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The Canadian Missionary Link

ANADA

NDIA

The Gentiles Shall Come To Thy Light

And Kings To The Brightness Of Thy Rising Sun

IX-3

MAY, 1893.

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The Canadian Missionary Link

VOL. XV.

TORONTO, MAY, 1898.

No. 9.

MITE BOXES.—They have gone. A good way to make a *special effort* to help out the treasury is to get some of these boxes and use them in the best way you can. Send for them to the Standard Publishing Company, 9 Richmond St. West, Toronto. *They are free.*

THE TREASURY.—It will be seen from the Secretary's report of Board meeting and Miss Buchan's circular letter that there is great need of earnest, faithful effort on the part of our Circles and Bands to provide the necessary funds for carrying on the work.

THE LONE STAR is edited now by Rev. John McLaurin. We find this little magazine very bright and helpful. Several of our extracts from letters are taken from the March number. American subscriptions may be sent to E. P. Coleman, Esquire, Tremont Temple, Boston, Mass. Price 50c.

MISS HATCH'S HOME-COMING.—Many of us are looking forward with much pleasure to meeting Miss Hatch. We are sure that her stay amongst us will be a source of inspiration and stimulus, as well as a time for renewing her wasted strength. She is expected in Canada about 24th of May.

STEAMSHIP FOR THE SOUTH SEA AND NEW GUINEA MISSIONS.—*The London Missionary Society* are about to build a steamship for use in their missions in those places, at a cost of not less than £16,000. It is thought this will greatly aid the work, and seems a necessity. They are asking the young people to give the funds necessary for the ship as well as for the running expenses year by year.

THE MISSION BOAT.—We hear of several contributions promised for Miss Stovel's boat. One lady is collecting *special gifts* from the ladies of her church, others are collecting from relatives and friends; some individuals have promised. The last that we have heard of is Miss Buchan's class of young ladies, who are expecting to present her with a special donation of \$25 for the boat.

REPORT OF ONTARIO BOARD MEETING.—The quarterly meeting of the Board took place on the afternoon of Friday, April 14th. There were eighteen ladies present. After the usual routine business the proposed Letter of Instructions to Associational Directors was considered and adopted. A satisfactory medical certificate was received on account of our missionary elect, Miss Priest. The members present agreed to observe the

hour of six in the evening as a time of special prayer for the funds necessary to send Miss Priest out during the coming summer.

Miss Lena Harris of Brantford was appointed Secretary for Bands. Miss Buchan read a letter, recently received from Miss Hatch, stating that she had decided that, both for herself and the work, it would be best that she should return home this year. Miss Hatch wrote that she had come to the conclusion most reluctantly, having hoped that she would be able to remain on the field for a somewhat longer term. The failure of her strength however, and the fact that her work is in a state of transition at this time, made it seem wise to leave it for a rest now, rather than to delay her coming, and in so doing she is acting on the advice of her fellow missionaries. Information has since been received that Miss Hatch has already sailed. Interesting letters were read from several of the missionaries, extracts from which will appear in the LINK. An application was received from a young lady for service on the field, but could not be considered at present on account of funds.—E. DAVIES, Recording Secretary.

MISS LENA HARRIS having declined the Band Secretaryship, the Executive Committee have appointed Mrs. C. T. Stark, 174 Park Road, Toronto

W. B. M. U.

MOTTO FOR THE YEAR.—“*As My Father hath sent Me into the World, even so send I you.*”

PRAYER TOPIC FOR MAY.—That the two young lady missionaries for whom Brother Higgins has asked may be ready to go next Autumn to India.

SPECIAL attention is called to our Prayer-Topic for this month.

Will our sisters take the Messenger and Visitor of April 12th to the May meeting and have some one read the column headed “News and Notes from the Mission Field.” Read it prayerfully in connection with our Topic for the month, and then ask: “What can we as an Aid Society do to help answer this our prayer to answer that appeal from India.

Are we willing to sacrifice for this? Let us remember, that just as much as we are willing to sacrifice; just so much do we desire the answer.

Other matter is left over till June owing to want of space.

A NATIVE INDIAN HYMN.

As one way in which the East Indian mind is expressing Christian truth, we give a hymn written by a native of India. It is said that some of these Indian Christians went to a missionary and asked for hymns which they could feel in their hearts more than they did English hymns. So the missionary sent word that all who could write hymns should do so. One hundred were sent in, and this is one of them :

VIA DOLOROSA.

Whither with that crushing load,
Over Salem's dismal road,
All Thy body suffering so,
O my God! where dost Thou go?

CHORUS.

Whither, Jesus, goest Thou?
Son of God, what doest Thou
On this city's dolorous way
With that cross? O sufferer, say!

Tell me, fainting, dying Lord,
Dost Thou of thine own accord
Bear that cross? or did Thy foes
'Gainst Thy will that load impose?

Patient sufferer, how can I
See Thee faint, and fall, and die,
Pressed, and pulled, and crushed, and ground
By that cross upon Thee bound?

Weary arm and staggering limb,
Visage marred, eyes growing dim,
Tongue all paroled, and faint at heart,
Bruised and sore in every part.

Dost Thou up to Calvary go
On that cross in shame and woe—
Malefactors either side—
To be nailed and crucified?

--Exchange.

A PLEA FOR OUR MISSIONARIES.

BY MRS. HERRICK JOHNSON.

It may seem the merest truism to say that we hardly realize what trials and difficulties constantly beset our missionaries on the foreign field, and that therefore we ought to pray most earnestly for them at all times. Yet may it not be that, like many another truism, its keen edge has been blunted through frequent repetition and a sort of indefinite application, until the whole matter lies but vaguely in our minds, and does not appeal as it should to our sympathy and affection. Especially since in these modern days, we say over and over to ourselves and to others, that it is a very different matter to become a missionary now as compared with the early days of missions; that time and space are practically annihilated; that the missionaries come home much oftener than they used; that all foreign countries are now visited and inhabited to some extent by English-speaking people, whom the missionaries may meet, and with whom they may enjoy intercourse, and the amenities of home life; that more missionaries are grouped together, especially at all the most important stations; and that ideas of education and civilization have penetrated nearly all nations to a greater or less extent. Saying all this, do we not too often virtually dismiss the matter from our minds, and content ourselves with furnishing such funds as are expected; with keeping general track of the work carried

on, and with praying in a general way for all missionaries, and thinking in an unconscious way that they do not need more interest or sympathy than any other workers.

Because this is perhaps more largely the case with us than we are aware, it may not be amiss for us to consider in detail some of the more obvious and peculiar trials which are found in life upon the foreign field. Of course, the first thing to be mentioned is the going itself,—the breaking of the home ties, the lonely passing out from all that makes home life dear and desirable. We need not linger upon this consideration, as it is the one most often and largely dwelt upon, though it comes more directly to our hearts when we hear—as we did recently in our own circle of friends—of a young man going out to India, whose mother was so ill when the time for his departure came that it was feared his going would result in her death. But his party was ready, his appointments and arrangements were made; his mother was brave and contented, leaning on the Everlasting arms, and he could leave her there, knowing that all would be well. He missed cablegram and letters *en route*, and heard no word of life or death for nearly two months, when he reached the station to which he was appointed, learning there in great thankfulness that the precious life was spared and gaining in strength and vigor.

Added to this trial of the actual going, is that sense of facing the unknown, which, whether we are conscious of it or not, is a large element in our natural dread of death. Even when going abroad for a brief pleasure trip, we often experience this haunting sense of mystery and unreality that somehow mars the pleasure for a time. Having arrived upon his field, next comes upon our missionary the babel and bewilderment of the foreign language. The interest awakened by novelty of surroundings may for awhile keep this trouble in abeyance; but the time comes, sooner or later, when the foreign tongue is a source of positive trial. Every one who has been abroad, even in European countries, will remember the homesickness that now and then seized upon the heart because only one's own little party spoke the home language. But on mission ground this becomes, for a time, a settled element of discomfort and trial, at least until the struggle with the language for one's self gives partial familiarity with it, and dulls somewhat the longing for the music of the home speech, the home ways, the home life.

Another trial, and somewhat peculiar one, grows out of the necessarily very close association of the missionaries with each other. The old proverb that "no house was ever yet large enough for two families," while somewhat exaggerated, as proverbs are apt to be, contains at bottom a profound truth. Some one has said, "Grace can dwell where you and I cannot," and it certainly requires a great deal of grace to enable people of differing or completely opposite tastes, tempers and personal habits, and methods of work to live without more or less friction in such close association as is often necessary at our mission stations. Missionaries are but human, and all have their faults and weak points, which grace may modify, but not absolutely transform. People in such circumstances have an unusual amount of watching, as well as praying, to do to keep the home atmosphere bright and sunny, and to repress manifestation of dissatisfaction and discomfort, and sense of disharmony. It needs but slight reflection to see that this may be, in some cases, one of the sorest trials of missionary life.

