Could ye not watch with Me one hour?" And He makes Himself precious to His tried and suffering children.

Before you read this you will have heard from other sources, of a wonder that God has wrought, not among us, but on one of the Southern fields, we think. But

you want to look first at the Kelli Street in Tokkali where some of our Christians live: Filth, rage, and vermin are some of the principal characteristics. Nearly 10 years ago we brought away from there, as we believed, the brightest boy among the Christians, and his name was Zerricadu. Well, he was smart, and took easily to cleanliness and learning, and by-and-by was converted, we hoped. His ability for public speaking was really wonderful, considering all things. Well, he grew and waxed strong, and so did our hopes for Zerricadu, but many of our Telugu boys distinguish themselves in some unpleasant way, before they get safely launched on the sea of manhood. A sudden temptation caught Zerricadu; and he stole one or more of the lamps from our chapel and made off with them. He proceeded on his way fourteen miles, was caught by a policeman, who took him in charge, as he did not think that such a boy should have such property. He received a shock, and we allowed him to receive the full punishment that the law afforded, which, if I remember correctly, was three months in jail. He came out a wiser boy, was truly repentant, and was restored to the church. During our absence on furlough he was dismissed to join the Kimidi Church, and when we returned in '92, not much good did we hear of him, and I will not tell all the bad. He at last disappeared, and we all supposed he had gone to Rangoon, that refuge for Telugus in disgrace. But, lo, he lately appears in Bobbili bringing six converts for baptism, and writes, that others are ready to profess their faith. Further than this I will not go, but let those who know more tell the story.

As Mr. Archibald knew Zerricadu so well, Mr. Churchill has strongly urged him to join in a trip to that part of the country, and though we are crowded with work, he has gone. Other brethren were asked but begged to be excused, as they could not see their way clear. Mr. A. would not have seen his way clear either, had Zerricadu not been associated with us in the past.

We have educated young men who think they are pretty nice, and we have Brahmin converts, but not one of them is willing to go and live among their own people, and endure the trial, and receive the honor that such a course would bring. Zerricadu has turned one of the main keys that opens the problem of self-support, that some of us talk about so much, and by which the Gospel will take living root among this people. We have talked and prayed, and God has been at work, where, perhaps, none of our missionaries have ever been. But "God chose the foolish things of the world that He might put to shame them that are wise, and God chose the weak things of the world that He might put to shame the things that are strong; and the things of the world, and the things that are despised, did God choose; yea, and the things that are not, that He might bring to nought the things that are, that no flesh should glory before God."

We are full of rejoicing that our God does such things as this, and when we learn that the lack of civilization and education are no obstacles to Him, and rely only on the word of the Spirit, and the Spirit Himself, He may work such mighty work among us more frequently.

C. H. ARCHIBALD.

Dec., 1890.

RAMACHANDRAPURAM.

Dear Readers of the Link.—Two years ago to-day I left behind my Canadian home and turned my face Eastward. Ere you read this I will have been two years in India. I make no apologies for not having written to you before. Mine has been the loss. "How?" Do you ask? Since I began to write this the Bible woman, Sarah, of whom you have heard through Miss Hatch, came in and asked me to whom I was writing. I replied, "To many people." She said, "Give them my salams." As I hesitated, not knowing whether to do so or not, she said, "Do, then many will pray for me." Your prayers! How much they mean to us! And I have lost by not reminding you of my need, for I was unknown to many of you, and it is hard for us to pray with our whole hearts for those of whom we only know their names.

The Conference held on the 29th and 30th of September, appointed me to work with Mr. and Mrs. Walker on the Peddapuram field, but decided that I should remain with Miss Hatch in Ramachandrapuram until a resident missionary comes to this work. Perhaps a few incidents of a tour we took recently will be of interest to you. We—Miss Hatch, the two Bible women, Sarah and Miriam and I—all went together, as I required to be introduced to the work. One Sunday was a specially memorable day to me, and I will try to tell you about it. That day we went to Kurnapuram, and held a service with the Christians there. It is three miles from the canal, so our Sunday began with a long walk through the fields of grain, over paths beaten hard by the passage of many feet. A ditch in the way, too wide for me to jump, was the cause of the first to be remembered incident of that day. I was ahead with the two Bible women, and Miss Hatch was some distance behind in her chair borne by her boatmen. Not wishing to wait till the men came to lift me across, I trusted myself to Miriam, who, descending into the ditch, which was no obstacle to her bare feet and skirts easily tucked up, held out her arms to lift me across. She lifted me, but not across. I slid out of her arms and stood in the ditch. Fortunately I kept my equilibrium, and as I had my skirts held up too, only a very wet pair of shoes and stockings reminded me of my folly when I scrambled up on the other side. They were almost dry when we reached the end of our journey. A foolish little incident to tell, perhaps you are thinking. It may be, but it

illustrates how the Father takes care of us in spite of our mistakes, when they are mistakes and not wilful wrongdoing. The women said, when I suggested that a cold might result from my involuntary foot-bath, "It will not come. You are going to the Lord's work, He will not let it come." Their faith is so simple in some things. It is very encouraging. He did not let it come. After service with the Christians, Miss Hatch organized a "Helpmate Committee" of the Christian women there, and then we had a sort of picnic lunch and a few minutes rest in the house of the teacher. In the afternoon we went first to perform the service of naming a baby. That done, we had prayer in the houses of the Christians, and then we went to the village where we visited three houses. At each place a great many gathered to see and hear. At the second place I made my first attempt to speak to a heathen audience. It was only a few words about our Saviour and His work for us, but the joy and rest it brought to my own soul can only be understood by those who have been cowardly in testifying for the Master, and have at last found speech. At the setting of the sun we came back again over the three miles of narrow pathway, but a light heart makes light heels, and the road did not seem long.

