

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

The Canadian Missionary Link

CANADA.

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

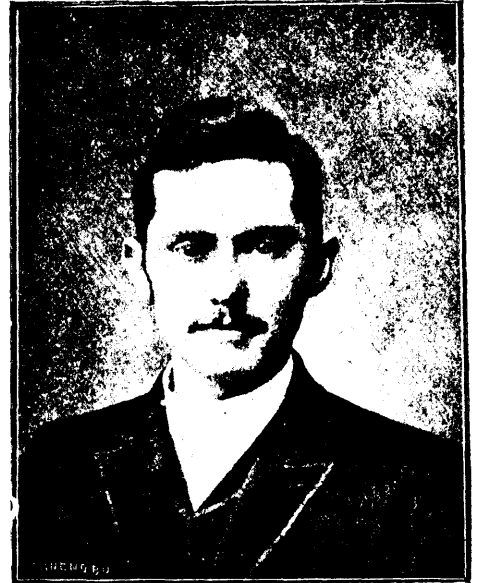
INDIA.

VOL. XII, No. 7.] "*The Gentiles shall come to Thy light, and kings to the brightness of Thy rising.*"—*Is. lx. 3.*

[MAR., 1890.



MISS MARTHA ROGERS.



REV. JOHN G. BROWN, B.A.



CHARLES HATCH, ESQ.



REV. JAMES A. K. WALKER.

CONTENTS.

Editorial.....	78	W. M. Union of Maritime Provinces.....	81
Poetry—Doubling the Mission Dollar.....	78	The Work at Home.....	81
Letter from Mrs Rand.—A Thank-Offering Story—The Leaven of Christian- ity—After Many Days—Somebody is Watching.....	78-82	Young People's Department.....	81
The Work Abroad.....	84	Treasurer's Acknowledgments.....	81

Information of Miss Barker's safe arrival at Cocanada has reached us.

MISSIONARY LEAFLETS.—Mr. Bevis of the Standard Publishing Co., informs us that he has a large stock of new leaflets. Send to No. 9 Richmond St. West, Toronto, for them.

The excellent portraits of missionaries, were prepared for the special Foreign Mission number of OUR OWN PAPER. They are placed at our disposal by Rev. J. McLaurin, our esteemed Foreign Mission Secretary. We are sure they will be much appreciated by readers of the LINK.

ADDRESS ON HEROES OF THE CONGO.—One of the most instructive and inspiring addresses on Missions we ever heard was one on this subject by Rev. Thomas Trotter, delivered at the recent annual meeting of the Fyfo Missionary Society, at McMaster Hall. The subject was an excellent one, and it was handled with great power.

CORRECTION.—The second of the Scripture quotations in Miss Buchan's note, published in our last issue, was misprinted, and should have read as follows:—"And this is the confidence that we have in Him, that if we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us. And if we know that He heareth us, whatsoever we ask, we know that we have the petitions that we desired of Him."

MANUSCRIPTS WANTED.—Some years ago one of our missionaries prepared two papers for circulation among the Circles, one entitled "A Day in the Cocanada Mission Homes," and the other entitled "Two Telugu Girls." These papers were in the "Drawer" of which Mrs. Freeland had charge, and were probably retained by Circles to which they were last sent. The former was published at one time in the *Messenger and Visitor*. If any one can aid the author in getting a copy of one or both of these papers she will be greatly obliged, as the papers are wanted for present use. The editor of the LINK will be glad to receive the papers, or any information that may lead to their recovery.

EUROPE.—Missionaries among the Jews in all the countries of Continental Europe report an increasing interest in Christianity among that people. They seem to be greatly affected by the movement toward Christianity inaugurated by Mr. Rabinowitz of Kischenoff, Russia.

Doubling the Mission Dollar.

'Twas a thoughtful child that was seen one day
To turn from her toys and her careless play
With a questioning glance of sad surprise
And a far-away look in her dark brown eyes;
For something so strange she had heard them say—
Those older ones talking that summer day,—
They thought she had come for a fond caress,
Nor dreamed they their meaning the child could guess.

She listened while shadows came down apace,
Then cropt to her treasures with earnest face,
And there in the twilight she told it all
To one little hearer—her patient doll;
'Why, Fanny, my dolly, across the sea
Are millions who never will Christians be
Till somebody tells them of Jesus' love,
And how they may go to the home above.

"And I heard them say that to lands afar
A packet is going—the *Morning Star*—
To carry the Gospel! I believe they said,
'If the people to giving are only led.'
Now I have a dime that I meant for you,
To buy you, my dolly, a ribbon blue,
But perhaps it will help them sail the ship;
We'll give it!" she said, with quivering lip.

The mother bent low at the evening prayer
O'er the form of her darling kneeling there,
And lovingly stroking the curly head,
She noted the words that were softly said,
'Dear Jesus, my dolly and I are glad
To keep the poor heathen from being bad,
And sometime we'll help them, perhaps, again;
I hope you will bless them, O Lord, Amen."

And then in the starlight a silence deep
Betokened the coming of quiet sleep,
But the head on the pillow turned once more,
A puzzled expression the child-face wore,
'I want to know, mamma, what 'twas I heard,
The meaning of sacrifice—that's the word.'
She answered, "My child, I'll explain to you,—
Your sacrifice, dear, is the ribbon blue."

She had given to send to those afar
The wonderful light of the *Morning Star*;
And into her soul shall His presence shine,
To beckon her on to the life Divine;
And so in her girlhood's sunniest hour
She yielded her heart to the Spirit's power,
And she kept her desire of greatest worth
To "carry the gospel" to all the earth.

And out into maidenhood's hopes and fears,
Far out in the whirl of the rushing years,
She remembered the lesson learned that day
In the magical hour of childish play.
The dime to a dollar had now increased,
The blessing of giving had never ceased,
Her sacrifice often took shape anew
In the same old guise of the ribbon blue.

For Europe and Asia her pleadings rise,
For Africa, too, with her burning skies,
For sin-enslaved souls in isles of the sea,
That Jesus' atonement might make them free.
'Twas very surprising and sad indeed
That she had forgotten her country's need
That o'er her own country and prairies vast
Her eye in its searchings had blindly passed.

And then into retrospect, one by one,
Came duties neglected and work undone;
The voice of Conscience seemed close by her side,
"Your dollar for missions you must divide."

And many another by impulse stirred,
Sprang up at the sound of the whispered word,
And dollars divided went o'er the sea
And out through our country so broad and free.

But what of their mission? 'Twas half complete,
Though harvests were g'athered both rich and sweet,
Yet came not their fulness, and white fields wait
The work of the reapers so grand and great.
And back o'er the ocean this message came,—
Send more for your love of the Saviour's name;
Up from her own country and prairies vast,
Send more lest the day of hope be past,

And she who remembered the days of yore—
The mother's fond counsel she knows no more—
Again in the starlight and silence deep
Furgetteth her care in a quiet sleep,
A presence whose coming the child had blest
Brings now in her dreaming a peaceful rest;
The problem whose study seemed all in vain
Grows simple and clear in the resting brain.

"You asked me, my darling, one summer day,
When you had grown weary with childish play,
What sacrifice meant, and now by your side
I come to make plain the word 'divide';
The promptings of conscience were right and good,
'Twould all have been well had you understood,
She bide you go forth on a mission wide,
And double your dollar,—'twas not divide."

The story is simple, and still I see
The lesson which surely is meant for me,
And I am so thankful that I may hear
The calls for assistance that reach my ear;
I ask of my conscience to guide me right,
The answer makes duty a pathway bright,
While sinners afar from their Saviour roam,
Not less for the Foreign;—as much for Home.

—Selected.

Letter from Mrs. Rand.