We need not enlarge upon the trial which comes, sooner or later, to all missionaries who have children, —the necessity of parting with them for proper education in the home land. This is a heart-agonny so deep, so bitter, so unendurable, except through abounding grace, that it needs only to be mentioned to be in large degree appreciated; yet perhaps even this very plain and obviously great trial does not receive from us the prayer and sympathy it should. Surely the least we can do to lighten the sorrow for our missionaries, is to support largely and heartily the homes for missionary children, established, or about to be established; in our various denominations; homes where missionary parents may leave their loved ones with some comfort of heart, feeling that they will have some such affectionate care and oversight as they themselves would give.

Lack of intellectual and spiritual privilege and stimulus is another trial of which we too seldom think. The fact that missionaries are engaged in directly spiritual work, is apt to give us the impression that they can be in no need of spiritual influence, and we forget that in this matter they are givers and not receivers; that little of external spiritual help comes to them such as we receive constantly through the ministrations of God's house, through contact and intercourse with an educated Christian community, through an abundance of the best devotional reading, and access to libraries of commentary and cyclopedias. The missionaries greatly feel the tendency to spiritual depression and repression in the lack of these helps. They also learn that they must sacrifice much in purely intellectual directions that would give them as keen pleasure and delight as it gives to us in the home land. Nothing more touching and beautiful concerning this matter can ever have been said than was written by one of our young missionaries in Siam, when quite new to his field and work. He says: "Sometimes when we hear, through friends or the press, of the growth of great institutions and the swing of mighty movements at home, we feel that we should like to fall in line once more and march to the beat of these mighty pulsations of humanity. We feel that we are being left behind. In a sense we are. We cannot keep abreast of all developments everywhere, and yet be loyal to our own little trust. We must dare to be ignorant of many things and of many books in order that we may do this one thing."

To mention but one more of the special trials of our missionaries, let me speak of the trials connected directly with the work itself. The sin, and misery, and degradation which must be daily witnessed and fought against; the inadequacy of the means furnished, and the heart-sinking when sometimes the promised means fail, and retrenchment is called for; the longing to see results which often are not seen for many years; the sight of the wide-stretching fields that seem so promising, and yet cannot be entered or touched for the lack of the silver and gold; the weakness and instability of the native converts, and the necessity of most carefully guarding and fanning the feeble little flame kindled in their hearts,—all these things, and many more in the work itself, call for earnest sympathy and prayer on the part of the home workers, that the missionaries may not feel that they are forgotten and left to struggle alone with their burdens. I should not be doing them justice, however, if I should even seem to intimate that the missionaries themselves complain of these things. They rarely mention them, except in their secret prayers to the God of all help and comfort. They turn to us,

in their letters mostly, the bright side of their own lives, whatever they may show us of the lives of the heathen. And even in private, they do not dwell upon their trials, though realizing them, but often rejoice that they are counted worthy to suffer for Christ's sake. In the same letter from which quotation has already been made, the writer says: "But, after all, we would not exchange places or work with the most favored home workers. We lack the enthusiasm of great numbers of fellow workers, but the promises come to us at the first hand; they apply immediately and directly to our work. And I suspect that letters from the home land do us vastly more good than you experience from any letters you receive. So the promise of a hundredfold even in this life is more than verified."

Let us, then, keep ourselves in full touch and sympathy with those who wear the Father's name and are doing the Father's work so far away, and are of our own spiritual family. Let us write to them, pray for them, love them for their work's sake, and in all ways possible to us, seek to help carry their burdens. Let us take them country by country and station by station, family by family a name by name, and thus particularize and emphasize each one, bringing each missionary in turn to the mercy seat, and asking there some special blessing on every head. If we personally know some of them it will be easy to think of some special petition for such; if we do not thus know them we learn to know them in spirit, and to feel them near and dear in the sweet bonds of Christ's own love and life. And so, with blended interests, hopes, and desires, we learn that "he prayeth best who loveth best," and that our blessed Intercessor best "loves and prays for all."—*Life and Light*.

JÉSUS CHRIST THE SAME FOREVER.

Christ our hope in Heaven. How we rejoice in this great truth, Jesus Christ in whom our every hope for the future centres, the same forever. Unchangeable in all the past. Unchangeable in the changeable present, and throughout the endless ages of eternity, the same, loving, compassionate, helpful Saviour and Friend.

He said to His disciples when His work of atonement was nearly completed, "I go to prepare a place for you."—John 14:1. His own home was with the Father long before his time began, but now he goes to prepare a place for His loved ones from earth, for you and me, brothers and sisters, and for all those, millions though they be, who will accept the salvation He has provided. For he says, "In my Father's house are many Mansions."—John 14:2. The "Mansions," giving the ideas of stability, the everlasting possession. And the "many," assuring us not only that these are large, spacious, unbounded, ample for all, but that there may be a variety in the accommodations provided, suited to every Christian's capacity for enjoyment, in that Heavenly country.

O how we often wish to push aside the veil that separates that land from ours, and know just what it is like, especially do we so long, when a loved one has suddenly stepped beyond our care and reach. "A land so very near, and yet so far from sight."

The poet says:—

There is a region lovelier far
Than sages tell or poets sing;
Brighter than noonday glories are,
And softer than the tints of Spring.

It is not fanned by summer's gale,
 'Tis not refreshed by vernal showers,
 It never needs the moonbeam pale,
 For there are known no evening hours.

In vain the curious searching eye
 May seek to view the fair abode,
 Or find it in the starry sky ;
 It is the dwelling-place of God."

But the poet and we must get our knowledge, of the unsurpassing loveliness of this country, from the same source.

"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit."—1 Corinthians 2-9. In His word He gives us glimpses of the glory of that land, and in our hearts He gives us foretastes of the enjoyments that we shall have there.

But this Heavenly country and its everlasting joys, can only be described by the most beautiful and most precious things that we know anything about, and by the complete absence of what gives us trouble, pain or sorrow here.

Thus we read in the Revelation:—"And he carried me away in the Spirit to a mountain great and high, and showed me the holy City Jerusalem, coming down out of Heaven from God, having the glory of God: Her light was like unto a stone most precious, as it were a jasper stone, clear as crystal: having a wall great and high; having twelve gates, and at the gates twelve angels. And the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and on them the twelve names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb. And the building of the wall thereof was pure jasper; and the city was pure gold, like unto pure glass."—Revelation 21-18 to 25.

"The foundations of the wall of the city were adorned with all manner of precious stones. And the twelve gates were twelve pearls; each one of the several gates was one pearl, and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass.

"And I saw no temple therein for the Lord God the Almighty and the Lamb are the temple thereof. And the City hath no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine upon it; for the glory of God did lighten it, and the lamp thereof is the Lamb.

"And he showed me a river of water of life, bright as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb in the midst of the street thereof.

"And on this side of the river and on that, was the tree of life, bearing twelve manners of fruits, yielding the fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree, were for the healing of the nations. And there shall be no curse any more; and the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be therein."—Revelation 22-1,2,3.

Truly that Heavenly land has a beauty and glory, a radiance all its own, and no words of ours can add to what is written concerning it.

But what do we read of the inhabitants of the New Jerusalem? The place is purity itself, surely the dwellers there must be pure too.

Of the *Great I am* it is written. "The angels have no rest day nor night crying holy, holy, holy, is the Lord God, Almighty, which was, and which is, and which is to come."—Revelation 4-8.

The angels too are called "holy." And of the rest:—"There shall in no wise enter into it anything unclean, nor he that maketh an abomination and a lie, but only

they that are written in the Lamb's book of life."—Revelation 21-27.

Thus we see that the place Christ is preparing for His people is holy, the inhabitants are holy, and these who would enter in, must be *holy* too.

But what are we? Sin defiled and impure in thought and life. And can we ever hope to enter there?

Yes, blessed be God, Jesus not only prepares a place for his people, but He is also preparing His people for that holy place. In the Revelation we read:—"To him that overcometh, will I give to eat of the tree of life which is in the Paradise of God."—Revelation 2-7.

"To Him that overcometh will I give of the hidden manna, and I will give him a white stone, and upon the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth, but he that receiveth it."—Rev. 2-17.

"He that overcometh shall be arrayed in white garments, and I will in no wise blot his name out of the book of life, and I will confess his name before my Father and His angels."—Rev. 3-5.

"He that overcometh, I will make him a pillar in the temple of my God, and he shall go out thence no more, and I will write upon him the name of my God, and my own new name."—Rev. 3-12.

"He that overcometh, shall inherit these things, and I will be his God and he shall be my son."—Rev. 21-18.