One day Miss Hatch was detained in the boat by business in connection with the building of her new boat, so the women and I went without her. The village we visited that day was one which has not been visited many times, so we had no definite place to steer for when we started out. How important it is when we go thus, that we be "led by the Spirit." We soon came to a shady spot with a wide yard in front of us, and a quiet street at one side. It was early and there were a good many men around yet, so I feared the women would not come, and after we had been there a few minutes and only a few women had come, I expressed my fear so that one of the women heard. A man who appeared to be a devotee came amongst them, but instead of putting a hindrance in our way, he was a great help; told them that they were to listen well, that we would speak good words to them, and when the woman told him my fear about the women not coming because the men were there, he said, "I will go away." He did not go at once, but afterwards went and sent one whom I judged by her appearance was his mother, to hear us. By this time there were about twenty-five men and women standing about, at first at a distance, afterwards when the Bible pictures we had brought with us were displayed, losing all fear and coming up close. For nearly two hours they listened very attentively while Sarah told them the story of how Paradise was lost, and no less attentively while she told how Paradise may be regained. Then we went on to another place. This time we were not treated so politely. We were given a seat on the bare mud verandah at the front of a house, and the women of the house seemed to

wish to hear, but others were coming and going, not appearing to have time or interest enough to listen to our message, so as some one said they were calling us to a house at the top of a slight elevation just in front of us, we went there only to be told in no very polite terms to "Go." Coming back again to our verandah seat, we found the woman of the house who had followed us up the hill and back again, and several other women ready to hear us. So we sang a hymn, and Miriam began to tell them its meaning. We could see the "king of the castle," who had ordered us off so summarily, from where we sat, and he could see us, but he could not hear. A feeling came to me that he would come nearer before we were through, and pretty soon he came swaggering along with a cigar in his mouth, and a "you can't teach-me anything" air about him, and halted in front of us. One of the women was asking Miriam some questions and showing considerable interest, and he walked around by Miriam and began to oppose her. Then gathering courage to speak on account of his opposition, I asked him why, after telling us to go, he had come there, and as he kept quiet then, through surprise at my attack or for some other reason, I went on to tell them why we had come, that it was not to do them harm, to take their money, etc., but to tell them God's message concerning salvation. While I was telling them something of the message, somebody came and told him that his cow-house was on fire, and he left in great haste.

After he had gone the woman of the house said his manners were like those of a buffalo, and that his house was being burned because he opposed and would not listen to the words of truth. As they are ever ready to see God's hand in any trouble that comes upon them, it may be that that man and others will listen to the next witnesses for Jesus Christ who come that way, more patiently.

Have I said enough to show you how much I need that you should "hold the rope" of prayer for me? Then I have accomplished my purpose in writing this. A selfish purpose? Do you think? Not altogether so. It is "In His Name" and "For His Name" that I ask you to pray for me.

LOTTIE MACLEOD.

Nov. 12th, '96.

TUNI.

Dear Miss Buchan,—I can't just tell how it is that I have been so long in writing to you, but it is neither because I have forgotten you, nor because there hasn't been plenty to keep me busy.

Perhaps you would like to hear about medical work in Akidu. My office is a little room about eight by fifteen at one end of the veranda; originally it was intended for a bath-room. An Indian bath-room is quite different

from one at home. One part of the floor is cemented and divided from the rest by a little ridge; this takes the place of a tub, and here we stand splashing or pouring water to our heart's content. The rest of the floor is covered by bamboo matting. This room is light and airy, and makes a very nice little dispensary: at one side stands a large cupboard filled with medicine for daily use, near the window is the table, in one corner a large earthen water-pot, a very great necessity; in another corner a washstand and basin, then a big shelf, much more useful than ornamental. Office hours are supposed to be from 9.30 to 11 o'clock, but hardly a day passes but some one comes begging you to "make kindness," leave your other work and attend to them. If it is a serious case, or some one who has travelled a long distance, I do "grant favor," otherwise they have to learn to come at the proper time.

My patients—On first coming to Akidu I resolved to harden my heart and do as little medical work as possible, as I needed at least four or five hours a day to study Telugu.

We arrived here on Saturday afternoon, and before daylight Sabbath morning, Miss Stovel awakened me to tell me of my first patient. Some high caste men had come from a village five miles away to have us go and see one of their women. From what they told us, we thought she would be dead before we could get to her, and, even if we went, probably they would not let us work as we wished for fear of breaking their caste; and if the woman died after we had entered the house, we would have been the ones who had surely killed her. As I had had no chance to gain confidence, it didn't seem wise to risk such a chance of losing it, so we sent the men away, and told them if they wished they might bring the woman to us. To our surprise they came back about nine o'clock, bringing the woman on a cot. She was just alive and that was about all; it proved to be a very difficult obstetrical case. The treatment she had received from the native midwives forbids description. It was the hour for morning service, and as we worked the people in our little church prayed; for hours our efforts were useless; we grew so tired that it seemed we would have to give up hope, but the consciousness of God's presence renewed our strength, and at last the work was accomplished, our God had given us the victory. We kept our little patient here in one of the teachers' houses until she grew stronger, and within ten days they carried her to her own home. It would be such a help if we only had a small house which could be always kept as a sick room, a very serviceable one could be built for twenty-five or thirty dollars, if we had the money. Her people were very grateful, and, as a result, Miss Stovel had a new work opened to her among the caste people of that village, and my fame spread abroad faster than I wished it had. I was besieged with all kinds of aches and ailments,

