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The Canadian Missionary Link

CANADA

INDIA

And Gentiles Shall Come To Thy Light

And Kings To The Brightness Of Thy Rising Sun

APRIL, 1893.

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TORONTO, APRIL, 1895.

| No. 8.

Editorial.

at 7.30 p.m. Members of the Board will need to leave Toronto by the C. P. R. train at 9.46 a.m.

CONVENTION NOTICES.

The Annual Meeting of the Woman's Baptist Home and Foreign Missionary Societies of Ont., will be held in the Baptist Church, Peterboro', on the 15th and 16th of May. Each Circle is entitled to two delegates for a membership of 20 or less; for each additional 20, one delegate. These delegates must be full members of the

CERTIFICATES.

Delegates will be provided with badges, which should be returned before leaving the meeting. Railway certificates can be obtained from agents at starting points on purchasing a first-class full rate one-way ticket. In case delegates travel over two lines, it will be necessary to purchase tickets and obtain certificates from each rail-



MISS F. M. STOVEL.

society, that is, either Life Members, or contributors of at least \$1.00 a year to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

BOARD MEETINGS

A meeting of the Foreign Mission Board will be held in the Baptist Church, Peterboro', on Tuesday, May 14th,

way. These certificates must be surrendered to ticket agent at place of meeting at least ten minutes before the train is due to leave, when return tickets will be issued at one-third fare. The certificates are only good for use three days after the meetings close.

ANNA MOYLE, *Rec. Sec.*

The Circles and Bands have been requested to close their books on March 31st, but my books remain open until April 30th. This long space is for the purpose of giving ample time for each treasurer of a Circle or Band to forward the money on hand for Foreign Missions to me; it is not intended that the April fees should be included in the amount sent, but that they should go into the new year.

It is hoped that all will report before my books close, the funds are needed. Our large balance at the beginning of the year has almost disappeared, no single month's

THE MISSION BOAT "GLAD TIDINGS."

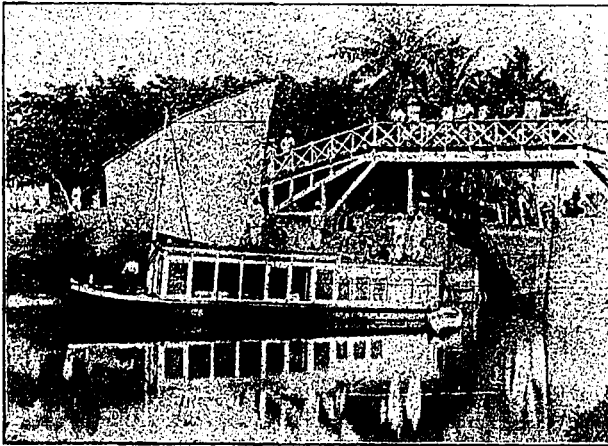
(AIR.—" *Tramp, tramp, tramp.*")

Oh! the darkness that enshrouds, with its dense and awful clouds,

These dear souls that live about us all around!
Let us tell them of the light that can chase away their night,
Tell of Him in whom alone true peace is found.

Cho.—Tell, oh tell, the wondrous story!

Let it sound o'er land and sea!
Tell of Him who loved us all,
And to save us from the fall,
Gave His life upon the cross, for you and me!



MISSION BOAT "GLAD TIDINGS."

In the cut, Miss Stovel is sitting in the bow of the boat. The following is Miss Stovel's description:—My cabin is the front room, is 8ft. x 13ft., has two venetian doors opening on to the front deck, and five venetian windows on either side.

On one side, built against the wall, is a cane lounge that opens out and does duty as a cot at night. Against the opposite wall is a small writing-table and a tiny leaf dining-table, and on another wall are book-shelves. Then the bath-room, 5ft. by 4ft. 6in., and back of that the Bible-woman's room, the door of which opens on to the foot-board that runs the length of the boat on either side. Parallel with the Bible-woman's room, and exactly the same size, 8ft. x 4ft., is the matey-room or pantry, with plenty of shelves and cupboards for stores, etc. A door opens out of matey-room into my cabin, and another into the cook-room, which is 8ft. 6in. x 7ft. 9in. All my food is prepared in the matey-room, and cooked only in the cook-room, because this room also does duty as sleeping-room for the boatmen in rainy weather. Inside, the painting is cream, with trimmings of pale salmon, and outside, cream with deep maroon trimmings. On one side, well to the front, is the name, "Glad Tidings" in English and on the other side in Telugu.

receipts coming near the amount required for our regular monthly payments.

Please forward the funds as promptly as possible.

VIOLET ELLIOT, Treasurer.

109 Pembroke Street, Toronto.

Oh! the nicest thing afloat, is the new *Glad Tidings* boat,
As it sails across the waters of the lake,
With our deaconess aboard, noble witness for the Lord,
Bearing loneliness and trouble for His sake.—CHO.

Now the women in the dark, hear a voice that says, oh, hark!
To the sweet and blessed tidings of God's love!
If you come to Him for rest, you will be forever blest,
Here and after in His glorious home above.—CHO.

BILLETING.—Send names of delegates to Miss Mary Nicholls, Box 552, Peterboro'.

*Kolar Lake.

Do they listen to the voice, calling on them to rejoice,
In the knowledge of a God who loves them all?
Yes, they gladly hear the word of the handmaid of the Lord,
Gladly listen to the Master's gracious call.—*CHO.*

Like the woman at the well, some there are who haste to tell
Of the living waters, flowing now so free;
Come, they cry, and hear the story of a Man—the King of
glory,
Is not this the very Man for you and me?

Now, (God speed the lonely boat! O'er the waters may it
float,

On its errand of salvation far and near!
And God bless our sister too; may He keep her safely
through,
Every day and hour of the coming year!

JOHN CRAIG.

Cocanada, Christmas, 1894.

"THE PROMISE OF THE FATHER."

"Wait for the promise of the Father, which, saith He, ye have heard
of Me."—*Acts 1:4*

Last words!—How fondly the memory lingers over last
words. To the one, who at the bidding of the Lord of
the harvest, turns his face toward a distant part of the
harvest field, leaving behind all the familiar scenes and
associations of early life, how unspeakably precious is
the recollection of the words wrung from the hearts of
father and mother in the parting hour, words in which
is focused all the burning love of parent-hearts, and in
which they fain would concentrate and reiterate all the
loving counsel of years gone by. Though thousands of
miles of land and sea may intervene between parents and
child, and busy days lengthen into years; though,
according to the purpose of Him "who worketh all
things after the counsel of His own will," the father and
mother may be called to higher service, yet those words
live on and on, and prove an inspiration each time the
memory reverts to them.

If this is so of words uttered by human lips on such
occasions, what of the words uttered by our Lord Jesus
Christ previous to His departure?

Having finished the work which His Father had given
Him to do in "abolishing death and bringing life and
immortality to light," the time for His departure was at
hand. Although He was so soon to be glorified with the
glory which He had with the Father before the world
was, He must needs tarry certain days with those, who
some three years before had left all things at His bidding,
but from whose hearts all hope had been crushed by His
ignominious death and mysterious disappearance from
the tomb. Forty days He tarried convincing them by
many signs that death had been unable to hold its prey,
and that He was indeed their risen Lord and Master.
By opening the scriptures to their understanding did He
prove their fulfilment in Himself. Having enlightened

their minds He committed to His disciples the propaga-
tion of the grandest theme that has ever employed
mortal tongue, and for the promulgation of which they
afterward partook of the baptism of His suffering.

He, who "took not on Him the nature of angels, but
who took on Him the seed of Abraham," knew the
insufficiency of the flesh for this undertaking, and "com-
manded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem,
but wait for the promise of the Father which, saith He,
ye have heard of me." . . . "Ye shall receive
power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you."
In the rich treasury of promise this was pre-eminently
the promise. Uttered hundreds of years before by
prophetic lips, so oft repeated by our Lord to His
disciples, and now that the scriptures had been fulfilled
in Christ, the next in the line of fulfilment, well was it
designated the promise. Its fulfilment was to be to that
handful of men in the disseminating of the Gospel more
than the steam is to the heavily laden freight train on
the up grade. Without it all would be defeat and
disaster.