But how can we, so weak, so changeable, so easily turned out of the way, "overcome"? "And they overcame him by the blood of the Lamb."—Revelation 12-11:

"And they washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."—Revelation 7-14.

"Blessed are they that wash their robes, that they may have the right to the tree of life, and may enter in by the gates into the city."—Revelation 22-14.

Thus our Lord not only opens a "fountain for sin and uncleanness," but He causes us to bathe in this fountain, the fountain of His own precious blood, and thus enables us to *overcome*.

But He does more.—In his memorable prayer in the 17th of John, He says.—"Father I will that they also whom Thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory."

He also promised His disciples:—"I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also."—John 14-3.

Blessed Lord Jesus, our unchangeable Elder Brother! He prepares this glorious place for us, He is preparing us gloriously for the place, and he will come again and take us to dwell with Him in this royal habitation.

"When Christ who is our life shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory."—Col. 3-4.

"Waiting for the revelation of our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall also confirm you unto the end, that ye may be unreachably in the day of our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. 1-8.

"He is able to guard you from stumbling, and to set you before the presence of His glory, without blemish in exceeding joy."—Jude 2-4. "Christ loved the church and gave Himself up for it, having cleansed it, by the washing of water with the word, that He might present the church to Himself, a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing: but that it should be holy and without blemish."—Eph. 8-27.

Think of it, brethren and sisters, if the church is to be thus glorious, each individual member, you and I, must be made holy, and without blemish. And he is doing this in us and for us. He *has* washed us in His own blood, and He will continue to wash and cleanse

up, till not one stain of sin remains, and we will enter the New Jerusalem with Him, as pure and spotless as the beautiful snow.

Or in other words we shall awake in His likeness. "As for me" says the Psalmist, "I shall behold thy face in righteousness; I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness."

And the apostle John writes, "Beloved now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be; but we know that when he shall appear, we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is."

"Far out of sight while yet the flesh unfolds us,
Lies the fair country where our hearts abide,
And of its bliss is naught more wondrous told us,
Than these few words.—'I shall be satisfied.'"

* * * * *

"I shall see Thee, and shall be satisfied."

Our adorable Redeemer having taken us to His own glorious home, we may ask:—What shall be our condition there? What our employment and enjoyments; and how long the tenure of our abode?

Here every "heart knoweth its own bitterness." Here is the lonely night of sorrow, the longing for absent ones, and mourning for lost ones. The darkness of sin, and the tempter's power. The unrest of anxiety, weariness, pain and sickness. We hear the death wail all around us and feel it within us. But there? "There shall be night no more." "God Himself shall be their everlasting light, and the days of their mourning shall be ended."

"He hath swallowed up death forever; and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces." "The ransomed of the Lord's shall return, and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads, they shall obtain gladness and joy, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." "And God Himself shall be with them and be their God, and He shall wipe away every tear from their eyes; and death shall be no more, neither shall there be mourning, nor crying, nor pain any more."

Heaven is often spoken of as a "rest, sweet rest," but that rest will also be some delightful service, for—"His servants shall do Him service," and, "There are they before the throne of God, and they serve Him continually in His temple."

Blessed be the Lord! He often leads us even here into the "green pastures" and "beside the still waters," but there! "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun strike upon them, nor any heat; for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall be their Shepherd, and shall guide them unto fountains of waters of life." There we may bathe and bathe again, and never more thirst. "These are they that follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth."

Francis Ridley Havergal once said.—"I have such a craving for the music of Heaven": and perhaps some of us find a similar longing in our hearts, when we read about the "New Song" and the countless multitudes singing it, before the throne.

The following is the beloved Apostle's description of this grand orchestra, as it was shown to him on the Isle of Patmos: "I saw the Lamb standing on the Mount Zion, and with Him an hundred and forty and four thousand, having His name, and the name of His Father written on their foreheads. And I heard a voice from Heaven as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder; and the voice which I heard

was as the voice of harpers, harping with their harps; and they sang as it were a new song before the throne: and no man could learn the song, save the hundred and forty and four thousand, even they that had been purchased out of the earth."

"And they fell down before the Lamb, having each one a harp. And they sang a New Song, saying: Worthy art Thou to take the book, and to open the seals thereof; for Thou wast slain, and didst purchase unto God, with Thy blood, men of every tribe, and tongue, and people and nation, and maddest them to be unto our God, a kingdom and priests. And I heard a voice of many angels, and the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands, singing with a great voice, Worthy is the Lamb, that hath been slain, to receive the power, and riches, and wisdom, and might, and honor, and glory, and blessing." "After these things I saw, and behold a great multitude which no man could number, of every nation, and of all tribes, and peoples and tongues, standing before the throne, and before the Lamb, arrayed in white robes, and palms in their hands; and they cry with a great voice, saying, Salvation unto our God, which sitteth on the throne, and unto the Lamb. And all the angels fell before the throne on their faces, and worshipped God, saying, amen: Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanks-giving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever, Amen."

How many of our dearly loved ones have already exchanged the broken chords of earth's music for the perfect harmony of this "New Song"; and ere long, our voices too shall mingle with those of that countless multitude, in ascribing adoration and praise to Him who has washed us, and made us white in His own blood. O the rapture of the wondrous bliss of Heaven! and better than all, it will never pass away, for "They shall reign for ever and ever."

"In thy presence is fulness of joy, at thy right hand there are pleasures forevermore." "And so shall we be ever with the Lord."

The glisten of the white robe,
The waving of the palm,
The ended sin and sorrow,
The sweet eternal calm,

* * * * *

Our whole anticipation.
Our Master's best reward,
Our crown of bliss, is summed in this—
"Forever with the Lord!"

[Written by request of committee, and read before the Canadian Conference at Cocanada, January 19th, 1893, by Mrs. M. F. Churchill.]

In Madagascar there are now 1,360 self-supporting Christian congregations, but 3,000,000 out of 4,500,000 of the people are still in heathenism.

The widows of India number four times as many as the entire population of London.

The Moravians, Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, Wesleyans, and English Baptists have missions in Guiana, and the Southern Methodist Church is employing a native missionary in Venezuela.

WHAT A COMMITTEE OF TWO DID.

MRS. A. C. WROE.

"Well ladies," said the president of the Ladies' Missionary Society at Linnville, "I have stated the matter as concisely as I could, and trust that you will realize its seriousness. I hope you will each do your part towards reaching the desired end."

At this moment Mrs. Pierce entered. "I have been explaining, Mrs. Pierce," resumed the president, "the emergency we are called upon to meet in regard to the Centennial Fund. You know the women of the South were asked to aid in raising \$250,000, and, up to January, the Boards had not received what was required, while so little of the Centennial year remains. The Committee tells us that if each member of every church will give 30 cents, the desired sum can easily be obtained. Only 30 cents: Surely we can each give that."

"But, Mrs. Hartley," said one of the ladies, "many of us have already given more than 30 cents."

"Very likely," replied Mrs. Hartly, "and if those who have given feel that they can give no more, then the matter must rest between them and their consciences. But let us all go to work at once, and talk plainly to ourselves as well as to others on the subject."

Most of the ladies went away that afternoon feeling a sense of responsibility unknown before, as the President had put the matter very earnestly and seriously. Mrs. Pierce and Miss Lyle walked down the street together, considering the best way to rouse the interest of all their members in the Centennial Offering. They were soon joined by a lady who had not been present at the meeting, and who rallied them on their serious aspect.

"It is a serious affair we have in hand, Miss Martha," said Mrs. Pierce, "and now do help us out;" proceeding to explain.

"My! I thought the Board had that money long ago; we took up our Centennial offering in the fall, and I haven't thought much about it since. But it won't do to let that plan fail, and although I can't give but 30 cents more myself, I can talk, and I'll try and talk to the purpose. Now suppose we appoint ourselves a committee of three, to get to every member of our church. Let's see. I heard brother Roberts say we had 215 members in ours, and that little church he preaches to at Shiloh has 28; that makes 243. Thirty cents each from them would be—well I'll count it up later; and then say 40 or 50 children at 10 cents each would make something considerable, and we had better start right now."

"O, you must excuse me, Miss Martha," said Miss Lyle; "I am willing to give you thirty cents, although I have already filled a Chapel card. But it is so unpleasant to ask people for money, in fact, papa forbids my doing it."

"Unpleasant! Why, I enjoy asking for anything like this. Folks are generally willing to give if you ask 'em in the right way. Sister Pierce, I know you will go with me, we'll be a Committee of two, and I guarantee we'll get the money and have a real good time too. As for your father, sister Lyle, I hope he will be prepared to give in proportion to his unwillingness to have you ask."

"After lunch at Mrs. Pierce's they counted up the sum they must aim to secure, and started off at once. Mrs. Pierce said they would drive out to Shiloh and call on the members of the little church, though most of them were quite poor, and might not be able to give

30 cents each, it was a pleasant drive there and some good was accomplished. "And Miss Martha," said she, "whatever is lacking to make up the sum I will give, but don't say anything about it."

