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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

DECEMBER, 1896.

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Editorial.

AT THE BOARD ROOMS.—The quarterly meeting of the W. B. F. M. Society of Ontario West, was held Friday, Nov. 13th, at 2 p.m., Mrs. Booker and Mrs. Forbes were present and twelve of the members residing in the city. Owing to the meeting following so closely the September one, merely routine business was transacted. Brief extracts were read from letters from Misses Simpson and Stovel.

A. MOYLE, *Rec. Sec.*

At the conference held at Peddapuram, about the end of September, it was voted that Mr. and Mrs. Brown return to Canada in the spring owing to the very bad state of Mrs. Brown's health. Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Stillwell were recommended for appointment to Vuyyuru.

Mias Smith, who went out with her sister Mrs. Chute, expected to sail from Bombay on the 28th Oct., returning home via Japan.

Mr. and Mrs. McLeod landed at San Francisco on the 26th Oct., and proceeded to Los Angeles county at once. Mr. McLeod wrote on the 8th Nov., or about that date, saying that they would have to remain there for a considerable time. Mrs. McLeod's left lung is badly affected, so that recovery of even partial health may be slow. While we should be very thankful that they have reached America, we must not forget that they still need our sympathy and prayers.

MR. CHUTE writes, on the 28th Sept., from the Ellore Canal:—"We have had a very good tour on the whole. On our way up we saw Mandaparru, where we held forth to the Malas for about an hour, and then gathered the Christians for a separate service. On our way back to the boat we had a good preach in another village. We saw Unguturu, both the Mala hamlet and the village. The Kanmas heard extra well. At Takkillapad we preached to Christians and caste-people and got back at 12.30, having started at 5 a.m. We saw several other places and spent Sunday at Malikhahamadapuram, where Peter baptized two persons. We had the Lord's Supper and I preached from Matt. 5: 6."

In regard to floods he writes:—"There has been a great loss of crops in the Kistna delta owing to floods.

In the Godavari delta about seventy villages lost their crops by the bursting of the Narsapur canal, and a larger number have had theirs damaged by lack of water while the break was being repaired. But as a rule the crops near Kolair Lake look extra well."

The last sentence is comforting because the Kolair region suffered severely last year.

THE MASTER'S TOUCH.

"He touched her hand and the fever left her, and she arose and ministered unto Him." Matt. viii., 15, R. V.

"He touched her hand and the fever left her."

Oh, we need His touch on our fevered hands!
The cool, still touch of the Man of sorrows,

Who knows us, and loves us, and understands.
So many a life is one long fever!

A fever of anxious suspense and care,

A fever of getting, a fever of fretting,

A fever of hurrying here and there.

Ah, what if in winning the praise of others

We miss at the last the King's "Well done"?

If our self-sought tasks in the Master's vineyard
Yield "nothing but leaves" at the set of sun!

"He touched her hand, and the fever left her."

Oh, blessed touch of the Man Divine!

So beautiful then to arise and serve Him,

When the fever is gone from your life and mind:

It may be the fever of restless aching,

With heart all thirsty for love and praise;

And eyes all aching and strained with yearning

Tow'rd self-set goals in the future days.

Or it may be a fever of spirit anguish,

Some tempest of sorrow that dies not down,

Till the cross at last is in meekness lifted,

And the head stoops low for the thorny crown.

Or it may be a fever of pain and anger,

When the wounded spirit is hard to bear,

And only the Lord can draw forth the arrows

Left carelessly, cruelly ranking there.

EDITH GILLING CHERRY.

Illustrated Missionary News.

"LORD, WHAT WILT THOU HAVE ME TO DO."

BY G. SHERWOOD EDDY (YALE UNIVERSITY).

"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life." And yet, to this day, half the world has never heard of Jesus Christ. Who cares for that half-world?

God cares. He so loved His children, that at infinite cost His heart went out to win back a prodigal world. The parent's heart is grieved, even at the absence of a

single child. Some years ago I was sitting in a railway carriage, in Liverpool, bound for Glasgow. An elderly woman entered with a little girl, while the mother of the child, who was the daughter of the elderly woman, stood on the platform. In bidding them good-bye she kissed her little girl, and then her old mother; again she kissed the child, and then her mother, and as the train began to move she walked along by the carriage, and kissed the little girl last of all. Over my book I watched the child at the window. Lost in the new world that was flying past, she had forgotten she even had a mother. At the other window was the elderly woman. She, too, was looking out, but she did not seem to see what was passing, and soon I saw a tear roll down her cheek, another and another, till out came a great cotton handkerchief. She was returning to five other children in Scotland, but the separation from her daughter in Liverpool was almost breaking the mother's heart. And the younger mother, as she passed through the streets, did not hear the rattle of the carts. Did she see the throng about her, was her heart in her work that day, or with the little lassie far away in Scotland? If a shallow human heart so yearns for a child, how must the heart of the Heavenly Father, with its infinite capacity for love, care for the absence of a single child, for a whole world lost in sin! Just before leaving America I saw a father who had been called to the bedside of his son. The best medical aid in the country was summoned. He would have given up his yacht, his house, all his millions for his son's life—and rightly. But for that other man's boy over there in what we call heathendom, but just as precious to the Father's heart, how much would he give, not merely for his life, but his eternal life? Yes. God cares!

And the heathen care. At this very hour in India a little girl is sitting alone. No one in all the earth knows the burden of sorrow on her heart. She knows no God to tell it to. Yesterday her husband died; what was the result? They tore her jewels from her—they may have been only of glass, but they were about all she had in her empty little life—her head was shaved, she is clothed in rags, and made the drudge of the house.

Do you wonder that she may flee to a life of shame elsewhere? Would not Jesus like to say to her, as He used to say, "Daughter, thy sins are forgiven thee. Go in peace"? His voice is silent now. He has left her to you and to me. "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, ye did it not unto Me."

Hidden in the heart of Africa to-day a woman is weeping alone. There is no need to say she is a slave-mother, that she has been dragged on all day through the burning sun—such might be an exception. She is just a common mother. Her skin is black, her features are coarse, but look within her heart. Yes! it is stained with sin. She may not have been a good mother, but the child is taken from her now, and her heart is torn as yours would be. The dull grief, that no one understands—that she herself could not tell—lies down beneath words, or her dumb thought. She knows no word of God to help her in this hour of need, nor hope of meeting her child again. She knows of no Father in Heaven, no Saviour who cares for her. That fetish on her wrist to ward off the devils, the only gods she knows, can give her no comfort. A word in loving-kindness now might win her for Jesus. The sorrowing received Him here. You say she is coarse, and would not understand. But he sat by a well one day and forgetful of His own thirst, longed only to give the water of life to such an one. In this black woman of Africa, by

the clear teaching of Christ, "Behold thy mother!" "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me?" "Lovest thou Me more than these"—these plaus of thine, these pounds of thine? "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou Me?" "Feed My sheep." "Why call ye Me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things which I say?"

Not only do God and the heathen care, but some of God's children care. In a distant city, some time ago, I saw a young typist at her work. She had begun to save her small earnings, and quietly to send them out to the foreign field. The work has grown, until this morning more than a thousand souls in India look up into the face of a Heavenly Father and rejoice in eternal life, because of what this one young girl has given. Some of us may play very beautifully upon the piano, but one doubts if it sounds as sweetly in God's ear as the click of that little machine going all day long to His glory.

A widow in Dr. Gordon's church, living in one room of a tenement house, gave a hundred and sixty pounds in the foreign missionary collection. When the Doctor called and asked how she could give so much, she said she could live upon forty pounds a year for herself, and added: "I do not know how I could go to meet my Lord, if I lived upon a hundred and sixty pounds, and only gave Him the forty pounds."

What is your stewardship! The "whole tithe" for you may be far more in the light of Christ's teachings than the tenth. Jacob had no world to evangelize in his day.

Some of God's children care for His lost sheep. Do you care? Here is a shilling. The image and the superscription are the Queen's, but whose is the metal? It is God's! "In the beginning, God created the heaven and the earth." "The silver and the gold are mine saith the Lord." If you had a clerk to whom you entrusted a sum of money, or an estate, and gave him plain and repeated directions that, though he is to get his living out of it, he was not to lay it up for himself, but was to use it for your children, and for advancing your work; and if you found he had spent it upon himself and upon his family, what would you call it? You would call it robbery. What does God call it? "Ye have robbed me, even this whole nation. Bring ye the whole tithe into the store-house, and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing that there shall not be room enough to receive it." Here is a challenge to prove God. Have you an overflowing blessing in your Christian life?

It is not so much what you give, but our underlying life-habit of giving, for which we must all yield an account of our stewardship. Friends, in a few years we shall stand in his presence! Granted that He does not say, "Depart, I never knew you." He does say, "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me." Granted that He says we did not understand, and that He forgives us. What will it be to look in his face; to see that he really meant what He said; that the hands were really pierced; and that down there on earth we had some pieces of metal, or of white paper, the men called money, that we tossed it lightly away or held it fast, or worse still, spent it upon ourselves, until the one chance in all eternity for giving His gospel to a lost world was gone forever, and it was too late! God grant that in the stillness we may ask Him, not what we would like, or what others would like, but—"Lord what wilt thou have me to do?"—*Region Beyond.*

THE RESPONSIBLE PARTNERS.

