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THE Canadian Missionary Link.

CANADA.

In the Interests of the Baptist Foreign Mission Societies of Canada.

INDIA.

VOL. 8, No. 2.] "The Gentiles shall come to Thy light, and kings to the brightness of Thy rising."—Is. lx. 3. [Oct., 1885.

WE WERE misinformed as to Mrs. Freeland's probable return to Toronto. She is to remain in Brandon for the present at least.

MISSIONARY MAP.—As was announced in an earlier issue, Mr. Craig's large colored missionary map is now for sale. A copy of it should be in every circle if not in every family. Send 25 cents to the Standard Publishing Company, Toronto, for a copy.

YOUNG PEOPLES' DEPARTMENT.—We have no doubt but that most of what we have placed under this heading will be found equally interesting to young and old. It is our intention to publish nothing in any department that is not well worth reading.

OUR ILLUSTRATION.—This month we have secured for our readers an admirable picture of Chinese life. While we shall continue to keep India well to the front, we intend in each number to give some account of mission work in other fields. Some articles we had selected on Chinese missions were crowded out by other matter.

OUR missionary party will doubtless be arriving at Cocanada about the time the LINK reaches its readers or a little later. It will be a time of rejoicing to the patient, overburdened workers who will receive them and to those who go to enter upon the work either anew or for the first time. Let us all pray earnestly that the arrival of the Craigs and the Stillwells may mark a new era in the mission—an era of abounding prosperity.

THE ANNUAL MEETINGS.—The prospects are favorable this year for most excellent annual meetings in Montreal and St. Catharines, (Oct. 8 and 9). For the first time the newly organized Women's Baptist Home Mission Society of Western Ontario, will meet with the Foreign Society. This will doubtless add materially to the attendance and the interest. We trust that as many of the circles as possible will be represented, and that all the delegates will endeavor to contribute to the interest of the meetings.

MISS VIOLET ELLIOT wishes to remind delegates to the St. Catharines Meeting (Oct. 8), of the importance of being at their railway stations at least a quarter of an hour before the train is due to leave, in order that they may have plenty of time to get their certificates marked by the ticket agent; and also, of the importance of bring-

their certificates with them to the afternoon session of the Meeting, in order that she may sign them. Those delegates who have not yet secured certificates for reduced fare should send for them at once to Miss Violet Elliot, 99 Pembroke Street, Toronto, and those who have not yet sent their names to Mrs. Wm. Hewson, St. Catharines, for entertainment should lose no time in doing so. Delegates to the Eastern Meeting at Montreal (Oct. 8), will correspond with Miss Muir, 1460 St. Catharines St., Montreal, with reference to entertainment, railway certificates, etc.

CONGO MISSIONS.—So many deaths have occurred among the missionaries to the Congo region that many are beginning to ask whether it is worth while for white men and women to attempt to labor there. But the enthusiasm of the English Baptists seem to have increased in proportion to the peril, and a fine corps of young men have volunteered to step into the places left vacant by untimely deaths. The English Baptists have not the remotest idea of abandoning the Congo.

THAT QUESTION BOX.—In the July number we stated that at the annual meeting some time would be given to answering questions pertaining to the successful carrying on of Mission Circles; and requested our friends to send in such questions as might occur to them to be printed in the LINK. No questions have as yet been received; but we trust our readers will bear in mind the Question Box at the annual meeting and be prepared to ask such questions as will assist in bringing out all the information and suggestions that any of the delegates may be able to give.

LEARNING TO PRAY.—It occurred to us while reading our article for the young people on this subject that it might be a good plan for some of our circles to adopt a modified form. One of the difficulties which leaders of circles meet is finding a sufficient number of sisters who will lead in prayer. Surely it is highly important that a good part of the time of a meeting be given to prayer. Let us ask ourselves why we shrink from the performance of this duty? Is it not that we have not the cause of missions sufficiently laid upon our hearts? *Are we in earnest?*

WOMEN'S BAPTIST MISSIONARY UNION OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES.—The annual meeting of this or-

ganization, held a few weeks ago at Amherst, N.S., must have been a very interesting one. We have the pleasure of laying before our readers the President's address and a good report of the meeting by Miss Amy Johnston, of Dartmouth, N.S., who was appointed by the Union to be the LINK's correspondent for the Maritime Provinces. We welcome her most cordially to this position and trust that she will keep our readers well informed with reference to the doings of our sisters by the sea.

From another correspondent we learn that "Mrs. W. N. Clarke, of Toronto, being called upon, expressed the pleasure it gave her to meet with the Union here, and conveyed to them the greetings of the Ontario Sisters." To the same correspondent we are indebted for the list of officers which we here give:—*President*—Mrs. M. W. Williams; *Vice-Presidents*—Mrs. J. E. Hopper, Mrs. J. F. Parsons, Mrs. A. H. Lavers; *Corresponding Secretary*—Mrs. John March; *Treasurer*—Mrs. J. W. Manning; *Auditor*—Mrs. E. M. Saunders; *Provincial Secretaries*—Mrs. Stephen Selden, Halifax, N. S.; Mrs. A. R. Emerson, Dorchester, N. B.; Miss L. A. King, Prince Edward Island; *Executive Committee*—Mrs. C. Spurden, Mrs. Jessie Harding, Miss M. M. Stewart, Miss Ada Hooper, Mrs. William Allwood, Mrs. James E. Marsters, Miss H. Layton, Miss Hannah Jones, Mrs. R. Phillips, Mrs. Moses Cowan, Miss Mary Cramp, Mrs. Allison Smith, Mrs. J. F. Marsters, Mrs. A. W. Sawyer, Mrs. P. R. Foster, Mrs. Clarke, Mrs. J. Robinson, Mrs. C. H. Martell, Mrs. A. I. Murray, Mrs. B. Howitt, Mrs. W. J. Stewart, Miss Amy Johnston, Mrs. J. Harding, Mrs. J. F. Kempton.

TRAINING FOR CHRISTIAN WOMEN.—We wish to call the special attention of our readers to the article by Mrs. Meyer under this heading. We have long been convinced that the Women's Societies need more workers in the foreign field, and that those appointed should be *trained* workers. The Baptist Training School in Chicago can be utilized by us. The cost of sustaining a student for one year is, we believe, \$250. If suitable young ladies could be found, willing to devote themselves to foreign mission work, and willing to prepare themselves for it by a course of study, we think it would be well for each of our societies to pay the expenses of at least one during such a preparatory course.

THE LINK FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.—In our last number we suggested that the LINK might be used to advantage in Sunday Schools, particularly in the more advanced classes. The first Sunday School to respond was that of the little church at Puslinch, Ont., with a subscription for 13 copies. We are sure that the matter has only to be brought properly before the officers of our Sunday Schools throughout the Dominion to insure the introduction of the paper into many of them. We should like to be able to report in a few months that four or five hundred Sunday Schools have followed the good example

set by the Puslinch. We again request the good offices of our friends in using their influence with Sunday School officers.