Dear Mrs. Newman:—You will have seen that the London papers of this morning publish a letter from H. M. Stanley, the African explorer, in which his extraordinary praise of Christian Missions and their practical work can hardly fail to bring the great Societies into increased favor with the public. One wonders what Canon Taylor, and his sort, will say to all this. The story of the deposition, by Christian natives, of Mwanga—"the most absolute and most powerful king in Africa"—the murderer, some three years ago, of the first Bishop of Eastern equatorial Africa, Bishop Hannington of Uganda, is indeed a marvellous one. Only last evening I had the pleasure of spending a few hours with the widow and children of the late Bishop. She will be greatly stirred by the news given in Mr. Stanley's letter. Her two boys, James, aged 12 years, and Paul, aged 8 years, both cherish the strongest desire to follow in the steps of their martyred father by giving their lives to the work of redeeming Africa. Mothers can kindly and keep aflame true altar fires in their children's hearts.

Since Mrs. M. H. N. Armstrong addressed the great London Conference, over a year ago, on work among the Karens, she has been taxed to meet the calls made upon her for Mission addresses. In response to the urgent requests of the Edinburgh Committee, she spent nearly the whole of last month in addressing meetings of women in Glasgow and vicinity, on Foreign Mission work: She

spoke in the afternoons, while Dr. Pierson of Philadelphia spoke to general public meetings in the evenings. Let us pray that the seed sown may yield a splendid harvest. Mrs. Armstrong's labors are quite beyond her strength.

My attention has recently been called to the fact that zenana work in India was set on foot by Mrs. Sale, the wife of one of our English Baptist missionaries. The origin of this work has been commonly attributed to Mrs. Mullens, daughter of the sainted LaCroix. Without detracting in any way from the labors of Mrs. Mullens and her devoted daughters, I should like to place on record in the LINK a brief statement of undisputed facts connected with the origin of zenana work. I shall make the narrative as brief as possible.

In 1850 in Eastern Bengal, Mrs. Sale's attention was arrested by the fact that there were no women in the crowds about the missionary. On enquiry she found that no respectable woman was to be seen in public, and that no European lady was even allowed to visit a Hindu lady. The latter were kept in the zenana—the ladies' apartments of the house. It was considered an insult to a native gentleman to mention his wife, or to make reference to the education of women. Mrs. Sale made up her mind to go into the villages among the poor tillers of the land, but she found the women in the lowly huts as fearful of allowing their faces to be seen by strangers as the dwellers in large houses. She went however from house to house for months, trying to get at the women's hearts. They said, "If you come near us, we shall lose our caste"; but she assured them she would not touch them. In some places they would listen to the reading, but could not believe it had any interest for them.

In 1854 Mrs. Sale gained access to the zenana of a Bengal lady, near Calcutta, and in time taught the lady to read the Bible and the Pilgrim's Progress. This lady in turn taught the other women of the house. Then came the great Indian Mutiny, when the family moved to Calcutta. Here the husband died, and Mrs. Sale vainly endeavored to get a sight of the widow. In 1858 Mr. and Mrs. Sale took up their own residence in Calcutta, where Mrs. Sale undertook to teach in Debendro Nath Tagore's house and in that of Chunder Sen, both members of the Brahmo Samaj; but Chunder Sen would not allow Christian teachers in his household. While at Intally, Mrs. Sale gained admission with great difficulty to a large zenana. The women had never seen a white face before. She worked and taught wisely among them for a whole year before any of them would take anything from her hand. All materials had to be put on the floor for them to take up, and again put on the floor for her. The fancy work was taught as a means of gaining access to them for higher ends. The pieces of work done brought invitations to visit and teach in other zenanas also, so that when Mr. Sale's failing health obliged her to return with him to Great Britain, three houses were visited regularly and several others occasionally.

Mrs. Mullens, who was born in India and who was a good Bengali scholar, returned with her two daughters to India in 1860. Mrs. Sale went to her and told her of this opening for zenana work, and earnestly desired that she would follow it up. Mrs. Mullens was delighted with the prospect, for she had long desired such a work, but it had hitherto seemed to be impossible. Mrs. Sale took her to the several houses and introduced her both to the ladies and gentlemen. Receiving this work from Mrs. Sale, Mrs. Mullens and her daughters gave themselves with great enthusiasm to its development on all sides, till now zenana mission work is added to the general missionary

work of all sections of the Christian church. Mrs. Sale is now living in Scotland, a widow; and although she is seventy-one years of age, her interest in the foreign work glows with unabated ardor. Let her everywhere receive the honor so justly due her as the successful pioneer of zenana work in India.

I regret that Miss Booker got away from London before I learned of her arrival. She will doubtless find a welcome awaiting her from the sisters on the field. It is pleasant to think of Manitoba being represented there. It is British Columbia's turn now.

MRS. T. H. RAND.

London, Eng., Jan. 7th, 1890.

A Thank-Offering Story.

It was at a Thank-offering meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society of one of our city churches. A pile of envelopes lay before the secretary, the contents of which she read aloud, one by one. They ran something like this:

"For recovery from severe illness, \$5."

"For the granting of the dearest wish of my heart, \$10."

"For preservation from harm in the great railroad accident when so many were killed and injured, \$10."

"For the conversion of a son, \$5."

"For the dear baby that has come to me, \$3."

Mrs. Stanton sat listening to the reading, and blushed a little when her own envelope was opened, and the secretary took out \$2, enclosed in a blank sheet, accompanied by no word or comment.

The truth was, Mrs. Stanton's life had been very uneventful the last year. It had gone quietly on, with few ups and few downs. She and her husband and her two children had been fairly well; by close economy they had had enough to eat and drink and to dress respectably, though this last had not been accomplished without much thought and care on her part, and various pinchings known only to herself.

Self-denial had seemed to be the key-note of her life the past year; her sky had been rather gray than sunny; her atmosphere rather chill than warm. Not that she made any moan over her self-denials and deprivations. It was all done cheerfully, and no one was the wiser for it but herself. Still, in thinking of this thank-offering meeting, she had wondered just a little for what special reason she should bring her small gift. She could hardly help contrasting her condition now with the luxury by which she had been surrounded a few years ago, before her husband had lost his property in an unfortunate speculation. She wondered a little dully if the conditions would be fulfilled if she should bring her offerings out of a general feeling of gratitude that things were no worse with them than they were.

Both she and her husband were systematic givers out of their penny, as they had once been out of their abundance; so this extra gift, small as it was, was at the price of a large self-denial. It would represent her shabby bonnet being worn through another winter, without the refurbishing she had hoped to give it, when it had seemed almost too bad to last out the previous season. Still she was warmly interested in mission work, and gave it gladly, only wishing that it was more.

The secretary read on, while she sat half-listening, half-thinking. Soon her attention was arrested by the reading of this:

"For the many pleasant little things that have fallen to my share this year, \$2.

Other notes were read; remarks were made; the meeting closed, and Mrs. Stanton went thoughtfully home, the words, "For the pleasant little things" ringing in her ears. She wondered if she had always taken note of her own pleasant small things as they came to her. She feared not. Looking back in the light of this thought she could recall numberless little acts of kindness from others to herself that had sweetened her life, and for which, though she had been grateful to the givers, she scarcely remembered to have raised her heart to heaven in gratitude. She resolved to be upon the lookout hereafter.

Even as she meditated the bell rang, and going to the door there stood little Elly Hale with a great bunch of roses in her hand.

"Aunt Elly sent mamma a big box of roses to-day—so many she can't use them all—and will you please to take these?" said the little messenger, the child of a wealthy neighbor and a sister in the church, and one whose thoughtful kindnesses were nothing new in this household.

Mrs. Stanton kissed the little maiden, and sent her home with thanks. Then she buried her face in the flowers with childish delight. She loved beautiful things, and often had to take herself to task, for her vain longings for them. But now there was a feeling almost of awe mingled with her pleasure as she remembered again the "little things," and how soon her thought had been responded to. She finished her preparations for supper with a light step, pausing often to look at the flowers and inhale their fragrance as she passed them. They brought a glow to her heart which was reflected in her face, and which her husband and children caught as they sat down to supper.