BY EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

"Something must be done, ladies," said the president, firmly, though her voice trembled a little; "we have put this matter off from month to month, and we are simply making our work harder by giving ourselves so much less time. Of course we all intend to do our part toward raising the missionary money—" The tremble became a quaver as the good lady settled her glasses, that seemed likely to slide down her nose, and folded the leaflet in her hand into fine creases. She bent a reproachful look upon Mr. Jeremiah Davis, who sowed in serene silence without lifting her eyes from her work. Mrs. Jeremiah Davis was the member who could usually be depended upon to voice the sentiments of the society; and the timid ones who had not quite made up their minds, as well as the bewildered ones who had been sure they held an opposite opinion, generally fell into line, and were entirely unanimous when they found themselves swept into the current of her smooth, authoritative speech. Somebody always must lead, and even great minds have found the relief of letting others make their decisions for them.

"Last year," said the president, taking up the thread of her discourse after a little silence, "we raised, as you know, one hundred dollars less than the year before; and this year, unless we make some special effort, we shall fall still farther behind—"

"Behind what, Madame President," asked Mrs. Jeremiah Davis, in that smooth, gracious, courteous manner which the ladies all recognized as her most dangerous weapon. "Mis' Jeremiah's on the war path," whispered Sally Atwell, as she borrowed the scissors of her next neighbor.

"Behind our usual amount," replied the president; "the amount the Board counts upon us to raise."

"I don't see why the Board should consider us under obligations for any special amount," said Mrs. Davis; "we intend to do what we can, but we make no pledges. I had that point in mind when I opposed our binding ourselves for special work; though, of course, even in that case it is understood that we only agree to do it if we can."

"And no one could have foreseen this dreadful financial depression," echoed Mrs. Doubleday.

"No," said the president, who began to rise to the occasion; "no one could have foreseen it, and certainly not the officers of the Board, who were compelled to plan their work and assume financial responsibility beforehand in utter ignorance of what the year might bring forth."

"And if they make mistakes of judgment, no matter how innocently, and assume responsibilities they cannot meet, we certainly are not to blame," said Mrs. Jeremiah, folding her hands and looking across the room as if she had the officers of the Board arraigned for trial.

"But we want to help them out," said Miss Morris, timidly.

"Certainly, we want to, and we will do what we can; but some people talk as if it was our debt and our responsibility."

"Seems to me that is just what it is, ladies," said the president. "The Lord has set his Church to do certain work for him in this world. We have no other business but to spread the knowledge of his gospel and help people to live by its principles. The missionary society is one

of the organizations for doing that, and its officers are our representatives that we have put there to manage a certain part of our business for us. We are not outsiders, giving our money to charity. We are responsible partners, and a part of our duty is to furnish the money. If we have failed to do that it is we that are in debt, and not the officers who administer our business. When we talk vaguely about the debt of the Board and the deficiency in the missionary society, we lose sight of our personal responsibility in the matter, and act as if we might honorably throw the burden of our debts upon others, or leave those who trusted us to suffer."

"The Board certainly takes the responsibility of planning the work, sister Bryce," said Mrs. Morrill, "and they ought to go cautiously."

"Yes, they plan our work for us; and that is part of the duty we have assigned them. They try to expend in the wisest manner the money we furnish them. After they have made their plans, if we fail to provide the money we promised who is to blame? Here is a stock company that employs certain men to plan and carry out improvements for it. But after the work is projected and entered upon, the partners do not furnish the money. One decides he needs all his capital in his business, and another thinks his money will bring more in some other investment, and another just neglects it, or loses interest in it. What can the managers do? Abandon the work already done at the risk of great loss, or go on in hope that the responsible partners will surely come to the rescue of their own interests? Ladies, do let us try to make this a personal matter, and take our share of responsibility!"

"Our share wouldn't help much, with such a debt already on hand," said Mrs. Field, despondently. "I declare, when a dollar is so much to me, and so little toward the grand total, I feel like keeping the dollar when I know it'll count."

"I s'pose it's our doing that, makes the whole trouble," said little Miss Morris. "You know how it was the time we planned the surprise party for Jennie Allerton. When it turned out such a bad night everybody thought, 'O well, they won't miss me in such a crowd, and I'll stay home,' and so not a soul went but Malviny Dyer and me. It was the most surprisin' party."

"That is exactly the way," said the president, a good deal relieved by the laughter that seemed to have cleared the air. "All the falling off in the receipts comes in dollars and half dollars kept out by good people who say, 'My small gift cannot matter.' And the whole deficiency might be made up in the same way, by dollars and half dollars and dimes, if we would all take hold together to help."

"Well, I'm ready to take hold," said Sally Atwell, energetically, "though I donno how in creation I'm goin' to git the money, 'less I give up a minstrel show, the way them fash'nable young wimmin down to the city did. 'Twould be kind of appropriate, seein' its for the heathen, don't you think so, Mrs. Bryce?"

"They say those girls got more'n a thousand dollars," remarked Grandma Cook. "All the folks crowded in to see 'em dance and sing. Of course you couldn't tell who was who when they were blacked up, but I should thought their mothers would bated to have 'em do it. Most of 'em think its dreadful indelicate for women to lecture or talk in public, or even to speak in meetin'. I donno just what Saint Paul would a said 'bout minstrels."

"Well, I've heard of something worse than minstrels, said Miss Morris, "and that was a 'Beauty Show,' like they had in The Midway,—a lot of girls painted and dressed up for beauties of all nations, and the folks paying to come in and vote who was the prettiest. I wouldn't have believed it myself, but it was put in the *Herald*, and told how much they got for the hospital. It's got so you have to get up something out of the common if you expect folks to give nowadays."

"Such jugglery is not giving at all," said the president, indignantly; "and a missionary society that has to resort to it would much better go out of business. I hope while we remember that we are responsible partners in this great undertaking, we shall also remember that we are only partners; workers together with God, and bound to carry on our work in such a way that He can work with us."

"Pears to me," said Grandma Cook, "there's just one easy, dignified way to give money, and that is to give it. I've tried all sorts of ways of cheating myself into thinking I wasn't giving, and it makes a sight harder work, and not half the satisfaction. Now I just put five cents every week into my missionary box, and there it is."

"We might learn a lesson from the native Christians in India. They do not give by adding anything to their resources, but by tithing what they have, be it ever so little. You remember how the five poor women who were disappointed that a Bible reader could not be sent to a neighboring village, consulted together and agreed to raise the money by giving up half of their scanty ration of rice. That meant real hunger for them. If we were willing to do half as much—"

"I don't really believe I'd go hungry for my neighbors, let alone folks in Injy," said Sally Atwell. "If I don't have my meals reg'lar, I git low in religion right away; but, my sakes, they's things enough a body could give up without sufferin', and save more'n ten cents a week, and I'm going to do it. I'm just going to keep saying, 'You're in debt, Sally Atwell, and you'd better make a business of getting out.'"

"Let us all say that," said Mrs. Bryce, "and make this a month of self-denial for this one purpose, and then we will talk over our experiences at the next meeting. And we will not forget that the pledge we made was not only 'two cents a week' but 'a prayer.' When we forget the prayer we lose interest in the rest."

Mrs. Jeremiah Davis looked up from her work to repeat impressively,

"Who gives himself with his alms, feeds three,—
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me."

"But then," whispered Miss Sally, "it aint alms at all, it's a debt; and if you don't pay your debts you're meaner'n pusley."—*Life and Light*

DOES IT PAY?

WILLMA H. ROUSE.

Does it pay, I wonder," said the president of the Young Woman's Band, "to support a girl in a boarding school? You see our Band has been keeping a girl in the Footchow boarding school for four years, and now Miss Bonafield writes that she is married and gone. She says she is to teach a day school near Ku Cheng, one hundred miles from Footchow. I suppose she may be a great blessing

to the people there. I'm sure I hope she may, for it was not easy to raise the twenty dollars a year to educate her."

"I wonder does it pay?" said Mrs. B——, as she carefully looked away a very foreign looking letter with a row of queer, green stamps across the top. "I don't know very much about day schools in China. That country seems so far away and so unreal! It will only cost me twenty-four dollars a year to support one of these schools. I can save that if I try. I think I will take the support of a school for one year and see what comes of it."

"It does pay," said the missionary, when she visited the school and found the young bride of a month earnestly engaged in teaching her pupils the way of life.

"It does pay," she said again, as she copied the first quarter's report. "Four girls have become Christians this quarter."

"It does pay," she said again, as the second and third quarters' reports lay before her. "Three girls converted the second quarter."

"Your school at Long Palk pays," said the Presiding Elder at conference time. "The people there are asking for a preacher, and I hope to send them one."

The preacher was sent there, and he felt that his greatest help in that village was that little day-school.