These words of Christ's are additionally important
from the fact that the work which He had just finished
had been wrought in the power of the Holy Ghost. We
read, "It came to pass that Jesus also being baptized
and praying, the heavens opened and the Holy Ghost
descended in a bodily shape like a dove upon Him."
"Jesus being full of the Holy Ghost returned from
Jordan and was led, or driven, by the Spirit into the
wilderness. . . . And when the devil had ended all
the temptation he departed from Him for a season, and
Jesus returned in the power of the Spirit into Galilee,
and there went out a fame of Him through all those
parts." Then again in His own words, "The Spirit of
the Lord is upon me, etc." Peter's testimony was,
"God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Ghost
and with power."

We say it met their greatest need, the fulfilment of
this promise. In the language of the day when it is
usual for men to take an extended university course
before they are considered capable of efficient service,
we ask where was the wisdom in the fact that the
immeasurably important work of laying the foundation
of a structure that was to outlast time was committed
to the hands of workmen so crude as fishermen, and others
as humble, whose illiteracy and ignorance were, as we
read, so perceptible to the men of letters of the time?

Where shall we turn for the solution to this mystery?
Where, if not to the record of their gloriously successful
labors, viz., the "Acts of the Apostles"?

As the new missionary sees his or her supply of furni-
ture progressing through the skill of the native carpenter
who so dexterously manipulates his saw, hammer, chisel,
and that marvel of ingenuity that does the work of brace
and bit, how infinitely more does he appreciate these

* An address by Miss Murray at the Cocanada Conference.

primitive tools coupled with the skill of the carpenter than he would a set of the most costly tools, however nicely tempered the steel and fine the settings, yet lacking the guiding hand, the master mind.

And so we find that when the simple fishermen were invested with the power of the Holy Spirit which had rested upon their Master, the men of letters in question marvelled.

What though as this little band broke bread together there was lacking the visible presence of the One who had graced their board and partaken of their humble fare, all the while feeding them upon the finest of spiritual wheat. Or, as they resorted to the spots to which they were accustomed to retire with their Leader in the golden days gone by, what though it was not at His spoken invitation to come apart and rest awhile. Were they not now all baptized into one body by the Spirit, and through the Spirit was not the body thrilling in every fibre with the glorious life of the risen Head? They were now filled with that hope which "maketh not ashamed because the love of God was shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Ghost" given them at Pentecost. Although they were set at nought by earthly kings and rulers, they knew the sweetness and liberty of citizenship in that kingdom which is "righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost."

With their new Teacher they were like watered gardens, and like springs of water whose waters fail not, as through Him the full tide of the divine teaching of their ascended Master began to flow in steadily and refreshingly. Doubly precious and fascinating were His sacred words as the full search light of the Spirit fell upon them, revealing all the heretofore hidden depths of meaning, for "the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God." Not only did they prove a source of consolation as He applied them in each time of need, but spoken at the prompting and "in the demonstration of the Spirit" they proved "quick and powerful, and sharper than any two edged-sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit and of the joints and marrow," convincing "the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment to come." How simple the war tactics, their one weapon "the sword of the Spirit which is the Word of God."

It was theirs to open the mouth, the Holy Spirit's to fill it. Theirs to exhibit the mirror, His to lead their hearers to see themselves as they appeared in that mirror—diseased, unclean, and clad in the filthy rags of their own righteousness. Theirs to announce the existence of a Physician for the leprosy of sin, a balm for all wounds, a fountain opened, not only to the House of David and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness, but to all applicants for cleansing, and for filthy rags "fine linen, clean and white, the righteousness of the saints," even "the righteousness of God

through faith in Jesus Christ unto all them that believe." But it was the Spirit's work to fasten the arrows that left their bows.

The audiences of these unlearned men were sometimes composed of those of different languages, but, nothing thwarted, the power that came with the fulfillment of the promise enabled their tongues to fashion the strange sounds, so that "every man heard in his own tongue wherein he was born" the story of this Jesus of Nazareth.

So effectual was the working of this mighty power that to be filled with the Holy Ghost was the one requisite to the appointment to positions of trust.

Since it is given to the Holy Spirit to bestow gifts, dividing to every man severally as He will, and to locate the members of the Body, it was very fitting that in the visible Church He should be allowed to designate to each his post of service. Hence we find that through the Spirit God "set some in the Church, first, apostles; secondarily, prophets; thirdly, teachers; after that, miracles, gifts of healing, helps, governments, diversities of tongues."

Another thing that one cannot help but be impressed by in reading the Acts of the Apostles, is the susceptibility of these pioneers to the influence of the Holy Spirit. There was almost an entire absence of the more stringent measures to which the Lord has very often to resort with many of us before He can accomplish His will through us. They were like boats obedient to the slightest motion of the rudder. They moved at the slightest breathing of His will. And thus, with the divine plan before Him, for the Spirit knows the mind of God, and, therefore, those whom "God hath from the beginning chosen to salvation through the sanctification of the Spirit and belief of the truth," and such willing instruments, what wonder that so much of that plan was filled in so rapidly and well during those first years. Oh, were we of the same mind, history might repeat itself and Pentecosts be not an unusual occurrence!

We have indications of how God's great purposes of grace would have been frustrated had these disciples been left to themselves in their human short-sightedness. One part of the harvest would have been gathered to the utter neglect of the rest, the lights would have been clustered in one place while the great regions beyond continued in midnight darkness and death. And so we find busy Philip so engrossed in, and joyful over, the abundant Samaritan harvest, snatched right away from the busy scene and sent, doubtless wonderingly and rather doubtful of the wisdom of it all, "down to the way that goeth down from Jerusalem unto Gaza which is desert." Ah, Philip, although the scene is changed from populous Samaria to the desert, be not perplexed, for there are in dark Ethiopia those for whom Christ died. There are priceless gems in that dark mine, and in yonder chariot is the chosen light-bearer. "Go near,"

said the Spirit, "and join thyself to this chariot." The result is known.

Again, when the Church at Antioch had become well equipped and, perhaps, with great complacency had begun to congratulate herself upon her noble band of workers, the Holy Ghost, ever mindful of the regions beyond, said, "Separate me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them," and the Church at Antioch surrendered two of her most efficient workers. How helpful to the perplexed one to follow these two men as they go hither and thither under their trusty Leader, who marked out their paths so distinctly. We read that at one time "they were forbidden of the Holy Spirit to preach in Asia," at another, "the Spirit suffered them not to go into Bithynia," but by a vision at Troas indicated the course they were to pursue, or, in the words of Paul, "When I came to Troas to preach Christ's Gospel, and a door was opened to me of the Lord, I had no rest in my spirit because I found not Titus my brother; but taking my leave of them went from thence into Macedonia." He who has led will lead the one who commits his way unto the Lord. The same Guide will to-day open and close doors, bring the blind by a path they knew not, lead them in paths they have not known, making darkness light before them and crooked things straight. We speak from experience.

The Holy Spirit was to those of old no mere influence to be referred to by the pronoun "it," for we read in the letter sent to the Christians in Antioch, Syria and Cilicia, "It seemed good to the Holy Ghost and us to lay upon you no greater burden than these necessary things." One was He, whose counsel was ever sought in all matters, trivial or otherwise, so real was He to them.

Prophecies have failed, tongues have ceased, and, as the paling of the moon at sunrise, past knowledge has vanished with the advance of centuries. On the contrary, Jesus said, "The words which I speak unto you they are spirit and they are life"; hence, after a lapse of eighteen centuries these words have lost none of their old time force.

The fulfilment of the promise of the Father is just as imperative to-day as ever it was. "To be spiritually minded is life and peace." To be filled with the Spirit is abundance of life and "peace as a river."