Before she went to bed that night she inscribed an envelope; "Thank-offerings for pleasant little things," and dropped a nickel in it for the handful of roses.

The next afternoon as she sat mending Willie's jacket, Mrs. Dudd came in with the *Forum* in her hand.

"Hear is an article," she said, "that I thought you would be interested in, so I brought it over to read with you."

The article was read and discussed. Both women received some new ideas, some inspirations to better living, and parted feeling heartened and uplifted for the pleasant hour. That night another nickel bore the first one company.

"O mamma," cried Willie, as he came rushing in from school on examination day. "I passed 98 in my arithmetic to-day." "Aren't you glad? Didn't I have to study for it, though?"

"Indeed I am glad, Willie, more glad than I can say, not only for the passing and good record, but I am glad because it shows that you have been in earnest, and determined to conquer your easy-going habits of study. You make me very happy."

So happy that another contribution went into the thankful envelope.

"Did you know," said Mr. Stanton, one evening, "that Mrs. Floyd slipped on the icy sidewalk this afternoon and broke her ankle?"

"No! Is it possible?"

"It is a bad injury, and the doctor says she will be confined to the house for months."

"How dreadful! What if it had been I? I was out this afternoon, too, but I did not slip and break my bones. Ought I not to be thankful?"

So thankful that a twenty-five cent piece in the envelope that night put the nickels quite out of countenance.

The next day she went down town to get a much-needed cloak for May. She had priced cloaks a few days before,

and the very cheapest she could find that would be at all serviceable was \$12. It was a large sum to take from their slender income, yet this was one of the "must haves," or May would be obliged to leave school. When she arrived at the store she found that this particular line of cloaks had been marked down that very morning to \$10, which she joyfully paid, and that night deposited a coin in the envelope.

A day or two later little Elly Hale appeared at the door with the message that her mother was sick, and would Mrs. Stanton please come in and sit with her a little while.

She went with the little messenger.

"I am sorry to trouble you," said Mrs. Hale, "but the nurse is away for the day, the cook is in a temper, and I feel one of my terrible headaches coming on. Sometimes the nurse has been able to ward them off by rubbing, and as company is coming to-morrow I don't see how I can afford to have one now. So in my despair I sent to see if you can help me."

Mrs. Stanton could and did. A half-hour's gentle manipulation of the aching head sent the sufferer into a quiet sleep from which she awoke two hours later with the pain gone, weak but happy.

"Surely," mused Mrs. Stanton, that evening, "I ought to be thankful for the power to do a kindness—even a little one—as well as to receive one," and she dropped a dime in the envelope.

"It is getting heavy," she thought, with a happy smile. "At this rate I shall be bankrupt soon." Yet she did not seem greatly alarmed at the prospect.

One afternoon, Helen Brown, a member of her Sunday school class, came in. She seemed depressed and anxious. After a little common-place talk, her teacher said:

"What is it Helen? Does something trouble you? Can I help you?"

"O Mrs. Stanton, I want to be a Christian! I am so unhappy. Will you tell me what to do?"

The sacred hour that followed neither of them will ever forget. When Helen left it was with a new light in her eyes, a new love in her heart, a new purpose in her living. Her feet were set in the way of everlasting life.

"Oh," exclaimed Mrs. Stanton to herself, that night, "this is not one of the 'little things.' For this great privilege—this great honor—of leading a soul to Christ, all that I have in the world would be but a small thank-offering. What can I ponder unto the Lord for all His goodness to me? A fresh and whole consecration to His service is the least I can offer."

But into the envelope also went its largest contribution yet.

As time went on life held a new sweetness and a new meaning for Mrs. Stanton. Her days seemed to be full of pleasant things; her heart was attuned to thanksgiving; and out of the abundance of her heart her mouth spoke. Her envelopes grew full almost to bursting and yet there was no lack of earthly comforts. She sometimes felt as if the miracle of the widow's cruse of oil and measure of meal was repeated in her. For the more she put away in the sacred envelope the more she had to put there; and when the next thank-offering came around it was no vain oblation that she carried to the place of meeting, but her little gift—small yet in comparison with some of the others—was sweetened through and through with gratitude and love.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

Idols, manufactured in England, are regularly shipped to India and sold to the heathen there!

The Leaven of Christianity in India.

Those who read the papers of India find repeated illustrations of the fact that Christianity is making its way in that land with a sure if not with a rapid step. To one who reads between the lines the arguments and exhortations of Hindu papers show plainly that Christianity is working a mighty reformation within the empire. These papers, indeed, assert that the annual increase in the number of Christian converts is slight, and they attribute disreputable motives to those who leave their old faiths. But it is clear that these papers would not argue so vehemently on this matter unless they had some reason to fear the new religion. Men do not talk loud and long against a movement which they in their hearts feel to be powerless. Once in a while native newspapers of India speak out their convictions, and plead with the Hindus to rise in their might against the new faith which is making such vigorous inroads upon them; but at present the ordinary tone of these papers is contemptuous, as if the missionaries were too weak to make much advance against Hinduism.

We have recently received a copy of a letter sent by a Brahman student in a mission school, addressed to a Hindu newspaper in reply to its declaration that the increase in the attendance on mission and day schools arose from selfish motives, and that the pupils attend school only to win the favor of their teachers. We quote at length from the letter of this young man, inasmuch as it shows how the leaven of Christianity is spreading, as well as the difficulties in the way of Hindu youth who would become Christians. This Brahman youth says:—

"I am a student in a mission school. Myself a Brahman, most of my friends are of the same caste. For seven or eight years we have all been receiving instruction in the Bible, an hour daily, and have been taught by well-educated instructors. If it is true that we are not at all impressed by the truths of this religion, then what is the import of the words: 'If need be, close the high schools, but don't allow them to come under the control of the missionaries'? What is the reason for establishing the new sects of the Brahmo-Somaj and Prarthana-Somaj? The leaders of these sects have no conception of the extent to which we have been impressed by Christianity.

"I mention a few points in which this influence may be seen. We do not believe in our senseless rules about ceremonial purity. Looking on festivals as mere holidays, we take no pains to observe them religiously. We are convinced that ablutions and pilgrimages can afford no relief to the sin-burdened. We think there should be spiritual union with God. Knowing that there is salvation only through the one *sinec* Saviour, we long to accept him, and with this in mind we offer prayer in secret to him, morning and evening. If this is not 'being impressed,' what is it?"

"But how hard it is to make a public profession? Not only must we leave father, mother, relatives, and loved friends, but they all become our bitter enemies, as though we were guilty of some terrible crime. To escape this really needless suffering, although we do not embrace this religion openly, still, not doing so, we undergo mental agonies, night and day. When this suffering becomes unbearable, feeling that something is better than nothing, and in order that we may pray openly, we are impelled to join the Prarthana-Somaj (The Prayer-Somaj), and to-day there is a considerable number of such students belonging to that body. Later on, however, feel-

ing that these sects are not of God, but devised merely with a view to meet the present state of things, we weary of them. Then indeed our condition is a sad one. This, Mr. Editor, is not my condition alone, but that of many, and as these experiences have come to us only as a result of a study of the Bible, when editors of other papers say, 'These boys are prompted by selfish motives, and attend Sunday schools only to secure favor,' we can but be amazed at their obtuseness. Are all those boys who attend Sunday schools the recipients of scholarships? When it comes to be understood that becoming a Christian implies no mere change of outward circumstances, but a change in faith, then the extent of the secret influences working on us will be perceived. That such a time may come soon, we pray Almighty God."

After Many Days.