and some went so far as to say that my presence would even keep them from getting sick. I tried to restrict my attention to Christian women and children, and whenever possible sent people away to the village dispensary; but it was quite impossible to make hard and fast rules, so now every one that comes at the proper time is attended to. A great many children and babies are brought to us, and it is a rare exception to see one who doesn't have the scars of the red hot iron, every baby in every caste, even among most of our Christians, has its little stomach burned all over a dozen places with a red hot needle when it is only one day old, to keep it from having fits when it gets older; when babies have stomach-ache they are often given a fresh burn. A little girl came to me with a hole burnt almost through her cheek; she had tooth-ache; another child had been horribly burned around her neck and shoulders with rags dipped in boiling oil: when I went to wash the sores her friends refused to let me, it would break her caste, and they would rather she would die than lose her caste, so they took her away. Some castes are very particular about taking water from another caste, and especially from a foreigner. Occasionally I add a little coloring matter to the water, then it is medicine you know, but that's where I fool them. You never saw such a country for boils. I have seen more boils, and bigger ones the last six months than I ever saw in my life before. A little baby came the other day with five large boils; its little limbs were swollen all out of shape. Many babies are practically starved to death; either their parents don't know how to care for them, or they are too poor to buy milk for them. These people have very strange ideas about milk. One mother solemnly declared that the big sore on the baby's back was caused by milk burning a hole through from the inside. Another little starved baby used to come every day for milk, finally they stopped bringing it; one night when I enquired about it, they said that the milk burnt it inside: the next day the baby died; it was just rolled in a rag and carelessly buried in a shallow hole; the jackals and the vultures came and dug it up; and as a vulture was flying above the compound it dropped the little baby's foot right at the door of one of the teachers' houses. Such things are not uncommon in India.

Among the women who come are quite a number from the high castes. The women in this district are not kept as secluded as in some parts of India. The lower-caste women come and go quite as freely as the men, but the Razu and Brahmin women generally come in a covered ox bandy or on a native cot turned upside down, and covered over with a cloth to make a palanquin.

As a rule it is easy to win their confidence, but occasionally there are doubting ones. A weak, poorly-nourished woman was given a tonic, the next day she sent back the medicine and said she didn't want any more, she had taken one dose, and it hadn't cured her. This

week a woman came with neuralgia, she needed a general building up, so I gave a nerve-tonic, and told her to take so much every day; when she heard that she was to swallow it she said I didn't know much or I wouldn't tell her to drink it, and she guessed she would rub it on the outside: it took a long time to make her understand, and finally she went away only half convinced. Such people are almost habitually starved; a new mother isn't allowed anything to eat or drink for three days, then she is given one meal a day for a month, if at the end of that time she is in fair condition, she resumes her regular diet, but if she is weak she is kept on the one meal a day allowance. A sick person is never allowed to sleep after eating, and if she can't be kept awake any other way, her friends will put red pepper into her eyes. It would make your heart ache to see the numbers who have lost either one or both eyes through ignorance, neglect, and native doctors.

Last night a caste man came to see if anything could be done for his wife. Some days ago she caught a severe cold, for three days they starved her, then gave her baths, but strange to say she wasn't any better, so they kept her three days more without a morsel, gave another bath, but still she was no better, evidently she hadn't starved long enough, so they gave her another sixteen days' fast; now her eyes are getting wild, she talks nonsense and rolls from side to side, and they would like a little medicine for her. A Razu woman came over 20 miles to see me, several days before she had dislocated her jaw so severely that she could neither eat nor swallow. While I was examining it, to see what was to be done, the jaw suddenly slipped back into place, much to my surprise as well as hers. Her friends said she would have starved to death because they couldn't fix it.

One of the most pitiful cases was a young woman who was brought to me one night in great agony. Evidently she had been poisoned, her husband disliked her and had gone off with another woman. I saw she would die before they could get her home, so we kept her here; little could be done for her, so little is known of the native concoctions that it is hard to find antidotes for them; towards morning she died.

Until I reached India I had no idea that I would have any work among the men. I tried to get rid of them by sending them all to the government dispensary, but they were so persistent that I couldn't refuse them. They prefer to come here and pay for medicine rather than go to the hospital and get it for nothing. There is a very good dispensary here in Akidu, but the Government dressers have not gained the confidence of the people; in many cases they pay little or no attention to the poor people, and carry on a regular system of bribery.

Most of my patients among the men are minor surgical cases; a bad cut, a crushed finger, a thorn in the foot, a dislocated joint, and lots of everyday aches and pains.

Occasionally I come across the most mysterious complaints. The patient begins in a most agonizing voice, and with an almost woe-begone expression to tell of a pain, an awful pain which starts in his right side, turns around two or three times in his abdomen, passes up his chest, over his shoulder, around his neck, down the front of his body again until it finally terminates somewhere in his left leg. This graphic description is accompanied by the most elaborate gesticulations, and the assembled audience is supposed to say, "aboo!!"

A great many times medicine has to be given when I have no idea of what is really the matter. And our Father has given a more abundant blessing than I had asked or thought. There have been failures too, some of them most amusing. About two weeks ago a man was brought in a very low condition—intestinal obstruction. I consulted with the Hospital Assistant, but our efforts were useless. The man had little chance for recovery unless the intestine righted itself. Apparently he was dying, his friends had commenced the death wail, and were beating their heads and their breasts. Just at that moment some one brought in a popular native quack; he gave the man a pill and trailed a piece of string a few times around the umbilicus—almost immediately the sick man began to improve, and now is well and strong again. The native doctor knows it all, and Dr. Chute doesn't know anything, neither does the Hospital Assistant.

As far as possible I am trying to make my medical work pay its own way; no medicine is given away except to the very needy; others have to pay in accordance with their means.

Mrs. Smith, the matron of our school, is a great help to me in the work. I enjoy the work and have been so strong and well; so far India agrees with me. Since January 1, 492 patients in all, have been treated. Telugu is coming gradually; how glad I will be when I can tell them of the one Great Physician.

Yours sincerely, PEARL S. CHUTE.

Nov. 9th, 1896.

Work at Home.

NEWS FROM CIRCLES.

OWEN SOUND.—It was decided at our last Circle meeting that, as we had been frequently helped and encouraged by reading the reports of what other Circles are doing, it might be interesting to someone if we were to tell what we are doing.