AN INTERESTING BOOK.—One of the ablest and most interesting books on missions that we have met is *Thompson's Moravian Missions*. The volume consists of twelve lectures delivered before the Andover Theological Seminary and the Theological Department of the Boston University. The first lecture gives an account of the early history of the Bohemian and Moravian Brethren, of the dreadful persecutions that drove from their homes such as were not massacred, of their refuge at Herrnhut and their organization as a missionary society. The second lecture is devoted to the life of Count Zinzendorf, and there are few men that have devoted their lives from early youth so completely to the service of God and their fellowmen. Other lectures, take up one by one the most important mission fields of the Brethren, beginning with the West Indies, where they endured unspeakable hardships, and many of them sacrificed their lives on behalf of the wretched and thoroughly heathenish negro slaves. Missions to South and Central America is the subject of the fourth lecture. Here the work was among the aboriginal tribes, the negro slaves, and the so-called Bush negroes—negroes and their descendants who had escaped from bondage and who were far fiercer than the Indian tribes themselves. They had far more to discourage them here than in the West Indies and were obliged again and again to abandon their work only to renew it when opportunity offered. Other lectures treat of their work in Greenland, in Labrador, among the North American Indians, in South Africa, and Australia. The Moravians led the way in modern missions and their history has been a history of missions from the beginning. We hope in future numbers to give some extracts from this valuable book.

Was it a Little?

BY MRS. HATTIE F. BELL.

With hammer and mallet and chisel,
The work went steadily on;
And the walls grow higher and higher,
Till the beautiful church was done,
E'en to the costly tablet.

Recording the monarch's name,
As a signet to all the people
Of honor and glory and fame.
And the king, in his royal grandeur,
Looked up to the glittering tower
And smiled. "I built this structure
In the strength of my kingly power;
And I issued the royal edict

That nothing, however small,
Should be given by any other—
Mine, mine is the glory all."

But the night crept into his chamber,
And brooded above his head;
It brought strange dreams and fancies
As he lay on his royal bed.

He thought, as he gazed on the tablet,
An angel's hand erased
The name of the proud young monarch—
His name—with eager haste;
While in its stead was written,
In letters of burning gold,
The unknown name of another,
A widow—forsaken and old.

When the morn looked into his chamber
Through the curtains' silken sheen,
He sent for the poor lone woman
Who bore the name he had seen;
And when she stood before him
His angrily questioned, "Why
Did you disobey my bidding?
You surely cannot deny
You must have given some tribute,
Or helped in unknown ways
To build that church, whose tablet
Heralds for me all praise."

She murmured, "Oh, forgive me,
Dear King, for it is true;
I felt so glad and happy,
I did, sire, pray for you.
And as the jaded horses
Went with the heavy stone,
I gave them but a wisp of hay—
Only a little one.
I knew some day a church, sire,
From out those stones would grow,
And I did it for my Master,
Because I love him so."

Into that royal bosom
God sent an arrow down;
Strange thoughts were flitting through it,
Strange thoughts before unknown
To him who wore a diadem
And sat upon a throne;
Strange thoughts and stranger feelings,
Promptings of good from heaven,
A page from his own selfish heart
For him to read was given.

"Blot from off the tablet
The royal name," he said,
"And let this noble woman's
Be written in its stead."
With hammer and mallet and chisel
Down came the kingly fame,
And in beautiful golden letters
There glittered the widow's name.
"The Lord be praised forever,"
The king said. "Let it be
Proclaimed through all my kingdom
What this has done for me;
The gift of an humble woman
Is the sweetest charity.
Her little in God's balance
Before the eternal throne
Would far outweigh in worthiness
All I have ever done.
She did it for God's glory,
I did it for my own."—*Christian Weekly*.

Address

OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE WOMEN'S BAPTIST MISSIONARY UNION OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES AT THE ANNUAL MEETING HELD IN AMHERST, N. S., 24TH AUGUST, 1885.

We have come together at this time, according to arrangement, with two objects in view: 1st. To review the year that has just passed; to note the progress we have

made; to mark our successes and encouragements; to look fairly at our mistakes; and to learn wisdom by all our experiences. 2nd. To look into the year before us; to see what work is before us; to examine our resources; to see how much of the great necessity we see we can supply; and how much of what we *might* and *ought* to do we have courage and faith to undertake.

The short time at our disposal must not be consumed by any lengthened remarks of mine; but I would press upon your hearts and take into my own to-day the claims which this work has upon us. It is a work to which our Master has called us. He has come to each of us personally and how shall we praise Him, has called us by His grace. He has so revealed Himself to us that our hearts have been constrained to cry, "Lord, what wilt Thou have us to do?" and the answer comes to us clearer and stronger this day than ever before, "Bring my daughters from the ends of the earth." He has called us by His *Providence*. This work of missions had come to a point where it could do little more until the citadel of superstition—the home—had been reached—*woman only can reach it*. Miss Hart in her preface to her "History of Women's Societies," beautifully says, "There are springs in the machinery which only a woman's fingers can touch and move; and crooked and narrow places where only her feet can tread; low levels which only her hands can raise; and recesses of sin and sorrow where only her voice can be heard." Do we not recognize in these considerations our commission?

Our benighted sisters call us—'tis because we by our own natures and experiences are fitted to commiserate their condition. Is it not the mother who has gathered into her own heart "rich treasures from childhood's opening bloom" who can fully sympathize with the heathen mother who commits her babe to the cruel Ganges that she may appease some angry deity; or who having a daughter born to her either leaves it to perish or gives it into a slavery which is worse than death?

Will not honored wives and happy girls with all life's brightest hopes clustering round them be moved to pity the despair which must have prompted those seven young girls of whom Miss Field tells, who, in their festal garments stole from their homes at midnight, and hand in hand plunged into the dark waters, choosing death rather than the miseries and degradation which awaited them as wives?

From such conditions as these they call to us for the gospel. Year by year their cry grows more plaintive and importunate. "If you believe," said one poor woman piteously to a missionary, "if you believe that we are dying without your Saviour, why do not more of you come to tell us of him?" And another, a poor Shan woman pleads, "Will you not tell the Christian women in America how fast we are dying, and ask them if they cannot send the gospel a little faster?" To such calls we *must* listen until the privileges and joys which are ours—ours because of this blessed gospel—with which we are just in trust for them—becomes the heritage of the women of the whole earth.

Moreover this is work to which the churches have called us. In the year book of 1870, we find this resolution adopted by representatives of the churches in convention. "Resolved, that provided sister Hannah Maria Morris be willing to acquire the Karen language, or any other which the Board may direct, with the view to engage in an independent mission; in the event of such a mission being established by this body, we receive her, and we will send her out as our missionary subject to the concurrence of the Convention, as soon as the Board shall be furnished with the funds necessary."

It was subsequently resolved—"That an appeal be made to the sisters in these provinces to supply the funds necessary for this object." This appeal was responded to and through the efforts of Miss Norris, aid societies came into existence all over the provinces.

Each Aid Society that was then, and that has since been organized, has had the sanction of the church with which its members are connected, and bears its name.

Our meetings are announced from the pulpit, and the claims of our work frequently urged upon the attention of the sisters by our pastors.

Our funds are applied to work already assumed by the Foreign Missionary Board, the executive of the churches, and from year to year we have had their cordial approval and hearty thanks. They have recognised in us true help-meets, laboring side by side with them in the God-given relations established in Eden; marred it is true by sin; and distorted just in proportion to the power of evil over nations, and in the hearts of individuals, until, in the dark places which are filled with the habitations of cruelty, woman is under the very heel of man, but restored as the head of the serpent is bruised. And so far as the gospel of Christ leavens nations and controls individuals; just so far is woman raised to her original position, and man and woman are one in Christ Jesus.