The following interesting narrative is written by Mrs. J. Williamson, an American missionary at Chefoo, China.

After a busy day in the dispensary, just as the winter sun was disappearing behind the hills overlooking Toong Shin, and the last lingering ray was slanting on the hospital tower, I heard the tinkling of a large cavalcade of mules. The tinkling of the bells on their necks suddenly ceased as they all stopped in front of the hospital.

I heard a gruff voice in conversation with the dispenser, and immediately after, in a loud commanding tone, the words, "I'm all right. We have found the place. It is here that they know all about Jesus the Son of the Heavenly Father. Go on to the I Shing Inn. I'll follow."

Crack went eight or ten whips; tinkle, tinkle went the bells; tramp, tramp, and the whole of the mules were again in motion, trudging away to Chefoo.

The dispenser, who was going off to relieve some poor sufferer, returned and said, "Here is a man from Yichow-foo wishing to speak to you. Shall I stay?"

"No; it is not necessary," I replied, and walked into the operating room, where I found a tall, sheepskin clad Chinaman, with an immense fur cap on his head, staring all round.

After gazing at me for a minute he began to disrobe. Very leisurely he took off his heavy sheepskin coat, then a second jacket, and from around his waist he proceeded to untie a girdle of blue cotton cloth, half a yard wide and about three yards long. From the centre of the girdle, where it had circled from his broad back, he took most carefully a book, protected by two pieces of cardboard. It was a new Testament in Wenli—in good preservation, though evidently much read. He was a shrewd-looking man, civil and intelligent.

"We brought this from the son of my master. I cannot read; but I promised to find out here all I could about this Jesus that the book tells of." Out he pulled his pipe, and asked, politely, "Lady, may I smoke?"

"Yes, certainly," I replied, knowing that this meant he had a long story to tell.

Between many draws of his pipe, and much shrugging of his shoulders, he told me that this New Testament was bought more than ten years ago by an inmate of his master's house. It lay about for a long time till a brother of his master, an old man who could not walk much, but usually sat all day in the library, took it down.

He read, and read, and read and in fact did nothing but read this book. He often, as they all sat in the courtyard on moonlight nights, told them the story of Jesus, and how he was crucified.

After a while the old man became very sick. When he was dying he gave the book to his nephew, and said, "This book is true; read it. I have seen Jesus in the midst of heaven, and I am going to Him."

The young man did not for some years read the book. He married, and was very busy with his ground, for they were rich people, and had many hundred acres of land.

After some time no fall ill, and then, as his uncle had done before him, he read the book—read and read, and did nothing but read it. Since the cold weather he had become very weak, and coughed a great deal. So he had sent this man to find out about Jesus, for he was sure the book was not complete.

The man said he had forgotten many of the questions that he was to have asked. Some he did remember: What was Jesus like? When would He come out of heaven? Who was the man called Isaiah? Was there any more of the book? Were all the four people that told about Jesus' life His pupils?

I asked the man if his young master had taught him anything that was in the book.

He said, "I can't read; I'm a very stupid man, and have no memory; but he spoke to me about 'a little Lamb,' and about a 'golden candlestick.'"

On looking at the Testament I found the Gospels had been much read, also the Epistles of Peter and James, and the Revelation. The chapter in the Acts of the Apostles about Philip and the eunuch was particularly marked.

I gave him a copy of the New Testament that had just been published, with the headings and introductions to each book; also a volume of the Old Testament containing the prophecy of Isaiah, some books, a catechism, and a book of prayer.

He said they had come to Yentai to sell a quantity of scarlet dye-stuffs, and when they had sold all he would come and get more books, for which he had brought money to pay.

The sun was long set as I said good-bye on the hospital steps, and I walked home praying that this people, who now sit in darkness, may be blessed by being able to perceive the rays of the unsetting Sun of Righteousness, whose brightest rays are the words of His own book.—*Selected.*

Somebody is Watching.

DEAR SISTERS,—Will you listen to a little incident that came under our personal observation?

"I think I will stay at home to-day from the missionary meeting. I am tired. I shall influence no one. I have nothing of special interest to say if I go. There will be only a few there, although many might go as well as not. I seldom excuse myself, and I'm sure my time is much more occupied than that of many of the women in our church."

So said a certain member of a Woman's Missionary Society, a few months ago. But no sooner were the words spoken, than the good faithful prompter, conscience, began to work, and this is what it said: "Don't be discouraged. If you fail, those who usually stand with you through summer's heat and winter's cold, through sunshine and through storms, may lose heart. Go for His sake, whose you are and whom you serve."

What was the result? Weary in mind and body, but overhauling the always strong desire to discharge each known duty, the lady made ready for the coming meeting. It was strange how there came into her mind one

helpful item after another from the month's reading, that she would carry. Strange how she wondered she could have ever thought to stay at home. Nothing daunted, though a call for a member of the Circle was unavailing, because a sister of the church had come to spend the afternoon, nor yet because another "must go down street to-day," she hastened to the place where the few were wont to gather. Prayers were offered in the hush of the holy place, the songs of Zion rose from grateful hearts, earnest words were spoken by those who were humbly, devotedly doing their part to carry out our Saviour's last commission, and the meeting ended. Had any one been influenced that day?

Several weeks after, this note came to her who had well nigh failed to be in her accustomed place: "My dear friend, I send a quarter of a dollar, and I want to tell you that the last time I saw you pass to the afternoon missionary meeting, I watched you out of sight, and made up my mind that I would keep a reckoning and would put a little into the collection for the meeting, every time, whether I am there or not. My friends made so much fun of the mite box you gave me, that I had to hide it, but I am not so much afraid of it as I was: I don't know why it isn't as sensible as keeping a diary. It is a sort of diary written in the sign language that the angels understand." Sister, somebody is watching.

The almost discouraged worker, speeding along in the cold winter day, knew not that the eyes of one who is seldom found in the missionary meeting, were on her. She did not know of the resolution formed, the purpose to be strengthened, which would grow into a lively missionary zeal, perchance.

You do not know, as you almost faint by the way, who is watching, or who will be influenced by your life for Christ. Let me plead with you, that you hold in constant remembrance the Woman's Missionary meetings. Your presence, your prayer and word of interest—it may be your very passing along the street may be a power for good to some soul, and by and by, when life's record is laid bare, all these little things may be found among the forces that helped to establish the kingdom of our Lord in the earth. It is ours to faithfully improve each opportunity. He for whom our work is done will give such measure of reward as is best in His sight.

THE WORK ABROAD.

Extracts from some of Miss Roger's Private Letters.

A VISIT TO THE TOWER OF SILENCE, BOMBAY.

We drove over a well-paved road near the sea, for several miles; part of the way lay through a large grove of palm trees; wherever I see them they are a strong reminder that I am in an oriental country. The gardens in which the towers are situated is on the top of a high hill commanding a fine view of the city on one side and the sea on the other. It was a beautiful place, fragrant with the perfume of trees. We were not allowed to go within 30 feet of the Towers—no one is except two men who take charge of the body there and carry it inside, disrobe it and leave it for the vultures. They are not allowed to touch anything except their food, and live there in the garden. The body must be taken there within twenty-four hours after death, and though it may be five miles distant, is always carried by bearers, people of their own sect. No one is allowed to come near or look on their

dead except people of their own religion. And for people who are killed by accident, or in any case where an inquest has to be held, there is a separate tower. There are eight towers in all, about twelve feet high, and forty feet in diameter. Inside (we saw a model of one). There are three circles, the outside one for men, the second for women, and the inner one for children. In the centre one there is a deep well into which the bones are put after a few months; the wells are connected with the sea, and, so, after they become dust it is washed away. The only horrible thing that we saw was the hundreds of vultures sitting around waiting. They circled the tower walls and sat in the palm trees quietly waiting. The Parsee told us there were about three funerals a day, but we did not see one. I suppose it does not make much difference whether it is worms or vultures, but I would sooner be put under the ground. They seem to take all precaution in regard to sanitary measures. The bearers bathe and change their clothing before leaving the garden, and what they take off is left behind to be burned.