In response to the appeal made by the Woman's Board, we held a Thank-offering service on Tuesday, November 3rd. A very cordial invitation was given to all the ladies of the church and congregation to meet with us. We were somewhat disappointed that more

of the ladies did not avail themselves of this privilege, but the meeting was full of interest and helpful to all present. After the opening exercises and the business were over, Mrs. Ewing Buchan was called on for a short address. She spoke very feelingly of the condition of the Foreign field on account of so many missionaries being obliged to return because of failing health, thus leaving so few to bear the burden in India.

Two members of our Mission Band, Misses McLean and Shean, sang a very pretty duet. Following this came perhaps the most interesting feature of the meeting, the opening of the envelopes. Two ladies, Mrs. Matthew Kennedy and Mrs. George Eberle, had been appointed to attend to this part of the programme. Each envelope contained a verse of Scripture, along with the offering. As we listened to these beautiful gems from God's word, our hearts were indeed filled with gratitude and love to the Giver of every good and perfect gift. The offering amounted to \$17.55, which was equally divided between Home and Foreign missions.

Our President, Mrs. Eberle, then led us in a prayer of thanksgiving, after which the hymn, "Blest be the tie that binds," was sung. Mrs. Kennedy read an article bearing on Contentment. Miss King followed by a recitation, entitled, "Broinery Work," and then another reading by Mrs. Norton. After singing a hymn and prayer, one of our most pleasant and profitable meetings was brought to a close.

We are glad to say that our usual monthly meetings are full of interest and are well attended. A great deal of pain is taken to make them interesting and at the same time to give the information necessary to create interest in mission work. We do not confine ourselves to our own special work, but have had different missions presented during the year, such as the Bible in Madagascar, McAll Mission, Cuban Mission, etc. We subscribed for the *Missionary Review of the World* expressly for the use of the Circle. This keeps us informed and in touch with the latest mission movements. We have a programme committee appointed at each meeting, whose duty it is to prepare the programme for the next meeting. By this means we are never left without a well prepared programme.

It has been our custom for years to send a well-filled box of winter clothing for the poor in Muskoka, and we have done the same this year.

Thus, with thankfulness for the past and courage for the future, we are moving along.

S. E. NORTON.

ST. CATHARINES.—The Woman's Mission Circle of the Queen St. Baptist church held their annual Thank-offering service on Thursday evening, December 10th, in aid of Home and Foreign missions. The Pastor,

Rev. Mr. Trotter, occupied the chair and gave a very interesting address on Mission work. A good programme of readings and music was prepared, all of a missionary-character, which was enjoyed by all present.

The Secretary gave a very encouraging report of the work done and money raised by the Circle last year. The envelopes were then opened, which contained choice texts of Scripture, which were read and listened to with much interest. The offering amounted to \$17.00, which will be equally divided between Home and Foreign missions.

(MRS.) J. B. TATE, Sec.

SCOTLAND Mission Circle. On November 19th the ladies of the Mission Circle held a Thank-offering service and tea, which was well attended, as all the ladies of the church were invited to meet with us. Select readings and a poem composed by Mrs. J. C. Yule, entitled, "I want to work for Jesus," with the opening of envelopes containing offerings and Scripture texts, added much to the interest of the meeting. The Thank-offering amounted to \$16.57, to be equally divided between Home and Foreign missions. We earnestly pray that all may more fully realize their responsibility to this great work.

J. A. SMITH, Sec.

NORWOOD.—The Mission Circle held a very successful Thank-offering service in the church on the evening of November 26th. The night was dark and dreary, but we were greeted with quite a large audience; our President, Mrs. Peer, in the chair. A good programme was rendered, consisting of readings, recitations and solos. Among the readings given was "Pat's Evidence of Christianity." A very helpful address was given by our Director, Miss Walton, of Peterboro'. A talk on Foreign Missions, by Mrs. Peer. A collection was then taken up, to be divided between Home and Foreign Missions. Before dispersing, coffee and cake were served, which the audience appreciated.

HOUWTON First Baptist Church. On the afternoon of November 12th our Circle held a Thank-offering meeting. We had sent invitations to all the lady members of the church, and though there were not so many present as we could wish, yet the meeting was very successful. Our President, Mrs. M. Brown, occupied the chair. The programme was very interesting, consisting of songs by the Mission Band and some excellent readings. One read by our President, entitled, "Why our Society did not disband," should lead us to be more faithful in the Master's service, and not be discouraged because we cannot do as much as we would like. The offerings amounted to \$7.50, to be equally divided be-

tween Home and Foreign missions. We had an increase of membership of 11, which was very encouraging.

NELLIE SMITH, Sec.

WOODSTOCK First Baptist Church. A special Thank-giving service was held in the above church on Thursday, November 26th, at 11 a.m. The meeting was largely attended and a most enjoyable hour was spent.

A thank-offering was taken, amounting to \$13.66, and \$1.00 special for Grande Ligne missions. This was given to the Circle and was divided equally between Home and Foreign missions.

Our Circle is growing and its meetings are well attended and full of interest. We have adopted a systematic programme and each meeting is set apart for some special mission, and the programme is adapted to it.

(MRS.) H. M. BANSLAUGH, Sec.

COLBORNE.—On the evening of November 3rd, the Colborne Circle held its annual open meeting. This Circle is a Home Mission Circle but, it is also deeply interested in the foreign work. The open meeting was well attended and rich blessing from the Lord was enjoyed. Rev. John E. Davis, B.A., gave a deeply interesting address on "The Women and the Homes of India and What our Duty is in Regard to them." An offering was made for the great work which amounted to over ten dollars. The members of the Circle feel grateful to Rev. J. E. Davis for the good they received through his visit. By simple obedience to the Lord's commands blessing comes to those who give, richness of spiritual experience comes to those who go, and to those to whom the message is sent the entrance of the Word brings light and salvation. W.