The result of the first call, which was to Mr. Lyle, was not encouraging, he flatly refused to give another cent, as he "had contributed liberally already." But nearly every one asked, gladly gave the 30 cents, and some even more. Every evening the sum grew, the number of quarters and nickels keeping pace with the members called upon. It took nearly three weeks to make the round of the church members, and yet this indefatigable Committee continued their labor of love, often making two or three calls at one house. Late one evening as they were about passing a small unpainted frame house, they looked at one another questioningly:

"Shall we call on Mrs. Tabb, Miss Martha?" said Mrs. Pierce. "She has such a hard struggle to get along, with an invalid husband, too."

"Well, we might call anyway; she'd probably feel slighted if we left her out," replied Miss Martha.

They were shown into the neat little kitchen by Mrs. Tabb, who remarked that she had been baking all day for Mrs. Donaldson who was to give a party that night.

"I would not have done it, for my time is so occupied," said she, "but I felt so dreadful at the meeting the other day to think I could not even give 30 cents. I asked the Lord to show me some way, and that very evening Mrs. Donaldson sent for me. Jennie has taken home the last of the baking, and will soon return with the money, which is \$3, and that is my Centennial Offering."

"And Mrs. Donaldson gave me 10 cents," said Jennie entering, "so there is mine."

The other ladies were speechless: \$3.10 where they had expected nothing! At the next meeting they handed in \$78.40, and any one interested may do a little sum in arithmetic and see if the end was accomplished by that church of 243 members and 55 children.—*Foreign Mission Journal.*

Work Abroad.

GIRLS' BOARDING SCHOOLS IN INDIA.

Tuni, India, March 11th, 1893.

"Girls' Boarding Schools" is the heading of a short article in the February number of the LINK, and under "Boarding Schools," the Encyclopedia of Missions says, "Of all educational instruments, missionaries have long looked with special favor upon the boarding school for girls. The intimate oversight it permits; the absolute separation of the pupils for a period from the unwholesome if not vile idolatrous surroundings of their homes; the contact which it affords with society at many and its most sensitive points—all these offer rare opportunities for permanent impress upon character and some of the best and most lasting work in missions has been wrought through this channel. Day schools disarm prejudice and opposition to Christianity, but it is in the boarding schools that girls become Christians."

Perhaps it is eight years ago since Dr. Barnardo visited Toronto and told of his work for the destitute children of England. The account of his girls' homes has remained, and a personal acquaintance later with the work through two of his trained girls that at dif-

ferent times lightened the work of a large family in the home land has made his way with girls seem best, for it is the *home* idea.

How often has Bathy or Mary told of their happy home in England, where in the village some miles from London so many such pretty cottages stand, each with its own flower garden outside, and its own "mother" with her twelve girls (just a nice number for a good sized family you know), from the baby up, inside. "Who minded the baby, Bathy?" "O, we all minded her, of course my girl who loved babies most tried oftenest to have her." "And how did the girls dress?" "O, our cottage was not a bit like the other cottages you know, we never all wore dresses alike, our cottage had one kind and another cottage had another kind." "And did you have your hair cut short?" "No indeed, nobody was ever allowed to cut our hair off, and then if we were to have a new ribbon, the girl that liked blue best got blue, and the girl that liked pink got pink, and we did all love "mother" so."

This is what I have listened to again and again from these happy orphans to whom God gave such a home.

A home is what girls must have, and the boarding schools for our girls in India must be homes. A great institution may do for boys, for boys are different; but give your worst girl a home and she will not be "the worst" girl long.

Don't let the schools grow too large or have only big girls in them, for a girl must love something, and if that something is a dear little girl whose face she washes and hair she combs every morning, it will be all the better.

How often have I gone down after the school girls were asleep to find them all a disobedient family. For though I had said, "Now all the big girls are to sleep in the middle room and all the little girls with Ereka in the little room," not once have I been altogether obeyed; and Ereka, rubbing her sleepy eyes, has stood beside me by the little cots and said "Yes, mother, they are all disobedient children, I told them too, but there is Parama and she will not sleep without her little friend Nursama, so there they are, both of them." And as I looked around them they all were such a disobedient family, each with the little girl she loved best asleep by her side. Susie with the little dwarf from the same village, as of course they were particular friends; Sanyasia with her own little sister, and so on a room full of disobedient children. But wiser far than their foolish "mother" that had made such a foolish rule.

"It is in the boarding school that girls become Christians."

Christian parents at home, be their family ever so large, pray for, work for, and expect their children's conversion. And even though there is the wayward son or vain daughter that will not heed till the one has wandered away into the far country and the other's time and thoughts are wholly given to the fashion of the hour, there are the father's entreaties and the mother's prayers ascending night and morning to the very throne of God, and "He that formed the ear will He not hear?"

Boarding schools here can never quite be compared to our young ladies' colleges at home, for in these latter are gathered the daughters of our best homes and when the holidays come they have these homes; to return to. But when the little brown girls return to their homes for the holidays, they go one here and another

there to little villages hid among the hills or to little hot homes by the sea sands, to homes in which many of the parents though Christians, are very ignorant, and these little girls while there lead lives totally different from any one else in that village. And many a parent has, when bringing the child back after the holidays, told how all the two months they had morning and evening worship because "Aichama can read and sing and pray, you know." "And what will you do now?" "O, she taught her little brothers some hymns and we will sing those."

During the holidays last year one mother came to see me, and when I asked how Venkama was? she said "O, Venkama used to be the worst child, but now when she is outside and the other children of the village call her names and try to quarrel with her she says 'Don't you say these things to me, I do not say these bad words now!'"

And the Good Shepherd is gathering them one by one into the fold, for lately three more were baptized out of the little school here and the testimony of one in particular—C. Aichama, would have rejoiced the heart of the most aged and devout saint our home land possesses.

Before the great white throne there shall stand a great number that no man can number, singing praises unto Him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb; and who shall say that the sweetest voices there will not be those of our little Telugu school girls who washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb?

MAGGIE GARSIDE.

APPI THE COOLIE GIRL.

Tuni, March 11th, 1893.

Her name was really Appallama but she was called Appi by her friends. The child and grandchild of coolies, Appi was not brought up on the lap of luxury. A small leaf-roofed house in the Tuni Malapalem, a few earthen vessels for cooking, a brass plate or two to eat from, a charpoy or native bed-constituted the furniture of the hut.

For playmates Appi had the other children of the Malapalem; she would not play with children of a lower caste, she could not play with those of a higher. What a dirty set of youngsters these Mala children were, yet they were well formed bright-eyed children, and so straight and graceful were they, for their first work was to carry some light burden on their heads.

Appi was soon set to work. When but five years old she had the care of an infant. Soon afterwards she would carry a small bundle of wood for fuel or steal grass, and after a few more years she would help to plant rice in the fields.

She did not go to school because her parents wished her to work. Once in a while she would drop into the village mission school and while there would hear Christian hymns and some words about Christ.

Still Appi learnt very little of the Gospel, partly owing to the fierce opposition of the people of the Malapalem, but principally because her parents were not interested in anything that did not bring them money or rice.

A child that is carefully trained shows by her grace and manners that she is the object of attention, while on the other hand, one that is beaten and driven soon loses her freshness.

It was wonderful considering her parents and her surroundings that Appi grew up so graceful in form and so positively pretty in face. Often beaten because she was so lazy, she yet had a careless smiling manner with her as if she had not a sorrow or a care in the world.

Her outlook was limited indeed, and her desires were expressed in those of getting something to eat, something to wear, and by any means possible a few jewels. And indeed there were times when Appi got positively nothing to eat and was compelled to lie down silent and supperless and cry herself to sleep. The food on which she lived was but scant and often the hard berries of the jungle were resorted to in order to help out her meals.

Often the early morning found her on the road with the other girls and women on the way to the jungle for wood. Then perhaps they would join in a song. "Rama, Rama, Rama," went the refrain for it was to the heathens' god that she sang praises.

What a merry laughing group this band of women sometimes seemed to be, and how musical their voices would sound in the early morning air. Again their mood would change and a fierce wordy altercation would spring up and they would shriek and scream in a most threatening way or they would talk of things too shameful to think of. They were all very dirty and exceedingly ignorant, some of them very insufficiently clad, a few ate opium while all of them smoked on occasions. Appi was a true coolie girl, bright eyed, shrill of speech and lavish of gesture. She had a lazy, careless way with her and certainly did not carry the burden of the morrow. ---

At fifteen she became a wife and mother and the burdens of life crowded upon her. Her husband, if such indeed he could be called, was a worthless good for nothing fellow who seemed to care but little for the girl and her child.