One evening during the last hot season I went for a walk in the cool of the day. The great fiery orb that had blazed so fiercely all the day long had sunken below the horizon, leaving all nature withered and scorched. During the course of my walk I passed a public well, and lo, like an oasis in a desert, all about the well was flourishing, the freshest of grass and the greenest of the green—grass which would not have disgraced a Canadian country roadside in the springtime. Here and there a sturdy little blade supported a sparkling drop of water, which had been deposited when the last visitor to the well had

drawn and emptied his or her chéda. For many days the vision of the green was before me, and I prayed the Father to make me such a source of life in this land, withered by sin rampant in all forms.

But, at the best, the well was but a poor illustration, for it was deep, the water must be drawn, and only the grass in the immediate vicinity was benefited by the water which chanced to splash over. A poor picture of the Christian who blessed privilege it is to be a broken and empty vessel lying at the fountain-head, and through which the waters, like those in Ezekiel's vision, flow with ever increasing depth and volume, until they become an impassable river issuing out into the desert and thence to the sea, bringing life and health whithersoever they come. "He that believeth on Me, as the Scripture hath said, out of his inward parts shall flow rivers of living water (but this spake He of the Spirit which they that believe on Him shall receive)."

Would we, as a band of men and women helping to carry out this great commission in these latter days, test the validity of this promise, and have during the sessions of our Conference a marked manifestation of the presence of the Spirit, we have fulfilled one condition, we are with one accord in one place, and the blessing is within reach. "If ye then being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your Heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him."

Do we want this blessing more than aught else? Are we each agonizing in prayer for its descent? Is there anything in us that may hinder its coming? Do we realize what a conflagration may be kindled in this country as a result of the overflowing through over thirty different channels of such an outpouring during this Conference? What a privilege is ours! Shall we improve the opportunity?

"And when they had prayed the place was shaken where they were assembled together and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost and they spake the word of God with boldness."

THE TITHE.

"I will surely give the tenth unto Thee."—Gen. xxviii. 22. "Bring ye all the tithes."—Malachi iii. 10.

Since Thou dost crown our lives below
With countless blessings rich and free,
Of all Thou dost on us bestow
We will devote one tenth to Thee.

According to Thy faithful word
Wherein Thy will we plainly see,
This day we will our vow record
To always give one tenth to Thee.

Because Thy promise we believe,
We know Thou dost regard our plea,
Therefore of all that we receive
We consecrate one tenth to Thee.

Though all the wealth of earth is Thine
And all the riches of the sea,
Thou dost accept in love divine
The tithes Thy servants bring to Thee.

Thou dost not use ungarnered grain;
Nor take Thine own by stern decree:
Thou dost Thy gracious work sustain
By what Thy children give to Thee.

And when Thy faithful servants learn
Obedient to Thyself to be,
They reap a manifold return
For all the tithes they bring to Thee.

T. WATSON.

Colborne, Feb. 16th, 1895.

CELESTE'S MISSION.

I looked with an inward sigh at the row of black faces before me. It had been a hard day at school and I was rather weary for night work, but here were the pupils, waiting to be examined and placed in the class for which they were best suited. Half way down the row was a girl I did not remember having seen before. At first glance I thought her face unusually dull, but when she began speaking it brightened into quick intelligence.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Isabelle Violet Celeste," she answered, with evident pride, and, glancing quickly down the line of black faces, I could see that they all shared her respect and admiration for the name.

I afterwards learned that her father had given her the name of his old master's three daughters, and I discovered too, that she did not like any shortening of the appellation. He father was dead, and she lived with her step-mother and four little half-brothers and sisters, whom she had promised her father to help care for. She had never had time for school, as she washed dishes all day at a hotel, and therefore was far behind other girls of her age. She was only fourteen, but looked older, and her face, which seemed all eyes, was worn and unchildlike.

This night class was held two evenings in the week. Celeste was an eager pupil, and sometimes it seemed almost pitiful to see her black face bending over the book, striving with all her powers to master some simple lesson that should have been easy for a child of six. The inaction of her poor dull brain for all the years of her childhood seemed to make it almost impossible for her to learn. Then, too, she only came to me after a day of hard work, and I often felt that her powers could not be justly tested. Certainly her energy was untiring.

After lessons were over I told them some simple Bible story, or read a chapter that they could understand. At this time Celeste was my most earnest listener, and I was surprised to find her eager eyes fixed on my face when I ceased speaking. I shall never forget her excitement when, with my help, she spelled out her first chapter in the Bible. She accomplished this only after weeks of study, and I looked in wonder as she danced up and down forgetting all her usual reserve and crying, "Missy, missy, I done learned it. Now I kin go, praise de Lord!"

I was much astonished, for such an outburst was totally unlike Celeste, but finally I succeeded in getting her quieted and gathered her meaning.

Such a pitiful little story it was, and she told no one! Two weeks before I came south there had been through

the State a missionary who had preached a week at Milton. He had lately returned from Africa, and his heart was full of a desire to make others feel the great opportunity for work which there was in this field. He had talked with the great explorer, Stanley, and agreed with him that the most effectual work could be done by educated colored people, who would go as from brother to brother and carry the Gospel tidings into that dark continent.

Celeste had heard him preach twice, and I listened with wonder, as with eager face and trembling voice she told me about it. She could have been but a child at the time, but the conviction had come into her heart that the Lord had sent her this message and that she was set apart to aid in this great work. She had never had a chance even to learn to read until our night school was opened, and I understood better now her dogged determination to learn and her tireless energy.

"I done learn to read at las' Missy, an' it jes' do seem dat der Lord fix oberything for me. Mammy gwien ter marry agin, an' she tole me las' night Mr. Jones say he kin take kere of her and the chillen, 'cept me," she added bravely. "That ain't ter be 'spected," watching my face. But I had caught the quiver in her voice and look of pain in her eyes that she was too proud and too brave to show.

"Thar's nobody ter kere if I goes, and they are gwien ter be married in the spring, so the chillen won't need no mo'. Will I know nuff by spring, missy?" she asked anxiously. "That preacher say as how hundreds died 'bout ever hearin' 'bout the Lord, hundreds, missy!"

"You will know enough to come and help us teach for a year or two, Celeste, then you will be old enough for the other work, if you still want to go."

She looked at me with wonder not unmixed with disappointment.

"Ise sure ter want ter go. I ain't thought 'bout nuthin' else for years," she said.

After this we had many little talks, and I encouraged her to speak to me freely, for her heart was often heavy with some unkind word of her stepmother's, who, feeling she would need her but little longer, seemed to forget the years of work Celeste had given her and her children. She never complained, but I learned to know the look of pain in her eyes.

The winter came on, with its short, sunny days and its sudden rain-storms, so different from our Northern winters. Celeste still worked at the hotel. She was slow, but could be trusted, and was more faithful than most girls, as I learned from her mistress. For a month I had seen that she looked badly, but when questioned she answered cheerfully, "Why, I feel well nuff, Missy."

But one Wednesday evening she was absent from class, and when Friday night came and she had not appeared I began to fear she was sick, so Saturday morning I sought out the tiny house where they lived. A tall-colored woman, with a good-looking but hard face, answered my knock, and I at once recognized her as the prospective Mrs. Jones. She said Celeste was sick and had been for four days. She would not let them send for me, saying, "Missy so busy—I be well soon."

"I mighty feared she lose her place, she never could stan' nothin'. She don't allers know me when I goes in, but you jest stan' thar and d'irectly she'll know yer," advised the mother.

I went in; Celeste was talking to herself and counting on her fingers.

"Fo'r dollars from las' week; hat fer Lizzie Ann, shoes fer John Henry, an' dress fer little Sammy. I done promise him that. Mammy have ter wait till next week, all I kin do."

Her hand dropped by her side and her eyes closed wearily. Her face was so worn and thin it hardly seemed possible she had been sick less than a week.

I went back to the front room and sent the oldest boy for a doctor, then seated myself by Celeste's side, thankful that as it was Saturday I could stay with her. When she awoke she knew me, and her face lightened up.