"All the girls but three converted," wrote the teacher the fourth quarter.

But about a week ago the pupils did not find their little teacher in her place, and the villagers whispered that she was very ill.

"Let us pray for her," the children said, and ten girls met and offered prayer in a room that had never before echoed the voice of prayer.

"She is quite unconscious," said an old woman, as the young teacher's voice faintly sang "Jesus Saves."

"No, she is not unconscious," said another. "She asked for her baby just now, and when I told her it was dead she said, 'It is God's will.'"

"I am trusting Lord, in Thee," sang the dying girl, and a heathen neighbor said, "She seems happy, and she knows she is dying. There is something in this new religion that makes people happy even in the face of death Hark! She is praying."

Just as the sunlight streamed into the little room the sweet young soul took its flight; and men whose eyes had not been washed by tears for many years, stood outside her door and sobbed like children.

Three days later a committee of four waited upon the missionary in charge, and asked her to send another teacher to the place. "We need the school," they said.

"We will pay the rent for a room. We thank God that for fifteen months we had a Christian woman with our people. We know how Christians live, and how they die." And the missionary said: "I will try to send you a teacher." Then she sat down and wrote this, that others might believe with her that boarding-schools and day-schools in China pay.

Ku-Cheng, China, May 1, 1896.

—*Woman's Missionary Friend.*

MISSIONARY TEXTS.—Psalms xlvii, 8. God reigneth over the heathen.

Psalms lxxv, 2. Unto thee shall all flesh come.

Psalms lxxvi, 4. All the earth shall worship thee.

HE CARETH.

What can it mean? Is it aught to Him
That the nights are long and the days are dim?
Can he be touched by the griefs I bear,
Which sadden the heart and whiten the hair?
About His throne are eternal calms,
And strong, glad music of happy psalms,
And bliss unruddled by any strife;
How can He care for my little life?

And yet I want Him to care for me,
While I live in this world where the sorrows be,
When the lights die down in the path I take,
When strength is feeble and friends forsake,
When love and music that once did bless
Have left me to silence and loneliness,
And my life-song changes to sobbing prayers,
Then my spirit cries out for a God who cares.

When shadows hang over the whole day long,
And my spirit is bowed with shame and wrong
When I am not good, and the deeper shade
Of conscious sin in my heart is made,
And the busy world has too much to do
To stay in its course to help me through;
And I long for a Saviour—can it be
That the God of the universe cares for me?

O wonderful story of deathless love,
Each child is dear to that heart above;
He fights for me when I cannot fight;
He comforts me in the gloom of night;
He lifts the burden, for He is strong;
He stills the sigh, and awakes the song;
The sorrow that bowed me down He bears,
And loves and pardons because He cares.

Let all who are sad take heart again;
We are not alone in our hours of pain;
Our Father stoops from His throne above
To soothe and quiet us with His love.
He leaves us not when the strife is high;
And we have safety, for He is nigh.
Can it be trouble which He doth share?
O rest in peace, for the Lord will care.

—*Christian Union.*

THE SMALL SOCIETY.

BY FRANCES KIER.

I mean in point of numbers. Again and again this objection is brought forth as a plea for not organizing auxiliaries. I am sometimes prompted to say that this is the very reason an organization should be effected, for we know that, in this day of clubs and societies innumerable and for every purpose under the sun, there is an attractive power in organization, as by a magnet kindred spirits are drawn together for a common purpose, new enthusiasm is awakened, and the circle widens; other lives are touched and brought into sympathy and fellowship.

The small auxiliary is destined to grow if composed of the right material; it cannot help it. Flowers grow because of right environment and seed-germ vitality; so auxiliaries grow if two or three, filled with the Spirit, meet together to pray "the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers into his harvest," to read the divinely inspired word and the record of past heroic efforts. No being on this earth can estimate the power of such a

meeting; all are of one accord—that is not always the case in larger assemblies, and a note of discord will drive away the Spirit, the only source of power. Only a few are affected in large gatherings, even by the most eloquent speakers; that is, if we may judge by the change to be seen as a result in their lives, but in the little auxiliary meeting the weakest effort, judged by human standards, may have large results because we first of all claim the promise of Christ's presence, and what meeting can be called of little account with the Master present with power?

Perhaps the farewell message of Christ to his disciples is read from Matthew, 28th chapter, and then they bow in prayer. Their own friends, neighbors, families, are not forgotten; but as each presents her petition to the throne of grace, the other two breathe, if they do not speak, an "amen," and then in the sacred hush of the solemn hour, they unite in the Lord's prayer. If there is an unbeliever present he cannot fail to be moved; indeed, in just such a meeting I have seen souls seek the Lord.

Then a few minutes spent in business; the work of the auxiliary, Q. M., and state can be presented briefly, the collection taken, and a little time spent in work by turns, while the other reads aloud letters from our own missionary in the field, to whom our collection goes in part. Then from the *Helper* we learn of the unremitting labors and self-sacrifice of those whom we as a denomination have sent to do our work, and as we mentally compare their self-denial with our own we are stirred, a new pledge is made, and then with full hearts we breathe short prayers for our brothers and sisters who are far away in foreign fields, and our ideal auxiliary meeting is over.

Such societies in every community, with a children's band in connection, would work wonders in our mission fields in five years. Information, inspiration, power, effective service, come from such gatherings. There is no need so vital as missionary truth, so it broadcast. People may resent the implied demand for money, but the obligation will stick in the conscience until by and by, as surely as God's promises are fulfilled, somebody will see the harvest; perhaps only God and the angel reapers, but it is sure to follow.—*The Missionary Helper.*

HINDU WIDOWS.

BY A. A.

Some months ago, in the railway train, I found my fellow-travellers to be a Brahmin mother, with four little girls, and her widowed mother. The mother was groaning with fever and pain. It was chilly, and the daughter was well clothed, and had on, besides, a handsome shawl. She and her children had on a large number of jewels, and looked very well-to-do. The poor widowed mother had nothing but her one *saree*. We soon entered into conversation, and I found who they were and where they were going, and then I began to ask the younger woman about her mother, and expressed my sorrow at seeing her so forlorn and comfortless.

"Yes," she said; "she is very sad. She was a mamlatdar's wife, and had her fine clothes; a handsomer shawl even than mine, and so many jewels" (suggesting a large boxful by the motion of her hands). "And now she has nothing, and she is ill with grief and suffering."

I said, "Why do you not make her comfortable? give her something better to wear, and feed her with nourishing food? That is what she needs. Do you not love your mother?"

"Yes, I love my mother," she said; "but what can I do?"

"Do?" I said. "Why, do everything to make her happy and comfortable again. If I saw my dear mother suffering like that, I would deny myself everything for her."

"But I cannot do it," she said.

"Why not?" I asked. "What would happen if you were good to your mother?"

"We would be put out of our caste. All sorts of bad things would happen to us."

"Has your mother done anything wicked that she should be punished so?"

"Who knows? They say so, or else why is she a widow? But I do not know about such things."

"But your turn may come next; then what?"

"And, see, I have four little girls; no son. Who knows what my lot will be?"

I said in return: "It seems to me that the Hindu religion was made for the benefit of men only. I pray for the time when women may have a right to be happy and cared for."

The woman looked sorrowfully at me and said: "The Brahmin woman's daily prayer is that she may die before her husband."

The rest of the journey I spent in telling them of Christ, His love and tenderness to the widow and fatherless, and His yearning desire that all women, as well as men, should come to Him, not only for eternal salvation, but for present freedom from sin and sorrow. The two women drank in my words, and said mournfully that they were going to a little village, and no one would tell them of these things: But they would try to remember what I said.—*Selected.*

Work Abroad.

TUNI.

Dear Link,—Something took place here in Tunî lately that made me very glad. Thinking you would like to share our joy, I send on the news to you. Amongst our Tunî school girls is one named Ruth. Her parents gave her to Mrs. Garside. They were not Christians and gave up all claim to her, the mother who is more sensible and intelligent than many of her class, often expressed a desire to be a Christian, but on account of the father who often showed a very bad mind, she hesitated about coming out openly, for said she: "Amma, I think I am believing in Jesus now; but if I come out, he will very likely take the children and go and marry another woman. If I wait a while perhaps he will come too." In the meantime Ruth was truly converted, and then how anxious she was for her parents. Nearly every time she prayed her parents were remembered with tears, I don't think I ever saw more anxiety for the salvation of dear ones. She spent the holidays at home and there

and the hymns and told the Bible stories she learn school. A few Sundays ago her father and mother were baptized, and when I visited the mother a few days after she said she felt sure this had come about in answer to Ruth's prayers, and told me how Ruth used to beg of them with tears to believe in Jesus.

This is another example of "A little child shall lead them." We hope and pray that Ruth may yet be the means of leading others to Jesus. Those of you who are supporting girls in our schools do not forget to pray often for them. They are often tempted and have not the strong Christian influence all about them that the young Christian has in the homeland and sometimes we are made very sorry by the way they act. Ruth is in the Cocanada school now and is about 12 years of age, I should think.

