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# The Canadian Missionary Link

CANADA

INDIA

The Gentiles Shall Come To Thy Light

And Kings To The Brightness Of Thy Rising

JUNE, 1894.

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CLIPPY 20

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# The Canadian Missionary Link

VOL. XVI.

TORONTO, JUNE, 1894.

No. 10

WE are informed that the Bible reading in the article, "Women as Helpers in God's Kingdom," printed in our last issue, should have been credited to E. Chaloner, Winchester, Mass.

ONE of our exchanges gives the following, which seems so good, we give it for the lesson it contains.

"The treasurer of the Board has received from some friend, whose signature is X., with the injunction that no attempt be made to discover his or her identity, a check for \$1,000, to be appropriated as those who know the whole work and the places of greatest need may deem best. This unknown friend says: 'It is not the action of the Worcester meeting that induces me to send what is, in proportion to my means, a large sum, but the exigencies of the work. The present seems to me not a time for the mere giving of tithes, but for passing over that which as stewards we hold till it is needed.' Would that all the Lord's stewards apprehended as clearly as does this friend the exigencies in which his work is now placed, and would act accordingly. Those to whom God has entrusted resources should look upon the present year as presenting a call for offerings which are altogether beyond the ordinary rates of giving."

A MISSIONARY of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel reported a journey which he took last October in company with others upon the Ganges, the boat being towed up the stream by natives who walked upon the banks. This missionary reports that one day, while ascending slowly, a man was seen lying at the edge of the water, while on the bank above eight or nine men sat smoking their pipes and chatting. It appeared that three or four of these men were the grown-up sons, and the rest the brothers or near relatives, of the man whom they had left to die at the edge of the stream. They did not wish him to die in his house, fearing that his spirit would haunt it, so they had already performed the funeral rites, expecting that the man would soon die. It seems that when the people have not the means for burning the whole body they burn the tongue, lips and beard, and this horrible cruelty was committed upon this father and brother still living, and who, to all appearances, might have lived for months. The sufferings of the man must have been intolerable, and though his sons promised to take him home and care for him, the probability is that after the interruption was over they filled the man's mouth with mud and threw him into the river. Hinduism tolerates such things even to-day!

MISSIONARIES' LETTERS.—We are giving some extracts from letters this month, that were not meant for publication (see two from Miss Priest, one from Miss Murray), but were so good that we want to share them with our friends. We would suggest that others who receive interesting letters from missionaries would send extracts that are of general interest to the LINK.

## THE STORY OF LAKSHMIAH.

BY REV. J. A. K. WALKER, PEDAPURAM, INDIA.

About three years ago I visited his village, preached and distributed gospel tracts bearing my name and address. There were no Christians in that place. But this poor Madiga took one of these tracts to a man who could read it for him. As he listened to the reading the Holy Spirit convicted him of sin, and led him to a diligent inquiry about the Saviour of whom he had thus heard. He went to other villages and met Christians who told him of the Great Salvation, and he found peace in believing. On my second and third visits to this village he happened to be away from home. At that time I knew nothing of what I am now writing. On my fourth visit (about a year after my first) I noticed, while preaching to a hard looking crowd, one man whose face bore a peculiar light, and who seemed to be eagerly listening to every word. At the close of this street service he came to me, holding in his hand a soiled and crumpled tract. He told me how he had taken the tract a year ago, how he had read it to him, how it had impressed him, and how, through it and the help of Christians, he had found the Great Saviour and was now rejoicing with a joy unspeakable and full of glory. And he added with tears trickling down his dusky cheeks, "My wife and my son and my brother are all saved too."

These four, after careful examination and further instruction, were all baptized that very day. For months after their baptism they were subject to persecution and petty annoyances of all kinds by the headman of the village and his friends. Finding it almost unbearable he moved with his family to another distant village, where his relatives lived, but in which there were no Christians. Here he bore by word and deed such telling testimony for his Saviour that at the end of eight months five of his relatives professed conversion and eagerly sought for baptism. They started one night on foot led by Lakshmah. They walked all night and all day, stopping neither to eat nor drink, reaching my bungalow in an exhausted condition only to find the missionary out on a tour on another part of the field. Although some of them had fallen down on the

way three times from exhaustion, they waited at the bungalow only long enough to partake of some refreshments, ordered by my wife, and continued their journey in search of me. They had walked thirty-eight miles and expressed themselves ready to have come twice that distance to confess their Saviour in baptism.

Our joy in receiving these dear souls can be better imagined than described. They eagerly requested me to go and visit their village without delay, as their wives and other relatives had believed and desired to be baptized. I visited their village less than a month ago and baptized twelve more. They are now enduring the bitterest persecution from the caste people of their villages.

Lakshmiiah can neither read nor write. He can hardly speak in public, but his power in prayer and conversation is so great, that, after consultation with some of my helpers, we have decided that such ability and devotion ought to have a wider field for exercise. We have asked him to devote his whole time to travelling among the villages telling the old, old story in his own simple, conversational way, and have promised him a small remuneration for his work.

#### HOW TO MAKE MEETINGS INTERESTING.

At the last eastern convention of the Women's Mission Circles, the important question was asked "What shall we do to make our meetings more interesting and to enlist new members?"

Mrs. Castle, wife of the late Dr. Castle, gave the outline of a plan which she had seen tried in a Rochester church, with great success.

I have been requested to give the readers of the LINK the plan and how we carried it out, for the benefit of many Circles who are puzzling over this question without reaching a satisfactory conclusion.

We have ten monthly meetings and we met together and selected as many topics to talk about. A married and a single lady were chosen to get up a programme on each subject. They must limit the number who shall be asked to take part to those whose names began with "A," or if, as in our case, the A's were scarce, those whose names began with "B" might be added.

We did not limit these invitations to those who were already members of the Society, but every lady in the church was requested to take part in any way they chose, either singing, praying, speaking, or writing a short paper on the subject mentioned.

Our first subject was "A Christian's Relation to Missions." There were exactly three times as many at our first meeting as at the preceding one. Two of our young ladies who had never attended a meeting before, read papers on "Giving to Missions" and "Praying for Missions." One of these said, as she went forward to read her paper: "I cannot urge others to give till I have first given," and handed the treasurer a dollar bill. The other young lady, after reading her paper, prayed, for the first time in a public meeting, earnestly for mission work. Another lady who has never been to a meeting in two years prepared such a fine paper on "The Work in India," that she was requested to have it typewritten, so that all who heard it might have a copy for future reference.

At our next meeting four new subscribers were gotten for the LINK. They must have it to get missionary in-

formation from it when their turn comes.

It would take too long to tell so minutely about each meeting, but the enthusiasm is not abating and every month new recruits are coming in.

You will see by this plan that every lady in the church in the course of a year or more will have had a chance to participate in these meetings. We have our meetings in the evening, as that time suits the convenience of the greater number of our members. The President presides while the business, if any, is being transacted, and then gives way to the lady in charge of the programme for the evening.

At 8.30 o'clock the gentlemen come, as they modestly confessed to "not knowing too much about missions," and suggested that it was "a pity to keep so much valuable information exclusively to the ladies." So they come—at least some do—and we hope to do them good. From 9 to 9.30 we have a social time over a cup of coffee and cake. This refreshment some good lady "who really cannot do anything else but cook," furnishes.

As a Circle we feel deeply grateful to Mrs. Castle for this suggestion, and sincerely trust that other Circles will give it a fair trial and success will surely follow their efforts.

Yours in the Master's work,

MRS. W. T. GRAHAM,  
Montreal.

*Burial of Slavery.*

#### A MISSIONARY'S EXPERIENCE IN JAMAICA AND OLD CALABAR.\*

This is a jubilee meeting. Fifty years of Christian efforts; fifty years of Christian prayer; fifty years of Christian missions; and fifty years of contact with young hearts and young minds: these have matured your institution and kept it until the present day. When I was told that this was your jubilee, my mind went back to the fact that you and those that have gone before have had a hand in bringing about some of the great changes that have taken place in the countries of the world. Among the many nations and peoples with whom you have had to do or whom you have helped, my nation and people, and my own native country, and Africa itself, have borne some of your good wishes, have seen some of your kindness, and have had some of your earnest prayer for the spread of the kingdom of Jesus Christ among them.

