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The Canadian Missionary Link

ANADA

INDIA

The Gentiles Shall Come To Thy Light

And Kings To The Brightness Of Thy Rising

IX-3

October, 1892.

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TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1892.

No. 2

A HUNDRED YEARS OF BAPTIST WORK IN HEATHEN LANDS, 1792-1892.—This is the title of a most instructive and inspiring work by Rev. J. R. Stillwell, of Samulcotta, India, which the author is publishing at his own expense for wide distribution at a nominal price. Like everything written by Mr. Stillwell, the book is aglow with missionary enthusiasm. Its general circulation cannot fail to increase interest in the great foreign mission enterprise.

THE PAN-PRESBYTERIAN COUNCIL.—It was highly gratifying to the friends of missions of all denominations, that the great representative gathering of the various Presbyterian bodies of the world, recently held in Toronto, devoted so large a share of its attention to missionary work throughout the world. A number of distinguished missionaries were present and took part in the meeting. The centre of interest, so far as missions to the heathen were concerned, was undoubtedly to venerable J. O. Paton, whose wonderful work in the New Hebrides, as described in his own writings and those of others, is so widely known. No missionary we ever heard had a better story to tell or could tell more effectively. Since his arrival in Toronto invitations to speak in the city churches of various denominations have been pressed upon him and he has been kept working to his full capacity. Dr. Howard Osgood, of the Rochester Theological Seminary, came over to secure Dr. Paton's presence at a great missionary meeting to be held in Rochester, in which he hoped also to have Dr. Clough take part. Surely it would be a great meeting with two such missionary veterans to speak.

THE MISSIONARY REVIEW OF THE WORLD is becoming more and more indispensable to every one who would keep well informed on the world's missionary work. To the other well-sustained departments has been added a Department of Christian Endeavor, conducted by Prof. A. R. Wells. Dr. Pierson, who seems likely to succeed Mr. Spurgeon in the pastorate of the Metropolitan Tabernacle, continues to hold the position of Editor-in-Chief. He is ably supported by four associate editors, Drs. Gracey, Leonard, Gordon, and Rev. C. C. Staebli. The latter conducts the Monthly Concert of Missions, and makes selections and translations from foreign publications. The publishers are making strenuous efforts to largely increase the circulation. We should be glad to forward a large number of names at the lowest club rate of \$1.50.

ENGLISH BAPTIST MISSIONS. The ninety-eighth report of the London Missionary Society pays a well-deserved tribute to the Baptist Missionary Society:

"The record of the work of the Baptist Missionary Society from the first days of the Serampore Mission to the latest development of its energy and enthusiasm for Christ in the Congo Mission, has been a splendid history, and the success which has attended their work in every field is a witness to all the world of God's faithfulness to His promises. The London Missionary Society is the oldest of the societies which have been formed under the inspiration of the example set to the Church of Christ by the Baptists." "By common consent, the formation of the Baptist Missionary Society has been regarded as the true beginning of the great missionary movement, which has been so marked a feature in the life of this most marvellous century."

THE CAREY CENTENNIAL FUND.—Up to Sept. 10, the subscriptions to this fund (Ontario and Quebec) amounted to \$3,721.39. An effort is being made to raise \$10,000 in twenty \$500 subscriptions and it is hoped that if this scheme should succeed the denomination at large may be induced to contribute another \$10,000. Twenty thousand dollars by the Baptists of Ontario and Quebec would be an average of less than 70 cents a member, and it would certainly be no more than is needed to meet the urgent demands of our work. Most of the money contributed to this fund will probably be devoted to the equipping of new stations. Are any of our readers able and willing to be among the \$500 contributors? We should be glad to hear of such. We are sure that all can contribute something. The payment of the larger subscriptions may be extended over two years.

PICTURE CARDS.—Thanks to the friends who have so generously responded to the request for these. A large number have come, many very beautiful ones. There will be glad hearts among the little Telugus, and perhaps some little home mission boys and girls may have a share.

THE Sixteenth annual meeting of the Woman's Baptist Foreign Missionary Society will be held in Paris on Wednesday, the 26th of October, beginning with a devotional meeting at 9.30. Circles will please bear in mind in appointing delegates that according to art. 9, of the new constitution, each circle is entitled to two delegates for a membership of twenty or less and for each additional twenty, one delegate. These delegates must be full members of the Society, that is, either life members or contributors of at least \$1.00 a year to the funds of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

Those requiring billets will please send their names to Miss Amy Sayles, Paris. All coming by rail are requested to obtain R. R. certificates at the place of starting as in case of 300 or more certificates being presented, free return tickets will be issued. Those travelling by two lines of railway require to get a certificate from each.

ELLEN DAVIES,
Rec. Secretary.

I WANT TO WORK FOR JESUS.

A POEM READ AT THE UNION MEETING OF THE BRANT-FORD MISSION CIRCLES, JUNE 1892, BY MRS. J. C. YULE.

"I want to work for Jesus!"

'Twas a boy's young voice men heard;—
And ere the echo had died away,
Again all hearts were stirred
By the same sweet childlike utterance
Of another youthful voice;—
And the loving Master kindly gave
To each his young heart's choice.

So, when a little more than a score of years
Had passed o'er either head,
Afair, across the billowy deep,
Those young disciples sped;—
One for the green Pacific Isles
Where cannibals held sway;
And one for Africa's burning clime,—
Appointed the self-same day. (1)

One, after years of fruitful toil,
Died by th' assassin's hand;—
But hundred's led to Christ by him,
With him in glory stand;
And in those happy isles to-day
No heathen songs are heard;
But hymns of glad thanksgiving rise
For that martyred teacher's word.

The other toiled for long, long years,
In want and weariness,
In peril, and hunger, and many tears,
Sad Africa to bless:
He gave her letters, he gave her light,
He gave her God's dear word;
And won from the Pagan's death and night
Rich trophies for the Lord.

"I want to work for Jesus!"

'Twas a young girl's voice was heard;
And ere its utterance had died away,
Once more all hearts were stirred;
For yet another sweet girl voice
Responded in calm reply;—
"Goes thou, dear heart, to work for Christ?
Then so indeed will I!" (2)

And so America sent forth,
By the God of missions stirred,
Those two young lives to the far off East
Bearing His precious word;
And, leaning, each, on her loved one's arm,
They braved the treacherous main,
They went in the springtime of buoyant youth,
But one came never again!

She died, with her message of love untold
To the heathen she went to save;
But an inspiration to young and old.
Went forth from her far-off grave;
And men and women in lofty faith,
By her high example fired,
Followed; nor yet, "is it life or death,
To which we are sent?" inquired.

And that other,— the story is sad and long
Of her weary sorrowful years,
'Mid persecutions and cruel wrong,
And sickness, privation, and tears;
But the woman's love and the woman's trust
Never faltered or failed, till she
Fell asleep in Jesus, and went to rest
'Neath the boughs of the Hopia tree.

"I want to work for Jesus!"

In Mount Holyoke, not long ago (3)
Sighed a young girl-teacher as she sat

At eve in the sunset's glow;
None heard but Jesus; but that low sigh
Touched deeply His loving heart;
And, ere long to serve Him 'neath Persia's sky
He graciously set her apart.

And then, for sixteen weary years,
She taught, and labored, and prayed
For Persia's degraded women and girls,
Unwearied and undismayed;
And, when sick, and worn, to her native land,
She turned her at last to die,
Scores of redeemed ones clung to her hand,
And sobbed out their last good-bye.

"I want to work for Jesus!"

This voice was of our own; (4)
And from our College halls went forth
One now in glory known;
Went forth to labor in faith;—then die,
Yet dying, he grandly lives
In the men and women that Canada
To-day to the heathen gives!

And yet these workers over the sea,
From those dark idolatrous lands,
Are ever stretching imploringly
To us their suppliant hands;
And calling, calling, as long he called
"Help, help, for the years go by;
And while we are waiting your slow response,
Unsaved ones by thousands die!"

Long, long ago on Judean hills
Sang a wondrous Prophet-King,
And the grand fulfillment, this hour, fills
The world with wondering;
"God giveth the word"—he said, "and lo,
A mighty host they'll be—
The women—who'll carry the tidings blest,
Afar over land and sea!"

Dost ask what tidings?—the tidings blest—
Of a Saviour for all mankind;—
Of an open fountain where all who thirst,
The Water of Life may find;
Of life and immortality brought
To light by God's risen Son;
Of death abolished and sins forgiven
Thro' the blood of the Crucified One.

And woman, for whom that hymn, so long,
But a partial meaning held,
Has heard it at last, and her inmost heart
With a holy joy has thrilled;
And her hands are gathering mite by mite,
The littles that lie in her way,
To send her heralds to carry the news
Of her risen Lord to day.

"I want to work for Jesus!"

"And I," "and I," "and I;"
Oh, many are calling, calling thus,
And what is our reply?
Is it "go, my sister, God speed you, go,
And I'll pray and work for you here?"
Is it "go, and tell those sorrowing ones,
Of the Saviour we hold so dear?"

Is it "go, and I'll help you day by day
With all that I have to spare?
With my efforts and with my influence too,
With sympathy, love and prayer?"
If so, let the Master's gracious word
A holy incentive be:
'As ye have done for my perishing ones,
Even so have ye done for Me!"

(1) John Williams and Robert Moffat. (2) Mrs. Harriet Newell and Mrs. Ann H. Judson. (3) Miss Fidelia Fisk. (4) A. V. Timpany.

THE STORY OF ONGOLE.

BY MISS EMMA GOBLE.

In 1835 Rev. Mr. Sutton, of Orissa, India, while on a visit to America, directed the attention of the American Baptist Missionary Union to the Telugus, as a people possessing natural endowments which would make them when Christianized, a wonderful source of light in that dark continent:—As a result, early in 1836, Mr. and Mrs. Day went to India to begin the work of preaching the Gospel to eighteen million Telugus.