"I so glad yer come, Missy," she said, weakly, "so glad. I be well soon, been workin' too much maybe. I tell yer bouten hit, I was gwien ter s'prize yer. I only goes two nights er week to school, an' I reason out ter myself; dar be them five evenin's left, I mout as well be gitten money ter son somebody what would know nuff by spring. So I bin washin' dishes three evenin's a week in a rest'rant; got twenty-five cents ar night, only work-in' till twelve. Hits fer that other one what's goin' 'stead er me."

She stopped, exhausted, while I sat silently holding her work-worn hand in mine, and thinking of this ignorant, colored child who felt so keenly the responsibility of those thousands of perishing souls for whom Christ died, and, thinking, too, of the tireless, faithful spirit in this poor emaciated body.

No wonder she looked so tired; working seven days a week and three nights, then at school for two more nights. No wonder the poor abused body rebelled.

I stayed with her all that day, for the doctor said at once she could not live, although she might linger a week. At night my sister sat up with her, and I went home to rest and be ready for the next day.

The following morning when I slipped softly into the tiny dark room and stood by her bed-side, I saw on her face at once a look which made me feel that the last great change was approaching.

She smiled up into my eyes as she whispered: "It be fer the bes', Missy; somebody else can take my money and go. Five dollars is a heap er money, an' hits all here."

I slipped my hand under the pillow and got the worn handkerchief, tied in a hard knot in the corner, which held the money. She smiled, and though the old sad look was still in her eyes, it seemed to me I could catch a glimpse of the joy and endless peace that was drawing near to Celeste's soul.

She said little after this, but at noon, as I sat by the bed, still holding her hand, I saw her eyes fixed above my head, while the light of another world shone on her face as she whispered: "I done the bes' I could, O Lord; I done the bes' I could." And with these words on her lips she passed into that better land.

As I put the worn, unchildlike hand softly down, the prayer arose in my heart that I, too, when called away, might be able to utter the words of this simple, little girl, who had been so faithful to her trust: "I have done the best I could."—*Con gregationalist.*

"Grace all the work shall crown
Through overlasting days,
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise."

The Moravian Mission in Leh, Tibet, has borne its first fruits in the baptism of a young man, last Good Friday.—*Miss. Review.*

Work Abroad.

AKIDU.

My dear Miss Buchan,—This morning reminds me of the late September days at home; the sun is very bright, but there is a cool east breeze and the thermometer registers only 72. I am very glad the cool season has really begun: there is a freshness about the air that is invigorating and very delightful, after all these months when the thermometer would insist on staying up in the nineties. Of course it is hot at mid-day now, quite 84-88, but the nights are cool, and I find three blankets very comfortable, though I do not remember ever seeing the thermometer below 62 here. So you see we feel the cold almost as much as you do at home; I mean, we do who have been here long enough to exchange our Canadian blood for the thin, wishy-washy excuse for it that does duty here.

I wish you could see some purchases I have just made, from a boy of about fourteen years. He sat on the canal bank, holding in one hand a tiny mirror and with the other was putting the red and white marks on his forehead, when I first caught sight of him. He had combed his hair, fastened it into the most artistic of Greek knobs back of his head, arranged the stray curly ends about his face, donned a pretty silk "paucha," and a many-colored silk handkerchief was his only covering above the waist. I asked him who he was, and he said he belonged to the Hari-Daru (servant of God) caste, that begging was his business and he was going into the villages now to beg. As I stood questioning him, he went on with his preparations, and from the depths of a queer quilted bag he brought out a small brass tray, in the centre of which he placed a small idol, and back of the idol a small palm-leaf book. I asked the why of all these, and he said that with the tray in one hand, he would pass from door to door, singing the history of the god. The book, he said, he used in casting out demons (if one is delirious in fever or is subject to any kind of fits, one is said to be possessed of a demon); it was full of pictures, all representing the history of one of the many gods.

I asked him if he would sell the book and the idol, and, after some hesitation, he consented to do so; and I have them in my possession, and as I said, wish you could see them.

While I write, I am waiting for a woman of the Shepherd caste, who promised to come to us this morning. For long, she has evidently been trusting in Jesus as her Saviour and now she has decided to come out boldly on the Lord's side. The Shepherd people are not very high up in the social scale and it will not be as hard for her as for others of a higher caste, still, it means a severing of all family ties, for the present at least, and for all time unless some of her people follow her.

Last Sunday I was in Jangampadu, and, after the morning service, saw three women for whom we have long prayed and worked, baptized in the Salt river. One is a widow, the other two have husbands—who have been Christians some time. Yesterday, three new Brahmin houses opened to us. You know the Brahmin women are very hard to reach, and three new houses in one day is an event worthy of note. In all the years of our work here in Akidu, we had only five Brahmin houses. Last year one of these closed, "then there were but four." Now it seems that our prayers are to be answered and that this is the beginning of opportunities great and good among the Akidu Brahmin women. We have Brahmin houses—one or two here and there in other villages.

To-day we go to Bhimavaram, a Razeer village two miles from Akidu. The Razeer women are quite as difficult to reach as the Brahmins. They seldom see the outside of their own village, and, if ever they do, it is always in a closed palanquin; and at first they are always afraid of me, and the men-folk invariably oppose us. Four years ago, in this particular village, we tried six times to get a hearing, but they would have none of us. Then there came a day when the combined wisdom of eleven native doctors could do nothing for a woman who was like to die and then men came for me. They got down on their knees and caught hold of my feet, asked me to forget their abusive language of less than a week before and begged me to accompany them. I went and was able to help the woman; she recovered, and from that day to this every house in the village has been open to us; and for every ache and pain, cough and cold they come running to me, much to the disgust of the native doctor of the barber caste, who lives on the outskirts of the village. One woman, the wife of a wealthy Soucar, is a great opium eater. I am trying to persuade her to give it up and propose that she substitute coffee; am taking her some to-day and will show her just how to make it.

We have now five Razeer villages that we can go to any time, sure of good hearings.

Last week a village of Ellama people, quite four miles from Akidu, opened to us. All these five years they have persistently refused to listen to us, and would have nothing to do with us. Again and again we have visited the village but never once succeeded in getting a hearing. Last week two men came with bearers and a palanquin and hustled me off to the village to see a sick woman. The medicine relieved her almost at once, and it soon began to be whispered through the village that the woman was better already, and that the Missamma from Akidu said she would surely live. The women began to crowd into the great outer hall, and I listened to them tell of different troubles, and when I could, prescribed, and when I couldn't, advised them to go to the hospital. Then they began to ask me about myself, had I a father

and mother, and sisters and brothers, and were they living, and where, and was I married, and why not, and why was I in this country, away from my relations and friends? Then it was I had a chance to tell them of Jesus and His love. So often the story of the Cross opens just in this way. I went back to the village four days later, found the sick woman able to sit up, and everywhere at every door calls of "Come to my house to-day." "Sit on my veranda a little while." So we are pretty sure of that village for the future.

Fifteen days of last month and fifteen days of this month, we spent in Kolair Lake; saw eighteen new villages, besides, others that we had visited before. Wish we could tell you of them all, but must content me with incidents here and there. You will remember that scattered all through Kolair Lake are little islands, each with its village, the people of which are nearly, if not quite all, fisher people and malas. The second day in the Lakes, we spent in a small village where we found a Christian family who had come there from a distant village and settled, and now several men and women were asking particulars about this religion of Jesus, and, indeed, seemed "almost persuaded." A month later Mr. Craig visited the village, and while he was there they decided to renounce the religion and gods of their fathers. Mr. C. cut the men's jutus; by-and-bye, when they are a little better taught and know more about what is expected of them as Christians, they will be baptized.