Fifty years shows a great difference in my own country, which is one of the British possessions in the West Indies—the island of Jamaica. Fifty years ago that land had, comparatively speaking, an unlettered people, just emerged, as it were, from the bondage of slavery. It was only then that schools were thrown open and that the children of the colored people of my home were permitted to take the Bible in their hands. It was not until slavery had been abolished that we were permitted to worship God freely. Before then our fathers had to worship God in the dark night. They had to hide themselves in caves. They had to meet their missionaries on the banks of the rivers. They

\* This remarkable address was delivered at the fiftieth anniversary of St. Paul's Missionary Society, in connection with the mercantile house of Hitchcock, Williams & Co., London, Eng., Jan. '93.

had to hide themselves in all sorts of corners in order to worship God. But by the efforts of missions, and by your sending missionaries to heathen countries to preach the Gospel, you have not only benefited the people to whom you sent the Gospel, but the blessing has rebounded with tenfold force, and benefited Great Britain herself; because it was not until you sent missionaries that the awful deeds and cruelties of slavery were brought before the English public. And no sooner did England know what slavery meant and what sorrows it caused, the families it scattered, the homes it broke up, and the way in which men were degraded and brutalized by it, than she at once put her shoulders to the wheel, and so the curse was removed from off the British standard.

I believe that it was in the year 1834 that Great Britain paid twenty millions of money for the abolition of slavery. The day when that Act was passed in England, the day on which it had the signature of the sovereign, that very day I—then a boy—was one of those that were set at liberty. I was eight years old when England passed the Emancipation Act. I was there: I remember being carried by my mother to the office, so that my name might be registered. But it was in the year 1838 that the great day came; and I shall never forget it. Our parents had to serve a longer time than we did. It was only children of a certain age that were set at liberty when the Emancipation Act was passed in 1834. In the year 1838, on the 31st day of July, our missionaries—among them William Knibb and James Philippo—gathered the fathers and mothers together; and they thought that if England had done such a great thing for us, we ought to give slavery a very respectable burial; and so we did. We had a first-rate mahogany coffin made; and, as some of our fathers were carpenters and cabinet-makers, they put all the polish they possibly could upon that coffin. It looked very respectable. And they had not only that, but a splendid grave, fit for a gentleman to lie in. We had all the implements of slavery—the whip, the torture iron, the branding iron, the handcuffs, a piece of the treadmill, the coarse frock, the coarse shirt, and the great hat (all things which were used in slavery)—put into that coffin and screwed down as close as possible. At about half-past eleven o'clock, on the night of July 31st, there were fourteen thousand people and five thousand children gathered and I was one of them. I remember that, as soon as the half hour came, the appointed signal was given all through the island, so that at that hour, I believe, every colored man that was to be found on the island of Jamaica was on his knees! And, as the clock began to strike the hour of twelve, William Knibb stood over the grave, and, at every stroke of the clock that sounded out the hour, he cried, "The monster is dying! The monster is dying! The monster is dying!" and when the clock struck the last stroke of the twelve, he cried, "THE MONSTER IS DEAD! BURY HIM!" We lowered that coffin into the grave, and that mass of human beings rose on their feet and sang the doxology:

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

And I can remember looking into my mother's face and seeing tears rolling down her eyes, while I, as a child, looked up and thought what a happy time it must be. As soon as they had sat down, all of us

children rose on our feet, and we sang a piece that had been taught us; and that piece was:

"Send the glad tidings over the sea,  
The chain is broke, the slave is free;  
Britannia's justice, wealth and might  
Have gained the negro's long-lost right."

We sang that song; and I remember our marching, five hundred of us, to the Governor's house, where Sir Lionel Smith read the proclamation of freedom to all.

Now, it is more than fifty years ago since that happened; but, within that time, during the fifty years that have just passed, let me say that God in His own way has given testimony to the truth of His promise, that where the Gospel goes that Gospel will prove the power of God to salvation. We turn to our own country of Jamaica to-day, and we find that, within this half-century, God has not only removed the curse of slavery, but we have become a Christian people with Christian institutions. Folly, superstition, idolatry and witchcraft, in which our fathers believed, have all passed away; and to-day there is not to be found upon the whole island of Jamaica, taking all the different denominations that are therein, a single missionary church—all have become self-supporting and independent of missionary societies.

One could scarcely expect such a great change; but not only have we become a Christian nation, independent of missionary societies, but we have been taught by the missionaries who came to our country that freely we have received and freely we ought to give. So, on the island of Jamaica to-day, we have an independent Baptist Missionary Society of our own not at all connected with the society in England, and which sends the Gospel to the heathen afar off. This is the result of one half century.

It was supposed, you know, that the black man had not got any brains. They say that our heads are too thick. Phrenologists have looked at our heads and said that there are too many bones there; but missionaries that have gone to our country have felt it a very good thing that we have had a thick head, because, if we had not—if we had your soft head—all the brains would go! You know, when you get to our country, the first thing that you want is a "helmet." God has put our helmet on without giving us the trouble of making one. But our missionaries have found out that the black man lacks only opportunity and privileges. If you give him them, God can develop that man as well as any other.

Our missionaries, I say, have tried it. In the island of Jamaica to-day we have about two hundred and seventy Baptist churches. The Presbyterians have got their churches; the Church of England have got theirs; the Wesleyans have got theirs. Some of the two hundred and seventy Baptist churches seat two thousand people; and seventy of those churches are ministered to by young men, well qualified in our colleges, and who are now preaching the Gospel side by side with their European brethren. So much, friends, for the success of the Gospel in our land. Then we have Sunday-schools, high schools, grammar schools, and colleges of all the different universities. God has honored the men who went to our land and preached the Gospel, and given them encouragement by showing them that Africa, with all her supposed degradation and all her real degradation, is capable of receiving the

Gospel; and if we give it to the Africans, He who said, "Go into all the world," has promised that He will be with His disciples.

I just say so much with regard to my own country; but I have myself been engaged in mission work for forty-five years. Some people say, "You do not look that yourself," but I have had forty-five years' experience in a savage country. When the Baptist Missionary Society started their mission on the West Coast of Africa, my father was one of the first who went out to carry the Gospel to the land of our forefathers. Soon after he left I felt a determination also to join the mission and go out to Africa; and, in the year 1845, I landed on the West Coast of Africa, in the Gulf of Guinea and in the Bight of Biafra. When we landed there was no Bible, no written language. None of the people had ever heard the name of Jesus Christ. The natives there were all savages, naked, degraded, and depraved. Everything that repelled the eye and sickened the heart presented itself before us as we landed. We saw human sacrifices. People say that the Africans are cruel. I have not read of any heathen country where cruelty does not exist; but it is what they are taught. In Africa, when we got there, we found that the people believed in some future. What that future is they knew nothing of. Because of this belief not a king died but so many men and so many women were put into the grave with him. There was not any one that died in that country without somebody being accused of being responsible for it, and they administered to the person poison for witchcraft. There was not an infant child whose mother died but the child was put alive in the coffin with its dead mother and buried. In one part of the country there was not a twin child born but the poor mother of the twins was flogged to death, and the children were put to death immediately, because the witch doctors said they were cursed. The people believed this; and they had carried on such horrid customs for centuries. When we got there we found that this was the condition of the people. They were running about perfectly naked. They were without hope and without God in the world. Within a short period of the missions having been established among them the people had their language put into a written form, and they had the whole Bible, from Genesis to Revelation, translated by Alfred Saker and by the Presbyterian missionaries. To-day we have men that have been trained there preaching the Gospel among their own people. We have churches formed, and we have schools that have been established. The people are being taught to read and write.

I remember the scene when we landed in Africa. I had scarcely been there a month before one of the kings of Calabar died. A horrid sight was brought before us in the many people that were put into his grave with him. The grandson of that king that died soon after we landed in Africa, is to-day one of the elders of a Presbyterian church; and if you go into his house you will find that every morning the open Bible is on his table and he is conducting family worship. The old custom of burying the living with the dead is wiped out and gone. I remember going into the Cameroons, and after I had opened my window in the morning, looking across the river, I saw many canoes with people dressed up in all their war dresses, and their spears and swords were brandished in the sun.