We cannot know the toils, the sorrows, the persecutions of the next ten years of faithful, prayerful plowing and sowing. At the end of that time they returned home broken down in health and leaving behind in India only two Telugu converts. We cannot wonder that the Mission Board at home almost decided to abandon the field. Many earnest speeches were made at the annual meeting that year. But none did more to save the Telugu Mission than the pleading of the venerable Dr. Judson, who, with eloquent words declared that, even at his age he would leave his loved work in Burmah, and learn a new language, rather than lift his hand for the abandonment of this work.

In 1848 Mr. and Mrs. Day returned to India, taking with them Mr. and Mrs. Jewett, and again the work of sowing and waiting began. After three years another Telugu convert was received. In 1853 Mr. Day was again forced to come to America because of illness. Again the subject of abandoning the mission was debated in Boston. One entire evening was devoted to the discussion of this "Lone Star Mission." The feeling of the majority was that its continuation meant an expenditure of time, strength and money, which would bring greater results elsewhere.

Dr. Smith went home from that meeting and before retiring, wrote that poem, beginning:

"Shine on, 'Lone Star!' Thy radiance bright
Shall spread o'er all the eastern sky;
Morn breaks apace from gloom and night;
Shine on and bless the pilgrim's eye."

This was read next morning at the breakfast table of the chairman of the Board, and so impressed all who heard it, that the tide of feeling turned and the mission was again saved.

In this year Dr. and Mrs. Jewett visited Ongole, a city some distance north of Nellore, their station. Accompanied by a native Christian, Dr. Jewett preached in the streets of the city and was met with reviling and stones. Towards evening, driven out of the city, they made their way to the top of one of the hills which surround Ongole. Sitting there on the hill-top they saw Ongole, with her 6,000 Telugus bound in heathenism at their feet. For hundreds of miles on every side stretched a country thickly populated with men and women who had never heard of Christ or of His glorious Gospel. But their faith was firm, and instead of growing discouraged they knelt and poured out their souls to God, praying for a missionary for Ongole. Timpany says "More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of." How much that meeting on "Prayer Meeting Hill" effected for the Telugu Mission, Dr. and Mrs. Jewett will never know this side of the grave. But they do already know that that city from whose streets they were driven with violence and abuse, has been the centre of the marvellous ingathering.

In 1862, for the last time, the fate of the Telugu Mission trembled in the balance. The Mission Union had almost given it up, but decided to wait until Dr. Jewett,

then on his way home, should arrive. When he came, he emphatically declared, that whatever the Board might do, he would not give up the Telugus, but would return as soon as he was able. "Well, brother," said the secretary, "if you are resolved to return, we must send some one with you to bury you. You certainly ought to have a Christian burial in that heathen land." Although he did return Dr. Jewett still lives.

On his return, Rev. John Clough and his wife accompanied him, and settled at Ongole just twelve years from that memorable evening on "Prayer Meeting Hill." Dr. Clough has been called the "Mooody of Ongole." He is a strong man, of impressive sincerity, child-like faith and simplicity and with wonderful tact and power. The native Christians have an almost worshipful love for him, while all classes of Telugus who flock to hear him listen spell-bound, while he delivers to them the glad news. When Dr. Clough was leaving for India, one of his old professors, in bidding him goodbye, said, "Remember, brother, wherever you are, until your work is done you are immortal." This thought has remained with Dr. Clough and has been a source of inspiration and help when surrounded by many dangers and most wonderfully has he been preserved.

When he reached India, cholera had broken out, hundreds were dying, and in desperation the people turned from one idol to another, carrying their gods from place to place, feasting them in hope of staying the frightful disease. Dr. Clough began distributing tracts to the multitudes. Then by the aid of a teacher he committed to memory texts in the language, adding every day to his store until he had a sermon half an hour long composed entirely of texts. By singing on the streets he drew a crowd of people and to these he repeated his texts. Soon he noticed many who put their fingers in their ears and ran away. On asking the reason for this his teacher said, "They believe you are sent from God, and fear that if they hear you and do not obey, some calamity worse than the cholera will come upon them, and so they will not hear you."

In January, 1867, the church of Ongole was organized with eight members. Not far from Ongole were several villages where people were enquiring the way. To these the missionaries hastened, pitched their tents in a tamarind grove and began preaching. The first morning about forty came, each with a bundle of grain to eat, to stay until they heard all about this new religion. At the close of four days' preaching and praying Dr. Clough baptized twenty-eight. In 1868 Mr. and Mrs. Timpany reached the field and the work of speaking the Gospel went on. In that year sixty-eight were baptized. Two years later Mr. and Mrs. McLaurin joined them, and in that year 628 were baptized.

The question, "Shall the Telugu Mission be abandoned?" which had been discussed in the Mission Board at Boston almost every year, for twenty-five years, was discussed no longer. An urgent call for more helpers brought Mr. and Mrs. Downie and Mr. and Mrs. Campbell—and still the work grew.

When Dr. Clough went to Ongole he wanted to get hold of the high caste. For them he established a school and soon sixty-two high caste boys were placed in his care. But the converts as they came, were from the low caste. Hearing of this the high caste Hindus came to him and said they would withdraw their sons and their support if he had anything to do with the Pariahs. Still converts from the low castes came. In perplexity one day Dr. Clough went to his study, and Mrs. Clough to her room to lay the matter before the ord. After praying most earnestly for guidance Dr.

Clough took up a Bible and it opened to these words in 1 Cor. 1, 26-29. "Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called; but God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world and things which are despised hath God chosen." As he sat thinking over what he had read, Mrs. Clough came into the room with her Bible opened at the same text. God had shown them their duty—their work was to be among the low caste. The other missionaries thought he had made a mistake, but God's blessing was upon his work. Converts came from 25 to 100 every year, then from 200 to 300 every year, then 400 to 500 a year, and then 500 to 1000 a year.

In 1876 the great famine began. The South West noonsoon failed. The failure of these rains would, they knew, cause a great scarcity. Anxiously they waited for the later rains, but they, too, failed, and famine with all its horrors was upon them. Government began relief work, digging a canal of 200 miles. Dr. Clough took a contract of three miles. Government supplied money, huts were built along the canal, a medical man was placed there, and every endeavor made to bring the starving people where they might receive help. The natives say "if it is fated for us to die we shall die and it is of no use for us to go away to die." "Some god is angry with us and if we undertake to flee from his wrath something worse will come, and what is the good?" But Dr. Clough and his assistants were persistent in their entreaties and many came. The sick were put on litters and carried where they received care and food. Each band of workers was under a preacher, and when tired out would rest while the preacher read to them from the Bible. On Sundays the entire company gathered about Dr. Clough's tent while he preached to them, and thus the seed was sown. In this way the months passed until 1878. Friends in England and America learning of the terrible needs of the people, established relief funds and supplied money. Their donations were generous for their hearts were large and full of pity for the starving multitudes. With money thus given, the natives bought grain and then went home to sow and wait for harvest. It had been a terrible time, but through the devotion and consecration of the Christians God wrought a miracle.

For the year and a half that the people were receiving government aid no regular missionary work was done—none were baptized and none were received into the church. But now the people would not stay away, they came in swarms. Dr. Clough asked them to wait till they received more instruction, and until their crops came. But they said, "We know you are not going to give us money, and we are not coming for money. But when we were down on the canal you told us about Jesus. We have believed in him and discarded all our idols. There are two months before we can receive anything from our fields. The cholera and small-pox are prevalent and many of us must die, and if we die we want to die with everyone knowing we are Christians. We don't want to die with this stigma on our heads—we want to be baptized and remembered among the people of God." Dr. Clough could do nothing but comply with their request. The first day 500 were baptized, the second 2,222, the third about 800, making about 3,500 in three days. Urgent messages came from villages far and near, to go out and baptize many who were not able to go to Ongole and before the close of December nearly 10,000 had followed Christ's command.

In 1867 the Ongole church was organized with 8 members, in 1885 the membership numbered 25,000, the mission stations were increased to 73, and schools had been established in which were 4,000 children.

But about this time ten missionary families had to give up because of illness or death. The appeals to America for men to take care of this vast work in India were met with the answer "We are doing all we can for you, but men don't seem to be willing to go to the Telugus," and so three or four years passed. Then, while feeling despondent about missionaries, a greater spirit of revival was felt. Converts came in from villages and told about many who were forsaking their idols. 352 were baptized one Sunday and Dr. Clough sent these to their villages to bid other converts come to Ongole on Sunday, December 28th, when he would see them. This was in 1890.

On the evening before the 28th, long before dark they began to come. On Sunday morning the chapel would not hold one-third of the people who had come by thousands. The meeting was arranged under the trees near Dr. Clough's bungalow, and he used the steps of his verandah for a pulpit. His text was "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light." These gracious words fell with power on the hearts of that vast company, many of whom had come a weary way on foot from villages 50 or 70 miles distant. For almost an hour and a quarter they paid closest attention to Dr. Clough as he spoke of the love and tenderness of Him who gave this invitation. Then after listening to the evidence of those who had come for baptism, Dr. Clough and his helpers, between the hours of one and six, baptized 1,671.

And still there were many in the villages waiting to publicly confess their change of heart. Dr. Clough made a tour through the country and about 2000 were baptized early in 1891.

Then Dr. Clough, who sorely needed a rest, decided to come home in order to get 25 men and \$50,000 and return to India in a year. Before leaving Ongole a large farewell gathering was held, where Hindus and Christians united in praise of the work done by Dr. Clough and a hope that he would soon return to them restored in health and strength. One speaker, a native but not a Christian, said, "According to the Shastras he should not have stirred out of his house that day, but whatever the Shastras could prohibit him, they could not prevent his being present to do honor to one who had done so much good to the people and country."

Dr. Clough came home, got his 25 men and \$50,000, and was about ready to start for India when he received a request to raise another \$50,000 for educational purposes. He also raised that amount and will soon go back to India and the work that lies so dear to his heart.