Having thus been called by our Master, by our benighted sisters, and by the churches, and having put our hand to the plough, we will never look back. We have not only a firm footing side by side with the many thousands of Christian women in England and America, who are about this work to-day and with others of all times and countries whose names adorn the pages of history; but also with many noble examples of courage and devotion furnished us by our infallible guide—the Scriptures.

When the children of Israel led by Moses sang their song of triumph, Miriam led the women in response; when the timid Barah was not equal to Israel's emergency, Deborah was ready to deliver them; when in the days of Ahasuerus the captive Jews were threatened with utter destruction, there had come into the kingdom for such a time as this an Esther, who was ready to take her life in her hand that she might avert their doom; when an Apollon needed to have the way of the Lord expounded unto him more fully, Priscilla failed not in her part of the necessary and important work; and, when the Son of Man who had not where to lay his head, needed human sympathy, although Judas betrayed and Peter denied Him, and James and John could not watch one hour with Him, the loving ministrations of Mary were never wanting. She was last at the cross, and being first at the sepulchre, was the first to catch the glad word, "He has risen." She was first to receive his tender greeting, to respond with a woman's loyalty, "Rabboni!" and was commissioned by her risen Lord Himself to "Go and tell the brethren."

Stimulated by such examples as these let us stand firmer than ever.

We have been held together by self-denying and consecrated workers whose renowned names will ever live in our memories, led by them we have been enabled to do much for the cause we love. And now in closer union of purpose and effort we may hope for a future worthy of our worthy past. Let us see to it that the raiment in which the King's daughter is to appear all glorious, has woven into its beauty our threads of gold and purple.

THE essence of true nobility is neglect of self. Let the thought of self pass in, and the beauty of great action is gone, like the bloom from a soiled flower.—*Froude*.

Discouragements.

BY REV. A. P. MCDIARMID.

That which seemed disaster has sometimes proved the stepping-stone to triumph. Apparent reverses have often served the purpose of revealing the existence and developing the strength of a grand Christian missionary spirit. The apathy and opposition William Carey had to encounter did not quench the fire that burned in his soul, but rather made it burn with intenser glow. The difficulties that piled themselves up in the path of Adoniram Judson afforded his grand, heroic, conquering missionary spirit the opportunity of revealing itself and the triumphs it was capable of achieving. The attempt to dissuade Francis Xavier from his purpose by portraying the perils to which he was about to expose himself, called forth the memorable words of triumph, "Whatever form of torture or death awaits me I am ready to suffer it ten thousand times for the salvation of a single soul," and his life proved him no vain boaster. The murder of Williams, the Gordons, and others by savage cannibals, served as occasions to reveal what stuff their brethren were made of, who showed themselves ready to step into the breach counting not their own lives dear unto themselves, that they might testify the gospel of the grace of God to the savage islanders.

If we would see at the present time a striking illustration of this fact we have but to turn our eyes to the mission of the English Baptists on the Congo. What mission has been suffering such seeming disasters? The deadly African fever has been making havoc among the missionaries. One after another has been cut down, some of them ere they had scarcely entered upon their work. Under these circumstances are the missionaries asking to be recalled? Are the promoters talking of abandoning the mission? Nay, rather these sad reverses have kindled a spirit of enthusiasm both at home and on the foreign field. The missionaries on the field have been beseeching the people at home not to become discouraged. The spirit of missions is triumphing gloriously over these seeming disasters. The Rev. T. J. Comber is now on his way back to the field accompanied by five noble young men who are ready, if God so orders, to lay down their lives on the altar of this mission. Mr. Comber is showing himself possessed of a truly heroic spirit. He buried his beloved wife in Congo soil. His brother—a medical missionary—who gave promise of great usefulness, fell a victim to the fever after a few months' service. And now he is going forth again, taking with him—one of the five—his only remaining brother, ready to live or die for Christ on the Congo. The day of Christian heroism is not passed. At home the people are responding with a spirit of enthusiasm to the calls for money, and young men are offering themselves for the work, cheerfully coming forward to reinforce the broken ranks. As an illustration of the spirit awakened, a widowed lady has written expressing her willingness to give up her only son—a University graduate—to the work of the Congo. If we understand the marching orders of the church of Christ, and if we are animated by the spirit of Christ, difficulties, perils, what men call discouragements and disasters, will not appal, unnerve, and paralyze us, but will challenge our faith and heroism, which, called to measure swords, will achieve their most splendid and Christ-like triumphs.

ONE of the missionaries computes that the contributions of the members of the Japanese Congregational churches would have been equivalent here to an average of not less than \$20 a member.

Training for Christian Women.

BY LUCY RIDER MEYER.

The activity of woman in Christian work is one of the marked characteristics of the times in which we live. Our church mothers in their ladies' prayer-meetings of fifty years ago, lifting their voices hardly above their breath as they besought the Lord to have mercy on the world lying in wickedness, little thought God was going to answer their prayer so largely by their own daughters.

First we had a great "concern of mind," as our quaint Quaker sisters express it, for our dark-skinned sisters over the sea, shut up in the living tombs where the gospel preached by man could never reach them; and getting hold of the great thought of organization, the Women's Foreign Missionary societies were formed in the churches. The brethren shook their heads in doubtful questioning at first, but in a few years they shook their heads the other way in heartiest approval. Then came the liberation of a nation of slaves in our midst, the pouring in upon us of floods of unchristianized immigration, and the alarming spread of the plague-spot in Utah; and woman has again come to the rescue in her Home Missionary societies, with hundreds of missionaries. And the temperance work, wise and unwise, absorbs much of the time and thought of hundreds more.

This brilliant outburst of womanly activity has been so interesting that we have forgotten to be critical; and it has been so sudden that the ladies themselves have hardly been able to adjust themselves to its needs. But one pressing necessity is just now forcing itself upon our attention, and that is the need of better preparation on the part of our lady missionaries. Compare their preparation with that of our men who devote their lives to direct religious work; and the contrast is most striking. We like to give our young men years of careful discipline in classical education, and years of technical training beside. Our young ladies, most of them, have a good education, though not, by any means, the thorough culture of their brothers; but when it comes to a special training for their work, they have not any. Most of them have never so much as led a children's meeting, or helped in an industrial school, or read the Bible at the bedside of the sick, or cleared away the doubts of a single inquiring soul. Nor are they thoroughly trained in the Bible. How can they be? Women are not born into a knowledge of the Bible, any more than men. Nor are they "born again" into it, much as the illumination of the Spirit may aid their study. The power of concentrated study comes only of years of discipline. We think of Mr. Moody as a man who knows the Bible by intuition. But it is not "by intuition," as his old Bagster, worn literally into shreds and held together by strips of parchment pasted beneath, bears witness. Mr. Moody knows his Bible by honest, earnest study.

But vigorous efforts are being made along more than one line to supply this lack of preparation on the part of our missionary ladies and Christian workers at home and abroad. Mr. Moody is a man of keen eyes to see, and quick energy to meet, an emergency of this kind. He has established in his Seminary for Young Ladies at Northfield a Bible Normal Department in connection with the ordinary literary course, in which not only the best methods of studying and teaching the Bible are to be taught, but also practical methods of religious work.