At one village I had a new experience. We had never seen the place before, and our reception was very cool. The women (all fisher women), didn't listen very attentively to what Annamma said, so I thought that perhaps, if I addressed the children who were crowding about us, I might at some time gain the ears of the women. All went smoothly till I referred to God as one God, whereat, a tall, hard-looking woman spoke up—"One God indeed. What about our goddesses Vankamma and Ganganamma?" and, without waiting for a reply, she seized a handful of mud, flung it at me and ran. At this there was a good laugh, for the mud didn't improve the appearance of my white dress. We tried a little longer, but failed to secure any kind of attention, and were obliged to come away, only hoping that next year we may find them better disposed to listen. I have had women abuse me before, but this is the first time one ever went so far as to throw anything at me.

We spent one Saturday and Sunday at Kommalapudi. The rain just poured all day, both days, but through it all came my eighty children to the children's meeting Saturday morning, and fifty-nine women to the women's meeting in the afternoon. At both morning and evening services on Sunday the congregation numbered more than a hundred.

In Gallavapilly we had a well attended women's meeting and a children's temperance meeting. With excep-

tion of two houses, Gallavapilly is altogether a Christian village.

One evening I spent nearly two hours examining the forty-six pupils in the Moturu school. The first and second classes had learned the catechism, and the third and fourth classes were studying Genesis and Luke. I wish you could have heard their answers. I am sure that no class of boys and girls of the same age at home could have done better. Next morning the teacher gave me an hour for a meeting with the children, and in the afternoon I met the Christian women, and a goodly number of heathen women, too, at the house of one of the deacons. After the meeting Annamma and I visited two or three houses in the village.

The Sunday spent at Gunaanapudi was a full one—first the Sunday school, at which I was asked to speak for a little time, then the morning service—sermon by Karré Peter. At twelve a children's meeting, ninety six present, most of them not attending the Sunday school. At 1.30 I met the women, and at 3 p.m. there was the regular service, led by Peter. Altogether we spent three days in Gunaanapudi and visited every house. These visits among the Christians, and meetings with Christian women, are a very delightful change from our work among the heathen women.

Peter told us of a Kapu widow whom he had met several times and felt sure that she was a heart a Christian. We planned to visit her village, found her at home. She welcomed us warmly, spread a mat for Annamma and brought a low seat for me, then called in her neighbors, and, bringing a hymn-book Peter had given her, she sat down beside us. She proved to be quite well educated, and the evident pleasure with which she read chapter after chapter from my Testament and sang with us, and the light in her eyes as she told how she first heard of Jesus and His wonderful love, led me to think with Peter, that at heart she is a Christian. She is a widow with one little daughter. Just what keeps her from coming out boldly and proclaiming herself on the Lord's side, I don't know, but hope to learn more of her next time we visit her. Meantime you at home will join me in prayer for her.

One Sunday we spent in Locmudi with Marsamma, who was married in July last. We found her and her husband living in one small room, into which came the eighteen children attending the day school, and as many others for Sunday school, for the morning service, led by Marsamma's husband, it was crowded to its utmost capacity, and again in the afternoon the women filled it full. The evening service was held in the street, under a full moon; quite a hundred and fifty people sat down on the mats spread for them. Mr. Craig, who visited the villages later, baptized five women, and I think eight men, all of whom had been waiting these two months, and as the work goes on I could write much more about that

month's tour, but my letter has already grown voluminous. The foregoing will, however, give you an idea of our work at this time of year, for now that I have the boat "Glad Tidings" I hope to spend a month or more in Kolair Lake every year about this season. The lake is navigable only after the rains.

FANNY M. STROVEL.

Godavari District, India,
Nov. 27, 1894.

RAMACHANDRAPURAM.

My dear readers of THE LINK—I wish to say a word to those who sent parcels to me. By some one's mistake my freight was all left behind, and the last word I had about it was, that it left New York on December 1st. I have had no word of any description since, so cannot say at all when it may reach here. In the meantime I am suffering many inconveniences and the friends here, I presume, are anxiously waiting for the home gifts. We trust, however, that you may hear of their arrival some time.

My friends will, perhaps, have heard before this letter reaches them, that my work has been changed, and that I have entered on a different sphere of labor.

My work now is among the women of upwards of 200 villages, nearly all of which I hope to reach by boat on the canal, and by walks along the roads or across the fields. It is only eight weeks to-day since I landed in Cocanada, so, after attending Missionary Conference and Native Association, and making a flying visit to two of our mission stations, and coming from Samulotta to Ramachandrapuram, I began the inspection of my new work. This inspection is only but begun, yet I have seen 25 villages for the first time, and 9 of them the second time, and have visited over 50 Christian families.

The Christian women need wisdom and counsel, and instruction, and much patient teaching; and the heathen women are almost all in the bonds of ignorance and superstition. We have spoken the Word of Life to hundreds of them, and many of them have heard for the first time. Many come to hear out of mere curiosity when we have gone into the side streets and alleys, where the women gather together, and begin singing or talking to them.

Some think I am a man, and so hold off through fear, until I tell them that I am a woman, and they need not fear; others again think I am a sort of travelling show, and ask if we will be passing around for coppers, and others think I may be telling fortunes, and so are anxious to hear theirs, while others again will say, "O, she has come to tell us about sin and salvation. We must listen. It surely must be good what they say; oh, do listen."

Before we leave sometimes, some will want to learn

how to pray, that they may pray to our God for salvation, and we teach them a short prayer such as "O, Lord Jesus, I am a sinner; through the merits of Thy death, take away my sin, and teach me how to live." O that our words may lead them to think about their eternal welfare, and of their relation to the One Infinite, Holy, and Triune God!

Pray for this, my dear friends, and pray for me in my new work, that the grace of God may be given me, and a burning desire for the salvation of immortal souls.

Yours in Christ Jesus,

S. ISABEL HATCH.

Godavari Dist., India, Feb. 20th, 1895.

Work at Home.

LIBRARY OF MISSIONARY LITERATURE.

Belonging to the Women's Board of Home and Foreign Missions of Eastern Ontario and Quebec.

The Woman's Board have for sale a large number of leaflets on Home and Foreign Missions, varying in price from 1 to 15 cents. There are pamphlets bearing specially on Africa, China, Grande Ligne, the North-West, India, Japan, Korea, Siam, South America, and Turkey. Any one who desires information on any special field can thus obtain it at a very nominal price. We are very desirous that in connection with this we may have a lending library of standard missionary works for the use of the women of the Boards and Circles of Eastern Ontario and Quebec. As a nucleus for the library Mrs. Claxton donates six books:—

"The Story of Baptist Missions." "Ramabai, the High Caste Hindu." "In the Mission Field." "South Africa," by Major Malan, and "China's Millions," in two volumes. Mrs. Radford gives "Mackay of Uganda," by his sister, and Mrs. Sims contributes "The Life of Ann Judson."

It is hoped that by lending these books to the sisters, information may be spread and greater interest aroused in our mission work. Will our sisters in Eastern Ontario and Quebec assist in the forming of our library, and let us circulate their books on missionary effort to awaken enthusiasm in many hearts, rather than let them lie idle on the library shelf?

I will be pleased either to sell the small leaflets, to receive further contributions of good books, or to lend those already received.

Librarian—ELIZABETH H. SMITH.

Address, MRS. W. H. SMITH,

10 Park Avenue, Montreal.

EASTER is the pledge of life rising out of death, of fellowship with all in heaven and earth.—F. D. Maurice.

NEWS FROM CIRCLES.

DRESDEN.—A Circle was organized here Jan. 17th, with eight members. The officers of the Circle are: President, Mrs. Burr; Vice-President, Miss R. Richardson; Secretary, Miss Belle King; Treasurer, Miss Jean King; Collectors, Misses B. King and Vanluven.

F. M. ILER, Director.

GUELPH, TRINITY.—On Thursday evening, Feb. 28th, the Women's Mission Circle held a very successful envelope social in the lecture room of the church. Miss Matheson, President of the Circle, presided. After devotional exercises, and the reading of a Psalm by Mrs. Mills, an excellent programme was presented. It comprised an address of greeting by the President, address on Missions by the pastor, Rev. J. W. Weeks, music and readings. One of the most interesting features of the programme was the reading of the selection contained in the envelopes by Mrs. Weeks.