She still had to work, for none are spared in the coolie community. So she often went into the jungle to bring wood or into the fields to dig grass.

We might follow this band of coolie girls into the jungle. They do not go near the hills until the sun is well up and the wandering tiger or panther has fled from the villages. The dry wood is picked up here and there and there is often a man with an axe to break the big sticks. The bundles are tied up and then the hot sun drives them into the shade of a big tree where they rest during the noon hour chatting with each other, smoking cigars, or perhaps drinking some *gunge* or rice water they have brought.

Around is the thronging life of the tropics; birds of beautiful hue, butterflies with all the prismatic blendings of the rainbow, beetles and insects of wondrous and varied shapes and sizes. The blue bird, the mynah, the impudent crow overhead, the soaring kite, while near by is the palen squirrel, or a mongoose, or a mountain sheep may be seen. Then again the harmless lizard, or the hateful scorpion, or dreaded snake passes from cover to cover.

Appi and the rest of the women were oblivious to the beauty of the scene. In their simple classification all these birds, insects and animals were known as harmless or poisonless, as good for food, or not fit to eat.

After the noonday rest and cigar, Appi would join the women in the weary trudge home. Then came the care of the child, the preparation of the evening meal, followed by sleep on a mat in a corner of the

hovel. Sometimes the frenzied shouts of the villagers as they quarrelled would render sleep impossible, or there might be an entertainment in the palem, when wandering minstrels would play and sing.

During feast times there would be plenty to eat and each woman would buy, or beg, or borrow a clean robe. On one occasion while preaching at a feast in Tuni we noticed Appi with a clean dress on and a gold circlet around her neck.

And so Appi's life drifted on; but the end soon came. The failure of the monsoons of '91 ruined the crops and rice was both scarce and high then, followed by the hot weather.

The heat of India cannot really be described, it must be felt to be realized. The readings of the thermometer may give the degree but it cannot give the quality of the heat nor can it register its effects upon the human frame, weakened it may be by lack of food or because of the lack of oxygen in the heated atmosphere.

A May day in Tuni is like an inferno. The earth is scorched and becomes as hard as a rock, the grasses die, the bushes wither, the trees droop.

No vegetation except that which is watered with care can resist the scorching sun. The miserable pariah dogs with lolling tongues and panting breath, driven to madness with hunger and heat, often run through a village biting man, woman, or child, or ox, or cow, or anything that stands in their mad career.

Then comes the raging land wind, hot as from a furnace, which warps the doors and curls up the backs of books and smites down the weary pilgrims who with languid step are returning from distant shrine or bathing ghat.

Think of the Malapalem at this time with its naked sweltering mass of humanity, its leaf-roofed houses crowded together and with dogs and pigs and children and men in indescribable and promiscuous assemblage.

It was here then that Appi came to her end. April and May had come with their heat and scarcity, and the days had slowly dragged themselves along. She had not been able to work and her mother and the man who passed for her husband, could not, or would not, more likely, give her sufficient to eat. Then the rains came down in floods and poured through many a leaking roof. The fever season had come again so weakening and distressing to those who are already weak.

In September her second child was born, but the weary mother had no strength and there was none to help; those who would have assisted were not called and so she passed away.

The women crowded around with the hoarse moan of grief so hopeless and so distressing in a heathen land. Then the men came and Appi was carried to the burning ground which she had so often passed on her way to the hills for wood.

In a few minutes a volume of smoke commenced to ascend, the men sat down a short distance off and watched it burn and soon all that remained of Appi was reduced to ashes. Her baby also died in a short time. It was whispered that it was poisoned. Who can tell? The burning ground reveals no secrets.

This is a simple story. It is a true story. The work of the mission and especially of the girls' school is to put life and hope and purpose into the hearts of girls like Appi, for though they come from such unlovely surroundings they are worth saving and indeed are loveable and lovely when saved.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

PARLA KIMEDY.—We had an interesting baptism at Akulatampara a few days ago. The candidate a Sudra by caste, and a Sepoy by occupation, had learned to love Jesus, and was determined to become a soldier of the cross. We were much pleased with his clear discernment of the truth and his determination at all hazards to obey it. A large crowd stood on the bank of the stream and watched the ordinance with deep curiosity (if not interest). After we came out of the water the young man's relations gave way to their grief. One woman wept bitterly.

The outlook at Akulatampara is good and we hope to have more baptisms ere long. The church at that place is feeling badly over the loss of its pastor B. Subbaraidu Garu. He has been with the church more than two years and greatly endeared himself to the people. Faithful sowing has been done and surely there must be a harvest soon. The new pastor is P. David Garu. In securing him the church feels very fortunate and happy. May David's work be abundantly blessed!

February 7th, 1893.

W. V. HIGGINS.

SAMALKOT

SAMULCOTTA. Last Saturday evening I went to Yetlapalem and stayed till Sunday. We had some blessed meetings. Five stood up to profess Christ, two were baptised on Sunday and a backslider restored. Things are looking very hopeful there. Satyavedam is a grand power for good. She develops wonderfully. Only a poor madiga girl despised on account of her caste, and also on account of being deserted by her husband, she now wields a wonderful power in that Malapilly. Her school of twenty girls big and little is well disciplined, and her word in the village is listened to with great respect. Anna and Martha went with me and we had meetings with the women and children through the day. Issac came out and led the evening meeting at which there were about 100 in attendance. Some time before midnight the meeting was broken up and even then it seemed hard for them to separate. Spurgeon's Sermon on the Text Ps. 90: 15-17 came to my mind.—"Gladness for Sadness."

February 17th, 1893.

S. I. H.

YELLAMANCHILLI.—We entered our new house on December 31st, and shook off the last carpenter last week. The whole place smells of varnish, the flies feast on the sap of the new bamboo mats in bothersome swarms. If we often despaired in building, we now delight in the building. Our present joy far surpasses all our past miseries and far outweighs them. We are as grateful as we feel unworthy. Two were baptised December 4th. One lost his reason and is now confined in jail. The other is our boy Ramaswamy who has been with us over a year.

February 20th, 1893.

H. F. LAFLAMME.

CHICACOLE.—We have been to America, and your cheering radiance followed us there, and now we are back to our old and dear work among the Telugus. At present, I feel as if I never wished to leave it again. Our big field has been divided, but the Palcondah Missionary, Mr. Bars, has been obliged to go to Madras with his invalided wife. We hope they may soon return and are anxiously waiting the report of the physician. We are getting our work in hand, but our workers are few, while the heathen abound. One Brahmin has twice offered himself for baptism and has twice been sent away by his friends. Pray for us all.

C. H. A.

VIZIANAGRAM.—Since January 24th I have been touring in tent. For 13 days of that time we have been in territory never before visited by a Missionary. It is on this field, within thirty miles of Vizianagram, but being off the highway was not before explored except by the Revenue Collector and Salt Inspector. Thousands of heathen heard from us of Christ for the first time.

A remarkable interest for this section has been developed in our village, of which more may be written later.

February 16th, 1893.

M. B. SHAW.

BIMLIPATAM.—Oh! there is such a vast work to do and so few to do it. To think of scores of people dying daily around us here in Bimlipatam! It makes us feel like working and doing much for these sin-stricken people.

I am so anxious to learn the language and do what little I can. I feel that after I have learned it I must learn how to tell the story to these people. It is so hard for them to understand.

Miss Gray and I went to see an old woman one day this week. When spoken to of death she said, "Oh, I am praying every day," and could not seem to understand that she must get the new heart if she would have eternal life. She is such a nice old woman in comparison with other heathen women and we are very anxious that she should give her heart to the Lord. * * Two Sundays ago, before we went to meeting, our Ayah (who is not a Christian yet, but seems to be thinking seriously about religion), asked for an envelope such as each member has to put their tenth money in. I gave her one and she put one anna in, and gave the same amount last Sunday. This was a great pleasure to us to see her willing to give her money.

How vastly different a Christian land is from a heathen land! How we long for a season among Christian people! It has been a great disappointment to us to see and know of the utter Godlessness among the English people in this country. Instead of being a help to the cause of Christ they are decidedly the reverse, as

the natives call them Christians, and yet how far removed they are. Numbers of them live as if there were no God.

If every English person in India were a Christian how different things would be.—L. MORSE.

"Thank you for your word of caution." When work goes well I forget all about breakfast or dinner or both, but then I don't feel very guilty over it, because they don't amount to much from a Canadian point of view. We have no baker and send for bread once a week, a distance of 35 miles, so that about half the time our bread is mouldy (if the wet season) or as dry as chips. Potatoes are a luxury, beef never seen, mutton seldom, only chicken and eggs,—eggs and chicken, till I hate the sight of them both. Of course we have tinned meats, but they are too expensive to be indulged in often, so with tinned vegetables. Life in India is not easy on the flesh, and there are times when the work moves slowly and seems more than usually discouraging."