In India the fields are white, the harvest waits, but the laborers are few. "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature; and lo I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."

"The blackest clouds make ever briefest stay,
Not long obscured in every cheering ray,
For the great undistinguished sun doth keep
His way unhindered, while they frown and weep,
And when their tears and threatening are all gone,
Behold the light victorious, shining on!"

WOMEN WITH HANDS—THEIR POWER IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY MRS. MERRILL E. GATES.

Not many weeks ago a fearful cyclone passed over India. Its fiercely circling blasts uprooted trees, overturned houses, and mercilessly destroyed life. Whirling eastward to the sea-coast, there it burst with deadly fury on the vessels at anchor. Sweeping on across the ocean to the shores of the Andaman Islands, where the "Enterprise," a British vessel used to carry convicts to their prisons in these islands, lay off the coast. It propelled the ship with immeasurable violence and velocity on the rocks, amid boiling breakers and black, slanting sheets of rain, just opposite the woman's prison. A number of convict women, overtaken by the sudden onset of the storm, were struggling toward shelter when they caught sight of the rolling wreck, and moved by common sympathy and a swift sense of the danger to its crew, turned to their relief. Slowly and painfully they forced their way against the storm creeping along from the shelter of one great rock to another. When they neared the shore, with incredible heroism, although the breakers at times swept above their heads, they formed a line,—a human life line,—each grasping the hand of the one next her; a line extending from the surge to the solid land. Then the one farthest out dashed still farther out, and rescued a struggling form. Aided by the long line of women, whose strength was hers, again and again she plunged into the mad wash of the sea, and saved man after man from his otherwise certain doom, she herself held in position by the long line of clasped hands, reaching far up on the shore. Eighty-three men, officers and crew, were on board. All perished but those the women saved.

It was the human-life line—the strong handclasp of women whose hearts defied danger and bled with sympathy for the imperiled, that was the simple and natural method of vital and instant help. As one reads this thrilling experience, it seems to portray, as in a picture, the awful wreckage of heathendom, the possibility of rescue, and the manner in which women are to be the rescuers. It seemed to teach most plainly how there was room in these life lines, already running out in such numbers where the dread waters of heathenism roll, for all the Christian women of our land. It almost seemed to indicate that each in the line was as important as every other, for, surely, not the one at the danger point could be spared, nor the one next, nor the one next in line; not, surely, those far up on solid ground, for they were the anchorage for the whole. So the whole line was one thing, not to be divided by the letting go of one hand if the life saving work was to be accomplished. Let us, then, not think of our work as either indirect or infinitesimal. We do not do the actual and blessed work of soul-saving in the distant field; but, humanly speaking, the rescue work could not take place without us. Are we in the woman's life line reaching from the saved and safe to the unsaved and unsafe? What a gracious, almost mysterious ordering, that we so remote, so far upon the safe shore of protected Christian womanhood, can yet reach saving hands to our poor sisters for whom our hearts bleed!

Suppose there had been so few women that they could not have held each other up firmly amid the perilous stress of the storm, or that they could not have reached beyond the shifting shelving sand up the coast to the solid, unshaken land. Then there had been no saving of the drowning ones. Our work is direct if we keep the worker at the danger point.

And the handclasp which effects such work means more than the money it so surely collects. It means the energy of a sympathy and love for souls derived from Christ; not merely human instinct, but a great God-given, impelling power of service. It means a labor springing from no selfish motives. It means a devotion as endless and absorbing, as the work is imperative and stupendous. Such labor, such sympathy, is not indirect.

Neither let us think of our work in its infinitesimal aspect.

Weak, indeed, would be the handclasp of women against the monumental, age-encrusted superstitions of India and China, or the revolting human degradations of Africa, if nothing of the Divine entered into our work. Our work would be as imponderable as the sunbeam that falls on the scale, and add as little weight, were it not for the very fact that our labor is like the sunlight,—something that proceeds from God himself, the Sun of our spiritual heavens. "Christianity makes our infinitesimal influence infinite."

But not only by the life line can the power of women's hands for good be symbolized. It is Carlyle who says: "Neither is the understanding a tool as we are apt to figure it; it is a hand which can handle any tool." So the Christian understanding, exercised on the question of how to serve our fellow-men, becomes a hand, that uses how many tools! Tools of the intellect, the heart the will,—the manifold forms of power in home, school and social life. Everything a Christian has can be brought into use for Christ, or else probably he were better off without it. Have we the spiritual power to use our advantages or disadvantages, our sufficiencies and our deficiencies, for this cause of Christ upon the earth?

Every Christian woman has the right to be a divine power in the world, by virtue of the indwelling of God's Spirit. His mysterious, irresistible power transforms her feeble but faithful efforts into mighty levers of far-reaching action.

The Spirit's gifts are:—

I. Power of suggestion. It is a fact that He gives the initial suggestion concerning every good work which he would have done. These suggestions are often communicated to us in prayer.

II. Suggestions of methods of work. These are no less real than the first, and results often prove their origin.

III. Continually supplied accessions of strength and resolution to persevere in the design. This gift to weak and fickle human nature is one of the greatest. Thus the whole will in the end appear to be God's suggestion, continuous development, and final accomplishment. Behind the effective hand lies the thinking brain; behind the brain lies the intelligent will; behind the will lies the loving heart. This is the inmost centre from which God works out His will through our wills, our brains and hands. Our wonderful enlarging accessions of positive power as Christian women, are to come through a more complete surrender of all our powers to God. He is the only source of power, and the soul most entirely joined to him is the most powerful for good. Are we willing to be the living wills, brains and hands through which the Holy Spirit can work his glorious will for the help of the lost and suffering? If it is only through believers that the Spirit can apply the work of Jesus to the souls of men, how imperative that every Christian woman should become the recipient and the imparter of the Holy Spirit!

"Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you."—*Life and Light.*



SAD THINGS.

At the annual meeting of the Woman's Baptist Missionary Society, held in Albany, N. Y., while the seven young ladies who are under appointment for the foreign field were telling of the leadings that had brought them to the happiest decision of their lives, some one in the audience was heard to say, "How sad!"

"Sad?" said a veteran now doing good work here, but longing to go back to her dark-skinned sisters because of their greater need.—"Sad! It is pure joy—the greatest joy a human being can know."

There are sad things. It is sad to see men made in the image of God, possessing the noblest attributes, capable of the grandest achievements, heirs, if they will, of the kingdom of heaven, deliberately, with their eyes open, turning their backs upon all these riches and glories, and walking straight down to wretchedness that has no end.

It is sad to see women, with all their grand possibilities, expending their whole energy in the effort to obtain and hold mere social position.

It is sad to see fathers instilling into their sons the love of gold rather than the love of souls.

It is sad to see mothers preparing their daughters to shine for a day in society rather than as the stars for ever and ever.

It is sad to see our young men striving with all their God-given powers for the fleeting honors of earth, or worse still, caring for self-gratification.

It is sad to see our beautiful young women, with all their nineteenth century endowments and advantages, contenting themselves with lives of pleasure, or at best making a compromise with conscience, expecting—though Christ himself said it could not be done—to serve God and mammon. O girls! our question is not, "Can I squeeze into heaven if I do this?" or "Will this thing that I like so much turn God's face entirely from me?" but, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?" "How can I most serve Him who gave His life for me?"

Is it sad to see sheep closely following their shepherd? Is it sad to see the heirs going forth to possess their kingdom? Will it be sad in that last day to hear the "Well done, good and faithful servant," or to receive from the hand of the Glorious One the star-jeweled crown? or to hear the elders say, "These are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb?" and to know that you helped to show them the way?

"Whosoever shall save his life shall lose it: and whosoever shall lose his life for My sake shall find it."—*Helping Hand.*

Mrs. C. W. Forman, of Lahore, says: "The women of India in the cities are not touched by the preachers of the Gospel; some have never seen one. I do hope we shall soon have ladies here in Lahore to take up the Zenana work. If we had nine or ten ladies visiting in the city, they might never meet each other at their work, and yet there would be portions left untouched. Oh, indeed, we want no curtailment of the work amongst the women; it is when they are reached that a bright day will dawn for India."

Deeds unfinished will weigh on the doer.—*E. B. Browning.*

Work Abroad.

A COMMON-PLACE LETTER.

MY DEAR LINK.—I have wasted several sheets of paper and some precious time in trying to write you something that critical editors may be pleased to accept as "copy," but as yet I have produced nothing; and therefore beg to write a mere common-place, every-day-kind of letter instead.

The weather during the last month we found very close and oppressive, and this with plenty of work has claimed from us all we could spare. The Seminary opened on the 1st of July as usual and we had about the usual number in attendance. The first days were crowded with all kinds of work, and the following days have been filled with the regular routine work characteristic of such a school as this. Besides routine work there are also a good many things to do that one cannot very well classify, and therefore of which it is difficult to write. I have already spent the morning in the Seminary, and am writing this to have it ready for the mail before the school opens this afternoon.

The dash means that so much time, as it represents, has been spent between this and the former sentence. And how? One of the students came in with an ailment, no matter just what, but it needed attention, and therefore the dash. Another boy will come in shortly and will want to buy an envelope. The postmaster is not very genial nor ready to sell a single stamped envelope costing one cent, and so I supply the boys with what they want. Another will come and ask for a newspaper with which to cover his school books. The students cover their books with care and try to keep them in good condition. Another will come wanting a bamboo pole of which there are some tied together and standing up by a tree near my window, or he will want to buy a slate—we give one slate only, and in case that is broken or lost, the second must be bought. This time we refer the student to the teacher in charge of such articles.

A coolly man approaches with most profound salaming—very respectful he is indeed—and says he wishes to join the religion. But why do you wish to join is the answer? I have no rice, is the response. He does not understand and we have scarcely time to explain it to his dull mind. We have Christians in the village, and as there is a railroad just now building, they wish me to secure them a position of some kind on it. I have not the time just this minute, and so, intending to do what I can at the first suitable opportunity, I dismiss them saying that I shall see about the matter.