The offerings of the evening amounted to \$16.42. The money will be sent to finish the payments of Life Membership in the Home Society for Mrs. Buchanan, and to begin one in the Foreign for Mrs. Powell. The meeting was brought to a close by song and benediction.

L. EVANS, Sec.

THE WOMEN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO WEST.

RECEIPTS FROM FEBRUARY 18TH, 1894, TO MARCH 17TH, 1895, INCLUSIVE.

FROM CIRCLES.—Port Hope, Thank-offering, \$39.85; Toronto (First Ave.) \$7.75; Cobourg, \$2.65; St. Catharines, Lyman Street (\$2.10 special), \$6.60; Waterford, \$15; Aylmer, \$18.50; Windsor, \$6; Woodstock (First Church), \$12; Colborne, for Miss McLeod fund, \$1; Toronto (College St.), including Life-Membership from Mr. A. D. Ketchner for his wife, \$35.50; Cannington, \$2; St. Marys, \$3.70; Toronto (Jarvis Street), Mrs. John Firstbr. ok, to make herself a Life-Member, \$25; Toronto (Parliament Street), \$4.20; Toronto (Moulton College) \$3; Sarnia Township, Special, \$1; Wolverton (\$4.90 for K. Peter) \$0.85; Stratford, \$8.35; Toronto (Bloor Street), \$30.54; Burk's Falls, \$4; Attwood, \$2.75; Burford, including Life-Membership fee from Mrs. James B. Standing, \$26.25; Belleville (\$5 Thank-offering from a friend), \$12.85; Vittoria, \$4; Wallaceburg, \$1.50; First Yarmouth, \$1.80; Listowel, \$4.20; Sarnia Township, \$5; Brantford (First Church), for Miss McLeod, \$50; Toronto (College Street), additional, \$17.05. Total, \$370.95.

FROM BANDS.—Port Hope (\$20, Thank-offering), \$28.10; St. Catharines (Lyman Street), \$2; Chesapeake, for Panamama Davidson, \$10.35; Gilmour Memorial Church, for Lydia, \$5; Maple Grove, \$7.45; St. George, for Thelura Eather, \$7; Teeswater, for D. Perama, while at Canada, \$1.51; Owen Sound, for Tumafudi Bashnam, \$25; Chesapeake, for Panamama Davidson, for this year, \$3; Woodstock (East End Mission), \$2.00; Belleville, Extra-cent-a-day Band, balance due for two year's support of Sarah, of Narsapatnam, \$20. Total, \$110.07.

FROM SUNDRIES.—W. B. H. & F. M. S., of Manitoba.

Misses Kennedy, for N. Nilavati, \$23. Total, \$25. Total receipts, \$481.27

DISBURSEMENTS.—To General Treasurer, regular remittance, \$615. Total receipts to date, \$2271.17. Disbursements to date, including loan to General Board, \$4351.16.

CORRECTIONS.—In the disbursements in last list, the total to the General Treasurer should read \$630. Total to Home Expenses, \$2.60.

VIOLET ELLIOT, Treasurer.

109 Pembroke St., Toronto
Feb. 21st, 1880.

W. B. M. U.

MOTTO FOR THE YEAR: "Be ye strong therefore, and let not your hands be weak, for your work shall be remembered."

PRAYER TOPIC FOR APRIL.—That a rich blessing may rest upon Miss Wright and all her Bible women.

For the members of our home churches, that the Lord will give to each the spirit of liberality toward His cause.

SWEET HUSH OF SOUL.

"But I would have you without care/joints."—1 Cor. vii. 32.

Keep me, Lord, from worrying,
Keep me calm and quiet;
Let not care, with ruthless tread,
O'er my soul run riot.
Bring Thy word, and to my soul
By Thy power apply it.

Let the burden of each day
Be for me sufficient,
Rolling it upon Thyself,
Saviour, Lord omniscient,
Knowing well Thy precious love,
In Thy ways proficient.

Far too short the time is here,
To be anxious over;
Let not restlessness my soul
From Thy comforts sever;
Vain—if Thou dost guard the heart—
Is the foe's endeavor.

Thus each day in patience spent,
May my steps be lighter;
May my loins, as padding on,
E'er be girded tighter;
And my soul, as nearing home,
Shine in grace the brighter.

Finding quiet 'mid the storm,
Thou the tempest stilling,
Ever listening to Thy voice,
In obedience willing,
May I live beneath Thine eye,
All thy mind fulfilling.

—Albert Midlane.

"ALWAYS."

A dialogue between a soul and Jesus.

Jesus. Lo, I'm with you always.
Soul. With me?
Jesus. With you.
Soul. What, sinful, wayward me?

Jesus. With you.
Soul. But not always?
Jesus. Always.
Soul. When you seem to be far away?
Jesus. Always.
Soul. But sometimes I am in great distress, and have no Saviour, are You with me then?
Jesus. With you always.
Soul. How may I know Thou art with me always?
Jesus. I have said it.

God holds the key of all unknown,
And I am glad;
If other hands should hold the key,
Or if He trusted it to me,
I might be sad.

What if to-morrow's care were here
Without its rest?
Better that He unlock the day,
And as the doors swing open say,
"My will is best."

—Rev. John Parker.

We are glad to give our readers of the LINK the following, taken from the *Lunenburg Baptist*.

We have received a letter from Rev. M. B. Shaw, missionary at Vizianagram, India, under date of Dec. 14. In it he states that long before the letter reaches us he and his family will be on their way to San Francisco. He goes there on account of the serious illness of Mrs. Shaw; the illness being of such a serious nature, that two skilled physicians advised him to leave in order to save her life. Mr. Shaw states that two more months of the intense heat of India, if they continued to have the same effect upon her as the last six weeks, would result disastrously.

He feels sad on account of having to leave his loved work, but also feels that his duty to his family should take precedence over everything else.

The most of his letter deals with a question I put to him some time ago, and as I consider that it would be of general interest to our readers, I will reproduce his thought on the matter. The question was this: Why is it that the Gospel is having far greater success among the non-caste people of Southern India, than it is having among the same class of people of Northern India, where our missionaries are laboring? Now in asking Bro. Shaw this question I spoke of the non-caste people as Shudras, which he says is a mistake, and in order to put me straight on the matter he gives a list of the different castes with their sub-divisions which I will here give. Our readers will make special note of this list, and preserve it for future reference.

THE CASTES OF INDIA IN ORDER.

I.

Brahmin—Business: Priests, clerks, munshis, Government officials, land owners.

II.

Raja.—Business: Rajahs, zemindars, maharajahs, and owners—formerly warriors.

III.

Banion or Komity.—Business: merobants.

IV.

Shudras.—Business: Farmers, shepherds, carpenters, blacksmiths, gardeners, barbers, tailors, tinsmiths, goldsmiths, fishermen, washermen and laborers.

V.

Pariahs—or outcasts.

SUB-DIVISIONS.

(a) *Malas*.—Business: Domestic servants, house-keepers (in some places tenants of Shudras).

(b) *Madigas*.—Business: Sweepers, shoemakers, scavengers (sometimes wealthy hide merchants).

Now Bro. Shaw explains that from the latter lowest strata the majority of the Christians in the south and north of India come. He says: "There is no considerable population of these last two classes on our fields. About Ongole (one of the stations in the south of India) they exist in tens of thousands."

This, then is the reason why there are such large numbers converted in Southern India, while on the fields where our own missionaries are laboring, the growth of the churches is comparatively small.

Bro. Shaw expects to reach California about March 10. His temporary address will be Fall Brook, San Diego Co., California. His present purpose is to remain in California until Mrs. Shaw is completely restored to health.

Our Woman's work for Women is growing. At home our sisters are rousing to the call of the Master. More Aid Societies have been already formed this year in Nova Scotia than for some time past.

The Western Association has six new societies, the Central one, and three Mission Bands, the Eastern also one society.

One other has been formed in Annapolis County, but we have not yet had the membership, etc.