"Really India is practically unbearable except for the work we come to do. The climate and people, the insects, snakes, scorpions and centipedes, make so many causes of annoyance that I wonder how any one can bear them except for the sake of the work. Of course Europeans come here and bear it all for money. I am quite sure money could never tempt me."

"What a pity that the Circles are falling behind; I never could understand how people undertake to do a thing and then grow careless and drop it. That may not be the cause of the funds being less in this case, however. In some places unless there is some one stirring the people up they do nothing of themselves. Some earnest workers who keep the people interested may have been called home.—I know myself of one or two who died last year."—Two Lady Missionaries.

Work at Home.

TO THE BAPTIST WOMEN OF ONTARIO.

Dear Sisters.—At the Semi Annual meeting of the Women's Baptist Foreign Mission Board, held April 14th, a very serious falling off in the receipts of the Society was reported, while at the same time there were several pressing calls from India. For these reasons it was decided to place before you a statement of affairs; in the certain hope that you will cheerfully come to our assistance.

The appropriations made at the last annual meeting, for this year for India, amounted to \$700 less than the amount raised last year. No new work was undertaken; as it was confidently expected that we would be in a position to send out another missionary next fall, although at that time we had no suitable person in

prospect. The missionaries have now called for *three* ladies to be sent out this year. The ladies are waiting, but the receipts from the Society for the half year (October 10 to April 10) are \$270 less than those of the same period last year, notwithstanding the fact that several new Circles have reported. Indeed the receipts have fallen far short of the monthly remittance to India. Had it not been for the balance on hand to begin the year with the Treasurer would have been unable to meet her payments. In addition to the regular work taken-up by the Board, there is a call from India for a boat for the lady on the Akidu field and Miss Hatch's passage home, as well as the call for more ladies. Miss Priest is now under appointment. She is to be supported by the Manitoba Society, but we must provide her outfit and passage money, and unless we can raise the money she will not be able to go next August.

There are several reasons why our *Foreign* work should have a very sacred place in our hearts. It was for this alone that "the sainted Timpany" first organized Circles. We are the only Society that is specially doing "women's work for women." We are doing a work that only women can do. The Lord is blessing the work. The women of India are hopeless in this life, hopeless for the life beyond. There is no ray of comfort for the mother as she lays her darling child in the tomb; all is darkness, gloom, despair. Desolate as are the lives of many women in our own land, they can nearly all read and God's word is in their hands; even where that is denied, they still have home joys and some knowledge of the Only True God. The lonely life of our single ladies in India should touch us. Love for souls and obedience to our Saviour's command are the two things that make life endurable. It will be a glad day for them when we can place two single ladies on one field. Then the fact that through *one* channel so many different branches of work are supported, should lead us to give more largely to Foreign Missions. And again the fact that there are yet hundreds of thousands whom the gospel has not reached.

In view of the great need for more money the Board earnestly invites you all to ask the Most High to send the money. Every evening at 6 o'clock is the time set apart. We ask each one to try to give a little more to Foreign Missions, to seek to interest others in the work, especially to try to gain the sympathy of our young women, on whom the work must in the future depend. We also ask the Treasurers of the Circles and Bands to please send in the Foreign Mission money promptly and not to send Home Mission money to the Foreign-treasurer, as that involves *risk* in remaining as well as expense.

Yours on behalf of the Board.

JANE BUCHAN, Corresponding Secretary.

VIOLET ELLIOT, Treasurer.

BUREAU OF MISSIONARY INFORMATION.

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

BIOGRAPHY.

Wm. Carey, Robert Morrison, Robert Moffat, David Livingstone, Samuel Crowther, James Chalmers, Thomas Comber, Mackay of Uganda, John Paton, Alfred Saker, Heroines of the Mission Field, Lady Missionaries in Foreign Lands.

BOOKS ON INDIA.

Serampore Letters (about Carey), Wm. Carey, Heroines of the Mission Field, Lady Missionaries in Foreign Lands, Everyday Life in India. Hindu Women, From Darkness to Day Light (Hindu tale by Dr. Clough), The Unfulfilled Commission (Hindu tale by Mr. Stillwell), Telugu Scrap Book, Lone Star Mission, India by G. T. Gracey, India—What It Can Teach Us, In Brightest Asia, World Tour of Missions, Our Gold Mine, Woman's Medical Work in Foreign Lands, Decennial Missionary Conference at Calcutta, Prize Essay on Missions, Missionary Sketches, Our Eastern Sisters.

CHINA.

Robert Morrison, The Crisis of Missions, Pagoda Shadows (Chinese tale), Days of Blessing in Inland China, In Brightest Asia, World Tour of Missions, Heroines of the Mission Field, Lady Missionaries in Foreign Lands, Our Gold Mine, Woman's Medical Work in Foreign Lands, Prize Essay on Missions, Missionary Sketches, Our Eastern Sisters.

HURMAH.

Heroines of the Mission Field, Lady Missionaries in Foreign Lands, In Brightest Asia, World Tour of Missions, Our Gold Mine, Prize Essay on Missions, Woman's Medical Work in Foreign Lands, Missionary Sketches, Our Eastern Sisters.

AFRICA.

Robert Moffat, David Livingstone, Samuel Crowther, James Chalmers, Thomas Comber, Mackay of Uganda, Work on the Congo River, Lady Missionaries in Foreign Lands, Missionary Sketches, World Tour of Missions, Heroines of the Mission Field, Our Eastern Sisters, Prize Essay on Missions.

JAPAN.

In Brightest Asia, World Tour of Missions, Missionary Heroines, Our Eastern Sisters, Missionary Sketches, Prize Essay on Missions.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Do Not Say, Self Giving, Missions in Greece and Palestine, Bright Bits (collection of choice missionary readings and recitations.)

MISSION BANDS.

Children of India, Children of China, Children of Madagascar, Children of all Nations, Children's Work for Children, Mission Band Folios Nos. 1 and 2, Concert Exercises, etc. Nos. 1 and 2, Mission Band Hymnal, Bright Bits (selection of choice missionary readings and recitations).

NOTE.—The Bureau will be glad to receive names of good books either for Circles or Bands—books you have found helpful to you; or better still, send the books to the Library for the use of many other sisters. You will be doing a good work in thus placing good missionary literature in the hands of many who can neither find it nor buy it.

Address all orders to MISS STARK, 64 Bloor St. E., Toronto, and accompany with six cents for postage.

OBITUARY.

WILLIAMS.—Died of Consumption, at her own home, near Sawyerville, Que., January 8th, 1893. Mary L. MUMFORD, wife of William Williams, aged 41 years.

Our departed sister was elected Secretary of the Eastern Association of Mission Circles in June, 1890, which office she ably and satisfactorily filled, and was re-elected in 1891, but before the close of that year was obliged to resign on account of failing health.

She won the love and confidence of the Association, and in her death the cause of Foreign Missions has lost an active worker, one always ready to do what she could, even though it called her to sacrifice her own comfort and convenience to bear burdens for the cause she loved.

She cheerfully spoke of her departure as "Going Home." And her last words were,—“Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; Thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me.”

Sister, thy journey is ended,
Thy life is a tale that is told,
Whatever thy purpose intended,
Whatever thy work did unfold.

Counted and weighed and measured,
Fruit, and plant, and seed,
Gathered, and written, and treasured,
Thought and word and deed.

Not in a narrow enclosure,
Like a book to be laid on a shelf;
Not like a written disclosure
That each may read by himself.

But in the great volume creation,
In its depths of eternity planned,
Thy work in minutest narration,
Is written by thine own hand.

R. L. P.

ASSOCIATIONAL MEETINGS.

MIDDLAND COUNTIES ASSOCIATION.—The Annual meeting of Mission Circles and Bands will be held in the Baptist Church, Cheltenham, on the afternoon of Thursday, 15th June. Circles and Bands are expected to send delegates.—M. McKECHNIE.

NIAGARA ASSOCIATION.—The Annual Meeting of the Women's Mission Circles will meet in the *Dunville* church, on Wednesday, June 7th, at 2 p.m. All sisters in the Association are cordially invited to attend and bring questions for the question drawer Sincerely—M. K. FORBES, Associational Director.

ELGIN ASSOCIATION.—The ninth annual meeting of Mission Circles will be held at Aylmer on Wednesday May 31st at 10 a.m. After a short prayer meeting the morning session will be devoted to business and reading reports from Circles. In the afternoon papers will be given on Home Missions by Miss Clark, Aylmer; on Foreign Missions by Mrs. Cohoon, Calton; Grande Ligne, Miss McCall, Iona; Indians, Mrs. Spencer, St. Thomas; Mission Bands, Miss Cohoon, Bayham. Addresses will be delivered in the evening by Mrs. Booker, J. Grey and others. As Aylmer is noted for its hospitality and very accessible to all the churches in the Association a large representation is expected from all the Circles.—E. WELTER.