JOURNEY FROM BOMBAY TO MADRAS.

I had taken a second class carriage, but when I saw the occupants and their baggage I felt like exchanging it. But then when I thought what I came to India for, I went in and took my seat. There are upper shelves on which the baggage can be piled and which serve to sleep on at night when needed. You are supposed to have one to yourself. The compartments are rather small, on the English plan. The one I was in was for ladies only. In it was an Irish lady with a little girl. She was born in India and has never been home. She did not look very tidy, too indolent to brush her child's hair. Then there were three Parsee ladies with a native nurse and two children. Before we started an English lady came in and sat beside me. I had a nice talk with her which helped to shorten the afternoon. Besides these people the amount of baggage they put in was surprising. They all carry their beds and make them up at night; you would, too, if you were travelling here. Good-sized trunks, boxes and bags without number were packed under the seats and on the shelves and the passage was blocked with them. I thought how shall we all sleep, for they all look as if prepared for it except the English lady; but before bedtime they all left except the Irish lady and her child. I breathed a sigh of relief. The day had been very warm, so I lay down with very little over me, but before twelve I woke up quite chilly, put on my thick cloak, closed the glass behind the lattice but could not get warm, so I did not sleep very well, but I doubt if it would have been possible under the most favorable circumstances in the inside. We stopped at a great many stations and everywhere crowds of natives were getting off and on and such a gabbling as they make. They certainly are a talkative people and great hands to travel. At times during the night the door was opened and we would see a dark face looking in at us. Sometimes they would go off and leave the door open. Just at daylight the door was opened by a young Mahomedan, he left and I promptly closed it; he came back and opened it again and held on. Then I saw a palanquin at the door and knew we were to have the company of a veiled lady. With a great deal of aid they got her into the carriage. He used great care not to let anyone see her, and I supposed that she was his young beautiful wife, but when we started she raised her veil and she was anything but pretty and quite old, and her dress of cheese cloth decidedly mussy. She, like all the rest, seemed very ready to

talk. I did wish very much that I could have understood her. Every time we stopped she would put down her veil and he would come and stand guard at the window. She was his mother and she said her husband was some great man. The second night the Irish lady had left and a young girl shared the compartment with me. I think that she was a Eurasian, but was well educated and pleasant. I slept much better and did not feel so tired when I arrived here as I feared I should. About two hours after leaving Bombay, we began to climb the hills. There were two extra engines attached. The scenery was very fine and as the air became cooler I enjoyed it exceedingly. I was surprised all across India to see so much land uncultivated; it may not be good but some of it looked as if it might be made to yield.

On the second day the country had a very peculiar look. It was plain with here and there a high mound of rock suddenly thrown up as high as six or seven hundred feet. Many of these have the remains of fortifications upon them. They told me they had been Mahomedan fortresses. A great deal of labor has been expended and one can see how secure they must have thought themselves. These mounds must have been thrown up by volcanic action but to look at them at first you would surely think them artificial. Looking across these plains one sees very little sign of habitation. Once in a while a drove of cattle or goats with a native tending them. But in the mornings and evenings you see smoke ascending from here and there, and in all these places you will find a native village. They are made of mud and with their thatched roofs are so near the color of the country around that you would not notice them though they might be quite near, unless your attention was drawn in some way.

Christmas Morning in Cocanada.

There is no glistening snow to be seen or merry sleigh-bells to be heard, and even the usually bright and cheerful, although dangerous sun, is hidden from view by dark and lowering clouds that send down frequent little dashes of rain, while the distant booming of the sea can be heard as the great waves break on the shore, for there is a storm on the bay. Instinctively our thoughts turn to home and loved ones now peacefully sleeping, but soon to be awakened to joys in which we have so often shared. Our wandering thoughts are, however, quickly recalled by the sound of merry voices as a troop of happy children whose merriment cannot be dampened by the showers, pile up on the veranda before the door, and sing, "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing," in Telugu. It is our Sunday-school children whom we have invited up for a little treat before we leave for Samulcotta, where we have been invited to spend the day.

After singing and prayer, some of the children, led by their teacher, go through some calisthenics for our entertainment. They make a pleasing picture indeed, as after having fastened strings of small bells around their ankles they each take two short bamboo sticks in their hands and begin swinging back and forth in circles, their little bodies waving gracefully from side to side, as they turn to cross sticks with each other, all the while keeping time to a tune, led by the teacher. As they break into a merry dance, in which the bells ring and sticks wave rather wildly above their heads, and come down with sharp clicks, we look anxiously at the little hands to see whether there are any sore knuckles, but as we see the smiling faces we conclude that no one has been hurt. The Government allow a special grant to all schools where this

exercise is well taught, so our teacher, who has been training his scholars, was anxious to exhibit them to us. After spending an hour very pleasantly together we pass fruit and candies to about a hundred and forty children and teachers, and all go off smiling and salaaming.

Our dear little friends, I am writing you this that you may be interested in our Sunday-schools, and pray for them. Some are attended entirely by heathen children, and even this one in the compound which I have taken charge of since Miss Hatch went to Samulcotta, has an average attendance of over thirty heathen children besides all the Christians. To the heathen children who repeat the golden text correctly, I give a very little piece of money, about one-sixth part of a cent. That is to encourage them to learn God's word, for you know He says in Isaiah lv: 11, "So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth, it shall not return unto me void, but shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it," and we hope and believe that is the salvation of many, many precious souls in our Sunday-schools. L. L. DAVIS.

A Busy Day.

Before I tell about my busy day, let me tell one or two interesting customs I have noticed lately. Harvest is just over. A month ago, when it was beginning, I was out on tour, and then learned that no field is reaped until a hen's blood has been shed and sprinkled over some cooked rice, which is then thrown on the standing grain. The Telugus ought to accept the atonement if they only understood their own rites and sacrifices.

A few days ago I was at Ellore. Walking through the streets at night, I met a small group of people consisting of two respectable men, with two women walking behind them. These four persons were accompanied by a man carrying a lantern, and two men playing a kind of lute, but with an accompanying drone reminding one of the bagpipes. What did this mean? The nicely-dressed men and women were going to a wedding feast, and to notify others of the fact they were parading up and down the street with music. I thought at once of the command, Do not sound a trumpet before you.

But now let me tell about my busy day. It was Sunday just two days ago. I was visiting villages along the Ellore canal. The morning was so cold on the boat that I let the sun get up before I did. The temperature was probably 58°, but our blood becomes thin here. After a light meal I went out with Daniel, one of my preachers. We visited the Mala hamlet and had a good hearing; then went into the village, and here also we were listened to attentively. While Daniel was preaching, I was looking at an English paper, and saw some remarks about spending Sunday as God wishes us to do. So I made up my mind that I would have a really good day after the preaching of the morning was over. I would read my Bible and some other devotional books and rest and be refreshed. We returned to the boat and talked for a while about tracts and hymns. Then came my breakfast. Meanwhile the boat had been moved on a quarter of a mile and tied up on the opposite side of the canal near another village.

In August, 1888, when Mrs. Craig and I visited this village, we found a girl whose leg had been badly burned, and were happy to be able to do something for her. On Sunday last, this girl and her mother came to the boat just as I finished breakfast. The girl's leg was not perfectly healed, and they wanted more medicine. Others

came with them for other troubles. After giving various medicines to those who came, we preached to them for a while. These were nearly all well-dressed women of the Kamma caste, the subdivision of Shudras to which Dr. Clough's Lakshmyaya belonged. (See "From Darkness to Light.") One of the women told Daniel where her house was in another village, so that he might come to see her. This was probably more for the sake of medicines than for the gospel, but the preacher will not neglect the latter.