I am on tour at present in Nundoor, about 10 miles from Tunî. The folks are very curious and improve every opportunity of peering into my tent. It is not always the most comfortable feeling, but then it is for His sake. Sunday morning we had a service at the preachers house. There have been several baptized from this village lately and before the service proper began, I was so pleased to hear each one of the children recite the Ten Commandments and also answer a number of questions from the first few verses of John's Gospel. They were between the ages of five and eight. As the service went on and I noticed the difference between the little company of Christians and the heathen who gathered round, the words about the light shining in the darkness came to my mind. In the afternoon the Christians came to my tent and we had another service to which quite a lot of people gathered. So you see, here in the midst of the darkness, Jesus, the Light of the world, is shining, and although the heathen go on with their work just the same on Sunday, we enjoyed worshipping Him. After the service the children stayed and enjoyed the Bible pictures my Brandon friends so kindly sent me. They had never seen anything of the kind before and enjoyed them so much.

Pray often for us that God will make us faithful messengers.

Yours sincerely,

ELLEN PRIEST.

Tunî, September 19th, 1896.

MISSIONARY TEXTS.—Psalm cxxvi, 10. Say among the heathen that the Lord reigneth.

Psalm cii, 15. So the heathen shall fear the name of the Lord, and the kings of the earth thy glory.

Psalm cxi, 6. He hath shewed his people the power of his works, that he may give them the heritage of the heathen.

Psalm lxxix, 10. Wherefore should the heathen say, Where is their God? let him be known among the heathen.

Work at Home.

BUREAU OF MISSIONARY INFORMATION.

CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

The following books will be sent to the address of any of our sisters in Canada on receipt of 6c. (to cover postage), and may be retained for two months:

BOOKS ON INDIA.

Serampore Letters (about Carey), Wm. Carey, Heroines of the Mission Field, Lady Missionaries in Foreign Lands, Everyday Life in India, Hindu Women, From Darkness to Daylight (Hindu tale by Dr. Clough), The Unfilled Commission—(Hindu tale by Mr. Stillwell), Telugu Scrap Book, Lone Star Mission, India by G. T. Gracey, India—What it can Teach us, In Brightest Asia, World Tour of Missions, Our Gold Mine, Woman's Medical Work in Foreign Lands, Decennial Missionary Conference at Calcutta, Prize Essay on Missions, Missionary Sketches, Our Eastern Sisters, The History of the Telugu Mission (Dr. Downie) Four Heroes of India, The Brahmin's Plot, One Hundred Years of Baptist Missions (Stillwell), Report of Canadian Telugu Mission, 1893, The Story of the Two Hindu Friends, The Miracles of Missions, John Thomas, Kannala (a Story of Hindu Life).

CHINA.

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

BURMAH.

Heroines of the Mission Field; Lady Missionaries in Foreign Lands, In Brightest Asia, World Tour of Missions, Our Gold Mine, Prize Essay on Missions, Women's Medical Work in Foreign Lands, Missionary Sketches, Our Eastern Sisters, History of our Baptist Missions in Burmah (by Mrs. S. G. Titterington), The Miracles of Missions, My Child Life in Burmah, Adoniram Judson.

AFRICA.

Robert Moffat, David Livingston, Samuel Crowther, Thomas Comber, Mackay of Uganda, Work on the Congo River, Lady Missionaries in Foreign Lands, Missionary Sketches, World Tour of Missions, Heroines of the Mission Field, Our Eastern Sisters, Prize Essay on Missions, Thomas Birch (Missionary to Gold Coast), Alfred Saker, The Miracle of Missions, Day dawn in Dark Places.

JAPAN.

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

MISCELLANEOUS.

Do not Say, Self-Giving, Missions in Greece and Palestine, Bright Bits (Collections of choice missionary readings and recitations), History of our Baptist Missions in Europe and South America, James Calver, or, From Dark to Dawn in Fiji, Henry Martin, his Labors in India and Persia, John Williams, the Martyr Missionary to Polynesia, Bishop Patterson, the Martyr of Malansea, James Chalmers, Missionary of New Guinea, Hans Egede, Missionary to Greenland, The Unlightened Country, South America, A Memoir of Madame Feller. The Indian Chief's Journey Back, By Canoe and Dog Train, Tales by Indian Wigwags. "Whar thur 'A.", Fuel for Missionary Fires.

MISSION BANDS.

Children of India, Children of China, Children of Madagascar, Children of all Nations, Children's Work for Children, Mission Band Folios Nos. 1 and 2, Concert Exercises, etc., Nos. 1 and 2, Mission Band Hymnal, Bright Bits, Ways that Win (The Story of a Mission Band), My Mission Box and I.

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Mrs. C. W. KING,
318 Earl Street,
Kingston.

NEWS FROM CIRCLES.

POPULAR HILL.—On the 7th inst., our Circle held a public meeting, when we had the delightful privilege of listening to an address by the Rev. J. E. Davis, B.A., on "The Gospel in Conflict with Heathenism." The meeting had been well advertised, and had the weather been favorable a large audience would have greeted Mr. Davis, many having a personal acquaintance with him, as he spent four months with this church previous to his departure for India. But the weather was very inclement, and, as a consequence, the audience and the collection for missions were much smaller than otherwise they would have been. However, we who had the privilege of hearing Mr. Davis, as he vividly portrayed the sad condition of those poor people to whom he has been telling the sweet "Old, old Story," our hearts were stirred as never before. We trust our brother's visit to us may awaken a deeper interest in missions, both in our Circle and among the church members generally.

E. P. BILL.

COLCHESTER.—The fifth annual public meeting of the Mission Circle was held in the Church on the evening of the 23rd September, and was in every respect very successful. The President, Miss Ritchie, conducted the opening services, and Mrs. Campbell of Essex, with her usual ability, addressed the sisters on their duty and privilege as mission workers, and her extracts from the papers read at the Chatham Convention, were well

chosen. The other speakers were, Messrs. Sherman, Campbell, and Saunders, who, with diversity of thought, though with "no uncertain sound," spoke of the value of missions. The choir rendered suitable music at intervals, and not the least interesting part of the evening's entertainment was a dialogue given by the Misses Haddon. Miss Burk read a paper on "How to pray for our Missionaries." The proceeds of the evening amounted to \$8.09, to be equally divided among Home and Foreign Missions.

F. R.

GUELPH, FIRST CHURCH.—A very successful "Thank-offering" social was held in our church on the evening of Oct. 9th, under the auspices of Ladies' Home and Foreign Mission Circle. Our President, Mrs. Chas. Raymond, occupied the chair. A good programme was rendered, consisting of a helpful and stirring address from Rev. Mr. Weeks of the Trinity Baptist Church, and recitations and a paper on missions by one of our members, also vocal and instrumental music. The ladies of our Circle put their offerings in envelopes, with a suitable text or reading, and \$15.50 was found in the envelopes, and we also had an open collection for those who did not contribute by envelopes and it contained \$8.28, making a total of \$21.78 to be equally divided between Home and Foreign Missions. Refreshments were served at intermission, and our meeting closed with the inspiring missionary hymn, printed in the September LINK. All present went home feeling that they had spent a pleasant and profitable evening together, and that it should arouse us to be more earnest in our work of helping to spread the Gospel in other lands. Mrs. E. D. CLARK, Sec.

DOVERCOURT ROAD.—The "Thank-offering" of the Dovercourt Road Church was made very interesting by being brought in envelopes, each containing a passage of Scripture, these were opened by two sisters and read. Music was rendered by Mrs. Gibson and the Misses Passmore. Readings by Mrs. Turvey and Miss Passmore. Attendance large, "Thank-offering" \$8.68.
Mrs. WILLIAMSON, Sec.

WOMAN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF ONTARIO WEST.