There is also a missionary training-school in Chicago under the care of the Baptist Church. This school is now in its fifth year of work; and so important has that

work been considered by the society, that, during these years, all the missionaries of the society who were in the field at its establishment have been recalled, and given a short course of training. Gray-haired women many of these had become, with no little experience in actual work; yet they were enthusiastic as to the help they found in the school.

So far as the author knows, this school and Mr. Moody's offer the only opportunities open to women in this country for connected systematic preparation for special Christian work; excepting, indeed, those noble undenominational enterprises, the Bethany Institute in New York, and Miss Dryer's Bible Work in Chicago, of which we can hardly speak too highly. But these look almost exclusively to city mission work, and may rather be classed with missionary enterprises than schools; so that the general statement remains true, our lady missionaries go to their work almost entirely unprepared.

What can we do to remedy the matter? Agitate! Talk! Write! The case need only be stated to command, not only attention, but the heartiest sympathy. It is a marvel that it has so long gone unremedied. In our polytechnic institutes and manual training-schools, we give practical and special instruction to those who are to become our carpenters, our blacksmiths, our cloth-weavers and bread-makers. And shall we send out those who throw the shuttle in the weaving of character, those who break the bread of eternal life; those who build structures for immortality, to learn how to work, if they learn at all, in that most expensive and painful of all institutions, the school of experience? "Not a novice," said Paul; and "Not a novice," answers back the voice of reason and of history. Unless this work of training Christian women can be provided for undenominationally,—and there seem to be grave, practical difficulties in this plan,—every denomination of the church of Christ that sends out women into any field of Christian work, should also establish special schools where they can receive thorough, wide, practical preparation for that work. Such schools would thoroughly test the candidates for missionary work, both as to strength and spiritual fitness. They would also train them to be "workmen approved unto God, that need not to be ashamed;" and third, and last, the incidental benefit of their practical work among the poor and degraded of our cities would be very great.

Wanted: Training-schools for Christian women!

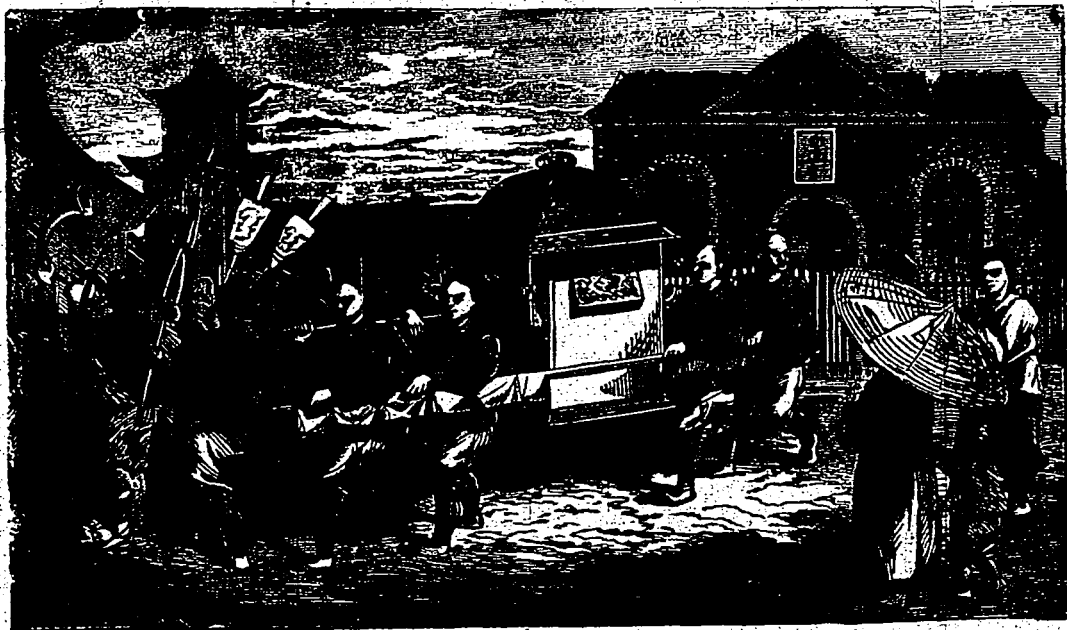
—S. S. Times.

A Chinese Wedding.

We are going to a Chinese wedding this morning, and of course I am in a great state of expectation. One of the girls from Mrs. Leyerberger's school is to be married to a young man from the Tungchow school. Think of being married in borrowed clothes! The bride is to appear in a red silk costume and veil, or rather with her head covered with a piece of red embroidered silk, all borrowed or hired for the occasion.

Later.—The wedding is over, and such a wedding! They were about half an hour late, but this did not surprise me, for I have been to weddings in America. It took some time for the bridegroom to proceed to the girls' school and drink tea; then they came up the hill to the chapel, he in a covered blue chair and she in a red one, chairs also hired for the occasion.

We were getting rather impatient when the front doors were thrown open, and the bridegroom appeared, followed by the bride, who was supported by two women.



A CHINESE WEDDING PROCESSION.

The bride's helplessness was something wonderful to behold. It is considered "the thing," however, on such occasions, so I tried to forget that her feet were not bound, and to imagine that she really could hardly walk with her delicate little feet.

Pieces of red blanket were thrown down for the happy pair to walk on, and you can imagine that the procession came up the aisle rather slowly, as there were but three pieces of blanket. The groom's best man would take up the back piece as soon as the bride stepped from it, and spread it in front of the groom. However, I suppose this made it all the more impressive.

At last they reached the two large chairs which had been placed in front of the pulpit for them. The groom seated himself in the left and the two women seated the bride in the other. Then we all sang a hymn, and after a prayer by Mrs. Leyenberger, Mr. Corbett performed the ceremony, the two kneeling, and I think then they must have forgotten for a time about their fine clothes and the impression they were making, and listened attentively to Mr. Corbett's earnest words. As soon as they had been pronounced man and wife they rose and went in the same slow way down the aisle and out the door into their wedding chairs. Bear in mind that I am only speaking figuratively as far as the bride is concerned, for she did nothing by herself, but was pushed along by her two attendants.

We watched the procession as it went on to the husband's house, or rather that of the mother-in-law. The feast came two or three days after. I am glad to say I was not invited.—*Woman's Work for Woman.*

THE WORK ABROAD.

Bimlipatam.

MY DEAR LINK,—Would you be interested in learning some things which I have recently heard and seen?

Some two months ago there was considerable talk among the natives about a wonderful spring which had suddenly made its appearance near a village named Rianga, seventeen or eighteen miles from here.

According to their description it was almost equal to the pool that was near the sheep gate at Jerusalem. The healing properties of the water were most miraculous, and the sick with many diseases, the blind, the lame, and the bruised of all classes resorted thitherward to share in the general healing that was said to be going on there.