About one o'clock I called the boatmen and cook into my room and we had worship. After that was over, various persons came asking medicines until four o'clock, when I took my dinner. While I was thus engaged, Daniel was preaching to a group of men, who broke out into loud laughter once in a while, as the folly of idolatry was being set forth.

After dinner we went into the village, and first of all visited a house where a youth of 15 or 16 was quite ill. Then we sat down in the centre of the village and preached for a long time, receiving an attentive hearing from the men. About 7.30 we went to the Madiga haulet and preached there for a time. At last we closed the day's work.

It is often thought that medical work is too indirect or expensive, unless the doctor has time to do considerable preaching. One man or better one woman going about over a whole field, curing the bodies of the people, would be opening hearts for others to work on. We must win the confidence of the people before we can speak to their hearts. Usually, Kamma women will stand and listen to a native preacher, but in most places they will not listen to a European missionary. But because I was able to help in curing the girl's burnt leg, the mother and many other women came to see me at my boat. I am their friend. The mother says that God sent me that day in August, 1888. We want more evangelists, but we want some medical workers, too. And if some one would learn to fill teeth before coming, it would be a great boon to suffering missionaries at least. Now, the only advice to follow is, have it out.

JOHN CHAIG.

Akidu, India, Dec., 1889.

W. M. U. of the Maritime Provinces,

Edited by Miss A. E. Johnstone.

At a meeting of our Local W. M. U. Union the other day, a sister said that in asking one and another to join the work, she was often met with this remark, "What is the use, we cannot see any good that you are doing?" This led to a discussion of the subject, and the members agreed unanimously that work was being done in the prayers offered, in the influence gained on those around, in the information gained all the time for their own minds, and in the fact that the Union was ready and constantly on the look-out to render service in the cause. May it not be much the same in our Aid Societies? Some may be deterred from joining because they do not see the fruits. Wait until the harvest, and in the mean time at your next meeting will you not read these proofs of the work done by Aid Societies, who in their monthly meetings of—in some places—twos and threes seem to be doing but little actual work.

Mrs. Archibald writes from Chioacolo, of many enquiring the way, and of three lately baptized. Each of these will bring others.

Baptist progress in Sweden is one of the most remarkable religious movements of the age. Revivals are constant. In twenty years the number of church members has advanced from 7,900 to 32,308. The baptisms in 1888 were 2,390.

"Missionary Work," says Sir William Hunter, "is one of the greatest and best works at present going on in India; it has been rich in results in the past, and is fraught with incalculable blessings for the future."

Protestant Missions have, in 90 years translated the scriptures—in whole or part—into over forty Indian languages and dialects including the Gondi. By this method the Indian people can read the Word of God in their own tongues.

Twelve hundred converts have been baptized in the Baptist Mission in Russia, in the past two years.

In the North-West at Manitou, five were baptized on the first Sunday in January, and as many more were expected to follow their Master in His ordinance on the next Sabbath.

The above extracts taken from the *Miss. Review* and the *North-West Baptist*, cannot fail to inspire our hearts and hands. Perhaps we did not think amid the discouragements of the work that our prayer, "Thy kingdom come," was really being heard and answered.

The Societies of Halifax and Dartmouth, held their annual meeting in January of this year, with the North Church. Interesting addresses were given by the Pastors on the "Duties of the Church to Missions," and "the Duty of the Pastor to Missions."

A paper was also read by the Prov. Secy. for N. S., on "Self-Sacrifice in Missions."

The reports of the Societies showed progress, that of the North Church leading, as usual, they having raised \$75.50 for Foreign Missions, and \$21.34 for Home Missions. Their Mission Bands had raised during the year, \$195.95; part of this was a "Thank-offering at the M. Band exercises, held the last Sunday in December. We may look for even more from this Band during this year, as twenty-seven of them gave their hearts into the Saviour's keeping last year.

The First Church Aid Society had raised \$58.32, their M. Band \$130.94. Dartmouth had raised in the Aid Society \$43.76. The figures with regard to the amount raised by these two last-named Societies for Home Missions, are not at hand. Dartmouth M. Band, \$75.14, divided between Home and Foreign Missions. The Society in Cornwallis Street, only two years old, has twenty members, and sent in to the treasury ten dollars and forty cents. The following lines quoted by the Secretary in her report, have a message to each reader of the LINK:

"Keep us awake! there is work to be done;
Shaves to be garnered, souls to be won;
Thou art so singing, intercede for us, we pray,
And keep us awake, Father, keep us awake."

In Nova Scotia we strive as far as possible to have a secretary for each county whose work it is "to organize societies wherever needed, and by correspondence and visiting to keep alive the interest of the work, and report the same to the Provincial Secretary." Constitution, clause 9, W.B.M.U. The following is a list of those now at work: Hants, Mrs. Nalder; Cape Breton, Mrs. Harrington; Queen's, Mrs. Orandall; Shelbourne, Mrs. Harlowe; King's, Mrs. D. Freeman; Digby, Mrs. J. Morse; Lunenburg, Miss A. Vienotte; Colchester, Mrs. P. R. Foster; Cumberland, Mrs. M. R. Smith; Annapolis, Mrs. J. T. Eaton. At the last meeting of the Provincial

Board, Mrs. Christy, of Amherst, was appointed in place of Mrs. Smith, resigned. It will be seen that we have a number of counties still unprovided for, viz., Antigonish, Halifax, Guys and Yarmouth. Is there not some sister who will take upon herself this work?

A missionary mass meeting representing the Aid Societies of Annapolis County, was held in Paradise, 29th January. Mrs. J. T. Eaton, of Lawrencetown, presided. The exercises began with the hymn, 881, "Aria of the Lord, awake, awake." The President read from the Scriptura, Rom. 10th chapter, followed by prayer by Mrs. DeWolfe. The President gave an address of welcome. The very interesting programme was as follows: Paper, by Miss Bancroft, of Round Hill. Subject—"The Need of the Present Time,"—that there may be an outpouring of the Spirit of missions on the churches. Every Christian should not only pray, but give one-tenth into the treasury of the Lord. Recitation—"The Great Famine Cry," by Mrs. Kempton, of Clarence. "Calls to Mission Work," by Mrs. DeWolfe, of Middleton. This stirring paper contained an urgent appeal for more workers, and greater consecration on the part of every Christian. "Musical Dialogue," by Mrs. Randal and Mrs. Pandal, of Lawrencetown, and Mrs. L. Phinney, of Paradise. Paper, by Mrs. L. W. Elliott, of Clarence. Subject—"Freely ye have received, freely give," containing truths clearly and pointedly set forth. Recitation, "Addition of Fractions," by Miss Winnie Longley, of Paradise. Music by Choir. "Hail to the Brightness!" Paper, "Look on the Fields," by Mrs. Dr. Morse, of Lawrencetown. This paper was highly poetical and full of pathos. "The Master's Workwomen," reading by Miss Parker, of Lawrencetown. Collection during singing, "I will praise the Lord." A very carefully prepared paper, subject—"The Mission Work, its Needs," by Mrs. T. Newcomb, of Lawrencetown. Recitation, "Work," by Miss Newcomb. A paper, full of plain and practical hints, by Miss A. Parker, of Brooklyn. Subject—"The Fields are white already to the Harvest."

Rev. Mr. Webb, of Port Lorne, in a short address, gave an account of his experience as a missionary in the City of London. Rev. Mr. Eaton made a few remarks, in which he emphasized the thought, "Have the Spirit of Christ, and do as Christ did." The President thanked the choir for their choicest music, and the friends in Paradise for the use of the church, etc.

Our united thanks are due our County Secretary, Mrs. J. T. Eaton, for her untiring efforts in the missionary cause throughout this county. The attendance was lessened by the prevailing sickness, for which cause Miss Johnstone, of Halifax, was not able to be present, much to the regret of all.