They had their war caps upon their heads. I took my glass and looked, and I found that the decoration on the bows of all those canoes was nothing else but human heads. I went up to the chief and said to him, "What do you do this for?" He looked at me very much astonished that I should ask him such a question. He said, "What?" Pointing across the river, I said, "Look yonder?" "Why?" he said. "What about that?" I said, "why do you do such cruel things? It is not right." He said, "You people come into this country, and you live here, and you say that you are good people—and that is true enough—but do you tell me that, when I die, my sons are to put me into an empty grave alone, and nobody with me?" When I told him "Yes," he looked at me and said, "You are a fool." Then all his sons came up directly and said, "What is the matter, father?" And he told them. He said, "This man, who has come to live in this country, says that when I die you boys will put me into an empty grave, alone, with no one with me." And they looked at me and grinned their savage grin; and they turned away and said, "Father, do not believe him. He is a fool and he is a foreigner. What does he know? Let him alone." I stand here to tell you that that same chief lived on until the old custom of burying people with the dead was completely abolished. In his town about fifty yards from his own house, stood a little chapel, and the preacher in that chapel was none other than *one of his sons*, who was preaching the Gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

If God, in such a short time, can produce such a change, surely prayers for missions and for the extension of Christ's kingdom in the world have a proof that they are being answered by God, when we think of the present condition of the people, and think of what was their former condition, when we saw them in their degradation as naked savages. The other day I had a letter from the church in the Cameroons to say that they had built a chapel for themselves that will seat one thousand people, and that the membership of that one church has grown to seven hundred; that the people had collected for themselves among themselves no less than £999, and had established fifteen different stations in different parts of the country since I left, in order to spread the Gospel among their own neighbors. I say that Africa, with all her degradation, and with all her ignorance, desires to have the Gospel; and if it is given to the people, they, of themselves, in their own country, will spread that Gospel if they only know and hear the truth preached to them. I believe that the time will come, and that the time is not far off, when Africa, with all her degradation and darkness, will rise. We remember that fifty years ago, up the Congo River, no one had ever heard the Gospel, and we looked upon it as a hard soil to work; but to-day the Scripture is being translated into their own tongue, their young men are being taught to read the Bible, Christian churches are being formed, and some of the cruelties that the missionaries met when they landed first in the Congo are gradually being removed; so that the time will yet come when we shall see a great change in the work of God among the people in Africa. I remember standing at my door and seeing one of the chiefs coming across. As he was coming I looked at him. He was a great man, a man of position in his country; but the only covering that he had was the fibres of the

plantain tree combed out and a great cap on his head with parrot's feathers. He had a great bullock horn across his breast, and he walked as stately as ever. Several of the princes were following him behind, all of them being dressed in the same way. I called to this man as he passed my door. I said, "Mikani," and he looked round, but he would not answer. I called again, but he would not answer. I called a third time, and one of his followers turned upon me and said, "What do you want?" "Why," I said, "I only want to speak to him. I want to ask him a question." The man said, "He will not answer you." "Why? What have I done?" He replied, "Why, the man has just been into his superstitions, and he has sworn that for nine days he will not speak to anybody except by signs. At the end of nine days he will go back to the place where he came from, and after that he will converse as of old." I thought it was of no use to trouble him any more, and I let him go. After the nine days were over I went to his house. I saw him sitting at the door; and just as I got to his house I saw the bullock's horn that he had across his breast hanging across the threshold of his door. I looked at it and then looked at him and said, "Do you mean to tell me that a big man like you, in such a position as you are, believes in such a foolish thing as that?" The man was rather insulted. "What do you mean?" he said. "Why," I said, "look at that thing. Do you mean to say that that thing has and power in it?" I said, "Let me take my penknife and open it, and I will show you what is in it." There was nothing in it but some red clay, parrots' feathers, dogs' teeth, pieces of the skins of animals, some of his own hair and a little bit of his own toenail. I said, "I know what is in it. Do you mean to tell me that you believe in that stuff?" He answered, "Believe it? Yes." He said, "If I have that thing hanging at my door no witch will dare to come into my house. If she comes, before she crosses the threshold of my door she will be dead." I said, "You do not believe that rubbish, do you?" "Well," he said, "I do. And that is why you missionaries all die. You come into this country, and the witches know that you have not anything to keep off the witchcraft, so they kill you; but they will not come near me, because they know I have got something to stop them." Well, I made it my business to visit that man day after day and try to convince him, but it was no good. I could not do anything. Six months after that I was sitting in my little study room, and I heard the drum that tells of death. And I knew what it was. When a chief dies the sound of that drum tells the tale, and the missionary has to be immediately on the move. I took my hat directly and started up and got to the chief's place. I said, "Mikani, who is dead?" He hung his head down for a minute, and then he said, "One of those princes that were with me on that day." "Why," I said, "you told me that the man that had got that thing would not die. Did not that prince wear one of these horns?" "Yes." "Did he not have a cap?" "Yes." "Did he not have the same horn?" "Yes." "Then, how is it," I said, "that he is dead?" And the poor fellow hung his head down for a moment. Then, lifting up his head, he looked full into my face for a few moments, and he was silent. Last of all I saw him stretch his hand, and he took hold of the horn as it hung across the door, and removed it from its place, and flung it

across the road, and he said, "I will try yours." Where is he to-day, friends? Go to the Cameroons, and you will see a native minister there preaching the Gospel; but on the right hand of the native preacher, who is preaching the Gospel, sits a grey-headed man, and the very look on that man's face tells us of his inward happiness. That is the same man. He has tried and found that there is no other name given among men whereby we must be saved but by the name of Jesus Christ. He is the head deacon of the church, and the membership is now about seven hundred. There is a congregation of perhaps a thousand gathering together there now. I remember that upon my landing in 1845 these people were rank savages and brutal in every act, and not only so, but they were naked savages; and to-day we see them clothed and in their right mind, and the congregation with their dark faces and their bright eyes are worshipping the same Saviour that we love: and when I see this I know that the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ will win its way wherever it goes.

Thus, friends, I think I have told you enough to show you that your prayers have been answered and your efforts been accepted of God. I will only ask you to pray more and do as much as you can for Africa, for she has still got her millions that need the Gospel to-day.

## Work Abroad.

COCANADA, April 7, 1894.

My Dear Mrs. Newman,—

I was so glad to receive a letter from you. You can't imagine how precious every letter from the home land is. The *Bombay Guardian* arrives here on Monday morn, and the moment I get it in my hands, I turn eagerly to the column that tells when the mail is expected to reach Bombay. We can then tell what day it will reach Cocanada. The morning it is expected every footstep causes an eager look towards the door to see if it's the postman. Then the next question when he does come, "Is there any home mail for me?" Sometimes our hopes rise to fall sadly. But I have no reason to complain. How wonderfully missionaries link countries together! Those in the home land look for our letters and pray for us, become more interested in the people of this dark land through the presence here of those they know and love. We watch eagerly for news from home and pray daily for the Master's work there. The columns of the *Baptist* are read carefully, that we may keep in touch with the churches as much as possible and know somewhat of their welfare. You are right as regards my feeling, I am so glad that so long ago God put love for these people in my heart. Just to think that now I am really here amongst them and see with my own eyes what a degrading thing *sin* is! So often, when going along the street and seeing the coolie women with their burdens on their heads, and seeing and hearing just enough to make me heart-sick at their condition, the words of John Bunyan come to mind, "But for the grace of God there goes"—Ellen Priest.

And not only the coolie women cause sorrow of heart, but the women are nearly all so ignorant, and as a consequence so full of superstition. That article in the February LINK on

"The Caste Women of India" describes so well their influence in spite of their ignorance. Already I have seen examples of this. Many a man who is becoming enlightened and convinced of the truth of Christianity is kept from open acknowledgment of this by his women folk.

A Brahmin here who has become much interested in God's word is so concerned because his wife not only can't read, but does not want to learn. We have had several talks with him. He speaks English quite well, though he finds it hard to express his real feelings in that language. He says nothing we can talk about gives him so much joy as to talk about Jesus Christ. As he reads the Bible so many questions arise in his mind that never trouble us. This man says there seems to be a battle going on in his mind, and he feels that Jesus Christ is so far above their idols. Oh, Mrs. Newman, how can the people be anything but impure and deceitful, etc., when their conceptions of their gods are what they are! We believe the Spirit is working in this man's heart. He said to Miss P.—, "What is it that makes me want to know about God?"

Pray that he may truly know Him to the saving of his soul. We are so constantly reminded of our utter helplessness apart from Him, and so many questions arise that we never meet at home; but the comfort is that His grace is sufficient, just as much for India as for Canada. That is my consolation in looking forward to active service.

The children interest me much, poor little, dirty, unclothed pieces of humanity, and to think in every one of them is an immortal soul! We see some funny sights at times, such as a little boy who had dressed himself in a stocking leg that had come into his possession by fair means or foul. He had drawn it over one leg as far as it would go. Their mothers do not spend much time making their children's clothes. That is one thing they have to learn after becoming Christians.

The boarding schools are invaluable agencies for educating the girls to become better wives and mothers. Miss Baskerville's work, which she does very faithfully, will live in many a native home after she is gone.

It is worth coming to India to see what God is doing amongst this people, and to be permitted to be a sharer in it, amazes me! Though the native Christians need much patient, loving, watchful care and training, they are quite a contrast to the heathen about them in the same walk of life.

The singing is so peculiar: even when they sing the hymns set to English tunes, it is hard to recognize them. The first two I learned were "Jesus loves me" and "Nothing but the blood of Jesus." I was so glad to hear of the other workers who are offering themselves for this land. We pray daily for more workers, that the Holy Spirit may be poured out upon God's people in the home land, so that God's work shall have the place He means it to have in the hearts of not only the few but of all. How can any Christian overlook such a direct command as the great commission. How much is lost by those who do overlook it. They lose communion with Him whose heart's sympathy goes out towards the whole world.