RECEIPTS FROM OCT. 16TH TO NOV. 16TH, 1896, INCLUSIVE.
FROM CIRCLES.—Kincardine, \$2; Salford, \$4.85; Toronto, Immanuel Ch., \$23.40; Preston, \$1.75; London South, \$8; London, (Adelaide st.) \$13.80; Special collection to be credited to Adelaide St. Circle, \$10.20; Strathroy, \$7; West Toronto Junction, \$3.09; Guelph, First Ch., (\$10.58 Thank-offering), \$18.00; Beachville, \$1.50; Howick, (\$1.80 Thank-offering), \$4; Peterborough, (Murray St.), \$2.47; Toronto, Bloor St., (\$1.00 for a special girl at Cocanada school, \$3.40 special), \$63.35; Toronto, (Bloor St., Y. W. Auxiliary), \$3.50; Toronto, (Beverly St.), \$8.10; Guelph, (Trinity Ch.), \$4; Hillsburgh, (\$1.62 Thank offering), \$3.43; Walkerton, \$4.64; Euphemia Ch., (\$2.70 Thank-offering), \$7.76; Petrolia, \$7.67; Gilmitta, \$3.44; Toronto, (Walmer Rd.), \$7.25; Wingham, \$2; Aylmer, (\$18.40 toward a life-membership), \$17.40;

Georgetown, \$2; Hesherton, \$1.50; London, Talbot St., (\$3 proceeds of lecture by Rev. Ernest and Mrs. Grigg, and \$25 to make Mrs. Arnold a life-member), \$46.30; Brooklin, \$7; Hamilton, (Victoria Ave.), \$5.85; Lakeshore Parkway, \$13.90; Aton, \$2.75; Wheatley, \$2; Brantford, (First Ch.) for Miss MacLeod, \$50; Brooke, \$10; Hamilton, (James St.), \$18.45; Port Hope \$12; Poplar Hill, \$3; St. George, (\$2.75 Thank-offering), \$7; Blenheim (\$4.50 Thank-offering), \$9; Owen Sound (Thank-offering in two remittances), \$8.77; Toronto, (Jarvis St.), \$34.17; Toronto, (Jarvis St. Thank-offering), \$93.10; Pickering (Thank-offering), \$1.50; Victoria, \$4; Toronto, (Bloor St., Thank-offering), \$22.63; Toronto, (Bloor St., Y. W. Auxiliary, Thank-offering \$5.03; St. Catherine's, (Lyman St., 75c. special), \$5; Stonville, \$3.20; Brownsville, \$4; Cheapside, \$6; Toronto, (Parliament St., \$3.65 Thank-offering), \$5.95; Tiverton, \$2; Gables, \$4; Lindsay, (Thank-offering), \$6; Peterboro', (Park St., Thank-offering), \$5; Total, \$553.00.

FROM BANDS.—London, (Grosvenor St.), \$10; Springfield, \$2; Walkerton, \$3.68; Stonville, \$8.25; St. Mary's (Girls'), for Burgi Bellemann, \$3.21; Brantford, (Calvary Ch.), \$3.30; Toronto (Sheridan Ave.) \$3.60; Port Arthur, for Nicodemus Gabriel, \$4.25; Belleville, \$2; Total, \$40.40.

FROM SUNDRIES.—Mrs. O. P. Dennie, Valleyfield, P. Q., 75c.; Mrs. A. H. Mackillop, Harrison, \$2; Miss Edna L. Mackillop, \$1; Waterford, Junior B. Y. P. U., (by entertainment), \$22; Brantford, Junior B. Y. P. U., for Thalia Stramma, \$12; Total, \$37.75 Total receipts during the month, \$732.14.

DISBURSEMENTS.—To General Treasurer, for regular work, \$548.00; Extra, for special little girl at Cocanada, from a member of Bloor St. Circle, \$17; Total Disbursements during the month \$565.

Total Receipts since May 1st., 1896, \$3226.44. Total Disbursements, same time, \$4147.35.

VIOLET ELLIOT, Treasurer.

109 Pembroke St., Toronto.

HYMN.

(Tune, "Whispering Hope.")

Over the murmuring ocean,
List! from the bands far away
Comes the sad cry of heathen
Groping in darkness to-day.
"Long for the light we have waited,
Seeking, but never have found
Freedom from sin that enthralles us,
Send us the Gospel's glad sound."

CHO.—Christians awake!
O'er the seas far and wide,
Send the glad message
A Saviour has died.

Tell how that Saviour in mercy
Came from His bright home above
Died on the cross for their ransom
Tell of His wonderful love;
Tell that He liveth forever,
(Tidings they never have heard)
Give them the sweet Gospel story,
Send them the life-giving Word.

Hark! 'tis the voice of the Master,
Down thro' the ages it rolls,
"Go, in my name teach all nations."
Rescue poor perishing souls;
Strong in His wisdom unfailing,
Kept by the "power of His might,
"Lo! I am with you," your watchword,
Go! to all lands give the Light.

SUSIE E. TURNER.

W. B. M. U.

MOTTO FOR THE YEAR: "We are laborers together with God"

PRAYER TOPIC FOR DECEMBER.—For the work and workers at Bobbili. That Mr. and Mrs. Churchill's health may be preserved, and that those on this field who believe in Christ may be able to confess Him before men.

"MY TIME IS NOT YET COME."

(St. John vii. : 37.)

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THRESHOLD SERVICE."

And Thou didst ply Thy common task
Within Thy humble village home;
Didst learn life's ways, didst questions ask,
Obediently didst go and come.

And Thou didst view with steadfast eyes
The plain routine of night and day,
And in those thirty years nowise
Thy heavenly power didst display.

Thou didst withhold Thy speech divine,
Because Thy Father bade Thee stand
In silence; and Thou wouldst not shine,
O Sun of life! upon the land.

Because Thy Father bade Thee hold
Thy glory back, till Thou shouldst be
Strong from obedience so controll'd,
That strength was centred all in Thee.

It cost Thee all that Thou couldst give!
It cost Thee all of love, of will!
Thou didst give all Thy life to live
So cramped a life, so blankly still!

The lesson stern was learnt by Thee
Just as I learn it here to-day;
To do was easier than to be,
Inaction was the hardest way.

But Thou hast proved the problem, Lord;
Thy way was best; I bow and learn,
Within my will Thy strength afford,
Within my will, oh, shine and burn!

For Thou art of all life the Key,
Through Thee I cannot miss the clue;
Now is the time to learn to be,
Hereafter Thou wilt bid me do.

Rev. R. E. Gullison, Miss Newcombe, and Miss Harrison, sailed last Saturday at 10.30 p.m., in the S. S. St. John City, for London, G. B., en route for India. Daily prayer will be made for them. Our churches will not soon forget their earnest words.

Next autumn should see another missionary family and a young lady ready to go. Are we willing and ready to send them?

From a private letter received from Mrs. Churchill, we make the following extracts:—"This week we buried another preacher, Rev. Bagabam Bahara. He and his family came to us from Chicaole, in September of last year; and we hoped much from his work on this Bobbili field. But he has been sick a good part of the time since he came, and has now entered into rest, or other work in the land that is eternal. Thus our two Bobbili preachers lie side by side in our own new cemetery, and we are again without a preacher at this station.

"We are earnestly asking the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers into His harvest here at Bobbili, Telugu laborers are so few, and the need is so great.

"We are just now having a cholera scare in Bobbili, I believe only about half a dozen have yet died of the disease, but it serves as another excuse for the parents not to send their children regularly to our schools. When not in school they run and play in their own streets, which are often reeking with filth, and indistinguishable smells, while our school-house is on a wide, clean street, with the purest air in the town around it, but who could persuade them they are far safer at school?

"This is the year which comes once in twelve, in which at a certain time in August, the vishis and goddesses are said to come down to bathe in the Godavary river; and this makes its waters so holy, that whoever bathes in it at that time will have his sins washed away.

"This year thousands from all parts of the country went to the Godavary to bathe, and while encamped there cholera broke out among them. As they scattered to their homes they have carried it into many towns and villages all over this part of the country. Three of those who died here had been to bathe in the river, made sacred in this mythical way, but I fear they have carried their sins into the eternity awaiting them.

"One of the nicest little girls in my school was kept at home to avoid cholera, and has been taken down with fever. She has had it now fourteen days and is very weak. I have visited her twice, and while sitting on a low stool on their veranda, singing, talking, and praying with her, the impure smells almost choked me, and I did not wonder that she had fever, and this was one of the better class houses and surroundings.

"As she sat there on her mother's lap, the mother sitting on the floor, I asked her if she had asked Jesus to take the pain away. "O, yes," she said, "and I have promised to put something in the collection when I get well." I told her that whatever Jesus did for us, He did in pity and love, and did it freely, and not for pay. She understood it all, but it is the custom among the Hindu's to promise to give something to their idols if they will only heal them, or grant some earnestly-desired request.

"I told my little Narisamech, as we try to impress upon the minds of all our Christians, that it is a good and acceptable thing to bring a thank-offering for mercies received, but not at all as pay, or to promise it as if God could be induced by this promise to give us the blessing sought.

"I hope, if it is His will, the dear child may recover. She is a great comfort in every way in my school; always takes part in our school prayer-meeting, and understands the way of salvation so well, that I sometimes ask her when she visits the mission-house on Saturday, to tell it to persons who have come to talk to me; and she will also kneel and pray for them. I believe she has faith in the Saviour of sinners, and will be received into the eternal mansions if she is taken away.

Here am I, Lord, send me—send me to the ends of the earth; send me to the rough and savage pagans of the wilderness; send me from all that is called comfort in the earth; send me even to death itself if it be but in Thy service, and to promote Thy Kingdom.

DAVID BRAINERD.

OUR MISSION BANDS.

In thinking of missions our thoughts turn naturally to that great human lover, William Carey, whom God, one hundred years ago, used, to lift India out of that darkness which crushed the spiritual and moral life of its people. So great has been the transformation through the entrance of the Word that giveth light, and so rapidly has the Church taken up the work laid down by Carey, that this has been called the "Age of Missions." It has also been called the "Woman's Century," and no two words can, perhaps, be more significantly coupled than "Woman and Missions." She has wrought no mean part in this work which has done so much for her own spiritual advancement, and for the world. She has felt her Lord's need for her, and, as of old, He has allowed her to minister to Him.