THE WOMAN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO, (WEST.)

RECEIPTS FROM DEC. 16TH, '06, TO JAN. 15TH, '07, INCLUSIVE.

FROM CIRCLES—Paisley, \$2.50; Toronto, (College St.), \$8.75; Gladstone, \$7.50; Ingersoll, \$2.83; London South, \$6.75; Listowel, (\$2.95 Gen. Coll., \$2.25 Thank-offering), \$5.20; Villa Nova, \$7.47; Stayner, \$1.80; Colborne, (Thank-offering), \$10; Hamilton, (Herkimer St.), \$11; Haldimand, (\$1.15 Thank-offering), \$3.35; Calvary, (\$5 special from a friend), \$7; Forest, \$4; Hespler, \$4.02; Toronto, Ossington Ave., (68cts. Thank-offering), \$5.65; Woodstock, First Ch., (\$8.70 Thank-offering), \$15; Colchester, (Thank-offering), \$2; Giammii, \$3.75; Norwood, \$3; London, (Talbot St.), Young Ladies', \$5.59; Burtch, (\$9 Thank-offering), \$12; Pine Grove, (\$2.35 Thank-offering), \$4.50; Sarnia, (\$4.40 Thank-offering), \$10.21; London, (Talbot St.), \$13.45; Brighton, \$2; Bethel, \$3.50; Round Plains, \$2.25; Brooke, (Thank-offering), \$1.60; Hamilton, (Wentworth St.), \$3.75; Mount Forest, (\$8 Thank-offering), \$12.24; St. Thomas, (Thank-offering \$16.77 to be applied on life membership fee, also \$5 from Mrs. Graham, towards life membership), \$28.90; Toronto, (Bloor St.), \$32.90; Toronto, Y.W.A. (\$1 additional Thank-offering), \$6.50; Brantford, (First Ch.), for Miss MacLeod, in two

remittances, \$55; Brantford, (Calvary Ch.), \$6; Hamilton, (Victoria Ave., \$0.50 Thank-offering), \$9.95; London, (Adelaide St.), \$13; Parkhill, \$1.30; Toronto, (Beverly St. \$17 for Garsala Abraham and \$1.75 Thank-offering), \$31.15; Theford, \$1; South Sydenham, \$5; Simcoe, \$4; Barrie, \$7.50; Burford, \$2.70; Keady, \$3; 2nd Markham, (\$3.04 Thank-offering), \$8; Toronto, (Immanuel Ch.), \$13.60; Toronto, (Dovercourt Rd.), \$5.80; Peterborough, (Murray St.), \$9.17; Toronto, (Jarvis St.) special, \$300; Victoria, \$4; Toronto, (Walmer Rd.), \$3.60; Boston, \$13.50 (Thank-offering, completing the life-membership fee for Mrs. J. Schwalm), \$25; Fonthill, (Thank-offering), \$1; Total, \$760.92.

FROM BANDS.—Toronto, College St., Junior, \$2; East Flamboro, \$2.45; Listowel, 68c.; Townsend Centre, \$3.10; Haldimand, \$1.05; Port Hope S.S.M.B., \$10; Hamilton, (Wentworth St.) for Maddu Kuri Annamma, \$5; Sarnia, (16cts. Thank-offering), \$2.16; Peterborough, (Murray St.), \$13.50; Port Burwell, \$4; Dixie, for Darine Yesudasu, \$6; London, (Egerton St.), \$1.50; Toronto, Parliament St., for Murde Sarah, \$8.00; Belleville, Extra Cent-a-Day Band for Sarah of Narsapatnam, Bible Woman, \$20; Brooklyn, for Karu Sanyasi, (completing payments for 1896), \$6; Toronto, (Walmer Rd.), for Karunamma Sadhi, \$6; Fonthill, \$2; Total, \$94.10.

FROM SUNDRIES.—Mrs. E. Southworth, Theford, \$1; A sister, Aylmer, a New Year's Thank-offering, \$10; Mr. Thos. Stewart, Belleville, \$5; Total, \$16.

TOTAL RECEIPTS DURING THE MONTH, \$871.02.

DISBURSEMENTS.—To General Treasurer for regular work, \$548.00; Total, \$548.00.

Total Receipts since May 1st, 1896, \$5687.74. Total Disbursements, same time, \$5247.85.

NOTE.—In the last list the total receipts during the month should read \$1590.28, instead of \$1695.28 as printed.

Will the Treasurers of Circles and Bands kindly give attention to a notice addressed to them in the next issue?

VIOLET ELLIOT, Treasurer.

100 Pembroke St., Toronto.

W. B. M. U.

MOTTO FOR THE YEAR: "We are laborers together with God"

PRAYER TOPIC FOR FEBRUARY.—For Mr. and Mrs. Corey, and Miss Clark, that many souls may be won to Christ in Kinedy through their efforts. That Miss Clark's health may be restored.

SOUL LONGINGS.

- O to be trusted and trusty.
- O to be faithful and true;
- Loyally serving my Captain,
- Always prepared for review.
- O to be just where he wants me,
- There in his presence to stand;
- Willing to do to the utmost
- Aught he may please to command.
- O to be fully surrendered,
- Never a will of my own;
- All of my life for his kingdom,
- All of my heart for his throne.
- Thus to be guided entirely
- By the sweet counsel of grace;
- Never a word to oppose Him,
- Never a thought to displace.

O to be filled with the Spirit,
Emptied the dross and the tin;
Filled with that wonderful fulness,
Sanctified thoroughly from sin.
So to be more than a conqueror,
Never a moment of loss—
Never a shadow of failure
In the crusade of the Cross.

Lord, to provide me this blessing
Is a small matter with Thee;
Here would I claim thine own promise,
Claim it as given to me.
Bring I the tithes and the offerings,
All at thy pierced feet I pour;
Open the windows of heaven—
Bless me as never before.

—JOHN WILFRID M'CLURE.