We knew there was some talk going on among our people but it did not rest with much weight upon our hearts, other matters were too numerous and momentous to leave much space for that, especially as we thought we understood it. One day, however, Subriadu came to me with a mingled look of wonder and shyness in his long lashed enquiring eyes and said, "What is this ma'am?" "What is what?" I asked. Then he dilated on the spring and the wonders that were being wrought there. When satisfied as to the workings of his mind, I gave him some idea of mineral springs and the real efficacy of their waters; but told him that this one was not likely one of that kind, and suggested that he make a trip to the village and satisfy himself. In due time he made the journey, spent a few days there and came home with the announcement that it was all a fraud. There was no spring, but a small hollow, which careful hands had enlarged, was filled with muddy water. The pool had been surrounded by a bamboo fence with a narrow gateway on one side, and under the trees and on the ground in every direction

were crowds of those who had come from long distances for the healing. In the middle of the water stood a Brahmin decanting upon its virtues and calling upon the people to avail themselves of its wonderful properties. No one but a Brahmin was permitted inside the gate, lest defilement should occur. As fast as the people drew near the man in the water dipped up a small brass potful, passed it to another man who stood at the edge, and he gave it to a third Brahmin at the gate, and he put it into the hands of the needy one, who in return gave a small copper coin valued at $\frac{1}{4}$ of an anna.

The whole thing was discovered at a glance. It was only a trick of the Brahmin to wrest money from the poor deceived people. When that failed they would be ready with some other invention. Subriadu went among them for a couple of days preaching the Gospel, telling them of a disease that was worse than the one they now complained of, and of the great Healer who could cure them.

Some days ago while hurrying through some work that I wished to finish before dark, a somewhat unusual clamour of voices and tomtoms fell upon my ears. Presently Mr. Archibald sprang up from his desk, called to me to come and see, then from the sound of voices it was evident that the household had gathered on the front verandah. By and by Subriadu came in, quietly drew near and said, "Will you not come and see Narasamaswamy married?" Which Narasamaswamy I asked, and he replied, "the one that lives up on the hill in the temple." So I went out to the steps, then we all went down to the gate, and on a gaily decorated two-wheeled car was a queer figure wrapped up in many folds of yellow silk, with here and there some scarlet streamers, strings of yellow flowers, etc., etc. The car was surrounded by a crowd of shouting people and a few were turning the wheels, thus propelling Narasamaswamy through the streets. When questioned they said that he was getting married, that his wife was up on the hill, and that they were married every year. We were not allowed to touch the car, or even to get very near to it. The image they had was only the representative of the huge one in lion form that is never removed from the temple. It would be hard to tell what Narasamaswamy's particular work is. This is his tenth incarnation, and long ago there was trouble between him and his son as to who should be the greater. Then the father assumed the lion's form and slew the son and we may assume that he has not since been troubled in that way. The Brahmins do not worship him, but crowds of people from this town and adjacent villages do, and that evening, when all the ceremony was over, there was a very brilliant illumination at the temple.

Some things of a different nature have come under my notice also. Our Sunday morning congregations are increasing in size. One young Brahmin, Miss Gray's munshi dares not come inside, so he sits in the ante-room while Mr. Archibald preaches. Last Sunday a number of young men who had been in through the S. S. and meeting, remained to see what we would do with the bread and wine which were on the table; one of them went out, took the young Brahmin by the hand and led him up the aisle to a front seat where he remained till the conclusion of the service.

A deeper earnestness is characterizing our women's meetings and we really hope that some of our women are awaking to a livelier consciousness. Three of them have begun to do some Bible work, and Mary the wife of Mark gives promise of developing into a good Bible woman.

On Tuesday afternoon after the prayer meeting we go into the centre of the town, where a large audience has

not yet failed to appear. All listen well; but, the other day, the intense interest on the face of one young man drew us all about him. Evidently his heart is touched, and my pen cannot tell you how earnestly we long for an outpouring of the Spirit upon missionaries and people of every caste.

Our English speaking people are getting along nicely; but Mr. Gibson, one of our best workers, has been removed to Calingapatam by the firm in which he is employed. We will miss him very much, and his new place of residence has a grand acquisition.

Have any of the LINK readers heard that there is to be a grand jubilee of the whole of the Telugu mission at Nellore, in Feb. of '86? If life and health are spared we hope to go, and are anticipating something inspiring and enthusiastic.

If all is well we hope to go to Bobbili in a few days, and, if possible, will spend some time touring among a few of the villages that we visited last year.

The LINK has suffered the loss of two of its best friends. One has removed to another department of service in the Master's work among men; the other has gone to service in Heaven. But if warm hearts gather more closely around the LINK it will not be all loss. Trusting that all Canadian Baptists will give the little paper a warm welcome, wishing it a largely increased subscription list and every other blessing, and through it soliciting the prayers of all who pray, as ever, the friend of the LINK.

Bimlipatam, July 9th, 1885. C. H. ARCHIBALD.

DEAR LINK,—Although we have not been personal friends, yet you have been a welcome visitor for some time; now that we are engaged in a common cause, our aims are one, and we are no longer strangers.

Ten months have passed since my arrival in this town, and owing to our time being fully occupied it has appeared to pass rapidly, yet it seems a long time since loved ones were left behind in the "home land." I realize more than ever before the promise, "Lo, I am with you always," and feel that the separation has been more than made up by the presence of my Master.

Many blessings have been mine. Up to the present time I have enjoyed excellent health; notwithstanding a little tap or two with the "sun" by way of warning, I have given uninterrupted attention to study until this week; and as I planned to have a new munshi, I thought a short vacation would add to success in the future. My munshi spoke English quite fluently, and knowing this, I would ask him to explain in English difficult points that were not readily understood in Telugu. He was always anxious to see me improving, and did his part well.

I hope to resume study next week with one who cannot speak a word in English and has been munshi for other missionaries.

My first impressions I withhold, fearing to make statements about a people of whom I knew little. My thought regarding this "Eastern Land" is well expressed in the Missionary Hymn; "Every prospect pleases and only man is vile," but man is no longer vile if the Holy Spirit has done its work in his heart; then we may sing, "Every prospect pleases and man is no longer vile."

Has not our Father given us a great, a glorious work, namely, that of making known to this benighted people the glad tidings of salvation to fallen man. Let us ask, are we doing what we can to forward this work? Are we working with our Master?

There is a work for all, whether at home or in the foreign field, and if we enquire of the Lord in a right spirit all will be made plain. When this nation of idol-

aters is turned from their idols to worship the living and true God, will it not be unspeakable joy for those who have helped by their means, by their words, or otherwise, to be able to say I did what I could to forward the cause?

Many in this town have heard the Gospel, and often we wonder why they do not come. Can we wonder when we think of the years we lived in rebellion against God and would not yield our hearts to Him? And to-day, in lands where the Gospel has been preached for generations, men and women are hearing the word, are being warned of the judgment to come, and yet they do not come to Him who is able and willing to save them from eternal night; but are saying, "We will not have this man reign over us."

Are those of us who have not yet accepted Christ, less accountable than the heathen who worships his idol?

You ask are there any obstacles in the way of the Hindus accepting Christ? There are many.

A brother in our last Wednesday evening prayer-meeting told us of two young Brahmins who wished to become Christians; but, said they, if we do, we will be disowned by our nearest friends, we will no longer have a place in the home, we will share none of our father's property. Our brother went on to say, we all thought we had crosses to bear, and young people often thought it a cross to rise and speak in meeting. If a Brahmin or high caste man becomes a Christian, he is looked upon with contempt, and may be his life is shortened by some means or other; for the Brahmins prefer death for their friends rather than Christianity.