Not only her heart, but her brain, has developed in His service, and both, consecrated, have led to the development of practical plans and organized endeavor. And now she asks herself, how can she further perfect the charge committed to her? Are all her resources in the best working order, ready at His word to bring the world in a line with His divine plan?

To me it appears that her best field of action, *not her only one*, for the furtherance of Foreign Missions, and for the bringing of the world speedily into Millennium glory, lies nearest to her close at hand, and bound to her, and *her alone*, as to no other.

We are apt to scan wide horizons—the near is often the distant. When Christ took a little child, and after placing him in the centre of the group of disciples, said, "Of such is the Kingdom of God," I wonder whether the listening disciples caught a glimpse of that wonderful object lesson? I wonder if we, the disciples of these later times, have got into the full meaning of it?

This little child—type of all child-life, must have had in its nature that which ran in harmony with God's plan, only needing the touch of development to be used in His service. The heart of the child is very near the heart of its Lord, and responds most quickly to His call.

Upon woman is laid most directly this responsibility of teaching the child to discern the joyful call to its spiritual inheritance.

What have we in the child-nature to meet our teaching? *Child-love, child-trust, child-enthusiasm, child-activity!*

Could we have a more precious gift to give our Lord than the labor needed for sowing in this field of the Lord's preparing?

What is needed on our part? Love for the Master; sympathy, love and patience towards the child.

We may have abundance of head-knowledge, plenty of theory about children, varied ways of discipline, but you can as easily make the proverbial horse drink as you can do your best with a child by the latter gifts without the former.

When shall we begin to develop a love of missions in the child? An old writer says: "A character is made at seven," and Goethe, that "It is early training that makes the master."

We need then to antedate the time. As soon as a child can take thought in, the ground is ready for use. The Roman Catholics have been wise in this respect. It is not rash to assert that could we have the training of Romish children until their twelfth year, the next generation would see that church in its death throes.

Where shall we begin? 1st, and primarily in the home. Who can weigh the responsibility that rests upon that home when a little immortal spirit enters, carrying within its being its stock of material for its earthly pilgrimage, to be either developed under the loving guidance of its parents, or ruthlessly scattered by the same hands? Can they see beyond the beautiful physical form, the still *more beautiful soul* that requires them, for its sake, to keep themselves unspotted from the world? If so, "it is well with the child."

Froebel says, "Come, let us live with our children." Thank God there are such homes. Are the parents interested in Missions? so are the children. Do the parents pray morning and evening for Missions? so do the little ones. Do the parents plan and talk on Missions, the little ones included, and the sympathy in their hearts, at times, overruns their eyes. But says one, "Nothing will interest my child, of that kind." Does it interest you? Is it a part of your daily life? Then pray and watch and wait, and expect. But if the little one has had only the love of self developed, all its lower wants gratified, the best part of your child is overlaid, awaiting, perhaps, another hand than yours to let in the light. To another shall belong the crown.

Secondly—In Mission Bands and Sunday Schools. The Woman's Missionary Aid Society is incomplete without its Mission Band. Its largest resource lies unworked. How to make the best of our Mission Bands is a subject for serious thought. The Band must make up for lack of home training, or supplement it. The Aid Society should be to its local Band what the Church is to the Sunday School. It should recognize it, visit it, and appoint times for the return of visits by delegates from the Band.

These return visits can be made pleasant by asking for a recitation or report from the Band through its delegate. The Society should have something to say about the Leader of the Band. There are some that are born

leaders, and others who are neither one nor the other. See to it that you do not get the latter.

Your leader need not necessarily be the President of the Band. If there is an older girl, a Christian and well fitted give her the chair if she will take it. Officer, if possible, from the Band and get all you can in committees that will have work to do, and whose reports will be promptly called for. Try to make each feel an active worker. Have opening exercises bright and try to get all in sympathy with each other, as a first step in the Home Mission work.

You will not be able to get them interested in missions until they know something about them, any more than you yourself can get interested in the death of a child of whom you had never heard. They must have knowledge—which begets interest, which begets love. Educate through map exercises, through readings, talks of incidents in missionary lives. Aristotle said, "Let the very playthings of your child have a bearing upon the life and work of the coming man," and in this connection Mrs. Mannings' game of Missionary Quartets could do excellent work once in a while in a Mission Band, or elsewhere. The secret of success for a Mission Band is pleasurable activity with an end in view. Supporting a child in India and corresponding with its guardian, getting details of its life takes a great hold upon the Band.

Have some plan whereby the children can make money. The objections to bazaars fade when children are concerned. It is often the only way they can give the fruit of their hands. Encourage them to give to missions also through what they can earn at home. Most parents will help their children in this way.

This Mission Band should have its own literature. Boys and girls like to be on a line with their parents, a like society—like advantages command their respect.

In many places a paper could be edited by the Band, and here it might be possible to work in the boys. I confess, with myself, the boys' place in Mission Bands has never yet been properly adjusted. He should be there, but how are we to get him and keep him. He so soon works away from us.

It might be possible in some localities with the help of one or two Christian boys as leaders, to get a paper edited for the Mission Band and they might be brought to attend once a month. They also could be formed into Entertainment and Emergency Committees. In some Bands some of the very little boys are taught to sew or knit, but there is always the danger that when they get older they will lay it up against the Society. Making of scrap books for India will hold the smaller boys, but there is a limit to that industry.

Some Sunday Schools have adopted the plan of making the Mission Band a part of the Sunday School work—each Sunday a separate collection is taken for missions

and once a quarter the afternoon is given up to missions. Where this plan is not carried out, the Mission Band should be prepared to take a special part on the Sunday set apart for missionary lessons. Just a word upon the hindrances, in bringing the child into a life long interest with missions. I fear it can be mostly traced to the home. Nothing deadens a child's heart so much as want of sympathy. If the parents are not in accord, the child walks uncertainly.

Again, unwise criticism before the children. Many Christians see the flaw side of the missionary's life. They talk of the mistakes and imperfections of the missionary, criticize expenditure, and say perhaps a few sad parting words over the money they felt obliged to give, unheeding the little ones, who listening, decide that it is not right to give to missions, except when you have more than you want, and that missionaries ought to be better people, if they are to love and work for them. Children do not take things by halves. The world in the home robs the children of joy in missions. When they see their parents take more interest in sending them to a fashionable party, than to the Mission Band, in keeping them in the society of fashionable children than with equally worthy, but less worldly, how can the children do ought else, than accord the *first* and *best* place to the world?

And, now, in closing: What are the rewards of faithful service among the children in the cause of missions? The whole world for Christ?

In a very few years—strong men and women in Christ Jesus, with an intelligent grasp of the importance of missions, and with their hearts ready to co-operate in every plan for the extension of Christ's kingdom.

In a few generations, the whole world at the feet of Christ, the earth renewed and prepared as a temple for the Holy One, wherein he may again walk and hear the hosannas, not only of the children of Jerusalem, but of those who will come out of every clime and nation to own Him "Lord of lords, and King of kings."

S. ROBINSON.

Halifax, N. S.

GEMS OF TRUTH.

Dear Reader,—I once resided at 2 Tim. 3 : 4, and walked in Eph. 2 : 2 ; and my continual conversation at that time is still recorded in Eph. 2 : 3.

I heard one day that an inheritance had been purchased for me, and a description of it reached me ; you will find it in 1 Pet. 1 : 4. One who resided in Heb. 4 : 14, had purchased it, and paid an extraordinary price for it ; to say the truth I did not believe this report, as I was entirely unacquainted with this Man and long experience had convinced me that strangers never gave favors through love alone, and friends seldom gave favors that cost much.

However, I called at 2 Wm. 3: 18, as my own prospects at Eph. 2: 12 were as bad as they could be. I found the house I sought for at 2 Cor. 5: 1, and the invitation to it, which you see put up at Isa. 55: 1-2 and at John 7: 37 are wonderfully inviting to the poor and needy. The house had only one door, and it was some time before I found it at John 10: 9.

My permanent address will now be Heb. 11: 10, but if you call any day at Heb. 4: 16 you will meet me and many others, as we are daily in the habit of meeting there.

If you will attend to what the servant says at Luke 11: 22—You may depend upon his word. When the prayer of Christ in John 17: 24 is answered, and the predictions in Hos. 18: 14 and Isa. 65: 17 are fulfilled, I expect my home will be in Dau. 7: 18, 27, for I am one of those referred to in 2 Pet. 3: 13. The song I hope to sing in that day you will find in Rev. 9: 10;

Isa. 1: 18.

The above quaint Bible reading was brought from the States lately by a friend, and used with profit by the leader of the Dartmouth Aid Society at the November meeting.

AMOUNT RECEIVED BY THE TREASURER OF THE W. B. M. U. DURING QUARTER ENDING OCT. 31st 1896.