NEWS FROM THE CIRCLES.

ALGONQUIN.—On the evening of March 22nd, our Circle held its meeting at the parsonage as a farewell to our esteemed pastor and his wife who has been president of the Circle. After tea a programme was carried out. A letter was read from Miss Montgomery, one of our members who is preparing herself for a foreign Missionary. A presentation was then made to our retiring president. Officers appointed for the coming year:—Pres., Mrs. M. Mylks; Vice Pres., Mrs. J. McLean; Sec. Treas., Miss Flora Wright.

BAKER HILL.—Our Band has the usual difficulties in securing regular attendance, owing to the distances, the bad weather, etc. So we had not the courage to try to get up a public entertainment until last December we decided to try! On the 11th of January we held an open meeting, programme consisting of recitations and dialogues in costumes of different countries. Mr. Bosworth happening to come by Baker Hill that evening, spoke on Grande Ligne, and secured \$14 for that work. The collection for the Band amounted to \$6.55. All pronounced the programme a success. We find it better to hold our regular meeting just after Sunday School, than on Saturday as formerly.—E. E. JAMIESON.

GEORGETOWN.—Our Women's Mission Circle decided at their February meeting to hold an open meeting every quarter and on March 30th we held the first one. The increased attendance and the interest manifested proved the plan a helpful one. As the programme was strictly missionary in character we spent both a pleasant and profitable evening.—M. A. ROE, Sec.

NEW CIRCLES.

WHEATLY.—A Home and Foreign Mission Circle organized February 1st, with eight members and two more have since joined. Officers: President, Mrs. Hanson; Vice President, Mrs. L. Shaw; Secretary, Mrs. C. H. Potts; Treasurer, Mrs. D. Olmstead.—Mrs. C. H. Potts.

THE W. B. F. M. SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

RECEIPTS FROM MAR. 18TH TO APR. 17TH, 1893.

Toronto (Sheridan Ave.) M.C., \$8.75; Listowel M.C., \$3.90; Wheatley M.C., \$5; Hamilton (Wentworth St.) M.C., \$3.70; Blythwood M.C., \$3; Glammis M.C., \$4; Mount Forest M.C., \$4.32; St. Catharines (Queen St.) M.C., \$14; Burgessville M.C., \$7; Second Markham M.C., \$4; Norwich M.B., \$2.50; London (Grosvenor St.) M.C., \$3.42; Gilmour Memorial Church M.C., \$10; Paris M.C., \$23.35; Paris M.B. for Kankipudi Kondayya, \$8.04; London South B.Y.P.U. for Pantagani Reuben, \$5; St. Catharines (Lyman St.) M.C., \$3.50; Theford M.C. \$2; Acton M.C., \$7.36; London (Adelaide St.) Young Ladies' M.C., \$23.20; Townsend Centre M.B., \$5; Stouffville M.C., \$4.50; Woodstock (First Ch.) M.C., \$14; Brantford (Calvary Ch.) M.C., \$10; The late Miss Hattie West (to be applied to Miss Priest's outfit), \$5; Brooke M.C., \$8.78; Leamington M.C., \$2.20; Sarnia M.C., \$15; Atwood M.C., \$7.45; Atwood M.B., \$1.40; Bethel M.C., \$3; First Yarmouth Plains Ch. M.C., \$2.50; Toronto (Dovercourt Road) M.C., \$8; Woodford M.C., \$2; York Mills, M.C., \$7.75; Etobicoke M.C., \$2; Paisley M.C., \$10; London South M.C., \$5.35 (of this 85c is commission on the Baptist); Selkirk M.C., \$3.47; Selkirk thank offering, 40c; \$3.87; Brantford (First Ch.) M.C., for Minnie, a Bible woman, \$25; Cobourg, M.C., \$2.15; East Flamboro M.B., \$3; Wilkesport M.C., \$2.50; West Lorne M.C., \$1.24; For the Akidu boat, \$5; Midland M.C., \$2.95 (of this \$2.40 is special); Midland M.B., 90c; St. George M.C., \$11; St. Thomas (Centre St.) M.C., \$10; Toronto (Beverly St.) S. S. adult classes for Todei Philemon, \$6.25; Alborough M.C., \$1.30; Beachville M.C., \$1.15; Kenilworth M.C. (formerly South Arthur), \$5; Kingsville M.C., \$15; Rodney M.C., \$3.30; Eglinton (Zion Ch.) M.C., \$5.70; Boston M.C. towards a life membership fee, \$21.60; Boston M.C., \$8.40, total \$30; Burgoyne M.C., \$4; Calvary M.C., \$4; Lakefield M.C., \$9.20; Ridgetown M.C., \$5.25; Toronto (Immanuel Ch.) M.C., \$22.02; Toronto (Immanuel Ch.) Girls' M.B. for D. Susi, Toni, \$1.12; For the Akidu boat, \$1; W. B. H. & F. M. S. of Manitoba—Miss Lizzie Land, Jennie P. Kennedy, Winnipeg, for N. Nilavati, \$25.00; Stonewall M. B. for Salla Hapanama, \$7.00; total, \$32.00; Brampton M.C., \$5.50; Miss McKechnie, sale of maps, 45c; Grimsby M.C., \$5; Ingersoll M.C., \$5; Ingersoll M.B., \$5; St. Mary's M.C., \$1.70; St. Mary's thank offering, \$4.30, total, \$6; Toronto (Moulton College) M.C., \$4.72; Toronto (Ossington Ave.) M.C., \$4.95; Union Meeting of Toronto Circles, \$14.60; Whitevale M.C., 45c; Toronto (Beverly St.) M.C., \$7.90; Toronto (Beverly St.) M.B., \$6; Brooklin M.B. for Karu Saqyasi, \$5.80; Beamsville M.C., \$6.50; Colborne M.B., \$5; East Flamboro M.C., \$3.50; Freelon M.C., \$1.50; total, \$5; New Sarum M.C., \$9; Waterford M.B. for a student, \$10; Toronto (Jarvis St.) M.C., \$21.72; Hamilton (Victoria Ave.) M.B., for Maggam Ramaswami, \$3.02; Zone M.C., \$5.60; Collingwood M.C., \$2; Mrs. T. Stewart, Belleville, for the Akidu boat, \$5.

Receipts from Circles, \$499.63; from Bands, \$52.78; from Sundries, \$59.70; total receipts, \$612.11.

Disbursements to General Treasurer:—Monthly remittance to India, \$521; Mrs. Brown (Bloor St. M.C.) for a special girl, \$17; total \$538.

VIOLET ELLIOTT, Treas.

109 Pembroke St., Toronto.

CORRECTIONS.—Total amount credited to Bloor St. Mission Circle should have been \$68.37. Of this \$17 was from Mrs. Brown for a special little girl.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT

GERTY'S GIFT.

I've been to the Mission Band, Mamma,
And what do you think that I heard?
A story just awful, dear Mamma,
A story that's true ev'ry word.

That far away over the ocean
Are children who always are sad,
Because their own papas don't love them,
Nor want them ever to be glad.

And all of the people are sending
Some money and things over there,
And teacher came to me, and whisper'd
"Well, Gerty, will you do your share?"

So, Mamma, I'll send them a dollie,
And which will it be, do you s'pose?
Not Kate, with real hair and kid slippers,
And eyes that will open and close!

Oh! Kate is the dearest dear dollie,
For Santa Claus brought her one night.
Supposing I send them old Nellie,
You'd mend up her forehead all right.

O no! she wont do. Then there's Gracie,
But four of her fingers are gone;
There's Lillian dressed all in satin,
But, Mamma, her head is on wrong.

P'rhaps Bella might do: no, she's broken,
And Mabel has lost her two eyes.
O Mamma! I'd feel awful sorry
If Jesus should look from the skies

And see that I kept all the nice things,
And gave to the heathen the rest.
I guess I'll go back and give Katie,
And so I'll be giving my best.

EVA ROSE YORK.

St. John, N. B.

The Southern Presbyterian Church has missions in Brazil at Campinas, Botucatu, Bagagem, Pernambuco, Cerca, and Maranhao, with 24 male and female missionaries.

The Southern Methodist Church reports in Brazil 10 ordained missionaries and their wives and ten single ladies.

INDIA LETTER.

AKIDU, Feb. 27th, 1893.

Dear Boys and Girls.—For nearly five months last year I lived on Mr. Craig's boat among the villages, and wrote you several times of "my children" here and there.

Now Mr. Craig is at home and is using the boat and I am busy picking up the neglected threads of my work in Akidu.