The missionaries and helpers are encouraged by the interest manifested generally. They say the people listen well, and do not come for arguments, etc., as in the past.

On Sabbath mornings quite a number of high caste men come to Mrs. Archibald's Bible class and remain till service is over, and frequently increase the collection by a few annas. We have the promise of a blessing if we are faithful to our charge. God has blessed, and is blessing thousands in the "home land," and may we not expect it here? Can we ask too much of Him who is so willing to give?

Our school is in good condition, but small in number. We have two Christian teachers, for which we are grateful. The school is helpful in many ways. I notice when we go into the town, that the school children are not afraid to come to us; as soon as they see us they run to meet us and go with us to see others whom we have not visited. They join in the hymns and are very friendly. One day I went to see the grandfather of two little orphan girls who attended school. He received us well, and gave me a pomegranate that grew on a tree near his house. He said he would come to our meetings, but has not yet. He said the girls came to school every day that they had food. Then I asked him if he would give them to me to care for, but he said he would provide for them as long as he was able, after that I could have them. They are clever and we are much interested in them.

Hindus are backward in sending their girls to school. They think it is useless to educate them, and they grow up in ignorance and idleness. I must tell you before I close of my first attempt at teaching in Telugu. In our Sabbath School are several little boys who amuse themselves by disturbing others, so it was suggested to me to try a class in Telugu. On Sabbath morning, after gathering all the cards and pictures I could get, I seated myself on the verandah to begin my lesson, but a lesson on cards, etc., was not half so much fun as running and singing, especially when I did not talk to them as I could, had I known Telugu well. David, a boy about three years of

age, was the only one who came near enough to see the pictures and count my fingers, and if the rest were kept quiet it was through fear of being sent to me.

I want the little boys who read the LINK to remember this little David, for you may hear of him again. He has become quite friendly with me. When I go to school he will come, give me his hand, and go all around with me, if I take a seat he will also take one (on the floor). When I come out he will come as far as the verandah. In meeting he will take a seat with me on a bench, but one day I made him sit still and take his cap off, so he has found another seat since.

Bimlipatam, July 9th, 1885.

ABBIE C. GRAY.

THE WORK AT HOME.

Women's Baptist Missionary Union of the Maritime Provinces.

DEAR LINK. You will be wanting to know what your fellow workers down here by the sea have been doing during the past year, and also what prospects for usefulness the future holds out. Let me tell you as briefly as possible. Our "Woman's Baptist Missionary Union of the Maritime Provinces" holds its Annual Meeting in August at the same time and place that the brethren meet in Convention. This year the place of meeting was in Amherst, and being on the line of railway within easy distance, was well attended. The Presbyterian Church having been kindly placed at our disposal, all our meetings were held there, and on Monday afternoon, every seat was filled. The meeting was opened by singing, reading the Scripture and prayer, the President, Mrs. M. W. Williams, in the chair. Her opening address, on "Woman's Work" will not soon be forgotten by those who listened to it, and will be read with pleasure by your readers.

The annual report by the Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. John March, of St. John, reviewed the work done during the past year, and stated that the \$2,525 pledged to the Foreign Mission Board at the last annual meeting had been regularly paid. The Provincial reports shewed Prince Edward Island with 12 societies, 233 members; Nova Scotia, 71 societies; and New Brunswick, 40 societies.

The Treasurer, Mrs. J. W. Manning, whose report was listened to with intense interest, shewed that the Lord had very abundantly answered prayer, and crowned the first year of our union with His own blessing. The amount raised far exceeded that of former years, \$4,282.43 having been paid into the Treasury; so that having paid the \$2,525 pledged to the F. M. Board, we were left with a balance on hand of \$1,698.21. \$1000 of this balance was donated to the Foreign Mission Board.

The work for the coming year recommended by the Executive Board was presented by the Treasurer and accepted. Salary, Miss Wright, \$500; salary, Miss Gray, \$500; Scripture portions and tracts, \$130; schools, \$200; medicine, \$25; tent for Chicacole, \$100; printing and publishing, \$250; repairing house at Kotipand, \$25; towards salaries of male missionaries, \$770; total, \$2,500.

All Sabbath School and Mission Band moneys for the coming year are to be sent direct to the F. M. Board. A resolution was unanimously passed urging that the women of the Union, realizing the vast importance of training children in the work of our Home and Foreign Mission Fields should use every means in their power to induce Superintendents and Teachers to give a prominent place to Home and Foreign Missions in their teaching.

Interesting papers were read by Mrs. Joseph Kempton, on "The Need of County Secretaries"; by Mrs. W. Allwood, of St. John, "The Star of Eternity"; by Miss Lydia Jones, of Prince Edward Island, "Claims of Foreign Mission Work on Women." But to give even a short extract from each of these would take up too much of your space. Three of our returned Missionaries, Mrs. Currie (Ontario Board), Mrs. Sanford and Mrs. Churchill were with us, and addressed the meeting in earnest words contrasting the condition of heathen and Christian women, and urging the necessity of more earnest work at home. The following morning, an intensely earnest meeting was held, lasting nearly two hours, for prayer. The burden of these prayers, as of the addresses given, seemed to be for a greater spirit of consecration to the service of the Master, both among the workers at home and abroad. May our King indeed grant such power on us at home, that those working in distant lands, may feel the influence, and see the answers to our prayers, and thus the name of Jesus be honoured as never before.

DARTMOUTH, N.S., Sept., 1885.

A. J.

OSNABRUCK CENTRE, ONT.—Dear Mrs. Newman.—Through the instrumentality of Miss A. Muir, of Montreal, a Women's Foreign Mission Circle was organized in connection with the Osnabruk Baptist Church on 17th June. We have held a few very interesting meetings and hope the circle will prove a source of much good to the community and ourselves, as well as to the cause of Foreign Missions.

MRS. J. HIGGINS.

BOSTON, ONT.—At this the close of another year we are reminded of the duty we owe our friend, the LINK. It gives us much pleasure to render our report, as the past year shows that our labors have not been in vain. We have forty members and the average attendance at our monthly meetings is double what it was last year. During the winter the ladies of the circle made and sold a rag carpet, the proceeds, \$25.22, being appropriated to foreign missions; also a parlour concert was given; at which we realized the sum of \$20.50, which was given in aid of Manitoba Missions. The number of subscribers for the LINK has increased during the past year from 17 to 26. We have sent, in all, \$90 to our treasurer, Mrs. Elliott, and hope before the annual meeting in October to make it \$100. It is our earnest desire that this good work may go on until all who love Christ shall realize the fact that it is more blessed to give than to receive.

M. B.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

Missionary Pennies.

(A Dialogue for two Boys and one Girl.)

CHARLIE.

See here! see here! a bright new cent
My father gave to me;
Oh, Johnny, say, what would you buy
With it, if you wore me?

JOHNNY.

I've got a penny, too, see here!
And though it is quite small,
'Twill buy some candy, I am sure,
Or else a top or ball.

CHARLIE.

O, how I wish I had a pile
Of pennies, up so high,
(Measuring with his hand.)
What lots of playthings, pretty toys
And candies I would buy!

And I would buy a great live horse
And ride him all the day;
I'm sure I never should be tired,
Nor ever want to play.

CARRIE.