	F. M.	H. M.	Total.
Received from Nova Scotia W. M. A. S.	\$350 00	\$49 17	\$399 23
" " " " Mission Bands.	58 10	2 26	60 36
" " " " Sunday Schools.	17 87	11 87	29 74
" " " " New Brunswick W. M. A. S.	111 25	17 75	229 00
" " " " Mission Bands.	41 00		41 00
" " " " Sunday Schools.	11 96	3 07	15 03
" " " " P. E. Island W. M. A. S.	63 49	5 80	69 29
			\$845 05
Dr.			
Parl. Pro. Soc., New Brunswick (Salary)			\$75 00
travelling expenses.			80 00
J. W. Manning, Treas. F. M. B.			1625 00
Mrs. Harrison.			25 00
Mrs. Newcombe.			25 00
Postage Annual reports.			7 00
Printing Tidings.			3 00
Mrs. Johnston's postage.			0 10
Drafts, discounts, postage.			4 15
Blank book.			40
			\$1851 21

MARY SMITH, Treas. W. B. M. U.

Amherst, Nov. 2nd, 1896.

NEWS FROM THE WORLD FIELDS.

In the North-West, when the news of the Kuohong massacre reached some Indian converts, they fell to prayer, and one prayed thus: "Say again, dear Jesus, Father forgive them for they know not what they do," "gracious Spirit, Thou art not quenched by blood, 'let make thy garden soil strong to grow Chinese believers in."

The English Baptists have planted a station within ten miles of Stanley Pool. This is more than half way across the Continent from the West Coast, and it is only twenty years since Stanley completed his wonderful trip across Africa.

The Zulus gave over \$4,000, last year to sustain their native churches.

From the New Hebrides; Dr. Paton writes:—"Last year 1120 natives renounced their heathenism and joined the Christian party."

A Norwegian Missionary writes:—"At present we have a very troublesome time. The people are rebelling against the French in several places. It is not only a rebellion against the French authorities, but also a rising against Christianity. The old idols are restored, the churches burned, and missionaries as well as their faithful adherents, persecuted and killed."

During the past year the islanders of Kusaie, Micronesia, have built three new churches of the native coral rock to replace those destroyed by a hurricane five years ago.

Martyr saints have fallen under Moslem hatred in Turkey in the past two years. Here is the brief record of one at Marash: "One young man was given the alternative of death or becoming a Moslem. He chose death, and they struck his head off. His poor body was taken to his mother, who, taking his hand and kissing it, said: "Rather so, my son, than living to deny our Lord and Saviour."—*Missionary Review*.

INDIA.—The Danes were the first Protestants to send missionaries to India. The pioneers, Ziegenbalg and Plutschau, began work in 1708 and organized the first Protestant church fourteen months later. Owing to sickness Plutschau left the country in 1711 and Ziegenbalg for the same reason was ordered home in 1715, leaving 355 converts and numerous helpers. The work was resumed in the middle of the century by Schwartz. Then followed that trio of noble Christian giants, Carey, Marshman and Ward. With Carey began the progressive march of missions in India and the organization of the first Protestant missionary society. With the motto: "Expect great things from God and attempt great things for God," Carey lauded in 1793. After seven years of faithful and trying labor, he baptized his first Hindu convert, Krishna Pal. The influence of Carey's thirty years' service no man can estimate. In 1812 his printing press, founded in 1800, had printed the Bible in eight different languages, while it was working in thirteen. To-day India has the whole Bible in 13 languages, and portions of it in 30 dialects. With his band of helpers Carey translated the Gospel into nearly a score of different dialects and thus brought it within the reach of 200,000,000 souls to whom it had been hitherto unknown. Where 95 years ago Carey was practically the only ordained Protestant missionary, there are now more than 900 ordained and lay missionaries and 800 missionary ladies. In addition there are at least 900 native ordained preachers and more than 17,000 male and female teachers and other helpers. Carey's first convert is now followed by a host of church members, numbering over 190,000, with three-quarters of a million Protestant adherents. There were two missionary societies at work in 1813, and in 1830 there were but nine. In 1887 there were 57, and these have now increased to 65 separate missions. Since 1861 the native churches have increased forty-fold and native helpers fifteen-fold.

There are now in India 130,000 schools, colleges and institutions of learning where 3,900,000 of the youth in

India are being taught. Upward of 15,000,000 persons are now able to read. In the 6,737 mission day schools are gathered 240,000 pupils, and in the Sabbath Schools more than 150,000 receive Christian instruction. Fully 42,000 Zenanas are visited every year, and 35,000 women and girls are taught by mission workers in their homes.

Medical missions in India are a powerful evangelizing agency. They rapidly disarm the people of their caste prejudices; and while the recipients of their benefits, the patients, in addition to the living lesson of a Christianity which they can see, are attentive and receptive listeners to the Gospel message. There are now 87 male and 50 female medical missionaries, who with their 168 native medical assistants, treat in their 48 hospitals and 87 dispensaries, more than 400,000 patients annually. Many thousand villages are yearly represented in the mission dispensaries in India. Thousands of homes, and many districts have been opened to the Gospel message, and scores of stations planted as the direct result of, or by the aid of this Christlike pioneer agency.

So apparent had been the progress of the Gospel in India that the Hindu Tract Society says of missionaries: "They have cast nets over our children by teaching them in our schools, and have already made thousands of converts, and are continuing to do so. They have penetrated the most out-of-the-way villages and built churches there. If we continue to sleep as we have done in the past, not one will be found worshipping in the temples in a very short time; nay, the temples will be converted into Christian churches. Do you know that the number of Hindu religionists is decreasing every year? How long will water remain in a well that constantly lets out, but receives none in?"

In 1812, Rev. Mr. Chatter being the pioneer. Now there are four large societies at work, in addition to the Salvation Army. A large number of the churches are self-supporting and industrial missions have been remarkably successful.

There were, in 1890, in the three oldest societies working in the island, namely, the English Baptists the Wesleyans and the American Board of Foreign Missions (Congregational), 211 stations and sub-stations, with 80 male and female missionaries. There were 127 churches, with 8,450 church members, 105 ordained preachers and 2,368 teachers and helpers. These three missions had also 657 schools, with 43,672 pupils. Jaffna alone has 9 self-supporting churches and 125 mission schools.

Young People's Department.

"IF I WERE A GIRL AGAIN."

When Margaret went up to bed, she stood for a moment self-absorbed in the middle of the room, then she exclaimed aloud, "Oh I wish all the girls could have heard it!" Then as the suggestion flashed over her, she cried joyfully, "I'll write it down just as they said it."

The next moment, with her pad in her lap, she was sitting under the gas, and with her sharp pencil began to scribble:

"This afternoon the Sewing Circle met here, and when I came in after school I peeped in the front parlor door, and the ladies were such a busy, pretty sight that I stood to look, and then one of them, a dear, beautiful old lady, said something I liked, and I stopped to listen.

"She said, 'If I were a girl again, I would be more thoughtful of my mother. Not until I had girls of my own to love and work for did I begin to realize what my mother had done for me.'

"Then another lady, middle-aged, with a sharp, worried face, spoke quickly: 'If I were a girl again, I would learn to do something to support myself. Here I am, forty-two, as you all know, and I can't earn my breakfast unless I go out and do housework. Nobody cares for an unskilled workwoman—and that's what I am. It's a blessing to me that I don't have to earn my breakfast.'

"'If I could be a girl again,' said a lady with a sweet voice, 'I would never leave Sunday-school. You can't think how I envy the girls who have grown up in a Sunday-school as if it were a home. And they are as much at home as I am among my children. I've been out of Sunday-school thirty years, and it is a loss that can never be made up to me.'

"('I have been out of Sunday-school a year. I left because I didn't like my teacher. I am going back next Sunday.)

"'If I could be a girl again,' a placid-looking lady said, 'I would never give up studying; I would never allow myself to lose the habit of learning things. Why, it is even hard for me now to learn a long Bible verse; I must choose a short one, or humbly write it on a slip of paper to look at the last minute.'

"'And if I were a girl again,' spoke a lady with a quick tongue, 'I would never let myself speak of anybody's faults—no, not anybody's. You can't think how you get to see faults, if you let your mind run on them.'

"Then a lady in the corner spoke sadly: 'If I could be a girl again, I'd begin by not being ashamed to be a Christian. I would take a stand, and stand. You who have ever failed cannot think how it helps to have people know what to expect of you. By shilly-shally work you don't know what to expect of yourself.'

"'If I could be a girl again,' came from somebody, 'I would make myself write letters. To-day when I write one of my awkward letters—and I never do write a letter if any one else will do it for me—I regret that I hated to write letters, and would never learn to make it easy. I always feel that I have lost something when I hear of people who have letter friends. My sister writes the happiest letters to twenty invalids; she is doing a "cup-of-cold-water" work in a way that I never can.'

"'And I,' said a little woman, 'would learn to sew. I am as awkward with my needle as though it were a hoe. And my needle makes as good work as a hoe would.'