And just now a beggar crowds his way to the front. Those in the village are instructed to appear at a certain time; but there are wandering characters that we cannot thus regulate. And then a few minutes ago there came along a pakka (real) Englishman seeking employment on the railway; and he needs just a trifle to help him forward. I cannot tell his story, it would take too long, but I give him six annas, about twelve cents, and send him on his way. My rule is to give such four annas, Eurasian people two annas and Telugus two duts, that is eight cents, four cents and one cent respectively.

A workman employed in the compound watches for a spare minute and comes in to enquire something, or to get new orders. I know what some critical reader—you will remember this is a common-place letter—I know what he will be thinking. He will say, have a

regular schedule of hours and thereby economize time and strength. I have already scheduled about every thing that will come under that head until my thoughts are well nigh scheduled. I wish, however, that they were quite scheduled, for then when the time came to write I could then merely sit down, irrespective of feeling, draw out a sheet of paper, dip a pen into the ink and lo, a letter is the result.

But when I began to write this I did so with the intention of saying something very particular about the Seminary. But there are so many particular things that my head goes into a whirl when I try to sort them. For we have nearly everything of every kind here. We are a church, and a school, and a community with regular laws, and a village, and I scarcely know what not. We have Bible classes, Theological classes, Secular classes; we have preaching services, prayer meetings, church meetings, church committees, etc.; we have a Literary Society, a Foreign Mission Circle, Band or organization; we have English meetings, teachers' meetings, faculty meetings. "We want a school attendance register," says the head teacher, who has just come. "Yes?" I interrogate. "Give me a postal card please, to write for one, is the answer. So the card is given, but the unity of my letter is broken.

But Miss Hatch is sending you a list of the students names for this LINK, so probably this letter is long enough, and I need not trouble myself about the "unities."

Samulcotta, Aug. 8, 1892.

J. R. STILLWELL.

DEAR MRS. NEWMAN.—We are on tour—Annammā and I—and are having such good times, that I want to share our joy with the readers of the LINK. This is the transplanting season, when the Christians, the low caste men and women and high caste men are in the fields all day long. With the Christians and low caste women we have done little more than exchange greetings. If we go to them in the early morning, they are too busy cleaning their teeth, combing their hair, and cooking the meals for the day, to sit down and listen to us. They do not return from the fields until sunset, then they pound rice for the next day, cook the evening meal, pour water over their children, and retire for the night. Our work, therefore, is altogether among the high caste women. In the villages hereabouts they are all Kammās, a caste we do not meet in or about Akidu. These Kamma women are by far the most intelligent Telugu women I have met, and they know more about their own religion than women of other castes.

We have been here at Peyeru three days and they have welcomed us to their homes, have listened with marked attention and interest while we stated and explained leading truths of the Gospel and told the sweet old story. About the latter they invariably say, "of gods and goddesses we have many, but of none is it written after this sort, of none is it told that he gave his life to save us from our sins."

We go into the village (Mr. Craig's boat is our home these days), about 9 a.m. and do not come out until 5 p.m. or later; we rarely spend less than one and a half or two hours at a house.

Four women in this village can read, and last evening as we were coming away, they asked us to meet them on the morrow and show them from our Shastras (sacred books) the Divinity of Christ. They appointed the time and place, and we went; found thirty-three women, some with sewing in their hands others stringing bead

necklaces, others nursing their babies. With but few exceptions, they paid the closest attention for three hours, while Annamma and I opened unto them the Scriptures, while one and another among them questioned where they did not understand, while others discussed and compared Jesus with their own gods, and all the while there would keep coming to my mind the words of David: "Among the gods there is none like unto thee, O Lord; neither are there any works like unto thy works." At the close, I asked, "What think ye of Christ, of His work, of His life, of His death on the cross for us, His resurrection?" One replied, "All you have told us is good and your Shastras say wonderful things, and true, but we must know more, you must come to us often." Another said, "We worship as our parents before us worshipped, how can we leave it for this new religion?" Yet another acknowledged that all we had said was good, and worthy of acceptance, and declared her intention of believing. All with one voice bade us come often and tell them again these good tidings.

Never before have I been asked by a heathen woman to conduct a meeting of this sort, and I hope this one invitation may be but the forerunner of many others. During Mr. Craig's absence we hope to use his boat and visit many villages, meet face to face many souls who have not yet accepted Jesus as their Saviour, and many more who have not as yet heard that there is such a Saviour. Pray for us!

Yours in Christian bonds,

F. M. STOVEL.

Peyeru, India, Aug. 10th, 1892.

DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS OF THE EASTERN ASSOCIATION:—Mrs. Parker asked us each to write a letter to be read at the Association, and suggested that I write something about the women. There is so much about the life of every Hindu woman to call forth pity from all people, especially those of her own sex, that I hardly know what to write. First of all, ask all of the mothers present who have little girls, to imagine their own dear little one for whom they have great hopes in the future, in the place of the little Hindu girls. Undoubtedly you intend to educate your little girl in various branches, to develop whatever natural abilities she may possess, and above all you will be careful that she learns the teachings of the Bible; in short you intend that all shall be made of her life that is possible. What is all this for? It is in order that she may be a better woman,—may be a greater blessing to the world; that the world may be better because she is in it. Let us contrast this ambition with that of a Hindu mother. Hers is only to get her child married. If she has a cousin she must marry him, however dissipated his life may be, whatever diseases he may be suffering with. Suppose she has no male cousin. Perhaps the very hour the little girl is born, if perchance it be in a very respectable family, half a dozen or more men may be outside to banter for the little one. He who promises to expend the largest sum of money in jewels to be presented to her upon her wedding day, is the successful suitor. And this little girl the first day of her life is betrothed, to whom? A kind, generous hearted young man; or to an old man who cares only for money, his opium or toddy to make him happy, who is unkind in all his ways, but wants somebody to wait upon him? This innocent little girl is sacrificed. He goes to his home which may be in another town. The little girl grows up playing gaily, doing about as she pleases, for

her mother teaches her nothing except to sweep and prepare the rice and curry. Perhaps at the age of five her affianced comes to claim his bride. At first she is pleased with the lights and the noise and the crowd, but when night comes and she is put into a palanquin with this big man whom she has never seen before, to be borne around the streets all night, she is frightened. Do you wonder? Would not your little girl be afraid? And this must be carried on five nights. The little one is all worn out and becomes cross. If she happens to fall asleep some one will come along, give her a shaking and make her sit up. She is glad when it is over and she can go back to her play and idleness, for she remains with her mother until she is twelve or thirteen years of age. During this time she is expected to make occasional visits to her mother-in-law's. This is always looked forward to with a great deal of dread, for she generally is treated very unkindly by all in the house. She must not meet her husband; if she sees him coming she must run and hide until he goes out again, or she would be considered very rude. When she is about thirteen another ceremony is held and she is given to her husband. She has never been to school. She never will go to school. She cooks his rice. She waits upon him. She follows several feet behind him when walking on the street, if she is allowed to go out at all. She always addresses him "Sir," and he calls her "child." Never call each other by their names, that would be recognizing them too much upon the same level. They worship everything. They often paint the stone with which they grind their rice, bedeck it with flowers, make a nice cake and offer to it (they afterwards eat the cake), all the while praying that their husband may not die. In this stone is their hope. Oh Christian women, arise and do something for your degraded sisters! Make something of them! They are capable of it! Don't, I pray you, let them die in ignorance! What if this man had died when this little girl was but a child? Even before she has ever lived with her husband, she is a widow, and has brought this awful misery upon herself by some dreadful sin that she has committed in some previous state. They believe universally in transmigration of souls. She never can marry. Those among the higher caste must dress in the plainest of white cloth, have their heads shaved and after fourteen are allowed but one meal a day. She is hated by everybody. She is cuffed about and often kicked unmercifully by strong men. Words fail me to express the suffering of her whole life. During a feast she must keep in the back yard, for none must see her face, else some harm would befall them. I know the mothers, who have granted the request asked in the beginning of this letter, feel like weeping. Christ wept, why should not we? Christ loves them. Cannot we? The picture that I have tried to bring before you is a true one. It is really existing to-day. Oh, sisters, are we doing all we can to relieve the sufferers? I will close by telling you of an incident told me by one of our Bible women. For a long time she had been visiting a widow and telling about Christ's love for her. One day as she was about to go the widow stopped her. She said "I have been praying a long, long while." "What have you been praying for?" "I have been praying that when I am born into this world again my husband won't die." "To whom did you pray?" "The sun." Poor ignorant woman. How hard for her to grasp the truth. Pray for us that we may have patience to tell the story over and over again until they do grasp the truth.

Your's in Christ, FLORENCE LORIMER.

Cocanada, India, May 2nd, 1892.

STUDENTS IN SAMULCOTTA SEMINARY.

FOR YEAR BEGINNING JULY 1892.

THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT.

SENIOR CLASS.

| <i>Students' Names.</i> | <i>Supporters' Names.</i> |
|---------------------------|--------------------------------|
| 1 Geddam Tyrapatayya | M. B., Malahide and Bayham |
| 2 Vanga Samuel | M. B., Parliament St., Toronto |
| 3 Chintada Lakehnairayana | Maritime Provinces |
| 4 Ballipuri Ramaswami | M. B., St. Church, Lobo |
| 5 Korra Isaac | Missionary, Samulcotta |

JUNIOR CLASS.

| | |
|-------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1 Bonu Daniel | Missionary, Samulcotta |
| 2 Kommuturi Peter | Mrs. Friend, Ontario, Cal |
| 3 Dundi L. Josiah | Missionary, Samulcotta |
| 4 Nicodemus Israel | Teacher, Samulcotta |
| 5 Pathinalla Tyrapanyam | |
| 6 Epuri Joseph | M. B., Dixie |

BIBLE DEPARTMENT.