Yours lovingly,

ELLEN PRIEST.

KAMACHANDRAPURAM, March 27, 1894.

My Dear Mrs. Newman,—

Our compound at present is full of masons, carpenters, sawyers, brickmakers and coolies, all of whom are at work on our bungalow, which is going up slowly, for nothing is done quickly in this country.

The most of our coolies are half-naked heathen women, who are glad to get steady employment for a few months. It is saddening to see them, as they carry on their head, back and forth through the compound, heavy baskets of stone, brick, lime or sand. I notice one woman who carries her naked child on her hips and at the same time a basket of stone or other building material on her head. She has also a little boy about eight years of age whom she is teaching to do coolie work, so that he may be able, before he is nine or ten years of age, to earn his own living. Children of poor heathen parents, unless they become Christians, shall probably never see inside of a school-room. The highest ambition of these out-caste people, until touched by the Gospel, is to have plenty of curry and rice to eat and a cloth to wear; and even in this line they do not seem to try to make any provision for the future.

The majority of the women on this work are young heathen girls. Our Christian girls are more highly favored, for we gather them into our village schools, and a goodly number is sent in to the Cocanada Boarding School, under the direction of Miss Baskerville, when some are educated and trained for Bible-women, and some for teachers; but nearly all, after a time, become the wives of preachers, teachers and others in good position.

On the 15th of February we opened a boys' boarding school at this station, with twelve pupils. It is yet neither large nor imposing, but it will grow as fast and as large as the means at our disposal will permit. On this field, so far as our boarding school is concerned, we know of no other limit. From our parish of 240,000 we can draw as many promising young fellows as we can take care of. This year we have appropriations for ten boys only, and, though we had applications for more than twice this number, still we decided to receive no more than the number provided for; but when the lads came, two orphan boys came with them, hoping that they too would be admitted. They had only been baptized a few months before, and since that time they had been beaten and abused in their village. No one would give them work, and the poor fellows did not know what to do. We, too, scarcely knew what to do with them, but just as we had decided to admit them, trusting to the Lord for their support, the post-pon came in with a money order from friends in the United States, enough to support them the greater part of the year. We thanked the Lord for this unexpected help, and at once announced that the boys were provided for. We have reason to believe that the Lord is calling them into His harvest field, and we trust that they may have grace and character to do good and effective work. He who supplies our wants is always on time, never too late nor too early. May we have grace to wait on Him.

We are sorry that we are not able to tour much by boat this year. Mr. McLeod has to stay by the building, or the work



will be slighted and money wasted. There are many villages within easy reach, which we visit in the evenings, with our pony and bandy. The people in these villages hear well and always give us a welcome, for they have learned to know us. We visited a Sudra caste village a few nights ago, which is about half a mile from our bungalow, and I think the people must have heard that we were coming, for in a very few minutes a crowd of men, women and children, dressed up in clean white cloths, gathered round us. The head man, Molliah by name, directed us to the cleanest and best part of the village, and his wife, who had been very sick a few weeks ago and to whom we had given medicine, brought out a long brass candlestick, with a light upon it, brightly burning. She placed it beside me and every few minutes would come and snuff it to keep the light from waning. We always carry a lantern with us, for the most of the villages, especially those of the out-caste, are dirty and squalid, and we must pick our steps carefully. Indeed, sometimes, in certain places, it is so muddy and wet underfoot that often I have to be carried across by the natives. They make a chair by weaving their four hands together, on which I sit, putting my right hand on the back of one and my left on that of the other, in order to hold my position.

A few evenings ago we visited a Mala village about one mile and a half from our compound. During the singing of a Gospel hymn a large crowd of naked and half-naked men, women and children, as is usually the case, gathered round us, some talking, some staring, the rest, especially the children, jostling each other in order to get the best position. However, they all soon quieted down and Mr. McLeod began speaking from John iii. 16. While dwelling on the text one woman interrupted him by saying, "Will you please, sir, allow me to ask one question?" "If God so loved us as to send His only Son to save us, why did He not send some one to tell us of this before?" "If God so loves us, why has He left us so long, for we have not heard this news since we were born?" After her question had been asked, some one near by made a little disturbance, which prevented her hearing the answer to it, whereupon she turned to the disturber of the peace and said, "Please be quiet, for I have trouble until I hear the answer to my question." The Gospel was then more fully explained, and the answer to her question given, after which she consented that God was both loving and just. She then said, "If I accept Christ, must I leave my village and my country?" "Must I leave this world?" "Will He take me to another country?" On being reassured that she could stay in her own village, among her friends, and still serve the Lord Jesus she said no more.

We are often, indeed, nearly always, asked such questions as the above. We are sometimes made sad to hear these people say, "What is the use of telling us these things?" "We will forget them all before you come again." And how true this is! We cannot help feeling the force of the statement, for we are not able to visit our 260 villages even once a year. Our Christian villages must be visited as often as possible, in order to teach and train our converts, and this deducts considerably from the time we would like to give to the field as a

whole. We sometimes feel overwhelmed with the responsibility of dying souls, and our efforts against a tide of darkness and sin seem like a drop in the ocean. May the Lord send forth more laborers into His harvest; and may the time soon come when all shall know Him whom to know is "life eternal."

Yours sincerely,

CHRISTINA C. McLEOD.

## Work at Home.

### NEWS FROM CIRCLES.

**SHERRBROOK, QUE.**—Our Circle is in an encouraging state; thirteen members at last meeting.

**NIAGARA FALLS Band and Circle** was formed in April **TRESHWATER.**—As we are just commencing a new Circle year and so are in the way of reporting, we thought it a good time to write. We have had nine years of monthly meetings. I do not think that there have been more than three times that we did not have our regular meeting. Sometimes the attendance was very small, but the Spirit's presence always cheered us. We have had five presidents. During the year just closed we have had fourteen members. Nine of these paid the full fee of \$2.00. Anyone who contributes to our funds is considered a member and has full privileges, but we aim at \$2.00 each, \$1.00 for home and \$1.00 for foreign missions. This year more have reached the point than any previous year. This seems like improvement. Our desire is that each member may grow in the Spirit and that we may do thorough work for the Master.

CON. SEC.

**ORANGEVILLE.**—The Mission Circle held an open meeting in the basement of the church on the evening of the 4th of May. Papers upon home and foreign missions and Grande Ligue were prepared and read by some of the ladies belonging to our Circle. Appropriate readings were also given and missionary music was furnished, all of which made a very interesting programme. A silver collection was taken up, which will be divided between home and foreign missions. We trust that the outcome of our meeting may be greater zeal and earnestness in the cause of our common Lord and Master.—F. M. RONEY, President.

### ASSOCIATIONAL MEETINGS.

**NORTHERN ASSOCIATION.**—The annual meeting of the Mission Circles of the Northern Association will be held in Parry Sound on Wednesday, June 27th. Business meeting in the afternoon and platform meeting in the evening, when addresses on home and foreign work will be given by representatives of the Women's Home and Foreign Boards. Circles and Bands are requested to

appoint delegates, also churches not having a Circle or Band.—A. E. KENDALL, Director.

LADIES' EASTERN ASSOCIATIONAL MEETING will be held in Montreal on Thursday, June 14, at 2.30 p.m. Delegates are invited from all the churches.—M. A. SIMS, Dir.

WHITBY AND LINDSAY ASSOCIATIONAL meeting will be held at Claremont on Wednesday, June 20th, at 2.30 p.m. Circles and Bands are requested to send delegates.—A. E. DRYDEN, Director.

CANADA CENTRAL ASSOCIATION.—The women's Circles will hold their annual meeting in Brockville, June 21st. Two sessions, afternoon and evening. Interesting and profitable meetings are expected.—L. E. KNOWLTON, Corresponding Secretary.

TORONTO ASSOCIATIONAL meeting will be held in Beverley Street Church, June 19th, 2 p.m. Will call all churches in the Association send delegates.

THE WALKERTON ASSOCIATIONAL meeting will be held in Palmerston on June 6, 7 and 8. The ladies' Circle meeting will be held on the afternoon of the 7th, also there will be addresses on our Women's Home and Foreign Mission work on the evenings of the 7th and 8th. M. WALKER, Director.

OWEN SOUND.—The annual meeting of the Women's Mission Circles will be in Fledherton church on June 15th from 10 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. We hope to see delegates from all the Circles in the Association.—MRS. PHLETENHAM, Director.