A short meeting was held in the afternoon, devoted to verbal reports of the work done in the different societies, and devotional exercises. After singing and benediction by Rev. Mr. Webb, the meeting closed.

Mrs. S. N. JACKSON, Sec. pro tem.

GREAT VILLAGE.—In March 1889, we organized a Mission Band with twenty-five members. Officers: Mrs. P. K. Foster, Pres.; Mrs. L. C. Layton and Miss Etta Yuill, Vice-Presidents; Miss Julia Chisholm, Sec.; Master Frank Layton, Treas. We decided on a voluntary course, instead of a membership fee, that each family take a mite box, to be opened twice a year; eleven were taken, one for each family. (We are a small church). Our monthly meetings have been made interesting, and instructive by map exercises on the Telugu field; and instructing the

children in the needs of the heathen world, and how they may help send light into the darkness. We are well paid for our effort by the growing interest manifested by the Band, and friends in the work. The children have given two interesting and successful pay concerts; at each of which the mite boxes were opened, resulting in an addition, in nine months, to the Foreign Mission Treasury of \$84.00. We would like to know if there is another Mission Band of 25 workers who have done as much in the time. A. L. FOSTER.

In December a concert was held in the "new church at the corner" Lower Argyle, by the Aid Society. The programme consisted of readings by Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Nicholson and Miss Kinney; plenty of good singing and recitations by young and old. The pastor gave an historical address on Japan. The night was very unfavorable but it did not prevent the gathering of a very large audience. The receipts being \$11.

At the quarterly meeting of the Aid Societies of Halifax and Dartmouth, the treasurer's statement for the second quarter ending Jan. 31st, 1890, showed that we had received from

	F. M.	H. M.	Total.
Nova Scotia.....	\$482 93	\$62 38	\$545 31
New Brunswick.....	348 39	12 62	359 01
P. E. Island.....	74 85	3 00	77 85
California.....	5 00		5 00
Mission Bands N. S.....	32 03	11 00	43 03
" " N. B.....	4 00		4 00

Total.....\$1034 20

Draft sent John March, Esq.....	\$172 10
Prov. Sec. N.B., postage and Literature.....	15 00
Prov. Sec. N.S., postage on reports.....	2-40
Draft sent J. March, Esq.....	676 25
Drafts.....	1 35

Total.....\$867 10

WOODSTOCK, N. B.—I have just finished reading the February number and I enjoyed its pages very much, especially Dr. Pierson's letter. My mind is more determined than ever, to try and help on this glorious cause; the cause of our Lord and Master. When I think of the years that I have given this subject but a passing thought, and the help I might have given towards it; I feel sad and ashamed, (but all that I can do now to make amends I will gladly do), when I read of the millions in China who know not the name of Jesus, and the missionaries who are looking to us and stretching out their hands for our prayers and help, shall they appeal to us in vain; no, a thousand times no. We have a Band or Circle here numbering 18 members, though there are many who do not attend regularly, but all pay their dues. I intend to double mine and do all I can beside. Mrs. W. S. Saunders is our Pres.; W. W. Hay, Sec.; and Miss Annie Fisher, Treas. We have had several public meetings that were quite successful. We are all interested in the same cause and the command is given to us as well as our sisters in Canada, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel." Mrs. WM. GIBSON.

NOTICE.—In writing news letters for the LINK, write only on the side of the paper, make the letters brief and to the point.

THE WORK AT HOME.

WESTPORT.—Not wishing to be behind our sister Circles in the work, and being encouraged by the success of other Bands, perhaps as weak as our own, we decided to hold an open meeting on the 2nd Dec., the proceeds of which we purposed dividing equally between Home and Foreign Missions. A good programme had been prepared, and the weather being favorable, the church was well filled with a delighted audience. Our worthy President, Mrs. Adams, occupied the chair. The meeting was opened by singing the hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' name," followed by prayer by Mrs. Emerson, after which the 35th chapter of Isaiah was read by Mrs. Adams. Then followed (interspersed with music by the Choir) a recitation by Mrs. Compeau, a reading by Mrs. Hunt, an excellent paper on Home Mission work by Mrs. Adams, a dialogue in costume, entitled, a "Telugu girl's story," by three young ladies, and a very interesting and instructive paper on Foreign Mission work by Mrs. Emerson. Mrs. Arnold then made an earnest appeal to the people on behalf of the heathen, after which a silver collection, amounting to \$8, was taken up, and the meeting was brought to a close by singing the Doxology. On the 11th Dec. we held an open meeting at Newboro', but the weather being unfavorable, it was not very well attended. However, the people present were delighted with the entertainment, and we took up a collection amounting to \$5, which we considered very good. Altogether, the meetings were a success, and we feel that God has blessed our efforts.

MARY COSIER, Sec.

LONDON.—The four B. M. Circles (Home and Foreign combined) met in Talbot St. Baptist church, February 2nd.

At 4 p.m. the meeting opened with devotional exercises, followed by words of welcome from the President of Talbot St. H. M. C. to the invited members of the Sister-Circles, and an earnest request for special prayer because of God's providential care over, and blessings bestowed upon our missionaries in the Foreign Field, as well as those on the way thither. After prayer, not only for these special mercies but also for all mission work, an earnest, practical and beautifully written paper prepared by Miss McLeod on "Our duties in regard to our Union Meetings" was read. Then a duett "Numberless as the Sands of the Sea" by Mrs. Rickert and Miss Norton, and a little talk by Mrs. Weld, on "What are we individually doing for the spread of the gospel among our neighbors," which if we made practical, each member present must be instrumental in extending Christ's kingdom even in our own midst. Following these came a recent report on Indian work by Miss Jeffrey, and one on Grand Ligne by Mrs. Edwards, and letters (by Mrs. McKay and Mrs. Robertson) full of tender loving utterances, because of the privilege of being called to share in such noble work, from Misses Hatch and Stovel.

This Session, so interesting and highly profitable, adjourned that all might enjoy social conversation while tea was served.

At 8 p.m. the meeting, now thrown open to the public, was resumed when thoughtful, earnest addresses bearing on Missions, were given by Revs. W. H. Porter and W. McKay. Music was furnished by the Choir, also a solo by Miss Aggie McLeod. A dialogue "The call of the Nations," by members of the M. B., and a collection of \$10 brought to a close a meeting, which must be productive of increased energy and zeal on the part of those

already banded together for the uplifting of those still sunken in idolatry, through the spread of the Word of Life, and influencing many more to unite with them in this great work.

M. J. H.

New Circle.

TORONTO, SHERIDAN AVENUE MISSION.—Home and Foreign Mission Circle formed December 12th, with nineteen members. Officers:—Mrs. J. Roney, *President*; Mrs. J. Scath, *Vice-President*; Mrs. Secord, *Treasurer*; Mrs. T. H. McConnell, *Secretary*.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

More About Greenland.

In 1731 two young men were busy digging in some ground belonging to Count Zinzendorf. He had given this land to the persecuted Christians of Moravia. Resting awhile in their hard labor, they began to talk of Hans Egede and his noble work for the heathen in Greenland. Matthew Stach, twenty years old, had been sent away from his home for becoming a Christian. His companion Frederick Boehnisch, twenty-one years old, had also suffered persecution for Christ's sake. This day as these two young men talked together each expressed a wish to go and be a helper to Hans Egede. They both knelt down and prayed that God would lead them in the right way. Then they told the Church people of their wish. Count Zinzendorf told them about the many hardships, difficulties and dangers which Egede had suffered. Some of the elder men shook their heads about the plan, and said, "These boys just want to be off for a trip." But they kept on asking to be allowed to go, as God had plainly shown them that there was work to do for Him in that far-off-land. They said they wanted no salary, just to be taken in a ship to Greenland. Some one asked how they would support themselves. They answered, "With the blessing of God we will work with our hands and get food." But they were told the soil was too frozen to cultivate and that there was no wood to build a house to live in. "Then we will dig a hole in the ground and live in it," was their reply.