SENIOR CLASS.

| | |
|--------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1 Palukurti Moses | M. B., Lindsay |
| 2 Venkatesu Cornelius | S. S., James St., Hamilton |
| 3 Narayana Abel Barnabas | S. S., Toronto |
| 4 Vinakurti Jesudasu | M. C., Boston |
| 5 Palukurti Arason | M. B., St. Church, Brantford |
| 6 Morampoodi Michael | M. B., Barnston |
| 7 Korata George Mason | M. B., Calton |
| 8 Pannu Jacobu | M. B., Ingersoll |
| 9 Talari Jesudasu | S. S., 3rd Class, Ridgeway |
| 10 Kadionahanti Appanna | Maritime Provinces |
| 11 Ballikuri Minnamma | M. C., St. Church, Brantford |

MIDDLE CLASS.

| | |
|-------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1 Tuluri Isaac | S. S., Peterborough |
| 2 Kummuturi Samson | M. B., Wraming |
| 3 Merakanapalli Solomon | M. B., St. Church, Woodstock |
| 4 Kuchipudi Peter | M. C., Beamsville |
| 5 Nicodemus Julla | Teacher, Samulcotta |
| 6 Vanga Katnamma | |
| 7 Toleto Philemon | S. S. Classes, Beverley St., Toronto |
| 8 Palavarti Samuel | S. S., Windsor |
| 9 Palavarti Daniel | M. B., Hartford |
| 10 Palavarti Isaac | |
| 11 Pasala Katnam | M. B., East Oxford |
| 12 Tota Benjamin | M. B., Adelaide St., London |
| 13 Pendurri Ramaswami | M. B., St. Thomas |
| 14 Sella Jonah | Friends, Samulcotta |
| 15 Parasa Enoch | S. S., Denfield |
| 16 Choudari John | Maritime Provinces |
| 17 Devarapalli Reuben | M. B., Sarnia |
| 18 Chetti Samuel | |
| 108 Parasa John | |
| 207 Kondi Reuben | |
| 218 Kancharla John | |
| 228 Chandham Mallayya | |

JUNIOR CLASS.

| | |
|-------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1 Scotam Samuel | His father |
| 2 Mattabattulu Venkayya | M. B., Wallaceburg |
| 3 Ruchupudi Appanna | M. P. A., Toronto |
| 4 Varsala Appanna | Seminary Students |
| 5 Karu Sanyasi | M. B., St. George |
| 6 Maggam Ramaswami | |
| 7 Bellam Nukayya | M. B., Talbot St., London |
| 8 Ella Abraham | Y. P. A., Talbot St., London |
| 9 Vinakota Uglah | Mrs. Jeanie Hendrie |
| 10 Mergumalla Luke | M. B., Onabuck |
| 11 Tandi Lazarus | M. B., Origoode |
| 12 Pantangani Reuben | Y. P. A., South London |
| 13 Saade Prakasam | M. B., Schomberg |
| 14 Tota Isaac | M. C., Wolverton |
| 15 Nagadesi Sahibu | |
| 16 Sheik ally Nathaniel | |
| 17 Epuri Marthamma | M. B., Brantford |

PREPARATORY CLASS.

| | |
|------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1 Tuluru Cornelius | Y. P. A., Tecumseth St., Toronto |
| 2 Arla Surayya | Mrs. John Carswell, Plattsville |
| 3 Chintalla Gabriel | Montreal |
| 4 Kuchupudi Samson | M. B., Waterford |
| 5 Pabbarti David | |
| 6 Mungammu Jacobu | A friend, Canada |
| 7 Gali Reuben | |
| 8 Gursala Abraham | |
| 9 Chintada Lakshimamma | Maritime Provinces |
| 10 Ballikuri Mary | Her father |

| | |
|-------------------------|--|
| 1 Pathinalla (Gangamma) | |
| 2 Devarapalli Saramma | |
| 3 Kancharla Lydiamma | |
| 4 Parasa Marthamma | |
| 5 Kondi Gangamma | |

♠New Students. †Married Students. ‡Wives of Students.

Dear friends and supporters, those of you who have been supporting students, please note the following: Fifteen of those supported by you at home have not returned.

Karre Laban, Katuri Satyanadam and Katuri Chandaramma have died; the former of fever while here, and the others, husband and wife, while at home in the vacation, the husband having contracted his illness while in the Seminary. Of these we may confidently say, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." And these dear friends, without your contributions and that of others, might have gone down to the grave having never heard of Christ, without God, and without hope beyond the tomb. Let us then bless God for these three souls who have entered Paradise.

Moria Prakasam, Gulla Andrew and Paimu David are preaching or teaching in different villages and may possibly return at some future time.

Arta Prakasam and Todeti Johann have left in order that their efficiency might be tried on the field. Kodali Aasadam's health failed him.

Kondipudi Koodayya, Ambati Venkayya, Nunna Solomon, Kandapuri Reddi and Satyaba Jacobu put their faces to the plough and looked back, having come, they left of their own accord. Addepalli Reuben is working on his farm this year but may return next year.

I have given Denfield Parasa Enoch returned, instead of Reddi who left.

Many letters are on hand for various students, but my absence during vacation and during my illness prevented me hitherto from answering them or even reading them to the recipients. If you will all have patience a little longer, I will endeavor to answer them in due time.

Some changes have been made in the grading of the students and you may expect greater changes in the near future but more of that anon. Pray for us and our work that God may be in all our thoughts and that He may propose and dispose for us.

Yours in the Master's service.

S. I. HATCH.

Work at Home.

NEWS FROM THE CIRCLES.

The New Sarum Mission Circle held a very successful anniversary meeting in the church on the evening of Aug. 8th. Our President, Mrs. Emery, presided.

Mrs. Gray, our pastor's wife, gave a cordial address of welcome and then an interesting program was carried out, consisting of excellent papers on mission work, by Mrs. Welter and Mrs. Edwards, of St. Thomas, and Miss Smiley of Sparta. Mrs. Trickey, of Sparta, gave a reading and Mrs. Emery gave a paper, and the report of the society's work for the year was given by the secretary. The choir of the church gave choice missionary selections during the evening. The collection was \$4.34. There was a good attendance and all expressed themselves highly pleased and edified with the meeting. And we truly believe that this meeting on the fourth anniversary of our Mission Circle together with the grand missionary sermon by our pastor on the Lord's Day previous will give a fresh impetus to mission work among us.—MRS. C. NEWCOMB, Sec'y.

MINESING.—Our Circle [has grown] from eight to thirteen members. On Aug. 29th a missionary meeting was held here under the auspices of the Circle. The

ministers of other denominations were present and took part in the meeting. Miss Taylor, of Collingwood, gave an address which was brimfull of interesting information regarding the work the Circles are doing, and in view of the responsibility, the need of greater effort in the future. Dr. Smith, who goes to India next year, spoke on Foreign Missions. After hearing Dr. Smith, one feels the importance of sending a medical missionary to our foreign field. A collection of over \$10.00 was taken up. May God inspire us to take our full share of responsibility in this matter of Missions.—L. M.

COLCHESTER.—The ladies of the Mission Circle held a special meeting on the evening of the 9th Sept., the chair being taken by the President, Miss Ritchie, who, in a few well chosen remarks, spoke on individual responsibility with regard to Missions. Appropriate addresses were delivered during the evening and suitable music rendered by the choir, and not the least of the evening's entertainment was a missionary dialogue, given by the Mission Band. Extracts from "Do not say" were read by Mrs. Tofflemire, and a reading was also given by Mrs. E. Ker, entitled, "For Christ's Sake." The collection amounted to \$4.03, which was considered very good for the sparsely settled district.—J. RITCHIE.

DEAR LINK.—Nearly a year has passed since I met with so many of the dear friends of the Elgin Association, and other gatherings of Mission workers. I find some faithful Mission workers in this part of the vineyard; yet I find myself wondering at the goodness of our God, and why it is the work moves so slowly on. Our narrow minds cannot conceive of the great work to be done for the Master while confined to our little world self. We must walk out and view the golden grain that is all ready for the reaper. Here as in many places, they have not been permitted to look upon the dear faces of so many returned missionaries, as we have done in Ontario. What heaven bought blessings we have enjoyed. How our hearts have been stirred in hearing them tell the sad story of heathenism. Thus with increased light, new responsibilities have been brought to our homes. The dear old "LINK" comes as a welcome messenger, indeed it is exceedingly precious, as I read the many familiar names and think of the great work they are doing. I am trying to make the LINK useful in our Mission Circle, thus blending the two interests of our general Mission work. Am pleased to know that the McLaurins are settled in another part of the Telugu field, and that I may still call them, our missionaries.

Yours for the cause,

ELIZA E. MCCONNELL.

Darlington, Wisconsin.

NEW CIRCLES.

LOUISVILLE.—Circle organized Sept. 8th, with 13 members. Officers: President, Miss Blackburn; Vice-President, Mrs. Hiram Merritt; Secretary, Miss Mary Bass; Treasurer, Mrs. Lemuel Arnold; Collectors and canvassers for LINK and Visitor, Miss Lula Merritt; and Miss Nellie Arnold.

AVR.—A Foreign Mission Circle was organized September 8th with seven members. President, Miss A. Montgomery; Vice-President, Mrs. A. Pembleton; Secretary, Mrs. J. Frazer; Treasurer Mrs. J. Pickett.—MRS. JOHN FRAZER, Secretary.

PICKERING.—Circle organized July 20th, by Miss Star, of Whitby, with eleven members. Officers: President, Mrs. Humphrey; Vice-President, Miss E. Doyle; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss H. Law.