NIAGARA ASSOCIATION meeting will be held in Queen St. church, St. Catharines, on Tuesday, June 5th, at 2 p.m. all departments of the work to be well represented; Miss Pearl Smith, foreign; Mrs. Stark, Bands; Mrs. Lillie, home; Mrs. D. M. Walker, Grande Ligne; Mrs. Langford, N. W. Indian.—M. K. FORBES.

THE PETERBORO AND BELLEVILLE ASSOCIATION of Mission Circles and Bands will meet at Haldimand church on 19th June, commencing at 10 o'clock sharp. From 10 to 11 a prayer, praise and testimony meeting will be held conducted by Mrs. F. WATSON. Subject for testimonies: "What missionary work has done in leading us to more consecrated, holier lives." From 11 till 12 o'clock, appointment of nominating committee and reports from Circles and Bands. Afternoon session at 2 o'clock for business, discussions and question drawer. Evening, platform meeting at 8 o'clock for papers and addresses. Miss Pearl Smith, of Toronto, who is preparing for the foreign field, will be present to speak on foreign work. Home work will be presented by Mrs. Eva Rose York. Delegates please arrange to be present at each session and prepare to take part in testimonies, discussions, etc. Each church in Association send representatives.—ANNIE WALKER, Assistant Director.

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

RECEIPTS FROM APRIL 18 TO MAY 17, 1894, INCLUSIVE.

FROM CIRCLES.—London (Adelaide St.) \$16.40; London (Talbot St.) \$23.15; Midland, \$1.25; Sault Ste. Marie, \$3; Teeswater, \$1.20; Jubilee, \$9; 1st Houghton, \$2; Daywood, \$10; Toronto (First Ave.) \$8.85; Toronto (Walmer Road) \$8; Strathroy, \$14.50; Parkhill, \$3.75; St. Mary's (\$2.80 special) \$5.50; Norwich, \$4; Fort William, \$6.90; Toronto (Jarvis St.) \$20.45; Euphemia Church, \$4; Pine Grove, \$2; Brantford (Park Church) for Miss P. BEGGS, \$23; Grimsby, \$10; Wallaceburg, \$3.50; Wingham, \$6.43; Boston (\$8.54 towards a life-membership) \$25; Barrie, \$10; Owen Sound, \$7.; Wyoming, \$5.50; Schomberg, \$5; Guelph (First Church) \$8.57; Guelph (Trinity Church) \$10 completing the life-membership fee of Miss Matheson, \$14; Ailsa Craig, \$6.35; Beamsville, \$6; Salford, \$5.20; Collingwood, \$2; Gladstone, \$6; Gobles, \$11; Kenilworth, \$4.11; Hagersville, \$3; Safford (additional) \$1; 2nd Southworth, \$4; Acton, \$6; Hartford, \$7; Toronto (Bloor St. Y.W. Auxiliary) \$6; Wheatley, \$4.10; Burch, \$8; Malahide and Bayham, \$5; Toronto (Immanuel Church) \$22.20; Victoria, \$4; Sarnia, \$10.62; St. George, \$4; Brantford (First Church) \$45; Denfield, \$3; Glanville, \$4.19; Total, \$4,397.72.

FROM BANDS. Boston (\$10 life-membership fee for Miss Edith Woodley) \$17.58; Midland, \$4; Teeswater, for D. Peramma, while at Cocanada, 87 cents; Lobo, for Koti Nathan, \$10; London (Adelaide St.) Y. P. for Gotru Satyanandam \$15.79. Simcoe, for Jami Appalamma, \$4.25; Wingham, \$1.43; Fort William, \$1.15; Brampton, for Epuri Marthamma, \$17; Toronto (Beverley St.) \$7; Guelph (Trinity Church) for Sumpara Sundamma, \$6; Park Church, \$8; Stouffville, \$3.30; Toronto (College St.) Y.W., for Payyala Subudamma, \$5; Toronto (Immanuel Church girls) for D. Susi, \$1.13; Sarnia, completing payments for Devarapilli Reuben, \$8.50; London South, for Patcamalla Tirapanyan, \$7; Total, \$118.00.

FROM SUNDRIES.—Union meeting of London Circles, \$4.73; A.S.R., Hamilton, \$5; Sale of maps, per Miss Hatch, 30 cents; Union meeting of Toronto Circles, \$6.25; A friend, Woodstock, \$1; Beckwith M.C., British Columbia \$5; Mrs. Bone, St. Catharines, for K. Satyavedam, \$17; Toronto (Jarvis St.) Y.P.M.S., one year's payment for support of a student at Samulcoita Seminary, \$25; a friend for Martha Achemia, \$2; Total, \$66.26—Total Receipts, \$623.98.

Since May 1st the receipts from Circles have decreased decidedly, so that now the total receipts from Circles up to date are behind the amount of last year, instead of showing a fair increase. Is this only temporary?

DISBURSEMENTS TO GENERAL TREASURER. One-sixth of estimates for second half-year's work in India, minus \$25 reduction of estimates, \$495; Miss Hatch's allowance, \$29.16; Total Disbursements, \$524.16.

Correction.—In last list the amount from W.B.H. and F.M.S. of Manitoba should read: Mrs. Kennedy, Winnipeg, \$25; Brandon M.B., \$4; Total, \$29.

VIOLET ELLIOT, Treasurer.

109 Pembroke St., Toronto.

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## W. B. M. U.

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MOTTO FOR THE YEAR.—"Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

PRAYER TOPIC FOR JUNE.—For our Associational gatherings, that those who go may be prepared beforehand by the Holy Spirit, and that great grace may rest upon all.

### "THE UNSEARCHABLE RICHES OF CHRIST."

Eph. iii. 8.

Thou, whose tenderness unailing  
None can fathom or express;  
Bending o'er the weary pilgrims  
In life's barren wilderness.  
Oh! how sweet when earthly pleasures  
Fade away or fail and flee,  
Still to find uncounted treasures,  
Blessed Lord, concealed in Thee.

In the still and silent cloisters  
Of thy house, within the veil,  
Earthly voices cease their calling,  
Tempests rage not, nor assail!  
Nought of human tribulation  
Enters in those courts serene,  
Where the Face of the Beloved  
Sheds its sunlight on the scene.

In the temple of my Father  
I have come to build my nest;  
No triumphant flight, but rather  
Weary-winged to seek for rest;  
Far away o'er stormy waters  
Streamed the radiance of a Light,  
And my soul with restless longing  
Beat towards it through the night.

Happy life of sweet communion!  
Holy days with joy replete!  
Nothing more the heart desireth  
While the blissful moments fleet.  
Burning lips their thirst are slaking  
In the flood of Life Divine.  
Cool and grateful waters breaking  
Far within thy secret shrine.

Nothing more! Thou Loved and Loving!  
At thy feet desire is dead;  
Need is met, though prayer be silent,  
Thirst and hunger quenched and fed!  
Hushed and still the eager throbbing  
Of the heart whose peace be found  
Underneath the brooding glory.  
That thy Presence sheds around.

Peace, such peace! the quest is ended,  
All the weary striving o'er!  
Wills—once twain—together blended!  
Thine unquestioned, evermore!  
Once I saw thy golden towers  
Shine o'er life's dividing sea!  
Now I pass the quiet hours  
In thy House of Rest with Thee!

—Alice F. Thornton.

One of the greatest needs of the Church is a deeper and richer experience of the redemption which is in Christ Jesus—that is, each member of the Church needs it. The dullness and slowness in service which grieve us are both owing to a feeble apprehension, and a too faint enjoyment of the great love wherewith He hath loved us, and the precious sacrifice wherewith He has bought us. There may be a keen sense of duty, an intense interest in certain aspects of human life and need, a tender sympathy with human misery, but the motive and influence which is never exhausted and never wearied, is the love of Christ. This gives fresh impulse, and over all the dreariness of life throws softness, hope and beauty. A richer experience would mean larger work.—*Preachers Magazine.*

By the time this issue of the LINK reaches its readers, plans for our Associational gatherings will be ready. Let us come to these meetings prepared for service.

Will all Aid Societies in N. S., who may have changed the secretary since last July, please notify the Prov. Sec'y, Miss A. E. Johnstone, Dartmouth, of that change, giving name and address in full.

We are in the last quarter of our convention year. Will the treasurers of all A. Societies and M. Bands be very prompt in sending the monies to Mrs. Smith? It looks now as though *some one* must work with a will if we are to close the year free of debt.

The following from a late number of the *Life of Faith* seems to bear a message to Canadian as well as English workers:

#### GO. HELP GO. CIRCULATE.

DEAR SIR,—Go. What nobler, what happier life can be lived than that of obedience to the Lord's command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel"? By all means, let all who are called to such a privileged life, go!