When this number of the LINK reaches our readers, the second quarter of our Convention Year will have ended, and we hope each Society and Band will have sent the Quarterly remittance to the Treasurer. It is not worth while to wait for the large sums to come in. Our missionaries must be paid quarterly, so send what you have.

Every Society and Band should strive to send in a little more this year than last. There should be advance all along the line. The close of every year should see an advance in membership. Our aim is to have every woman in every church a member of the Aid Society.

Two cents a week, and a prayer, is what is asked.

During the week of prayer one day was set apart for "Prayer for Missions." What a grand thought! The whole Christian world bowed in prayer for one object, while in Heaven God the Holy Spirit, and God the Son were making intercession.

Will the Church look for the answers?

The greatest of modern Hindoos, Keshub Chunder Sen, once said: "I fear for my countrymen that they will sink from the hell of heathenism into the deeper hell of infidelity." The prospect is that in the course of a few generations the heathen world will become either Christian or Agnostic. Which it will become, will depend upon the church:—DR. J. STRONG.

REST IN TOIL.

Self-sin is pain; the only rest
Is labor for a worthy end,
A toil that gains with what it yields,
And scatters to its own increase,
And hears, while sowing outward fields,
The harvest song of inward peace.

Sir Richard Temple is certain that the only way in which the distress of India can be met is by the action of the Government; nevertheless, he is glad that there should be voluntary help, because it will produce a good impression upon the native mind. This is even more true of the help from Russia. "It is most kind," he says, "of the Russian authorities to make efforts for so distant a population as that of India." Every cord of kindness woven between nations is to be hailed as a bond

of peace. Out of this trouble will come unexpected good. If Russia aids India, her action will affect our public opinion in relation to Russia, and hers in relation to us.

Rev. F. B. Moyer has remarked that "the Christian is the only man who cannot live beyond his income." This is perfectly true. The Christian can give only as he has received. He cannot borrow to give, or simulate a generosity beyond his means, his hope, and his love. The branch can only bear grapes according to the measure in which it has received from the fulness in the stem and the root. Union with Christ is the condition of any giving at all, and once it has been established, the measure of all sorts of giving depends upon the freeness and fulness of the Saviour's entrance into our hearts. If the sap of his grace is unhindered by unbelief or sin of any kind, it will flow abundantly through the soul, and make it that it shall be neither barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of Him. The first thing wanted in all Christians is a full fountain in their hearts, a rich experience of the grace of Christ.

There are forty millions of people in Japan, and as yet only 112,000 Christians, of whom 50,000 are Roman Catholics, 23,000 belong to the Greek Mission, and 39,000 to the various Episcopal and Nonconformist Missions. The last mentioned, "with the exception of a small branch of the Salvation Army recently established, are conducted entirely by Americans." One of the difficulties of the work arises from the impressible character of present Japanese thought, which eagerly absorbs European sceptical ideas, which thus arise to confront the missionary in his work. Therefore, as it has been well said, "progress in Christian truth will largely depend upon the progress of Christianity in Europe and America."—*Christian.*

THE HARP WELL TUNED.

"TEA UPON THE HARP WILL I PRAISE THEE."—PS. XLIII. 4.

Let not the harp be still,
Let not one cord be mute,
To love—immortal love—
Strike, strike the loftiest note!
Love, in the Cross of Calvary shown;
Love, in the cry, "He finished," known.

Strike, strike another cord!
The Saviour lives again,
And resurrection power
Demands a joyous strain;
See, see a stone at break of day
By angel hands is rolled away.

Again awake the song!
To echo through the sky,—
The Lord of glory see
Exalted up on high;
Let lovely anthems greet Him there,
And sweetest strains your homage bear.

Strike yet the harp once more!
For He is coming soon,
To bring for his beloved
A bright eternal noon!
The "morning star" uprising see,
Oh, glorious hour of victory!

ALBERT MIDLAND

"The first two things in the early church were prayer and missions, and the deepest alliance in the early church has caught something of the spirit of those early days, it has been manifested in a new devotion to missions and a revival of prayer." *Pres. Rec.*

EXTRACTS FROM THE REPORT OF THE SECRETARY FOR YARMOUTH CO., N.S.

Our first public meeting was held September 21st at Port Maitland, Mrs. D. H. McQuarrie, President of the local Aid Society, presiding. After the opening exercises an interesting paper was read by Mrs. McQuarrie, on "Our duty to give the Gospel to the world," and a helpful paper by Mrs. Blackadar, whose subject was, "There is work for thee."

Mrs. Corning then read a selection from the LINK, after which the County Secretary addressed the meeting, giving a short account of the Convention at Berwick, and urging the sisters to greater effort in carrying out our Saviour's last command.

On Sunday, October 4th, Rev. B. H. Thomas kindly gave up his preaching services, and after opening the meeting in the morning at Cheyoggin and introducing my work, gave me an opportunity to address his congregation on "Woman's work for heathen women and children."

A Mission Band was then organized with twenty-one members; President, Rev. B. H. Thomas; Secretary, Miss Lennie Carey.

In the afternoon, at Overton—another section of the West Yarmouth church—a meeting similar to the morning service was held, but with still more encouraging results. A Band was organized here with thirty-four members; Superintendent, Rev. B. H. Thomas; President, Miss Nellie Rose; Vice-President, Miss Viola Harris; Secretary, Miss H. Carey; Treasurer, Miss Blanche Foote.

We also organized an Aid Society at the same time, with twelve members; President, Mrs. Isaac Killam; Vice-President, Mrs. Wm. Bethune; Secretary, Mrs. Allison Cole; Treasurer, Mrs. James Rose.

On November 3rd I met with the Aid Society of the Temple church, and with the Society at Zion church on the 4th. These societies are steadily moving on.