PLAINS CHURCH.—A Union Circle was organized at the Plains Church on Sept. 1st, with the following officers: President, Mrs. T. White; Vice-President, Miss Jay; Secretary, Mrs. Felix Smith; Treasurer, Miss McChandle; Collectors, Miss Alice McChandle and Miss Harvey; Agent for the LINK, Mrs. Smith, for the Visitor, Miss Mabel Phillips. A public meeting was held in the evening, Mrs. Grey presiding. Papers were read on Foreign Missions, by Mrs. Emery, New Sarum, on Missions in general by Miss Smiley, Sparta, and on the Indian Missions by Mrs. T. S. Edwards, St. Thomas. Addresses were given by the Director and the Rev. J. Grey.—E. WELTER.

BUREAU OF MISSIONARY INFORMATION.

CIRCLE READINGS.

At 5c—Woman's Medical Missions; Five Cents in a Teacup. At 3c—What Thomas Henry and I heard at the Board Meeting; Apologies for Neglect of Duty; Woman's Mission; Story of a Mission Circle; Mothers and Mission Bands; The Temple. At 2c—Mrs. Pickett's Missionary Box; Aggression in Work in Missions; The Unemployed Talent in the Church; The History of a Day; A Study in Proportion; A Transferred Gift; The Voices of the Women; Pitchers and Lamps; The Beginning of it; Mrs. Purdy's Parquisites; Mrs. Gray's Opportunities; O. P. J.; Ezra and Me and the Boards; The Willful Gifts and the Disconcerted Deacons; The Missionary Baby; Mite Boxes; Ten Reasons Why I Should Belong to the Woman's Missionary Society; Why Our Society did not Disband. At 1c—God's Thoughts About the Nations; The Bride's Outfit (poem); So much to do at Home (poem); A Strange but True Story; She Hath Done What She Thought She Could Not; Eleven Reasons for Not Going to Missionary Meeting; Why We Should Keep Up Our Auxiliaries; That Missionary Box: How Much Do I owe? Giving Like a Little Child; A Suggestion from Dennis; Proportionate Giving; A Story of the Bees, Crete Blake's Way; Miss Briggs Changes Her Mind; How Mrs. McIntyre's Eyes were Enlightened; Not for the Heavens Only, But for Christ.

STUDIES ON INDIA FOR CIRCLES.

At 5c—Adoniram Judson; The Lone Star; The Story of Julia. At 3c—Study of Baptist Missions; Krishnalnu; Study of Lydia; How the Zenana Missions began. At 2c—A Heathen Woman's Story; A Hindu Widow's True History. At 1c—India Leaflets (Secular history, of East India Co.'s Cities and religions).

STUDIES FOR BANDS ON INDIA.

At 5c—Adoniram Judson; India Leaflet (country and people, questions and answers). At 3c—M.B. Lessons on India (including following subjects: The First Work in India; Country and Customs; Woman's Work; The Telugus). At 2c—M.B. Lessons on Burmah, Nos. 1 and 2. At 1c—The Burmese Bible and Language.

BAND READINGS.

At 5c—The Light of the World (concert exercise); Chips for Children's Bands (suggestions for leaders). At 3c—Boys' Mission Bands; Aunt Polly (dialogue for girls). At 2c—Helps over Hard Places; Ways of Working; Boys' Side of the Question (these three for

leaders); What Harry Sent; A Band Leader's Suggestions; A Little Girl and Her Missionary Jug; Preparing the Way; How Our Mission Bands Learned to Pray; A Partnership; A Penny a Week and a Prayer; Bringing the Ranks Up to the Standard; The Genius of Christianity (concert exercise); Missionary Ships (concert exercise); The Q. Q.'s; A Loan to the Lord; Golden Days and Golden Deeds; Bob's and Bertha's Bricks; Silver Basins of a Second Sort; See if Aunt Mary Wants Water. At 1c—The Helping Hand (dialogue); Jack's Pennies; The Wounded Lip; Coral Workers; The Bed Quilt; How There Came To Be Eight; Roy's Torpedoes; Kamachandraya and Easyarama; Children's Mission Bands; How the Story was Told. At 4c—The Dollies; How Four Little Girls made Missionaries of Them (dialogue).

FOR BANDS.

Children of China; Children of India; Children of Madagascar; Children's Work for Children; Fair Life in North India; Children in Chinese Homes; Children of all Nations.

FOR CIRCLES.

India by G. T. Gracey, 40c; Do Not Say, 15c; Woman's Medical Missions, 25c; Band Folio No. 1, 25c; Band Folio No. 2, 25c; Missionary Concert Exercises, 15c; Missionary Gems, 40c; Bright Bits (collection of choice missionary readings), 40c.

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

Missionary Sketches; Heroines of the Mission Field; Our Gold Mine; Pagoda Shadows (Chinese tale); From Darkness to Light (Hindu tale by Dr. Clough); Work on the Congo River; Our Eastern Sisters; Prize Essay on Missions; Every Day Life in India; Hindu Women; The Crisis of Missions; Days of Blessing; Telugu Mission Scrap Book; The Lone Star Mission; Lady Missionaries; Mission Work in Greece and Palestine; Report of Second Decennial Missionary Conference at Calcutta 82-3; Self Giving; The Unfulfilled Commission; In Brightest Asia; India by G. T. Tracey; India, what it can teach us, by Max. Muller; Do Not Say; Woman's Medical Missions; Alfred Saker; William Carey; Bishop Patteson, Thomas Comber; Robert Moffat; David Livingstone; Samuel Crowther; Mackay of Uganda; Robert Morrison; James Chalmers; John G. Paton. Apply for leaflets or books to MISS STARK, 64 Bloor St. E., Toronto.

THE WOMAN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

RECEIPTS FROM AUGUST 18 TO SEPT. 17, 1892, INCLUSIVE.

Norfolk Association annual meeting, \$3; Norfolk Association special contribution for a medical lady, \$44.50; Park Hill M. C., \$2.50; Brantford (First Ch.) M. C., \$50; Grimsby M. C., \$6; London (Grosvenor St.) M. C., \$4; 2nd Markham M. C., \$6; Wingham M. C., \$2.76; Wingham M.B., \$1.75; Wyoming M.B. for Kommuguri Samson, \$4.25; York Mills M. C., \$8.75; Westover M. C., \$5.45; Lindsay M. C., for a medical lady \$14; South Indian M. B., \$2.50; Miss Fannie M. Stovel, Akidu, India, towards refunding the amount of her expenses at Chicago training school, \$19.36; Peterboro Association annual meeting, \$3; Stratford M. C., \$2.75; Poplar Hill M. C., \$3.50; 1st Lobo M. C., \$7; Waterford M. C., \$14.02; Bracebridge M. C., \$2.00; Eglinton M. C., \$5.50; St. Thomas S.S. for work in Samulcolta Seminary, \$25, (in the form of a receipt from Mr. Firstbrook for the amount); Wheatley M. C., \$7.35; Hamil-

ton (Victoria Ave.) M.C., per Mrs. Elliot, \$4; 1st Houghton M.C., \$4; Cheapside M.C., \$33, (\$25 of this is a life-membership fee from Mrs. William Holmes); Oshawa M.C., \$2; Chatham M.C., (a special offering) \$5; Gobles M.C., \$13; Paris M. C., \$23.54; Paris M.B., for Kankipudi Kondayya, \$4; St. Catharines (Lyman St.) M. C., \$6; Teeswater M.B., (towards payment of pledge for \$18.00) for D. Peramma, Tuni, \$10; Brantford (North Star) M.C., \$7.50; Brantford (North Star) M.B., \$5; Delhi M.B., for Ambate Venkaya \$3.50; Bethel M. B., for Morta Achenma, \$3; Meaford M. C., \$1; 2nd Markham M.C., \$4.50; Peterboro M.B., \$7; Aldborough M.C., \$1.25; Attwood M. C., \$4.55; Attwood, M.B., \$1.20; Selkirk M.C., \$4.55; Stirling M.C., \$5; Rodney M.C., \$1; Glamis M.B., \$7.68; London South M.B., for Pamu David, \$7; Burch M.B., towards support of a student, \$15; Burgessville M.C., \$5; Bethel M.C., \$4.80; Gilmour Memorial Ch. M.B., for Lydia, a Bible-woman, \$17; 2nd King M.C., \$3; Teeterville M.C., \$5; Villa Nova M.C., \$15; Vittoria M.C., \$4.50; Wolverton M.C., \$5.90; Wolverton M. C. special for Mr. Brown's field, \$6.52; Tiverton M.C., \$3.50; Wolverton M.C., (additional) socs.: Tilsonburg M.C., \$5; Toronto (Sheridan Ave.) M.C., \$2.65; Wyoming M. C., \$6.10; Ailsa Craig M.C., \$9.35; Burk's Falls M.C., \$3.92; Elderslie M.C., \$5; Haldimand M.C., \$6; Norwich M.B., \$2.50; Parry Sound M.C., \$5; Total, \$548.45.

CORRECTIONS.—In the list of receipts from June 18, or July 17, Brantford East Ward, M. B., should be credited with \$4.90. In the list from July 18 to Aug. 17, the amount credited to Mr. W. H. Hale, Orillia, should have been credited to Toronto (Beverly St. S.S. Bible Class, "Denfield Associational collection" is from the Middlesex and Lambton Association. Omitted from the list, but not from the total. A lady in Manitoba "for Miss Hatch's building fund" \$1.50.

The Treasurers of Circles and Bands having money which should be included in this year's report are requested to forward such funds in time to reach me by the 10th of October, as the books close on that date:

VIOLET ELLIOT, Treasurer,
109 Pembroke St. Toronto.

W. B. M. U.

EDITED BY MISS A. E. JOHNSTONE.

MOTTO FOR THE YEAR.—*As Thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them.*

PRAYER TOPIC FOR OCTOBER.—For the officers of our Home and Foreign Mission Board, and of our W. B. M. U., that great grace and wisdom may descend on all, and thus the Kingdom of our Lord be extended this year.

RESPONSIVE READINGS FOR AID SOCIETY MEETINGS FOR OCTOBER.

LEADER.—Be strong all ye people of the land, saith the Lord, and work; for I am with you saith the Lord of Hosts.