Help go. It is a serious matter to hinder those who are called to the mission field. Let the sacrifice be ever so great, beware how you interfere with a clear call of God. Moreover, let us gladly help by sympathy and by supplying the means.

Circulate. Missionaries and evangelists should be well supplied with Gospels and Gospel Portions.

But in addition to and alongside of these, circulate gospel

tracts. A tract is a little thing, but it may accomplish much good. "God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty."

Just to show the value of tracts, read the following illustration:

A child, seeing a lady filling a box for India, brought a cent, with which she purchased a tract, which was put into the box. It found its way to a Burman chief, and was used of God to lead him to Christ. The chief told his friends of his newly-found God, and his great happiness. They also believed and cast away their idols. A missionary was eventually sent out, a church was built, and in course of time fifteen hundred were converted from heathenism! Was not this a glorious result from such a little seed?

Tracts in foreign languages are deeply needed. While the Bible Society has issued the Word in five hundred languages, the Religious Tract Society and Drummond's Tract Enterprise have only overtaken two hundred. My gospel tracts now circulate by the million in a few languages.

Help on, O Christian, the translation into other languages, that they may circulate all over the world.

This is a vast work, and requires a large amount of money.

*Chalet des Syrphes, Cannes.*

CHEYNE BRADY.

## NEWS FROM THE FIELD.

### SECRET DISCIPLES IN INDIA.

In the fifty-fifth report of the Wesleyan Mission in the Mysore Province we read: "No one who studies Indian missions will ever suppose that these figures of church membership represent the whole or even any large portion of the real results of our labors. Here and there, in the various sections of the detailed reports from the several circuits, there are references to sincere and devoted though secret disciples of the Lord whom we serve.

Thus the senior missionary at Mysore city, writing of a carefully organized tour, says: It was cheering to meet in remote places those on whom the truth had by different means begun to make its impression. In one village we met a respectable and well-to-do man whose mind seems fully made up as to the claims of Christ. He has entirely forsaken his idols, and is now earnestly seeking to bring his wife and only son to see things as he sees them. On one of our walks back to camp we met a religious procession halting by the side of a stream. An offering had just been made in fulfilment of a vow, and the remains of the offering were being committed to the stream.

"We spoke to the whole procession, and afterwards got into private conversation with two of the men. We were surprised to hear them speak regretfully about the ceremony which had just been performed. They said they took no interest in it, but were compelled to join in it on account of the mothers and wives and old men of their household. They then told us that they belonged to a small group of men in an adjacent town, who for some time had been meeting secretly to read the Gospels together. Lastly, a Mussulman whom we have known long and conversed with frequently, came and announced his

belief in Jesus as the Son of God, and his desire to leave all and follow Him. The case is a difficult one. We have no reason to doubt his sincerity. But if he is faithful to his purpose he will expose himself to a persecution which is sure to be very savage.

"In the same circuit a native evangelist has itinerated widely in all directions, has been well received everywhere and reports a considerable number of 'secret disciples.' In some villages he has been able to establish small societies that meet for the study of the Bible, and he is confident that not a few of the members of these secret Christians in all but baptism. In one of the most remote villages of the Nagar an old man is in the habit of gathering his family around him when they return from the fields at the close of the day's work and offering a few simple words of prayer to the Saviour about whom he has been taught, always concluding with the words, 'Our Father, which art in heaven,' etc.

"In another of these villages there lived an old man who was sure to be found among the group of listeners whenever the preacher went there. He loved to read the Scripture portions and tracts, which he kept carefully wrapped up in an old piece of cloth, and many of which he had held in his possession for a number of years. In the early part of the year he died. During his illness he sent for the Scripture reader and talked with him about what he had heard of the Saviour. He never received Christian baptism, but he died with faith in Christ and praying in His name.

"Such are only types of many unenrolled and unbaptized followers of the Saviour. Others there are with whom no missionary is personally acquainted, and some whose circumstances and relations are such that, although somewhat intimately acquainted with them, we are compelled to hold our peace respecting their faith in Christ."

The work of the Mission is very varied, and includes education, the care of orphans, and zenana visitation. The general superintendent of the Mission is Rev. J. Hudson, Bangalore.

A Baptist missionary writes from India that when a fire broke out recently in one of the Mission Homes, the natives would not allow the coolies to put the fire out, because, by so doing, they would defile the well of the village from which they drew water.

On another occasion, a boy fell into the well, and when an outcast boy leaped in to save him, the villagers beat him, because he had defiled the well by touching it. Such is the folly of the caste system in India.

Someone has said that there is no more pitiable sight in India than to see a mother who has lost her child, walking in the fields and looking wistfully in the eyes of dumb brutes or loathsome reptiles, in the vain hope that in their eyes she may catch some glimpse of her lost child.

A Brahmin who would go to the hospital for treatment refused at first to listen to the reading of the Bible, but when the first chapter of Romans was read and explained to him, he confessed that he was sinful.

He accepted a copy of the New Testament and began to read it most earnestly.

It is said that the native pastors of India have increased in the past nine years, ninety per cent.

One of the evangelists connected with the Free Church Mission in Calcutta, who is laboring among educated Hindus, writes to the *Free Church Monthly*, giving very interesting and encouraging facts, showing that there is a real movement toward Christianity among them.

### FROM THE AID SOCIETIES.

#### AMHERST STILL TO THE FRONT.

A sister writes: "The day before our regular meeting this month one of our brethren, Mr. Nelson Forest, called, and handed me fifty dollars for the F. M. treasury. Twenty-five dollars was to constitute Mrs. Forest a life member of our union; and twenty-five was towards Mrs. Archibald's work in Chicacole. At the meeting next day the certificate of life membership was presented to our sister, and proved a delightful surprise, as she had had no intimation of her husband's intentions. No wonder that the votes of thanks passed at that meeting were deeply earnest and prayerful. Should not our Amherst sisters work with extra diligence in order that their thanks for these gifts may take a practical form?"

Glad news comes from River Hebert, Cum. Co. The president writes: "We have had such good meetings in our society lately, and prayer has been answered, not only for the Telugus, but for those at home. One of the members of the M. Band at River Hebert has yielded her heart to the Saviour, and is in active service for Him. The sisters who were at the Co. Convention at River Hebert last year will remember how earnest were the prayers for the conversion of the members of this Band.

VEDDORE, HALIFAX COUNTY, N. S. -Our Mission Band (Shining Star) was organized April 1st, taking in the whole Sunday-school, consisting of fifty, and we are expecting more as soon as the roads get better, for some have to walk a distance of two and a half miles. We have from the little tot three years old, up to the young men and women of eighteen and twenty; also fathers and mothers. Our officers are: President, Miss Drusilla Mitchell; Vice-President, Miss Prudence Mitchell; Secretary, Avery Hill; Assistant Secretary, Gay Mitchell; Treasurer, Miss Lottie Jennix. A sick committee of six; committee of management twelve. We think our Band will prove a source of much good. It has been something we have been looking forward to for sometime, and now we are very happy in the work; our boys and girls are all so willing to work that it is pleasant helping them. A number belong to the Church, and I hope that while we learn the heathen's need of a Saviour that others will see their soul's need and take Him as their guide through life. For the benefit of other Bands it might be well for us to speak of the conducting of our meetings. We hold our meetings the last Sabbath in every month, after our S. School lesson is over. We open our M. B. meeting by singing a suitable hymn, read-

ing a few appropriate verses from the Bible and prayer; a few minutes are spent in prayer or a few earnest words from any brother or sister, then our secretary calls the roll, each answering to their name by quoting a Bible promise, then a short time is spent in recitations and singing, after which instruction is given on our missionaries, their work and their fields. We also have a subject for each meeting, each one bringing an appropriate verse. When taking the collection we all repeat a verse on giving; surely the learning of these precious verses cannot fail in doing good to our dear boys and girls. We intend holding a concert at the end of every three months, and also intend observing Crusade day this summer. The Band motto for the year is "India's boys and girls for Christ."

MRS. J. W. MITCHELL.

A convention of the W. M. A. Societies of York and Sunbury Counties was held at Fredericton, N. B., March 9th, beginning at 3.30 p. m., Mrs. C. Spurdon, president of Fredericton society, occupied the chair. After a short devotional service, verbal reports from societies were given. Gibson, Mactaquach, Marysville and Mangerville were represented. The presence of our returned missionary, Mrs. Churchill, added greatly to the interest of the meeting. All enjoyed listening to one who has been so long engaged in missionary work on the foreign field. At the close of the afternoon session tea was served in an adjoining room for all who wished to remain. The evening service was held in the vestry. There was a large attendance. Interesting addresses were given by Mrs. Churchill and Rev. J. W. Manning, Sec. Treas. Foreign Mission Board. Mrs. Churchill also exhibited several of the Telugu costumes. A dialogue was well rendered by Misses McNally, Cliff and Wiley. A collection was taken, amounting to \$11.55. This is the first W. M. A. convention of the societies of these counties. The effort has proved successful. The meetings were helpful and inspiring, and will, it is hoped, give a new impetus to missionary work in this section of the province.