Now, boys, if you will listen
I'll tell you something true
I read about some boys and girls
About as big as you.

They live across the ocean,
Thousands of miles away,
They never read the Bible
Nor ever learn to pray.

They never go to Sunday school
To hear God's holy word,
But worship idols (made of stone
Or wood) instead of God.

Who never heard of Jesus,
So gentle and so mild
Who blessed the little children,
And loves each little child.

Our people send the Bible
And missionaries there,
But it takes a lot of money
To support them every year.

CHARLIE.

Here, Carrie, take my penny,
I do not want the toys;
I'd rather send the Bible
To the little girls and boys.

JOHNNY.

And so would I; take mine along
And send it, Carrie, too;
If I a pile of pennies had
I'd give them all to you.

ALL TOGETHER.

We're very little children,
Tis little we can do,
But we will send our pennies,
And the dollars leave for you.
—Gospel in all Lands.

A Missionary Exercise.

(For teacher and six scholars.)

BY SOPHIE S. SMITH.

TEACHER.—What are some of the things the Lord says about giving?

MARY.—It is more blessed to give than to receive.
Acts 20 : 35.

ANNIE.—God loveth a cheerful giver. 2 Cor. 9 : 7.

MARY.—Freely ye have received, freely give. Matt. 10 : 8.

ANNIE.—Every man shall give as he is able according to the blessing of the Lord thy God which he hath given thee. Deut. 16 : 17.

WILLIE—

But what if you've naught
But a penny to give?
Then give it, though scanty your store;
For those who give nothing
When little they have,
When wealthy will do little more.

It was not the offering
Of pomp and of power,
It was not the golden bequest;
Ah no, 'twas the mite
From the hand of the poor
That Jesus applauded and blest.

TEACHER.—To whom shall we give?

GRACE.—Thou shalt open thy hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor, and to thy needy, in thy land. Deut. 15 : 11.

JENNIE.—Blessed is he that considereth the poor: the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. Psal. 41 : 1.

TEACHER.—What is promised those who give?

GRACE.—Give and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal, it shall be measured to you again. Luke 6 : 38.

JENNIE.—The liberal soul shall be made fat: and he that watereth shall be watered also himself. Prov. 11 : 25.

HARRY.—

Then ever be doing,
And ever desiring;
Don't say, "I'm a child,
I will work when a man."
The season of small things
Be never despising,
But fill up your measure,
And do what you can.
Don't over be hoarding,
And riches applauding;
Keep giving, and you
Shall have plenty to give.
The truest enjoyment
Is found in employment;
For God and humanity
Labor and live.—Gospel in all Lands.

Emma's Happy Thought

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

"If there were any way in which I could earn some money!" said Emma, looking very wistfully at her cousin Kate, who was giving the last touches to a beautiful plaque. The plaque had been ordered by a lady of taste; for Kate's dainty and delicate work was known favorably all over the village, and had even sold at the Decorative-Art-Rooms in New York. As soon as Kate should send it home, she would receive ten dollars.

Ten dollars, in shining gold, or perhaps in crisp rustling notes. If it came from Mrs. Emory, it would be fresh, clean money, fit for a lady's purse. And Kate, having her own little income, did not need to ask papa for funds whenever she wished to help some poor person, or subscribe to some charity, or, as to-day, send fire and food to the sick woman whose case had been presented in the prayer-meeting the night before.

Emma wanted to help that woman. One of her little girls,—a blue-eyed, sweet-faced, wee thing,—was in the Infant Class, where Emma saw her every Sunday. But what could Emma do?

"I haven't a single talent," she said dolefully. "I cannot play, I cannot paint, I don't know how to embroider. The only accomplishments I have are the plain everyday ones. They don't count in the way yours and Mattie's do, Kate. Why, Mattie receives checks every month for her stories, but I couldn't write a story if I sat with my pen in my hand a year!"

"I am sure Emma," said Mrs. Maclean, who had been

sitting silent during the progress of her daughter's remarks.—"I am sure you have one of the best accomplishments in the world: you know how to make home happy; and you are so useful in catching up all the dropped stitches and loose threads that we could not do without you. Your biscuits, your bread—all your cooking is just perfect; and then you sew so beautifully—"

"You partial little mother!" said Emma, bestowing a kiss on the dear lips; "you are a darling; you know just the praise I covet. But I have an errand, and must hasten out."

Emma was much interested in home missions, and she had been among her friends soliciting books and papers to send to a little school in Dakota,—a school in great need of a library.

She was going to call on one or two ladies who had promised to give her books, when it occurred to her to make her morning round wider, and visit Mrs Bowers, whose little Susie was so sweet.

"Though I have no money, I may be able to cheer her up a little, and perhaps make her room comfortable. I can shake a pillow, and arrange an apartment, and stir up gruel, at least," she thought rather contemptuously, —for our Emma did not value her gifts as others did.

Just as she left her chamber, her eye fell on a little magazine for children, bright with pictures, stories, and verses.

"I'll take that with me for Susie," she resolved. "It will amuse her, and her brother may read the stories aloud, and thus be kept out of the street.

Idly turning its leaves, Emma came upon a page which had as an illustration a street scene in China. It represented a woman with a little basket containing needles, thread and other sewing tools. The cut was explained by a letter from a missionary lady, who said that, in Chinese cities, the mending woman, plying her trade in the street, was a familiar object. She would repair a rent while the person waited, or, taking her stand by some shop door, would patiently stitch for hours, doing whatever she attempted with care and pains.

I am not about to tell you of Emma's call on Mrs. Bowers, though it brightened and sweetened the day for the poor sufferer. Some girls are like sunbeams. Wherever they go, they carry light and cheer. Whatever they touch, they beautify. They scatter blessings without appearing to try very hard, just because they are sunbeams. They have heard the dear Master saying, "Let your light shine," and they are obeying his voice.

After Emma left Mrs. Bower's attic, she went to a very different home. It stood on a stately street, and was an ample mansion, with flowers and ferneries in the windows, and charming pictures on the walls.

Emma was sent for to come to Mrs. Archer's own room, and there she found her quite annoyed at an accident that had befallen a lace flounce.

"I fear it is ruined," she said; "and I am so very sorry, for it was one of my wedding presents."

"I think it can be mended, dear Mrs. Archer," said Emma, scanning it critically. "Yes, I see that it can; but it will require an expert to do it."

"Where can I find any one to whom I shall dare to trust such lace as this?" sighed Mrs. Archer. "I do not want to send it out of the house. I would willingly pay to have it put in order again, for you know I am not skillful with the needle myself."

A struggle went on in Emma's mind. Should she offer—should she not? She thought of the Chinese mending woman, and of the money she longed for that she might aid the Lord's work with something of her very own. She threw her false pride to the winds, and spoke bravely:

"Mrs. Archer, I want to earn some money, and, if you will allow me, I will restore your flounce to its first state. I will mend it so perfectly that nobody shall ever discover that it has been torn."

"You precious child!" said Mrs. Archer. "I'll be only too glad to engage you. I wish I dared ask you to do all my fine mending. It would be such a relief!"

Emma's happy thought proved a good beginning. Her father, struggling to support a growing family, and educate his boys and girls, well, was obliged to practice the strictest economy. It proved a real assistance to him, when his eldest daughter found that she could exercise her womanly art of mending, one of the most delicate and lady-like arts in the world, to such good purpose that she was able to buy her own clothing, as well as to give liberally to the causes she loved.