After all those months with but an occasional visit from me and lessons at rare intervals, I feared the children would have forgotten the way to Sunday School and all they ever learned, but they hadn't, and at six o'clock Sunday morning we have just as many bright faces on the verandah in the Malapilly.

Already I have written two letters about this particular Sunday School and must not add more than a line. Three years have done wonders for it. Instead of the wild, unclothed, untamed lot, who, without any apparent reason would run off in a body in the middle of the lesson, we have girls with their hair combed, faces washed and some attempt at clothing, nor are the boys a whit behind them, and orderly! why, when the bell rings for prayer, every little head is bowed, every little eye is closed and never a sound is heard, save the voice of the prayer. I remember the day when all was confusion and I was afraid to close my eyes lest they should run away while I was praying.

As to lessons, the work of the three years has not been in vain, for our girls and boys can sing many hymns and if questioned on New Testament stories and the Life of Christ, I don't think I would have cause to be at all ashamed of them, and you will remember that they do not read.

On Tuesday morning there is another Sunday School (or children's meeting I call it, because it meets on a week day). All the children belong to the brick-layer caste. Only a month has gone since we really organized, and they seem a little afraid of me even yet, and learn very slowly, but we hope for better things by and by.

Wednesday morning I am in a Malapilly surrounded by twenty-five little tots, who have had a good deal of attention one way and another, but not regularly. However, you would be surprised, could you be present at one of our reviews and hear them recite the catechism and a little evening prayer taught them months ago. Friday morning finds me sitting under a big tree in the weaver caste street, with some thirty boys and girls about me. In this class a few of the boys read and they are a great help; perhaps I enjoy the hour with them best of all, they understand so easily and always seem so eager to listen and learn.

Later that same morning, there is a girl's meeting in the Kapu street, on the verandah of a house where lives blind Shashamma of whom I have written more than once. She is a great help with the singing, has a sweet

voice and knows many of our hymns.

On Thursday mornings I visit some one of the near villages and, if there is a school, invariably spend an hour with the children.

No part of my work do I enjoy more than this among the children, and from no department of my work do I expect greater results.

You will not wonder that my heart yearns over these little ones, that I love them every one, and I tell you of them that you may join me in prayers for them.

I have been hoping that this year 1893 would be a year of more earnest prayers among the Bands and Circles. That is what we here and what the work here especially needs.

Your friend and fellow worker.

FANNY M. STOVEL.

SANTAL GIVING.

JUST before New Year's our native pastor, Pella, wrote a letter to all the Santal Christians and had it printed. In this letter he told them how good God had been to us during the past year, and urged them to remember him by bringing in their tithes and gifts to the church. I had heard that forty rupees had been given during the week of prayer last year. This year the rice crop had been a complete failure in some places, so I said to myself, "We will not get much this year."

All the members who were able to read had a copy of this letter. New Year's came on Sunday, as you all remember. On that day we had our regular services. Monday morning at eight o'clock we had a prayer-meeting. In the afternoon we met again. In the evening some fifty of us went to the house of one of our Christians for a meeting. We kept up these services for four days, all of which were well attended, but we did something besides praying. I think at every meeting held during the day-time some gifts were brought. Before the week of prayer one of our farmers brought a tithe of his rice crop which had just been harvested. He took it to the chapel and poured it on to the floor near the table we use as the pulpit. This was sold and the money put into the church treasury.

You would have laughed could you have seen what gifts were brought. The first morning a basket of *higons* (fruit of the egg plant) and other vegetables were placed on the table. At the close of the service the people gathered about and these were auctioned off by the native pastor. I said, "We shall have to bring a pair of scales and sell these at market prices." At once some one replied, "No, no, we will sell them to the highest bidder; no matter if we do give more than they are worth, it all goes to the Lord's work." So the bidding began and soon all were sold.

What do you suppose the nice people of America would think if when they went into one of their elegant churches they should find a chicken tied to the table leg, and hear it peeping while the people were praying! Then when the meeting would be over imagine your pastor lifting the poor chicken up over the table, telling all about what a fine chicken it was, and then calling for bids! We did just such unheard-of things this year in Bhimpoore.

Here came a basket of yams, another of native beans, here is a gift of red peppers, there are three or four hen's eggs which some one has brought. Another poor woman who wishes to have a share in the giving brings a small basket of rice. Tied to one of the veranda posts is a sheep, to a people tree close by is a heifer—both gifts. Others brought rice which had just been thrashed out. A young man who deals in cloth brought some as his gift to the Lord. In all, four head of cattle, three sheep, a number of fowl, were given, besides all the rice, vegetables, etc. At almost every meeting money was placed on the table by some one. After all the things were sold we found to our surprise that sixty-two rupees had been given! A heifer and a young bullock owned by some of our people living a long way off are yet to be sold. Don't you think we were very thankful and praised God for what he had done for us? Besides these special gifts we have a monthly contribution. Every church-member—yes, and every child belonging to the Christian families—is expected to bring something to church on communion Sunday. They put their money not into envelopes but into tiny calico bags on which their names are written, then when the treasurer calls their names they come and drop the bag into his box. I don't want to make you think that every one *does* give something every month, still a great many do, so that we are able to pay our pastor and help to pay others and still have more than two hundred rupees on hand. Don't you think God will keep this word and bless us if we give him our tithe and gifts as well? Of course he will. We expect each year that he will help our people to do more and more. We expect too that many more will want to love and serve him. It pays, children, to give to him. Try it.

J. P. BURKHOLDER, in *Missionary Helper*.

NEWS FROM BANDS.

PARK ST. BAPTIST MISSION BAND.—This Band was organised under the name of "Royal Messengers for the King" on the 30th of May, 1892, and published in the LINK under the name of South Ward Mission, Peterborough, but since that we have removed to our new Mission, Park St. We are a branch of Murray St. Church but a separate Band. This Band was organized with 36 members but now we have 50. Our band is very

prosperous indeed. We are educating a student in Samulcotta Seminary, and it gives us great encouragement in reading the LINK and seeing that such a number of other Bands are educating students in India. Officers Pres., Mrs. Doten; Vice-Pres., Miss Smart; Sec., Miss Mowry; Treas., Miss Pilling; Organist, Miss Hunt.

INA MOWRY, Sec.

LONDON, ADELAIDE ST.—The LINK has not for sometime received a report from the Missionary Societies in connection with our church. Though we have been backward, we can indeed report progress. The Junior Band, and the Young Ladies' Circle have grown wonderfully this year, under the efficient leadership of our president, Mrs. G. F. Robertson. The Band has been especially progressive. The children meet the first Sunday of each month, just after the close of the Sunday School. A short programme is always provided and afterwards any business which may belong to the Band is transacted in a businesslike manner. The children take an active part and appear to be thoroughly interested. One evening, recently, a happy crowd of little workers gathered in the basement of our church, the object being an entertainment to be given entirely by themselves. Their little faces fairly shone with delight as the room filled with their parents and friends. Each little heart felt the true joy of helping to carry out their Master's great command, "Go ye therefore into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." At the close of a very excellent programme, our pastor, Mr. Mihell, made a few well chosen remarks on Mission work. A very enjoyable evening was then brought to a close. The collection amounted to \$6.75. The Young Ladies' Circle meets once every month. There is an honorary membership in connection with our Young Ladies' Circle in which the young men may become members, by paying \$1.00 a year. They are only privileged to attend the open meetings, which are held quarterly. This we find an excellent means of interesting the young men.—K. MCK.

SHELBOURNE COUNTY has sent us so few items this winter that we note with pleasure the fact (in a letter from Mr. Dunlap) that the work is progressing favourable at the River. It is discouraging to lose so many members by removals, but if they are helping forward in their new homes, it is well.

MIRAMICHI N. B.—A letter from the President of the Ludlow Mission Band speaks gratefully of the good our Missionary leaflets have done. The Band in Ludlow is a large one, and meets once every week.

BERWICK N. S.—Mrs. Daley says, "The Mite Boxes are doing good work. The little ones collected two dollars in two weeks. The interest is good."

ADDRESSES.

ADDRESSES OF PRESIDENTS, SECRETARIES AND TREASURERS

Of Ontario: Pres. Mrs. W. D. Booker, Woodstock, Ontario, Sec. Miss Buchan, 165 Bloor St. East, Toronto; Treas., Miss Violet Elliot, 109 Pembroke St., Toronto; Sec. for Bands, Mrs. O. T. Stark, 174 Park Road, Toronto.

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

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

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

MISSIONARY DIRECTORY

BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONT. AND QUE.

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Cocanada.—Rev. J. E. Davis, B. A. and wife, Miss A. E. Baskerville, Miss S. A. Simpson, Miss E. A. Folsom.

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Palonda.—Rev. J. H. Bars and wife.

Parla Kimeddy.—Rev. W. V. Higgins and wife.

At Home.—Rev. R. Sanford and wife.

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