ANS.—Behold I cannot speak, for I am a child.

LEADER.—Now therefore go, and I will be with thy mouth and teach thee what thou shalt say.

ANS.—Now thanks be unto God which always leadeth us in triumph in Christ.

LEADER.—Oh! give thanks unto the Lord; call upon His name; make known His deeds among the people.

ANS.—I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation, to every one that believeth.

LEADER.—The night is far spent, the day is at hand, wherefore we labor that whether present or absent we may be accepted of Him.

ANS.—The love of Christ constraineth us; because we thus judge, that if one died for all, then were all dead; and that He died for all that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves but unto Him who died for them, and rose again.

The accounts of our annual meeting in "our column" in the *Messenger and Visitor* have been so full that it is not expedient to repeat them.

The work for this year is as follows:

ESTIMATES FOR YEAR—AUGUST 1892-1893. FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

| | |
|-----------------------------------|------------|
| Miss Gray's salary | \$ 500 00 |
| " " Biblewoman | 75 00 |
| " " travelling expenses | 50 00 |
| " " station day-schools | 60 00 |
| " " boarders | 75 00 |
| Miss MacNeill's salary | 500 00 |
| " " Munshi | 50 00 |
| Miss Wright's salary | 500 00 |
| " " travelling expenses | 400 00 |
| " " on field | 50 00 |
| Catholic Bible women | 150 00 |
| Bobbili | 100 00 |
| Vizianagram | 50 00 |
| Books and tracts | 200 00 |
| Schools and seminary | 450 00 |
| Colportage | 125 00 |
| Mr. Morse's salary | 7,000 00 |
| Home literature | 100 00 |
| Contingent Fund | 200 00 |
| Palconda buildings | 1,000 00 |
| Towards male missionaries' salary | 1,365 00 |
| | \$7,000 00 |

HOME MISSIONS.

| | |
|----------------------|------------|
| Maritime Provinces | \$1,000 00 |
| North-west Mission | 600 00 |
| Grande Ligne Mission | 400 00 |
| | \$2,000 00 |

Mr. Morse's salary is to be raised by our Bands and Y. P. societies. Sisters of the Union, this work lies before us, to be taken up day by day, to be persevered in. We are pledged to it. Let us go forward in faith. Let us remember no need of our own is so great as the needs of these souls, for whom Christ died.

A sister in sending a parcel for the "Box" to India, says, "Before I was up this morning there was a very decided rapping at the door and on opening it I found a tiny, seven-year-old girl with a large parcel. She eagerly burst forth, 'Oh! I can send it in the box, can't I? I've wanted it ever since Xmas. It was so pretty, but mamma said I had lots. Now I thought perhaps some little heathen girl would want it just as bad. I just had money enough in my box to buy it. It has no clothes, but it is so pretty the heathen girl won't mind.' The 'it' was a large doll. 'She had brought another little girl to make sure that Dollie was safely packed.'

We add that Dollie is on her way to India now. And we are very sure that the Saviour who loves the children the wide world over, will say of this, that this little one hath done, "She hath done it unto me."

FROM THE AID SOCIETIES AND MISSION BANDS.

DEAR LINK,—I have enjoyed for several years your valuable missionary news. It is good to know that there are the faithful and tried doing the work that the hand findeth to do. We may be sure that "after labor cometh rest." Such is the case with one of our dear sisters, who left us for the "fair haven of rest" a few weeks ago.

Maggie Brown, whose name was known in so many homes in our own and adjacent villages, a person who was an earnest, humble-living disciple of her Lord and Master. She has been a member of the W. A. Society here for some time. When her health permitted her she attended the meetings; more sacrifice was made than was generally known, to pay into the Mission treasury. She was a personal friend of the writer, and many facts were not known to the public, while well known by personal friends.

In death as in life, she was calm, trusting, and amid her sufferings, tried to comfort her loved ones. While talking with her two days previous to her death, she said "Oh I have wanted to tell you, but I cannot, it is all so lovely beyond, oh you cannot know."

Being of modest demeanor, she obeyed well the apostles injunction "in honor preferring one another," never blind to her own faults, she was ever ready to cast the mantle of charity over those of others. She was noted for integrity, purity of motive, strong desires to do God's will, strict adherence to the truth, ever heeding the command "let your communications be yea, yea, nay, nay," and last, but *not least*, for a devoted missionary spirit. I believe had she had the physical strength and means she would have been an efficient worker in that line, for her mental endowments were of no mean order.

Much could be said of her, but for want of space in your columns, we must stop.

Such lives and deaths are good witnesses to the truth of the Gospel. We may well bend the ear to catch the strains of heavenly music as her ransomed soul passes through the golden gate, and pause while we hear falling from the lips of her loved Saviour, the "Well done thou good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Truly, "She hath done what she could."

MRS. NEWTON C. FREEMAN,
Milton, Queen's, N.S.

ON Wednesday, June 22nd, the sisters of the Mac-can Church, Cumberland County, met together for the purpose of organizing an Aid Society. Sisters Parker and R. Christie from River Hebert, and our County Sec. and Treas. from Amherst were present. We first enjoyed an hour spent in prayer and short addresses. Our sisters then expressed a desire to organize a W. M. A. S., and the following were chosen as officers: Pres., Mrs. Jephtha Harrison; 1st Vice-Pres., Mrs. Gilbert Blenkhorn; 2nd Vice-Pres., Mrs. Amos Blenkhorn; Secy, Miss Maud Harrison; Treas., Mrs. Edmund Hoag. This Society has started with twelve members, and we feel from the interest manifested, that it is well

rooted in the hearts of our sisters, and has come to stay with them.—MRS. C. CHRISTIE, County Secretary.

DEAR LINK,—With gratitude to the God of Missions we wish to make an acknowledgment at the close of our year's work, of His presence with us and His continued blessing upon our efforts in His name. We enjoy the reading of your kindly words of cheer and valued information month by month, and thought you would be pleased to hear of our continued prosperity as a society.

Our monthly meetings have been regularly sustained. Two new members have been added to our list, making a total of twenty-four. Our attendance each month in comparison with that of other societies in the association has been above the average, yet we would not be satisfied that we are doing our best in this respect.

In January we held our usual ten cent tea at the home of our sister Daniel Coldwell. A large number were present. After an hour or more of social converse the mite boxes were opened and found to contain (\$5.20) five dollars and twenty cents for the half-year, which, together with (\$7.00) seven dollars, the proceeds of the tea, was duly sent to the General Treasurer in aid of the Home Mission fund. Several weeks since we sent out envelopes to the different members in aid of the Carey Centennial fund which, when opened at one of our Wednesday evening meetings, made us richer by (\$11.89) eleven dollars and eight-nine cents. A creditable amount of missionary enthusiasm prevails among our members for which we feel thankful.

We are looking towards the beginning of another year's work, not as though we had already attained either were already perfect but reaching out unto the things which are before we press towards the goal, coveting earnestly the best gifts that we may prove ourselves to be workmen needing not to be ashamed.

Yours in the work,

L. YOUNG,
Secretary for the W. M. A. S. of Summerville Baptist Church, Hants Co., N.S.

WE have at hand two accounts of conventions held, one in Colchester, the other in Cumberland County. These papers reached us too late for our July number of the LINK, and as no paper is issued in August, we hope our sisters will excuse us if we simply give a few items from each, especially as similar accounts were published in our column in the *Messenger and Visitor*. The Cumberland Convention was held in Oxford. Nine of the eleven Societies were heard from. Seventeen delegates were present; and an invitation accepted from River Hebert for the next meeting. At the afternoon meeting, a Bible reading on the subject "Gifts," was given by Mrs. Chubbuch, and much enjoyed. Home Missions was introduced by a paper by Mrs. J. L. Hatfield. The "Centennial Fund" was discussed; also ways and means of raising money for it. In the evening a public meeting was held, the programme consisting of addresses, singing, etc. The Convention in Colchester opened in Onslow, June 30th. County Secretary Mrs. Brown in the chair. Ten Societies were heard from. The reports, as a whole, were encouraging. Mrs. Brown, not being able to give time to the active prosecution of the work in the County, asked that the Convention would recommend a sister to fill the office. (Mrs. Brown has since decided to retain her office as Provincial Secretary). An inspiring

public meeting presided over by Mrs. Brown, was held in the evening. Recitations, addresses, music, and the collection formed the programme—and, adds the sister who kindly sent the notes, "Closed an afternoon and evening meeting of unusual power and interest."

NEWS FROM THE FIELD WHICH IS THE WORLD.

"North India is the scene of a stirring and powerful religious interest. It began last year and shows no abatement. It is largely among the lower caste, they are said to be 'both physically and intellectually the equals of the members of the higher castes.'"

Fifty years ago there was not a native Christian in the Fiji Islands; now there is not a heathen. Recently fifteen missionaries were required for dangerous and unhealthy work in New Guinea, and forty volunteers responded.

When Lady Dufferin began her scheme for the improvement of the physical condition of the women in India, seven years ago, it was hardly expected that in so short a time such striking results would be achieved. Last year 466,000 women received treatment. The staff now consists of nine women doctors and thirty-one assistants, and the number of native and Eurasian women under instruction steadily increases. Last year there were 207. The fund has at present an income of £5,000 a year, after having erected hospitals and dispensaries at a cost of £120,000.

"A native preacher, working under Mr. Thompson, of Amoy, one of the missionaries of the Presbyterian Church of England, gave him lately some interesting indications of the breaking up of idolatry in China. He said, for example, that in one of the temples in the district where he was laboring there were ten large idols which had been objects of much veneration. But one day the temple took fire, and all the idols were burned to charcoal. It was a market day, and there were crowds in the town, who made very light of the loss of the idols, saying, 'They couldn't run away or call any one to save them. Why they were less able to take care of themselves than rats, or chickens, or dogs!'"