On November 9th a meeting was held in the North Temple church, Ohio. As there was no Society, the County Secretary presided. The meeting opened with singing, reading of Scripture, and prayer by Rev. D. H. McQuarrie.

Mrs. P. S. MacGregor read the tract, "A Hindu Widow's True History." Mrs. McQuarrie read an instructive paper on "Life in the Zenanas"; and the County Secretary addressed the sisters on the duty of

women in Christian lands to give the Gospel to the destitute, showing the advantages of an Aid Society to this end.

A Society was then organized with seventeen members. This Society is to be called "The North Temple and Ohio Aid Society," as it is a union of both churches in woman's work.

The officers chosen were:—President, Mrs. P. S. MacGregor; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Albert Clements and Miss Maria Scovill; Secretary, Miss Judith Crosby; Treasurer for North Temple, Miss F. Blackadar; Ohio, Miss B. Churchill. A hopeful feature of this Society is that so many young people are entering into the work.

The Mission Band at Chebogue gave a very interesting Harvest Home concert on October 25th, which was a success in every way. There is a marked increase in the interest in missions, both at Arcadia and Chebogue, since the organization of a Band in the former place in March, and in the latter in April.

We have here an evidence of the importance of Mission Bands. Interest the children and you interest the fathers and mothers, besides training the coming generation for efficient work in the future.

(MRS.) P. R. FOSTER,
Co. Sec. for Yarmouth.

January 5th, 1897.

FROM THE WORLD FIELD.

The wide prevalence of the English language is shown from the fact that, at a meeting of natives in Calcutta lately, out of a thousand representatives of the various families of the human race there present, many tongues were represented, such as Hindi, Hindustani, Punjabi, Tamil, etc.; but the one and only tongue which was the common vehicle of communication, and in which they could make themselves intelligible, was the *English tongue*, the language inseparably connected with the English Bible, the language of the world's predominant missions.

Sierra Leone affords a vast field of unoccupied labor—thirty-nine fortieths of the protectorate have not as yet been touched by any missionary society, and every district is now easy of access and open to missionary work.

Over 400 converts have been added to the church in the English Baptist Mission at Ching Chou Fu during the last year.

A large band of devoted men and women is needed for Korea.

A band of very resolute and self-sacrificing men and women are now on the borders of Tibet, mastering the native language and preparing to push towards the very capital itself, as soon as it can be done with any measure of safety.

One Tibetan has been converted and proposes to devote himself to the proclamation of the Gospel among his own people.

FROM THE AID SOCIETIES AND BANDS.

In a note from the Sec., Miss Sabean, we learn that the Aid Society was re-organized at New Tuset, Digby Co., N.S. on Nov. 22nd, by Rev. H. A. Giffin, with twelve members, and more are expected to join at the next meeting.

The above was sent in time for the January LINK, but owing to a mistake was not inserted. A. E. J.

We take the following from the *Nictaux Baptist*, in which the Aid Societies of Annapolis have a column edited by the County Secretary, Mrs. Brown.

Mrs. Brown had written us of her desire to have the Societies of Ann County raise Miss Newcombe's salary. It seems as though this could be easily done. Annapolis is a large County, and is pretty well supplied with workers. May our sister have every success.

The Paradise W. M. A. S. met at the home of sister Mrs. W. E. Starratt, on Tuesday, Nov. 3rd. Meeting opened with singing, reading of scripture and earnest prayers for our missionaries on their way to India, and for those on the field. The Treasurer reported \$10.00 received for the quarter. At the request of the President, several sisters expressed a willingness to contribute towards Miss Newcombe's salary. After the disposal of business an interesting programme was carried out. Reading by Mrs. Morse; recitation, Mrs. W. E. Starratt; reading, Mrs. A. Starratt. The letter from *Tidings* was also read. Meeting closed with Doxology.

MRS. J. BALCOM.

TORBROOK.—A very interesting meeting was held at Deacon Harding Parker's, of the Torbrook W. M. A. S. In the absence of the President, Mrs. J. W. Brown opened the meeting. Nine sisters were present, and all participated in the service, either by an original paper, prayer or Scripture texts. A strong feeling seemed to prevail that we would attempt greater things in His dear name in the future. One new member joined our ranks. Thus closed a most profitable session. Meeting dismissed with prayer by Deacon Harding Parker.

NOTICE TO THE BANDS IN NOVA SCOTIA.

Will the Secretary of each Band write me, telling of the progress of their work, and also what they think is most needed to help them?

A. E. JOHNSTONE,
Prov. Sec. W. B. M. U.

Dartmouth, N.S.

BASS RIVER,
COLCHESTER CO., N.S.

Dear Link,—On Wednesday, Jan. 6th, our Society held a Thank-offering meeting. It being a very unpleasant afternoon, few were able to be present, our number being only eight; but several sisters sent in their offering. We had a grand meeting, the presence of the Master was felt. One sister remarking at the close of the meeting, "These meetings are like the oasis in the desert, they are so helpful and refreshing." Our offering amounted to four dollars; we are hoping more will come in later. Each offering was accompanied by a verse of Scripture or hymn, and all was given with a thankful heart, in gratitude to Him who gave His life for us. We have just organized a Mission Band with a membership of ten, and the prospect of more joining in the spring.

S. ANNIE CLARK.

Young People's Department.

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS IN INDIA.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS IN CANADA.

Dear Girls and Boys,—One evening, a year ago last February, a young man came into my tent, with his face beaming, and his eyes sparkling like the stars. I was startled by his sudden appearance and the weird joy of his countenance. Before a word was spoken, my heart began to burn within me.