At last their wish was granted; after years of hard work at the language and great self-denial they became successful missionaries. Other young men came out to join them. One of these, John Beck, had been in prison for being a follower of Jesus Christ, but climbed the high walls and made his escape. He was pursued with bloodhounds but managed to reach a place of safety. One of the first scenes he saw here was the setting apart of some young men for the Greenland Mission. He longed that he might join them, and at last was permitted to do so. I have just been reading a long account of the work done by this little band. One day in 1738, John Beck was sitting in his hut when he saw a band of Greenlanders coming. They wondered at his "making paper speak," and asked him to read what he had written. So he read about Jesus and the great love which had brought Him down from heaven to die for sinners. At last one savage named Kayarnak stepped up closer to Beck and said, "How is it? Tell me once more, for I too would be saved." After long years of sowing the good seed and seeing no results, these words filled Beck's heart with joy. He says tears of gladness rolled down his cheeks

while he told over again the sweet old story, of Jesus. Sometime afterwards Kayamak, his wife and two children were baptized, rejoicing in Jesus as their Saviour. This man died an earnest Christian telling his friends not to weep for him, but to meet him in heaven. One old Greenland came saying "I have heard Hans Eggede preach many times, am too old to believe myself, but here is my son. Take him and teach him to be a Christian." At last prayer was answered and old and young listened eagerly to the story the missionaries were giving their lives to tell. Schools were formed where children learned to read for themselves. History tells us their books contained long words such as "Kasnorfigasakangildinnarnarsok." Thirty-two letters in one word! Can any of our Mission Bands pronounce it? But the children learned these hard lessons well and could repeat the Lord's Prayer and the Commandments, together, in their own language without a mistake. We must not take up any more room with this mission-story. Ask papa or mamma to read you more about the Moravians in Greenland. Next time we will try and learn about the missionaries in Africa.

347 McLaren St., Ottawa.

SISTER BELLE.

CRUELITIES OF HEATHENISM.—Recent letters from the English Baptist missionaries on the Congo, while speaking encouragingly concerning the prospects of their work, are filled with sad stories of violence, cruelties, superstitious, murders, and everything that is wrong. Mr. Bentley, of Wathen, a station between Stanley Pool and the coast, writes of the constant war between the adjoining towns. Mr. Grenfell, of Balolo, a station halfway between Stanley Pool and the equator, sends some of the saddest stories respecting the cruelties of the natives. Many lives are sacrificed on the charge of witchcraft. Murder is an almost daily occurrence. He writes of the sacrifice of eleven lives at the funeral obsequies of one of the wives of a neighbor of his. This was in July last. It seems that the day the woman died a man and a woman were killed so that she might not go alone into the spirit land. At the funeral, a fortnight later, Mr. Grenfell arrived at the grave just as the executioner was bringing a young man and a young woman to be bound in the grave and buried alive while supporting the corpse. These young people were weeping bitterly at the prospect of the cruel death. Mr. Grenfell took his place beside the executioner, and with all possible vigor denounced the proceedings. The husband listened and after a while beat a retreat. The crowd began to ask, "Are these whom we are about to kill your friends?" "Have we not bought and paid for them?" Before long the husband of the dead woman returned and Mr. Grenfell appealed to him, telling he would have to stand before God's judgment seat facing these people he was about to kill. He quailed before the appeal, and Mr. Grenfell thought that he would not insist on carrying out the fiendish custom, but he adds that "scarcely was his back turned before the ceremonies were resumed, and in a few minutes all was over. Since then seven more lives have been sacrificed about the same grave." And well may Mr. Grenfell add, "This is a dark, dark land, and God alone can enlighten it. May the love of the Lord Jesus soon constrain many more to devote themselves to the work of pointing these poor people to Him who is the light of the world."

WOMAN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF ONTARIO.

Receipts from Jan. 24th to Feb. 23rd, 1890, inclusive.

Bailioboro', Children's Mission Boxes, \$11.70; Grimaby M. B., \$20; Malahide and Bayham M. B., \$11.60, towards the support of Achenima; Calton M. B., \$11, towards the support of George Mason; Markham (2nd Church) M. C., \$5; St. Mary's M. C., \$4; Chathamham M. C., \$8; Schomberg M. C., \$4; Uxbridge M. C., \$2; Brampton M. C., \$4; Parkdale M. C., \$20.23; Burgoyne M. C., \$3; Woodstock M. B., \$30; Gobles M. C., \$15.12; Mrs. Cook, Acton West, 55c.; Petrolia M. C., \$3; Cobourg M. C., \$5; Brantford (1st Church) M. C., \$25, towards the support of Minnie, the Biblewoman; "a friend," Belleville, \$5; Park Hill M. C., \$5; Eversley M. C., \$2; Wilkesport M. C., \$1; "Sharpe family," Winnipeg, per Mrs. C. W. Clark, \$17, for the support of Ratnavati; Woodstock M. C., \$25; Cobourg M. C., \$2; Burgoyne M. C., \$6; Port Hope M. C. [Thank-offering], \$22; Toronto (College St.) M. C., \$15.15; Union Meeting (Toronto), \$0.45; Rodney M. C., \$1.50; Aylmer M. C.; \$10; London (Talbot St.) Young People's Mission Society, \$17, for the support of Pantakani Guanaudam; Windsor M. C., \$12; Port Rowan M. C., \$5.77; Port Rowan M. B., \$4; Denfield M. C., \$4; Mrs. Thomas Orchard, Sheddin, \$1; Ingersoll M. C., \$11; Ingersoll M. B., \$20, to be divided equally towards the support of Pomre Jacob and T. Sundramma; Brantford (East Ward) M. C., \$9.50; Pine Grove M. C., \$4; London (Adelaide St.) M. C., \$8.25; Harrow M. C., quilt, \$10; Harrow, Mrs. Rosebrugh's S. S. Class, \$5; Mr. T. S. Shepton, \$89.50, this is refunded from Miss Stovel's salary (at her request), it is one-half the amount expended by the Board for her year's training in Chicago, being all the Board thought it wise to accept from her out of one year's salary. Total received, \$491.22.

NOTE.—In last LINK the amount from London (Talbot St.) M. C., should be \$43.85 instead of \$46.85.

VIOLET ELLIOTT, Treas.

109 Pembroke street, Toronto.
February 23rd, 1890.

WOMEN'S B. F. M. SOCIETY OF EASTERN ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

Receipts from Dec 26th, 1889, to Feb. 21st, 1890.

Westport, \$4; Rockland, \$12; Delta, \$5; Olivet, \$20.50; Brockville, \$8; Onabruck, \$7; Perth, \$13; Perth M. B., \$17; Charlemagne, \$3; Kingston, \$7. Total, \$68.40.

ERHARTUM.—"Nov. 25th," in Jan. No. of LINK, should have read "Dec. 25th in Treasurer's statement.

MARY A. SMITH, Treas.

2 Thistle Terrace, Montreal.

TO THE W. M. A. SOCIETIES OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

Please remember that all money is to be sent direct to Mrs. Botsford Smith, Amherst, N. S.; and also, that the money should be sent to her quarterly, in order that all our obligations may be fully met.

The Canadian Missionary Link.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT TORONTO.

Communications, Orders and Remittances to be sent to Mrs. M. A. New- man, 116 Yorkville Avenue, Toronto.
Subscribers will find the dates when their subscriptions expire on the printed address labels of their papers.

Subscription 25c. per annum, strictly in advance.

Dudley & Burns, Printers, 11 Colborne St., Toronto.