Curious facts are revealed by the census regarding the religions of India. Out of the the total population of 287,000,000, "Hindooism" claims 207,500,000, but this is a loose term—meaning, it has been said, "any religion which is not Mohammedan." Nature worship is very common among the ruder tribes. Mohammedanism counts for 57,000,000, Buddhism 7,000,000, and Christianity only for 2,250,000. There are 17,180 Jews, and the Parsees amount in all to 89,887. The Theists, Agnostics, Atheists and the like are only 289 all told. Brahmos or professors, a reformed Hindooism, count only for 4,301, of whom nearly all are in Bengal. The newly-founded title of Aryan is borne by nearly 40,000 chiefly in the Punjab and the North-West provinces. The significant result is that Hindooism is as strong as ever.—*Belfast Witness*.

"We can't afford to support missions while we have so many home claims." In every way, it pays to support missionary work. God gives the rain that swells the stream, the stream gives to the river, the river to the lake, and the lake to the sea. And then, by that mysterious hydraulic power which the sun exercises, ocean gives of her waters back to heaven; while heaven does not keep, but again returns in fertilizing and refreshing showers, that which turns the black field into

adres of waving gold. There is one exception to this universal law, the *Dead Sea*. It receives; it gives not. So that one who receives of God's mercy day by day, and obeys not the One whom he calls "Lord and Master," may have a "name" to live, but he is dead.

"That man may last, but never lives,
Who much receives, but nothing gives;
Whom none can love, whom none can thank,
Creation's blot, creation's blank;
But he who marks from day to day
By loving acts his upward way,
Treads the same path the Saviour trod,
The path to glory—and to God.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT

TRUE GIVING.

BY ANNIE L. HANNAH.

"Well, Harry, what is it now, dear?"

Harry stopped short in his walk as his mother asked the question, and, though he grew a little red, answered:

"I was just trying to make myself want to give my picture blocks to go in the mission box, mamma."

It was a strange habit of Harry's, that when he had a question to decide with himself, he always walked very fast, up and down the room, or one of the garden paths. It was storming this afternoon, so he was confined to the house and was tramping back and forth through the library.

"You see, mamma," he continued, coming to her side, "That missionary lady, who came to the band yesterday, was telling us of some of the things the children like to find in the boxes, and she said if any one had any picture blocks they could spare, she knew they would be delighted with them. But you see, I feel just's zif I couldn't spare mine; why, I like them most better than anything I have. "I wonder," looking up hopefully, "if the heathen children wouldn't like a dissected map? I'd love to give them my dissected map."

Mamma bit her lip, and was obliged to turn her head suddenly away for a moment, for only the day before Harry had announced that he "just hated" dissected maps, and wished that no one had ever thought of making them. However, she held out her hand to him presently, and drawing him to her side, turned up his face, and looking straight down into the big brown eyes asked, "What kind of things did God's people offer to Him, in those long-ago-days, of which we were reading in the Bible this morning, my darling?"

"Why, sheep, and cows, and sometimes doves," answered Harry.

"But what kind of sheep, or cows, or doves, dear?"

"The best ones out of all the flocks, that didn't have a single thing the matter with them; but mamma," dropping his eyes as the meaning of her question came to him, "my dissected map is quite whole, there isn't the tiniest corner broken off any of it; the blocks are lots worn."

"Well," said mamma, as she dropped a kiss on the broad, white forehead, "If you want to please God by giving Him your very best, and you think that your dissected map is the best, then that is the thing to send in the box. And now I must go up stairs for a few moments, and in the meantime you can get out the map and I will make it ready to send."

It was almost fifteen minutes before mamma returned to the library, and when she did, Harry was standing

looking out of the window, with his back to her, and on the table lay—not the map, but the precious blocks, as well as a picture book, which was one of Harry's greatest treasures.

"Why, Harry," said his mother, "how is this?"

Harry turned from the window, and, though he smiled, there was a little tremble about his lip, and a suspicious moisture in the brown eyes, which told how hard the struggle had been.

"It wasn't true about the map, mamma," he said, "it was all whole, but it wasn't my best, it wasn't good at all, 'cause I hated it, and want to get rid of it. The blocks were the very best, and then my book; and so I am going to give them both. And, mamma, since I put them on the table, and then left them, and went away, why somehow I've been so glad that the little heather children are going to have them, that I wouldn't keep them now. What makes me feel like that, mamma, when I had to cry when I was getting them out of the closet?"

"You feel so, my little boy," said his mother, folding her arms about him, and pressing him close to her, "because your giving was true giving; because you gave of your very best to one of Christ's little ones. And because you have done this, you are feeling the truth of our Saviour's words, when he said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"

MISSION STARS.

ACROSTIC—RECITATION FOR EIGHT GIRLS.

L stands for little ones,
Such you see are we
Not, too little though, to send
The good news o'er the sea,
Now don't dispise our efforts,
Although they're small 'tis true,
For surely there is something
For little ones to do.

O stands for older ones,
I suppose that means you;
You don't need me to tell you
There's work for you to do.
If we can give our pennies,
Our nickles and our dimes,
If you can't give your dollars,
You're away behind the times.

N stands for numbers
Of workers good and true,
But isn't it a pity
We are so very few,
Only eight of us you see
Are standing here in line,
I wish that we were fifty
Oh wouldn't it be fine?

E, now guess what my E stands for,
Its something very great
Yes "Earth" is, who told you?
Its earth at any rate,
Just now its very wicked,
Indeed its getting worse,
I'd help to make it better
If you'd let me have your purse.

S stands for something,
May be great or may be small.
And pennies make the dollars,
And so we count them all.
Now when you're asked for money,
If dollars you haven't any,
Please don't say "no, I cannot give."
But just pass out your penny.

T Stands for talents;
We all have some you know,
Perhaps not all are brilliant,
We know it can't be so,
With what we have, if great or small,
We'll work and do our best,
Yes, let us work with all our might,
And trust God for the rest.

A stands for angels
In raiment snowy white,
With crowns of matchless glory,
So beautiful and bright.
Songs they raise of joy and gladness,
Round the throne above the sky,
We on earth catch up the music,
"Glory be to God on high."

R stands for the ransomed,
With the blood of Jesus bought;
Who lives with Him in glory,
In the Bible we are taught.
Some day we'll stand among them,
If we work for Him below,
He bought us with His precious blood,
And has called us His, we know.

MOLIKA, THE WILD JASMINE.

BY NELLIE M. PHILLIPS.

There is a pretty little wild flower common along the hedges and in the jungles in this country.

It grows in white, starry clusters and is very fragrant. We call it the wild jasmine. The native name is Molika. I have often gathered it by the handful as I have passed along the road. It is very pretty marked with scarlet cypress for bouquets, and the natives are fond of wearing it in their hair. But it is of another kind of Molika I wish to tell you to-day.

Some miles south of Balasore lived a poor Hindu widow. She had a struggle to get sufficient food, and the one ragged cloth she wore you would hardly think of calling a garment. I suppose she would not have suffered so much, but she was wicked and cruel-hearted and worshipped idols instead of her Heavenly Father.

A baby girl was born to her. She had no love for it but hoped it would die. When she saw it lived in spite of her neglect, she put it one day into an old earthen jar and hid it under a thorny hedge, where she probably thought the jackals would find it and destroy the life she had not quite courage to take herself. But God saw just where the baby lay, and sent one of His angels before the jackals came.

'Twas not the kind of angels you see in pictures. There were no hovering wings, nor white flowing garments (These would have been very awkward in the thorny hedge), but 'twas a very practical, every-day angel, with red turban, blue jacket, and white trousers;

in fact it was a native policeman in uniform. His usual behaviour is far from angelic, but if for this once he did God's errand, let us for this once, at least, call him by a good name. He rescued the baby, hunted up the mother, arrested her for desertion, and brought her to Balasore, where she was confined in the jail, waiting her trial.

The jail is only a few rods from our house, and one day I met the civil surgeon in charge, who asked if I would take the baby, as the mother was determined not to keep it, and it was unjust to the child to let it suffer in her hands.

Before the next morning I had found Chloe, one of our poor Christian women, who was to care for the child temporarily, till it was old enough to be put into the mission orphanage. Chloe had two sons, but the daughter she had always hoped for God had withheld. When she received the little one into her arms, I was with a smile as loving and full of motherly pride as though, instead of being a diseased, outcast starveling, the child were beautiful and her own. The arrangement was that the baby should be furnished with all the milk it needed and she paid for its care. In a few months the child looked like a new creature, and had won a large place in the hearts of its foster parents and brothers.

The father seemed especially fond of her, and you would have thought him the happiest man in India if you had seen him smile as she ran to meet him with outstretched arms calling—"baba, baba" (papa, papa). They named her "Molika," and took great pride in calling her their own baby. When she was old enough to be put into the orphanage there was great sorrow and many tears were shed.

I am always glad when these little ones are adopted into good Christian families, for there they get the love of parents which nothing in an orphanage can quite make up to them. But Chloe was so poor I had little idea she would care to add to her burdens. To my surprise some one came, saying, "Missi Baba, they are all crying. They say they want the baby for their own and don't want the pay for its care; but they know it would suffer without milk, they cannot afford to buy, and so for the baby's sake it must go."

I understood the difficulty. Milk is very expensive compared with other things, and thus far the monthly allowance for the baby had cost three-quarters as much as all the father's earnings. I thought 'twould be cruel of me to take her away when they loved her as their own.

I went to see them. We sat in a circle on the earth floor, and planned for the baby. I saw they were quite in earnest, and so promised to let them keep her and pay for the milk myself till she could eat rice. I made the little one over to them finally. We all knelt and prayed for God's blessing on parent and child, and I left the family rejoicing as though their baby had been lost and found. The poor mother died in jail before her trial came off, and the foster-mother never asked me for another piece for the baby's care lest the touch of my money might make the child less her own.—*Missionary Helper*.

Balasore, March 3, 1891.

A penny a week and a prayer,
A tiny gift may be,
But it helps in a wonderful work,
For missions across the sea.

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