"Everybody laughed, and then such a pretty woman said: 'If I could be a girl again, I think I would rather be a homely girl. I was pretty, and people told me so, and I was spoiled. I loved admiration better than bread and butter, and twice I lost promotion in school for having beaux and going to parties. Not but that a pretty girl can have good sense.'

"'If I were a girl again,' said an intellectual looking lady, 'I would not give up everything for study; I would be a womanly and housewifely girl as well as a student. And if I had one taste which dominated all the others, I wouldn't let all the others run to waste. I was deep in mathematics when I couldn't spell my own language as correctly as a girl of twelve. And my penmanship was disgraceful.'

"('I have given up geometry because I hate it, but I will begin again.)

"'And I would try to make friends,' remarked a silent looking lady. 'I forgot when I was a girl that I would

need friends when I was older, and when I see women with their school friendships keeping them young, it makes my lonely heart ache."

"If I could be a girl again," said somebody whose face I couldn't see, "I would read only the best books."

"I would study and read the Bible more," somebody said in reply. "I would take it as real and alive, and meant for me, and grow up on it."

"(I wish I could. I will ask somebody how to do it.)

"And then quite a young lady said the sweetest thing: 'If I could be a girl again, I wouldn't grow old so fast. I would stay as fresh and young as I could, not live ahead of my age, but just be a girl-flower, and bloom as God gave sunshine and rain.'"—*Forward*.

A STORY RETOLD.

Founded on Facts.

The cottage stood back from the road, shadowed by the overspreading boughs of an old elm. It was old and weather-beaten. The neatly kept borders of boxwood on either side of the little path leading up to the door served as a boundary line to keep back the riotous growth of hollyhocks, ragged sailors, bouncing Bett, and great bunches of old-fashioned clove pinks. It was a wee bit of a house. There was a tiny front room with an alcove, where stood an old-fashioned four-post bedstead, with its knitted counterpane of spotless white, and puffy pillows trimmed with dainty frills of dimity ruffling, ironed until faultlessly smooth. Opening out of this was a small kitchen, neat, but sparsely furnished. These two rooms and a little lean-to woodshed comprised the whole of the unpretentious cottage.

Within the modest domicile its occupant moved reflectively about, as if taking a mental inventory of the contents of the rooms. A little, silver-haired old lady, her kindly eye lighted up a face whose lines told of a life, narrowed, it might be by circumstances, hampered, as one could see, by poverty, whose motive power was sweet and true. She opened her closet door with a look on her face which would have been eagerness had it not been overshadowed by the certainty of disappointment. The few plain, worn garments which hung in neat array, the wrap, the bonnet, all needed but a hasty glance to show that they were barely sufficient to meet the necessities of their wearer.

"I can't part with my Sunday frock," she said, talking aloud to herself, as she had a habit of doing; "it's the best I have, and if I gave that away I should have to stay home, from meeting. I do not think the Lord would want me to do that, and anyway, it wouldn't do those boys and girls any good. Even if I could spare it, it wouldn't wear no time at all made over; besides it wouldn't be suitable. I wish I could think of something."

She closed the door dejectedly as she did so, glancing half unconsciously toward the alcove, and as her eye rested on the bed, the gentle face settled into an unconscious complacency of innocent pride, as she noted its careful arrangement and inviting freshness. Suddenly she said eagerly, "I know now what I can do! I always like my bed to look nice, but a lone woman like me needs to use but one pillow—yes, I will give one of my pillows. I can fill the muslin case with bits of crushed paper so it will stand out like feathers and no one will be the wiser. My bed will look just as nice as ever, and maybe the Lord will let the other pillow do somebody some good,"

and the old face grew radiant at the sudden happy solution of the problem which had been troubling her all the morning.

A half hour later the circle of ladies who had gathered at the parsonage to pack the articles which had been made with much care and pleasure, for a large industrial mission school among the Pueblo Indians, were not a little surprised upon opening the door, in response to a knock, to see the little old lady come in, with a carefully wrapped bundle in her arm.

"Is the box all packed?" she said, with tremulous eagerness. "It isn't fall, is it? Oh! I do hope you have a little room left. I've something to put in."

"What is it, Aunt Hetty?" said Mrs. Green, the clergyman's wife. "The barrel is almost full, but there is a little space left, and we were just wishing we had something more, though I think the bundle you have there will more than fill it."

"Oh! it will squeeze down nicely, it won't take up as much room as it looks. It is only one of my pillows. I am real sorry I could not spare them both," said the old lady, apologetically, "but I don't see how I really could, though I wanted to. Somehow, I can't sleep good if my head is too low down, so I had to keep the other."

"One of your pillows! Why you oughtn't to give that. Indeed you ought not!" cried the others, in a chorus of exhortation; "we could not think of putting that in."

The old lady's face fell. "Not put it in?" she said.

"Oh! don't say that! I have had it a long time, I know, but the feathers are as light and soft and sweet as if they were new. I've been real particular to air my pillows every sunny day. Besides, this one hasn't been slept on as much as the other. I've kind of kept it for best. It is a down pillow, you know, real live geese; every feather of it plucked from under the wing. You see this is the way I came by the feathers. Squire Brown's wife used to have a big flock of geese, and she wanted the feathers picked. She didn't like to do it herself, so she told me if I picked them for her she would give me enough for a pair of pillows. You can't think how comfortable they are! Last Sunday, when our pastor spoke of our sending the barrel you remember he said one could give and bring no blessing and get no blessing, but that if each of us gave for real love to Jesus, he would make use of the gift, not only to clothe those children we've been working for, but it might be to help save their souls. I've been asking the dear Lord what I could send, and all at once it came to me, almost as if 'twas a voice said, 'Aunt Hetty, you send that pillow!'"

"But, Aunt Hetty, you may be sick yourself, and you will want both the pillows then. Indeed you ought not to spare it; we can think of something else with which to fill up the barrel," said one of the ladies, and she was about to add, "you are too poor to give anything at all," when Mrs. Green, discerning the dismay and disappointment which began to spread over Aunt Hetty's face, hastily interposed, saying: "Your pillow shall go, Aunt Hetty. I am sure the dear Lord has some use for it, or he would not have led you to bring it." And so, by dint of patting and coaxing it was crowded in, the cover fastened down, and the barrel started on its long journey.

Now it so happened that a great misfortune befell that Indian Mission School while the barrel was on its way. Early one morning the startled cry of "Fire!" roused the inmates, who had barely time to escape with a few belongings before the structure was in ashes. Fortunately, in the rear of the grounds were one or two large

temporary structures, which had been put up for shop and laundry until funds could be secured for more permanent buildings; these now formed the shelter for teachers and pupils.

On the day that the fire broke out one of the pupils, an Indian lad from a distant pueblo, lay sick. He was not forgotten by the others, but was taken as tenderly as possible to a place of safety. Very little had been saved from the burning building, but the lad was made as comfortable as possible on an improvised cot of husks, with a pillow of the same sort. He was very ill. Burning with fever and tortured with pain, the uneasy head rolled back and forth, back and forth, on the hard pillow. The matron was busy unpacking some supplies which had reached the railroad station just after the fire, and which were now sorely needed. There was a box and a barrel. The first article her hand touched as the barrel was opened was the pillow, to which she found pinned a little note written by the pastor's wife telling the story of Aunt Hetty's gift. A moment later the pillow was gently substituted for the hard one of husks upon which the restless invalid was tossing. Cool, soft, refreshing, the weary head became quiet as it sank into its downy depths, while the grateful eyes looked up in wondering surprise as the matron bent over the sick lad.

"Is that any better?" she said: "doesn't that feel good?"

"Yes, where you get him?" said the boy in his broken English.

"A dear old lady, who had but two, sent you one."

"What for she send?" he queried, "she not know I."

"No, she does not know you, but she sent it because she love Jesus and wants you to love Him too."

Now the boy had heard since he had been in the school some sweet and marvellously strange things about one whom they called Jesus, a man and yet a God, a being of great loving heart, who had even died for him. Did this old lady, who lived far, far away, as the matron told him, in that mysterious region where the people were as thick as trees on the mountain side, did she know of this same Jesus? Had He been good to her? And the thought found expression in the broken words as he eagerly grasped the matron's hands, "This same Jesus?" he questioned, "this same Jesus."

"Yes," she replied, "she did it for the love of this same Jesus we have told you about; can you not love Him too, for her sake?"

"I try," said the boy, "yes, I think I try," and a tear slid down the dark cheek and lost itself in the soft depths of the pillow, while, soothed and comforted, the head ceased its tossing and soon the regular breathing told that the sick one had fallen into quiet slumber, a hopeful, and, as it afterwards proved, a sure token of a favorable turn of the disease, to be soon followed by convalescence.

When the matron related the story to me, for the incident I have retold is not an imaginary one, she added: "It seemed as if the boy really carried out his promise, and that the gift of the pillow was the means of helping him to translate what was meant when we spoke of love for Jesus."—N. F. F. (Pres.) in *Home Mission Monthly*.

On "Great Paul," the big bell of St. Paul's Cathedral, is the inscription, "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel."

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