Not very much can be expected from these new workers this year, but we gladly welcome them.

Are our older workers coming up to the work as was promised at our annual meeting?

No society should be content with giving as much as last year, or with the same membership, and this applies as well to our Bands.

Each annual meeting ought to find us ready to send at least one lady missionary.

It is said of our Master that "His face was steadfastly set towards Jerusalem." He had a work to accomplish there, and nothing deterred Him.

"Let this mind be in us which was also in Christ Jesus."

THE EARLY DAYS OF OUR WORK IN THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

"Who hath despised the day of small things?"

We are so accustomed to tracing the beginning of our work to the year 1870, when "To the Baptists belonged the honor of forming the first Board in Canada," that we are in danger of losing sight of the fact that years before, the hearts of Baptist women in the provinces were filled with longing to tell the "old, old story." A longing which led them to organized effort on the home fields, and as soon as the door was opened into India, they entered.

How much of our success to-day is owing to the earnest prayers and toil of the sisters who have so long since passed into the presence of the King?

Such a question it is impossible for us to answer, but the fact remains that we owe much, very much, to these workers of long ago.

The first organized effort of our women dates back to 1818, and the first mention I can find in our Associational minutes, in which is the following record: "The Female Mite Society in St. John hath done well, may God incline the hearts of many to follow their example."

These Mite Societies seem to have been formed at first with reference only to home missions. It is a pity that no minutes of the meetings can be found. But thinking this backward glance would be interesting to many of our sisters, I have made careful search through the minutes of our Association from the very first.

From 1819, grateful mention is made of these societies by the brethren in such words as these: "Our female friends generally accompanied their donation with the most affectionate letter in few words wishing us prosperity. They have surely done worthily, and great, ye very great, will be their reward."

From the minutes of the Association of the same year, 1819, we have the following list of Mite Societies, with the sums received: Chester, £10, 15s. 4d.; Annapolis, £0, 2s. 7d.; Wilmot, £12, 3s. 7d.; River Philip, £3, 15s.; Hurton, £8, 10s. 6d.; Cornwallis, £16, 10s.; Nictaux, £10. Mention is also made in 1819 of £1 from "A number of females at Amherst."

In 1820 the Association met at Sackville, N. B., and we note in the minutes, "Read the letters from the Female Mite Societies. We rejoice in the continuance of their laudable exertions for the spread of the Gospel among the destitute." And also from Chester, £6, 13s. 6d.; St. John, £15, 3s. 7d.; £3, 6s. 6d.; River Philip, £1, 2s. 6d.

At the Association in Onslow, in 1821, Windsor, £6, 7s.; Nerton, £3, 4s.; per Mrs. Mary Chipman, £10s.; per J. Monroe, £9, 1s. 8d.

From 1822 votes of thanks to the "females" appear regularly in the minutes of the Association. In this year 1822, we have the following list: Windsor, £9, 19s. 3d.; Chester, £1, 10s.; Bear River, £1, 6d.

The first mention I can find of Foreign Missions is in a letter from our Association to "corresponding Associations." "We rejoice that your laudable exertions in union with your American brethren, have been so graciously owned and blessed of God, as to enable you to plant the standard of the cross in the dark and idolatrous Empire of Burmah."

(Signed) JOSEPH DIMOCK, Moderator.
ED. MANSING, Clerk.

One or two more extracts from these minutes of Association will we think prove of interest. There is, in 1823, a vote of thanks to these "Female Mite Societies." "Particularly those in Chester, Lunenburg, Windsor, Margaret's Bay, Antigonish and Annapolis; also that it be recommended to all the churches in this connection to imitate such laudable examples."

Baptists have always been looked upon as progressive. How is it then that the spirit of these early fathers failed to rest upon our brethren (some of them) in these later years?

From the letters which were written in our denominational paper, against our work as societies, only a few years ago, one would have thought our brethren were contending for "the faith once delivered to the saints," instead of which, in opposing the women's work they had departed from the faith and practice of the early saints in these provinces. However, to-day, the pendulum has swung forward again; the work has been found to be of God.

In 1825, we have, "From Female Mite Society, in district of Mr. Thomas Lovett, Cornwallis, £1, 10s." In 1827, "Letter read from sister Eliza A. Chipman, in behalf of the Female Mite Society, accompanied with a donation." Cornwallis Female Mite Society, £7, 18s. 9d.

There is but one regret that these brethren did not retain the letters. However, I hope to give one extract in my next, and also the constitution of one of these Mite Societies, with several interesting items in connection therewith.

The first mention of work among our women for Foreign Missions is the following, which I have taken from "Interesting Facts and Observations, contained in letters from some of the churches," 1831.

Horton, N. S., "A number of sisters in the church, feeling deeply for the souls of the heathen, have formed a Mite Society, the object of which is the education of Burman children, and they earnestly call on others to come to their help in this same excellent cause."

(To be Continued)

FROM OUR FELLOW WORKERS IN THE WORLD FIELD.

Miss Doly writes from Seoul, Dec. 6, 1894: It is with a grateful heart that I tell you that the war is not only not hindering our work, but seems "turning out rather to the furtherance of the gospel." As one of our most fearless Korean Christian women said, "Now is the time to preach the gospel."

They are singing songs of thanksgiving at Beirut Seminary, where over twenty girls declared themselves for Christ during the week of prayer.—*Pres. W. W. for Women.*

The Baptist Missionary Magazine says: Some young Christians in our West African Mission are examples in the matter of benevolence. The two from the infant church who are going out as evangelists, support themselves in part by their own earnings, and it is expected that by next year one or more young men will be supported in this form of service by the church, which is not a year old. Some members give nearly one-fourth of their earnings, besides doing something for their parents and friends.

LETTER FROM FORMOSA.

Formosa, Ta'-ma'-ion, Nov. 24, 1894.

My dear Pastor Mackay,—I want to tell you what occurred here. I crossed over to this place through wind and rain. The other morning, when walking on the seashore, I saw a sailing vessel slowly drifting shoreward, and in danger of being wrecked, for there was fog and a heavy sea. I hastened back to the chapel and beat the drum to call the villagers to worship. As soon as it was over, I asked converts and heathens to go in their fishing boats as quickly as possible and let the sailors know they need not fear savages there, and if they wished to come ashore a chapel would be given them to stay in. The whole crew came ashore in the boats at once.

I gave your old room to the captain, his wife and child, and other accommodation to the rest. I then hurried away to a Mandarin and asked him to send men to protect the ship, and got a military mandarin to consent to send soldiers along also.

One afternoon, at 3 p.m., the 21 Europeans and Americans, with one Chinaman, met with 146 of our converts for worship. There were eight nationalities, viz.: British, American, French, Danish, Turkish, Swiss, Norwegian and Chinese, in the crew. They hailed from

America, with coal oil, bound for Shanghai, Hong Kong, etc. They said that no one dreamt of seeing such a neat, clean chapel on the east coast of Formosa, and now seeing such zealous Christians made their hearts glad. I made known, as best I could to them, the days of toil you spent in establishing these churches, etc. The captain said that a bell, lamp and mirror on board the vessel he would like to present to this chapel.

(Signed) A-Hoa.

(Every chapel is a preacher's home, so that the captain's gifts will be of value.)

Dr. Mackay adds the following:

The above is a translation of part of a letter just received from my first convert, Rev. Giam Chheng Hoa. Ta'-ma'-ien is the "Margaret Maohar Memorial" Church on the sea coast in Eastern Formosa.

Note well, twenty-five years ago that crew would have been murdered, the vessel plundered and no one left to tell the tale. Glorious Christianity! Spread it all the world around. "Blessings abound where Jesus reigns."

Young People's Department.

NOTICE TO ONTARIO BANDS.

All money from Bands must be in the Treasurer's hands before April 30th, as the books are closed on that date. Those sending money for Foreign Missions, send it to Treasurer of Women's Foreign Mission Society, Miss Violet Elliot, 109 Pembroke Street, Toronto, Ont., and not to the Secretary of Bands.