E. L. ESTEV, Sec.

#### AMOUNT RECEIVED BY THE TREASURER OF THE W.B.M.U. FOR QUARTER ENDING APRIL 30TH, 1894.

	F.M.	H.M.	TOTAL.
Received from Nova Scotia.....	\$544 86	\$162 86	\$707 72
" " " M.B.....	138 07	4 50	142 57
" " " S.S.....	8 07	14 41	22 48
" " New Brunswick.....	364 55	69 92	434 47
" " " M.B.....	66 90	5 00	71 90
" " P. E. Island.....	54 73	12 20	66 93
" " Safe of reports.....			9 42
" " " Tidings".....			2 50
			\$1,457 99

Paid J. W. Manning, Treas. F.M.B.....	\$1,675 00
" H. E. Sharpe, Treas. N.W.B.....	200 00
" A. Cohoon, Treas. H.M.B.....	125 00
" J. Richards, Treas. G.L.M.....	50 00

Paid Literature fund.....	\$9 46
" Miss Johnstone, postage .....	5 00
" Printing " Tidings " .....	8 00
" Printing leaflets (Mrs. Manning's) .....	7 00
Drafts, discount, postage.....	5 09
	<hr/>
	\$2,084 55

MARY SMITH, *Treas. W. H. S. U.*

AMHERST, April 30th, 1894.

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT

### TO OUR MISSION BANDS.

A good friend of ours in Montreal sent me, last week, a very interesting letter from Miss Murray, one of our new missionaries in Cocanada, India, and asked me to publish part of it instead of a lesson for you this month in the LINK. I am sure you will all enjoy it as much as the Montreal Mission Bands, although it was only written for them.

SISTER BELLE.

*My Dear Young Friends,—*

Thinking that probably I have something interesting to tell the boys and girls of our Baptist Mission Bands in your city, I am writing a letter to be circulated among the Bands.

Each morning I rise quite early in order to spend some time with my Bible, and in talking with my Master ask Him to keep me and help me to let my light shine for Him during the day, so that if I cannot speak to the people in their language and tell them of Christ, my life, my actions and my looks may speak to them of Him. You know the people of India are divided into a great many castes or classes, and although those of one caste will talk with those of another caste, they will not eat together or marry outside of their own caste. Each caste worships a different god or gods, for they have millions of different gods made of wood, stone, mud, etc. In order to show which caste they belong to, the people wear marks on their forehead of different colored paints. Even the little boys and girls wear these. The man who is teaching us Telugu is a Brahmin and wears on his brow a little round spot of brown paint with two little white lines running out, one on each side. I told him one day that I wished very much to wear a caste mark. He looked surprised, but I explained to him that I wished people to know, by looking at my face, that I belonged to Christ. That is the best caste mark. You know our faces do become like the master we serve; if we serve Christ faithfully we are changed into His image.

Just as I become interested in my Bible each morning my heart grows sad at the sound of music from a heathen temple just south of our compound, a drum, bugle, and such noisy instruments! Moses warned the children of Israel about worshipping any graven image, for "God is a jealous God." How sad He must feel to see these people giving

the praise which belongs alone to Him, to these gods which they have made themselves.

It is very hard for those who have grown old in the service of idols to break off worshipping them, so we missionaries like to get the little children and teach them of Jesus and His love. One plan we have is to go out on Sunday afternoon to the homes of the children of the lowest caste. These people live in mud huts made in clusters together. (There are about nine of these groups in Cocanada city.) At first very few children came, for their mothers feared that the missionary wished to carry them off or harm them in some way, but now when the time for Sunday-school comes the children gather from all directions, the mothers often coming too. They sit on mats on the ground, the sweeper caste, the lowest of all. When each one looks so needy you wonder why any think themselves better than others, but they do.

As they gather there is a perfect torrent of "salaams" to the missionary: they seat themselves in rows on the mats and the school is opened by prayer. After the lesson is over, tickets are given out for attendance and perfect recitations. Do not think that these children come all nice and clean to Sunday-school. Sunday means no more than Monday or Tuesday to their parents. They are too poor to buy any clothes, if they did know enough to do so, so they just come in their nakedness, or in old waists or vests they have secured in some way, and look very funny. There are several schools like this one and of higher castes, and they are all doing good in leading their mothers also to Christ.

At Christmas time these children were given a treat by the missionaries, of plantains, like your bananas, but smaller, cakes and candy, balls, and some who attend a little day school received little jackets. The children in this country wear a great deal of jewelry, earrings, three or four in each ear sometimes, nose jewels, necklaces, bracelets, rings about their ankles and on their toes.

I must close by telling you of a sight that I saw on New Year's Day. Miss Simpson has a school for girls of different castes; in many of them are the daughters of wealthy parents. In this school they are taught reading (Telugu), arithmetic, catechism, sewing, and a great deal of the Bible, also singing hymns and action songs. They are of all ages, from five or six to thirteen years, and the majority of them are married, though they do not go to live with their husbands until they are twelve or thirteen. They had their treat on New Year's Day. The school-room is reached by passing through a place of business, where men are usually seated on the floor writing up a steep stair-case. It is not a large room, is furnished with long, old-fashioned benches, no desks, a table, one or two chairs; on the floor is bamboo matting, and on the wall some Bible pictures such as are used in your infant classes in Canada. A very interesting sight were these seats full of little dusky maidens, about forty of them, all resplendent in jewelry, and who greeted us with many "salaams."

I must tell you of their appearance as they sat waiting for the programme to begin. I shall start with the ornament worn by all on the top of their head, and which looked all

the brighter by their black, black coconut-oiled hair. It was quite a large-sized ornament of lead plated with gold. Two of the girls had, in addition to this, a heavy fringe-like ornament of small pearls extending around the back of their head, the ends, if I remember aright, being attached to the ornament on the top of their heads. Some of the girls had yellow flowers wonderfully arranged in their hair. Next the earrings; the ears of these little girls were heavy with ornaments, one girl having a fringe of small pearls arranged in a bell fashion, which hung from the top down in front of the ear. All had two or three neck ornaments in the form of beads, pearls or chains. One little girl wore a metal ring about her neck, extending nearly to her waist, to which were attached English sovereigns, real sovereigns, less than an inch apart. Another girl wore a similar ornament of gold coins, five franc pieces. As nearly all of these girls are married the last named ornament is presented by the mother-in-law, whereby she makes sure of her. Some of them wear meta girdles, and of course all had rings on their fingers, ankles and toes, and bracelets on their wrists. Nearly all go bare-foot in this country; sometimes the men wear a kind of wooden shoe. Most of these girls were dressed in skirts and jackets, some wore quakas, one or two had only a skirt on. At last the programme began, much to their joy, for on the table were heaped prizes to be distributed at its close. These were pictures, pretty picture-books, which contained Bible stories in Telugu, hymn-books, cloth for jackets, and last, but not by any means least, some very prettily dressed dolls sent out by some of the Mission Bands in Toronto. Led by one of their teachers, they sang two hymns in Telugu. After prayer Miss Baskerville spoke to them on the meaning of Christmas. They listened well and answered eagerly the questions she asked, for they remember the Bible stories remarkably well.

Miss Priest, Miss Baskerville and I then sang for them

"I will sing the wondrous story,"

in English, after which Miss Simpson distributed the prizes and presents. They had had an examination a few days before by a Christian teacher in Miss Baskerville's school, and the prizes were for this and for regular attendance. An additional treat of fruit and sweets made them very happy, and after prayer all were dismissed, not to go home alone though, for it would not be safe for little misses wearing so many jewels to go through the streets alone.

God is blessing the work in this school, for two of the largest girls are anxious to leave idol-worship; indeed, they say they are trusting the only true God. Besides this, Miss Simpson has been able to enter many of their homes with the glad tidings which she would have been unable to do otherwise.

Will you not pray that the Holy Spirit will open the eyes of all these little girls, that He will show them that idol-worship is very displeasing to God, and that He will help them to trust Jesus Christ as their Saviour?

It is very hard for people in heathen homes to come out for Christ, their friends persecute them so and disown them. You should all be very thankful for being born in a Christian

land, but if you do not accept Christ as your Saviour you are even worse off than these children because you have had so many privileges. I hope you will trust Jesus yourselves and then do all you can to send the Gospel to the children in this land.