He was a Telugu of the Goldsmith caste, and a cousin of P. Somalingam's. Through Somalingam's life and preaching, he had been led to believe in Jesus. But his father had been determined not to let him become a Christian. They kept watch over him as if he were insane. The Hindu never becomes independent. He is expected to obey his father and elder brothers as long as they live. Even that father and those elder brothers themselves dare not make any important change without the consent of all their uncles and aunts and cousins. Therefore as soon as this young man started out to follow Christ, he was caught in the savage embrace of a hundred pagan arms. He came to my camp that night, fluttering like a bird just escaped from cruel captors. Under the cover of that friendly darkness which once protected the timid "ruler of the Jews," he sat down on the palm leaf mat, and we talked of that sweet forbidden name. After a precious hour of fellowship at the feet of Jesus he glided out of the tent door, and stole along an unfrequented path to his dark home.

It was a long time before we could manage to meet again; for the next day his father hired a cart and sent him away to a distant village, far beyond the reach of the missionary. Nor was he allowed to come back until that dangerous character had departed with his tent, helpers and baggage to another region.

However, as Somalingam lived in the same village he was able to meet the new convert often. Many a time this determined youth stole away from his father's house, to sit at Somalingam's feet and learn of Jesus, and through his teacher he kept sending messages to me, declaring his faith in the Saviour and his intention to be baptized at the earliest possible date. But eighteen months went by and yet he was held fast in the clutches of caste, under the thumb of Beelzebub. To the missionary, "CASTE" becomes one of the worst words in any language. Caste is Satan's chain and its clanking fetters are on the feet and hands and neck of every Hindu, when he rises to follow Christ. To his horror he finds himself in irons, locked to the gates of hell! And so well does the infernal machinery work, that the more he strains to get free, the hotter grow the links to gall and burn his soul! But thank God, there are no shackles that were ever forged in gehenna, but there is One who can smite them with His sword, and breaks them in pieces like a potter's vessel!

Early in September we went on tour and took up our abode in a Traveller's Bungalow on the banks of the Chittavalasa river. A week ago last Thursday, 10th inst., Somalingam and Soorynarayana came there to see us. This long word is the name of the young man of whom we are talking. We made a plan for him to run away to Bimlipatam, by night, to be baptized. He said his wife was only thirteen years old, but she was willing to come with him. If she did not come with him, her relatives would come and carry her away to her old home where she would be treated as a Hindu widow all the days of her life. But by coming to Bimli with her husband and dining with the Christians, she would break her caste, and her relatives would not be so anxious to get her back.

The next day one of the native preachers went to Polepilly to help complete the plan. He brought back word that they would arrive at Bimlipatam the next Sunday morning before daylight. But early Saturday morning, a coolie came with a letter. It was read and torn up at once, but as I remember, it read in substance as follows:

Polepilly, Sept. 12, '96.

"T. Soorynarayana with many salaams to Mr. L. D. Morse.

Last night I sent you word by Mr. Appalaswamy, that I would arrive at Bimlipatam before daylight on Sunday to be baptized. I have discovered some business which must be settled first, and have been compelled to postpone my baptism one week. Meanwhile, I plan to go to — village, attend to the business, and arrive at Bimli with my wife before sunrise on Sunday, Sept. 20th, one week from to-morrow. Pray that God may spare my life and enable me to overcome all obstacles in carrying out this plan."

There was no signature at the end, for like James, Peter, Paul and oriental writers generally, he put his name at the beginning of the letter.

Then we moved on to another place, and while preaching to the people of the surrounding villages, we were also praying night and day for this man. Our unceasing

prayers for him brought us nearer to God. While we were interceding for this convert eight miles away, we were witnessing with more than usual power to the heathen at our door. I have seldom seen the unruly Telugus hushed into more breathless attention, than they were on this tour. The only explanation we could find, was that we were so driven to the Throne of Grace as our only hope for this young man, that waking or sleeping, we lived our days and nights beneath the mercy seat, and it was thence that we went out to preach. We learned again to explain, "How foolish and wicked we are when we try to work for Jesus, without His inspiring presence!"

On Friday, Sept. 18th, we came home. It is our custom to baptize at the seashore in the mouth of the Chittavalasa river. But the river is nearly dry now and the waves have filled its mouth with a long bank of sand, although there is still a large sheet of water, it is stagnant and impure, hardly a fit element in which to symbolize "the washing of regeneration and the renewing of the Holy Ghost." The Bay of Bengal indeed is blue and pure, but its billows are ever rolling high and thundering on the beach. Therefore we conclude to perform the ordinance in the garden baptistery.

We walked the top verandah in the cool of the day, looked at Polepilly hill and prayed for two hearts that were beating beneath it. When the night fell on the sea and the fields, and a haze in the atmosphere made the hill invisible by moonlight, we knew that the darkness and the light were both alike to God, and that He had not yet forgotten how to bring His children out of Egypt. We committed their case into the never failing hands of Jehovah, and the last thing I remember that night, I was humming over and over again:

"The servants of the Lord go forth
To seek a foreign shore,
And whoso'er their footsteps move,
That hope makes sweet the air;
And all the path is paved with love
And coupled with prayer."

Then the hymn seemed condensed to two lines:

"And whoso'er their footsteps move,
That hope makes sweet the air."

At length it was only one line:

"That hope makes sweet the air,
— makes sweet the air."

And I thought I was falling to sleep with my head upon the Saviour's breast. Such is the missionary's joy "over one sinner that repenteth!"

Before daylight Sunday morning, I was awakened by somebody rattling at the door. When I got out there was the man with his wife and K. Appalawamy. The moon was just peering over the top of the hill, before going down. There beneath his setting silvery beams, we knelt and one after another returned thanks to God.

Sooryunarayana took off his sacred string and permitted me to take the scissors and shear off his "jutta," and was thus stripped of the last outward sign of Hinduism. As the sun was rising out of the Bay of Bengal, he was baptized in the garden, beneath the margosa tree, "into the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit," and at nine o'clock sat down with us at the Lord's supper. The plant which our heavenly Father planted in Polepilly, has become a tree and is bearing fruit. This fruit is the first, but not the last.

Yours sincerely,

L. D. MORSE.

Bimlipatam, India, Sept. 21.

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