Where there is a will, there is also a way. Where there is a strong desire, and real fitness, defeat seldom comes. The talent which makes no special show, but which keeps the home wheels moving without friction, saves John from fretting over a ripped glove or a missing shirt-button, prevents Louise from tripping on a loose tuck, and lightens a mother's burdens, is a beautiful talent for any girl to have.

And then, girls, in our giving to the Lord. Shall we give of what costs us nothing, or shall it be sweet to us to make an offering to the Lord of that into which our own thought and service have gone? What is there that you and I may do for Jesus?—S. S. Times.

How Our Mission Band Learned To Pray.

The following is a leaf from the experience of one of our mission bands:

At one of the meetings after we had been organized about four months, Miss Helen said, after she had read a few verses of Scripture, "For several meetings you have read or recited Bible texts, talked about the country which was the subject of the meeting, recited poetry, asked questions, and have taken part in all the exercises except the prayer. I purposely gave you texts and poetry to say that you might not be frightened at the sound of your own voices, and now that you have gained confidence in yourselves, I think you ought to help in the prayer also. I think Jesus will not be pleased with this band, nor bless its work, until every one in it is willing to make this sacrifice for Him. In a moment we shall kneel to pray, and I will ask Bessie Bronson, Della Cutler and Mamie Foster each to offer a short prayer."

We knelt, and there was a long silence in the room. Not a girl said a word, then Miss Helen prayed just as usual. When we arose we all wanted to laugh, but Miss Helen's face was so sober that we did not dare. We all expected that she would say something about it, and we were not mistaken, for after the map exercise,—we had Syria that day, I remember,—the singing, the reports from the missionaries, the papers on the dress, the children and the religion were all over, she talked to us for a few moments very earnestly about taking part in the prayers of each meeting as well as in the other exercises. "Of course I know it will not be easy at first," she said, "it never is easy for anybody; but Jesus will help you if you ask Him every day. I have a plan which will make it much easier for every one of you if you will try it. Before you come to the next meeting think of just one thing that you want to ask for, and have it ready in a few words when I ask you to pray. We will call these little prayers *sentence-prayers*, and I want everybody to be ready with one for the next meeting. How many will promise?" Nearly every hand was raised and the promise was given.

When we left the church we talked a great deal about the new plan, and our hearts were none too brave when we thought of praying aloud, even one sentence, before each other. How could we feel otherwise when we never had let any one but our mothers hear our prayers? But we had promised, and of course we would keep the promise.

"If Miss Helen ever asks me to pray again," said Della Cutler, when we were nearly home, "I'll do it, if I say nothing but, 'Now I lay me down to sleep.' I never want to see such a sorry look on her face as there was this afternoon. Let us do the best we can, girls, next time. Good-bye." And she slammed her own gate without giving us a chance to reply, but we all felt exactly as she did.

When the regular meeting of the band was announced in church two Sundays later, we members of it looked at each other and smiled a little, for we thought of the dreadful ordeal of "making a prayer" before people. We were all at the meeting, and each was bravely determined to ask God for the one thing she most wanted for the mission cause. After a chapter in the Bible was read, Miss Helen said, "We will now ask God's blessing on our meeting, on the missionaries everywhere, and on all the little children about whom we have been studying, in the sentence-prayers you promised." Della Cutler will begin, and the others follow, and let the prayers come quietly, one after another.

We all kneel, and though our voices trembled, every one of us prayed our little prayer, all of these together made a long prayer with many different petitions in it, for strange to say, no two of us asked for the same thing.

When we rose from our knees we looked at each other in wonder, surprised to see what an easy thing it was to pray aloud, after all.

For several meetings we had sentence-prayers, until by and by our leader suggested that each of us have two sentences instead of one. You can easily see how it soon became not only an easy task, but a delightful privilege, to offer prayer in our meetings, and now any one of our band may be called upon to pray at any time, and she is always ready and willing to respond. Sometimes only one, sometimes half a dozen, will pray, and once in awhile, "for the sake of old times" we have the sentence-prayers, so that every one may have a share in the hour's devotions.

"Isn't it nice, Miss Helen?" said one of the youngest members after she had taken part in one of these joint petitions. "It is ever so much nicer than it used to be, because, you see, we help do the praying, too, instead of only sending money."

We all feel that it is indeed blessed to help in everything, the praying as well as the giving, and we study each month's topic with tenfold the interest that we used, because in addition to mere information we are looking for something for which to pray. It is strange what a zest that gives to everything! I would never have believed it before.

I hope this account of what one mission band has done will help other bands to try the same plan, and also help them to persevere. Although it may be hard at first to let our voices be heard in prayer, I know that it becomes very easy after a few trials. Do, please, try it and see. —*Louise Ward, in Woman's Work for Woman.*

THE pastors of the Japanese churches have led their people in the practice of self-denial, some of them accepting for salaries a fifth, or even a tenth, of what they might have received in government service.

Work in Agra.

There is a very large sphere of work for lady Missionaries in nearly all parts of India. But in Agra, where the English have been established for 80 years, the demand is particularly strong. The other morning on going to my School in the suburbs, I was asked by the native teacher, who helps in the School work, to go to the house of some Hindu ladies, who were anxious I should teach them to read. Accordingly, I drove to the door of the house in which they lived. On entering, I found the Zenana, or ladies' establishment, to consist of an old woman, her daughter and two grandchildren, all very anxious to learn. One of the grandchildren, a girl about 12, was remarkably bright-looking, and picked up the few letters I had time to teach her with great facility. The daughter, a married woman, although very shy, was eager to learn to read, and also to learn different kinds of needlework.

On my way from the house, while returning to my carriage which was standing a few yards from the doorway, I had to pass another doorway. Within the entrance a woman was standing, and on seeing me, eagerly beckoned me to enter; I did so. When I reached the inner court on the four sides of which the living-rooms are situated, she called out to some of the females who were in the room, "I have got the lady." Then, turning to me, "For God's sake, teach us to read." I said I should be most happy to come to the house as often as I could and teach them. The woman who had led me in said, "We do not wish you to take all this trouble for nothing, we will give you any sum you may state, if you only will teach us to read and write." I assured her again that I should be very glad to teach them, but that, of course, money was out of the question. "For God's sake," she had asked me, and for God's sake I would teach them. Still the offer of money showed how very much in earnest they were, for it is not often a native is willing to part with his rupees, for what he considers so utterly useless as imparting a knowledge of books to women. The women themselves had long and eagerly wished to learn, and when they heard that I was visiting the neighborhood, they considered the opportunity too good to be lost. Accordingly, one had mustered up courage to ask me, though quite a stranger, to come in and help them. Hitherto, it has generally been difficult to find pupils; now they are eagerly seeking for teachers. The harvest truly is plenteous, yet the laborers few.

E. T.

We live in the year 1885. Eighteen hundred and eighty-five years since what? Since God sent His only begotten Son into the world to save sinners! And yet there are a thousand millions of sinners this day who never heard of Christ, the heathen who know not even His name! "So long ago? and my people never heard of it till now?" said a heathen inquirer. What a pathetic but terrible reproach lies in that question.

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