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!

Boys and girls of our Mission Bands, attention, please! Do you know why this letter has such a title? Ten thousand dollars means more money than most of you can imagine, but the good people who manage our Foreign Mission business find themselves that much in debt at the present time! How glad the heathen will be! They will rejoice that Canadian Baptists are growing tired of telling them about Jesus. Their priests will build higher pagodas and temples, beat noisier drums, and shout for joy to think that we are willing to let the Telugus believe all their silly stories about the gods of wood, iron or stone. They were afraid of us a little while ago, when our mission was prospering. Six new missionaries sailed from our Board in one day. New stations were being opened in India, more Sunday schools were being started. Boys and girls were heartily welcomed to our Christian schools in that dark land, and the heathen priests thought Canadian Baptists meant business, and began to fear and tremble, for their followers were deserting their idols for the only true and living God.

Our faithful missionaries who represent us stay-at-home Christians, rejoiced in feeling that we were bearing our share of the burden in the home land. Yes, and Jesus

was glad to see those who love Him acting as if they wanted to carry out His last request. The poor, native Christians in India were glad, for their sad, dark hearts were hearing the good news Jesus meant for them—as much as He did for us. The Bible promises were being fulfilled for them, and all who love the cause of Christ rejoiced to see souls being turned from the darkness of heathendom to the light of the Gospel.

But now all is changed, and instead of "Go forward," the order comes "Turn back"! We have grown weary in well-doing, and the cause in India feels it sorely.

Ten thousand dollars in debt! No new missionaries to be sent out to fill the place left vacant by sickness and death! Fields so hardly won to be surrendered to the enemy! Schools closed, preaching stations left for heathen priests to possess, and our missionaries in India to think that we Baptists in Canada care for none of these things! But we do care! We are frightened at the thought of a backward step being taken. Some are sending in hundreds of dollars, and others, with an equal sacrifice, their fifties and tens and fives, so that by May let this debt may be wiped out and our Mission reinforced with earnest laborers.

Every Band, every boy, every girl, should have a share in redeeming our Mission from this disgrace. What will your Band do? Take up a special collection at its next meeting and forward *straight* to the Board to help wipe out this big debt? Each member give a free-will offering of a few cents as he or she can, and if all our Bands help a little the burden will not be too heavy on a few. Will you talk it over at once with the member who lives nearest you, and do what you can to help? And let us all pray that the Lord will forgive us for getting in debt, and help us to keep our promises to the poor heathen better, so that Christ's kingdom may soon come and His will be done on earth as it is in Heaven.

SISTER BELLE.

RECITATION DURING COLLECTION.

Jesus sat beside the treasury,
Saw the pennies as they came,
Knew the hearts that loved to bring them
For the sake of His dear name.

Jesus, bless the ones we bring Thee,
Give them something sweet to do,
May they help some one to love Thee.
Jesus, may we love Thee too.—Pansy.

"SOMEBODY ELSE."

Perhaps we think we are pretty busy people, but we are idle compared with a poor slave, whose name is "Somebody Else." Whenever an awkward bit of work has to be done, it is sure to be left for her.

At a meeting, if the speaker asks for a good collection,

people hope that "Somebody Else" may be able to give more than they "can afford at present."

If collecting cards or missionary boxes are proposed, a hesitating voice says, "I am always glad to do what I can, but as for collecting, I must leave that for 'Somebody Else.'"

If a bit of practical self-denial is proposed, there are excellent reasons given why it should refer solely to "Somebody Else."

Now and then when a meeting is arranged for, so many persons stay at home "to leave a seat for 'Somebody Else,'" that the poor creature would need a thousand bodies to fill all these reserved seats.

If a ringing call to go to the perishing heathen is heard, ten to one "Somebody Else" is put forward as the very one for the work.

Just sit down for five minutes and think. Can you expect this unfortunate "Somebody Else" to do every thing? How can she give and collect, and deny self, and attend meetings, and go to the heathen, for the hundreds of people who pass their duties on to her?

Now, no matter what others do, you let "Somebody Else" have a rest. Give her a well-earned holiday, and every time you feel inclined to leave anything for her to do, do it yourself.—Arake.

JOGIYANIE.

MRS. J. H. KNOWLES.

From an interesting article on "What may be made of the Heathen," written by Miss Annie Budden, we gather the following: Twelve years ago, a woman with a ragged skirt reaching to her knees, a jacket minus one sleeve and only half the other, a dirty square of cloth upon her head, presented herself at the Woman's Home Pithoragarh. Two little girls of four and eight years accompanied, with only an unclean rag around the waist. After a little time of instruction in the Home, the woman was baptized, and soon became the Matron of the Home. Finally she died of cholera, conscious that her sins were forgiven, and happy to go to Jesus. The two little girls remained in the Home. Jogiyanie, the elder, grew tall and fair, and gave such promise in her studies that she was sent to the High School in Almorah for a year. Then she became a teacher in Miss Budden's school. Her Christian character was proved by many tests, and her influence over the girls eternity only can reveal. It was Miss Budden's desire that she should go to Agra and study medicine. She hesitated, but at last, in a spirit of perfect consecration, she gave herself to the Lord for a life of service. In July, 1891, she started for Agra, with the 121st Psalm given her as Miss Budden's parting words. During all the months of her stay there, these words were her motto and inspiration. Her letters were a joy, expressing always her consciousness of Christ's love and companionship. A year later, when she came home for vacation, it was evident her health was failing. She returned to Agra, and for months bravely struggled with weakness, so convinced that the Lord had called her to a special service that she could not doubt her ultimate recovery. But, as her strength failed steadily, she became assured that while her offering was indeed accepted, it was for higher service in the Heavenly world.

Brightly beamed her lamp of faith at every step of the way toward the dark valley. Gentle, patient, thoughtful

of others, she constantly talked of Heaven and the Father's welcome home. For days before the end, her eyes seemed sightless and her ears heavy, but she responded always to hymns and prayers. When she had not spoken for hours she said quite clearly, "Jesus is with me." The light of Heaven shone more and more upon her face. The heathen about her watched, listened and wondered. When at last she entered the open door, none could weep; there seemed a hush of peace and joy in every heart.

Her school friends dressed her in white, put a white wreath upon her head, white flowers in her hand, and, at her special request, her Bible under her pillow. Her pure, sweet face wore the look of those who are before the Throne, who have washed their garments in the precious blood of the Lamb.

Miss Budden says, "Never in all my missionary experience have I so realized that we are honored indeed in being the instruments God uses to train such characters as this."

Can it be that we, who think and pray and give to aid this work, share in this honor? If so,

"Let me still, with hand uplifted,
Faithfully hold forth the light."

O Easter lilies, fair and sweet,
We lay you at the dear Lord's feet,
In all your purity:
Praying that He above the skies
May view our hearts with well-pleased eyes,
And find them pure as ye.

Ring out, O bells, at Easter dawn
The welcome to the Faster morn.
Ring merrily and clear!
With winter's clouds so chill and gray
Earth's Lenten time has passed away,
And the glad spring is here.

—Mary D. Brine.

NEW CIRCLES.

ST. CATHARINES, LYMAN STREET.—Young Women's Mission Circle in connection with this Church, organized a short time since. President, Miss E. Schwoab; Vice-President, Miss May Smith; Secretary, Miss Carrie Smith; Treasurer, Miss Hatty Hewson. This will in no wise conflict with the Women's Mission Circle. A number of the young women found it impossible to meet in the afternoon and expressed a desire to organize as a Circle; and will meet once a month in the evening.

There was also a Band organized, meets immediately after Sabbath school, has a membership of 47, and have sent \$2 to Foreign Missions. The next contribution will be given to Home Missions. They gave a very successful entertainment a short time ago. The programme was entirely in the hands of the children. The officers are: Superintendent, Mrs. Hewson; President, Stolla Dunkley; Secretary, Robbie Middlecomb; Treasurer, Laura Smith.

MARY WALKER, Director.

ADDRESSES

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