If any of you think of sending out a box to these schools at any time, pretty dolls are very much prized, bright business cards or other nice bright pictures. Turkey red cotton is very much used for girls, as it stands the severe washing here better than other colored prints. Scrap-books are especially prized. One of the missionaries told me that a heathen woman whom she visits told her that she hurried through her work so as to get time to look at a scrap-book which had been given her. And now, hoping that you will enjoy this little peep into the work among the children, and that you will sometimes write to me.

I am yours very sincerely,

ANNA MURRAY.

COCANADA, India, April 9, 1894.

Dear Abbie,—

I was so glad to get a message from you, and to hear you were growing such a big boy that you had to wear suspenders. The boys out here, and also most of the men even, do not wear such things. You would think their pants very funny. They do not all wear them, but those who do, wear gay print ones. Sometimes the gay stripes go round the pant leg and sometimes straight up and down. They just tie a string around their waist and tuck the pants under it. Lots and lots of the little boys I see look as though nobody cared for them, they are so dirty, and have not any clothes on. Are you not very glad that you have such a nice home and a kind mamma and papa who take such good care of their little boy and teach him about Jesus, who loves all the children?

Would you like to hear about a funny little friend I have? You can't guess what it is!—a lizard. There are so many insects in this country, and when we light the lamp they come flying into the room. As I sit writing, they jump and fly in my face. Well, this little friend, who generally hides away all day, runs down from the ceiling at night and gets behind a picture. From there his two black-shiny eyes, that look like two black beads, watch carefully. When these insects settle on the wall, Mr. Lizard creeps gently down, like a cat creeps after a mouse, and when he gets near enough, gives a spring, opens his mouth and pobbles them down. Sometimes he get hold of a big one and has quite a time to get all the legs in. We see many things here that make us very sorry. Lots of little boys and girls too, not as big as you are, smoke. We meet them when we go out for a walk, with cigars in their mouths. Their mothers teach them when they are tiny babes. Won't it be good when the mothers learn to love Jesus and teach their children good things. Some day I will write and tell you more about them. I hope you will often think about them and pray for them, and, who knows, perhaps some day Jesus will want you to come and tell them about Him. So learn all you can and love Jesus very much, won't you, dear Abbie. I hope you will often pray for me. These little

dark-skinned boys and girls talk such a funny way. If you heard them you could not understand a word they said, and if you spoke to them, they would say, "Your words to me are not known" in Telugu. Pray that Jesus will help me learn to talk to them, so they can understand. I hope you are well.

Your loving friend,

ELLEN PRIEST.

## THE NEXT TIME BAND.

BY MISS S. POLLOCK.

Miss Patience Bright had a Mission Band of "Faithful Workers" as bright as her own name. How earnest her girls and boys were! How prompt to bring their dues! What good meetings they used to have! The secretaries of the Woman's Board called it one of the best Bands in the state, and Miss Patience was always writing to her friend Miss Jones how delightful it was and urging her to form a band of her own.

"I'll have her come here some day and see my Band, and then she'll go home and organize," she said to herself.

This Band was a beautiful fruit-bearing vine, and no doubt the great Gardener rejoiced over it. But from an unexpected quarter one of the "little foxes," as Solomon calls them, began a sly attack, down the root out.

"I forgot to bring my money, but I'll bring it next time," said Frank Evans on a fatal day when the basket was passed.

"Recitation, by Edith Moore," said Miss Patience quickly to cover Frank's confusion.

"Please, Miss Patience, I forgot to learn my recitation, but I'll be sure to remember it next time."

The recitation was a beautiful one, and the most important exercise for that meeting, but Miss Patience quietly passed on and the meeting closed. If Frank and Edith had known what a hungry little fox they had just let in they would have killed him before the next meeting. But it was coasting time, and Frank wanted to re-paint his sled. It made him a little short, so instead of having enough money at the next meeting to pay for two months he was again obliged to say "next time." The third time it was harder still to get the nickels together. Meantime, the younger boys who looked up to Frank, had sleds to paint and skates to mend, and began to say, "I'll bring my money next time," till the receipts fell off seriously. Miss Patience reminded and admonished, but the fox seemed to be so harmless, no one but herself seemed to realize how the vine was being spoiled.

Edith Moore's "next time" had not been unnoticed. Others promised to get their map exercise, or their recitation, or their item of news ready for "next time." The letter sent from the Missionary Rooms to the little secretary was left at home—she would bring it "next time." The meetings grew less interesting because few did their part promptly, and some began to say the Band was "not nice any more," and they would "not go till next time."

Miss Jones had long been thinking she ought to organize a Mission Band. "I'll go first and see how Patience Bright does it," she said to herself. "I sup-

pose she has a model Band, and I may as well begin mine right as wrong."

Now, before the arrival of the "little fox" Miss Patience would have been delighted. As it was she welcomed her friend with a good many misgivings. Her program had been well prepared, all the exercises given out in due season, and all the children urged to be diligent. "Oh if only the little fox would not come!"

But there he was, grown larger since the last meeting. One, and another, and another, had forgotten to do their part, thinking it would do just as well "next time." The meeting was almost a failure. So was the contribution; and Miss Patience went home deeply mortified. "Did she scold?" Oh, no; Miss Patience was too wise to do that.

June came, and strawberry time. From the first organization of the Faithful Workers, each year they had had a delightful afternoon. Miss Patience had invited them to a strawberry festival of their very own, and they filled the afternoon with music, and games, and frolic, and had always gone home thinking that Miss Patience was the "very best band leader that ever did live."

But this year, week after week went by. What could Miss Patience be thinking of? The strawberries would soon be gone! At last they were gone; the summer heat had come: the great shady lawn at Miss Patience's home was growing dry and dusty, but no invitation had come!

Just then something happened which seemed likely to revive the attendance at the Band meetings. It was whispered about that a friend of Miss Patience in China had sent her a wonderful box of curios. There could be no doubt about it, for Nellie Moore had been sent on an errand to Miss Patience the very day the box was opened, and she said there were "butterflies, and funny little cloth dollies, and a boy blowing the fire with his mouth all in a pucker. Yes, and a really, truly live—no, of course I mean a *dead* idol."

Everybody "just knew" Miss Patience would bring all these to the next Band meeting, and everybody turned out and brought their friends. Some even thought that the strawberry festival had been put off on purpose, and Miss Patience would surprise them with something specially pleasant.

Miss Patience came, but neither box nor bundle was to be seen. The exercises went on as usual with a good many "next times," and then the leader said: "My friend in China has sent me a box which I am sure you will all enjoy, but I thought it would do just as well next time. I have noticed ever since January you like to do things next time, and while I do not think it the best way, I have concluded to help you all I can. You have probably noticed that we did not have our festival this summer, but perhaps you all feel that it would do quite as well next summer."

The little fox pricked up his ears. Even Miss Patience was on his side; hereafter he could gnaw the vine as much as he chose.

"Now" continued Miss Patience, "I think we ought to change the name of our Band, and call it the 'Next Time Band.' Then the Woman's Board will know



that our pledge will not be met till next year, and the missionaries will know that our share of the Bridgman School and the Hadjin Home will not come till next year, and they can make the children do without a part of their meals. All in favor of this please hold up their hands."

"No, no, NO! Miss Patience," came from all parts of the room. "We want our old name. Let us begin all over again, and we will try to be real, true Faithful Workers."

At the sound of the first "no" the little fox glided under the back row of chairs, and before the clamor was ended he shot out of the door that little Johnny Green had forgotten to shut.

The members of the Band did begin anew, for they had been thoughtless, not altogether selfish. They went to work with might and main, and made good what they lacked the first six months. By the fifteenth of October they had, by real self denial and hard work, completed the pledge made at the beginning of the year, and revived the interest in the meetings.

The little fox was no more seen among the Faithful Workers. Did he run into your Band? Or yours?  
—*Mission Studies.*

### BOSTON MISSION BAND.

#### DEAR LINK:

Seeing in your columns extracts from other bands, which always prove interesting to us, perhaps a few words from this part of the Lord's vineyard might be read with interest by some. We hold our meetings the first Sunday afternoon in the month, and have sent away since last June to foreign missions \$37.58, and to home missions \$27.58, making a total of \$65.16, which we hope will accomplish some good for Him who has done so much for the world. We raise our money in different ways. As early as possible in the spring we always hold our band anniversary, and from our last we realized over \$14.00. Then we have a birthday box, and any member that has had a birthday during the month brings a cent for every year of their age. This all goes to Grande Ligne.

We sometimes have special thank-offerings and quite a lot is raised in this way. Then at Christmas most of the members always bring a present for the band. Our dues are divided between home and foreign missions, and none of that money goes to make life members, but all extra money from entertainments or anything goes to make life members.

One great help in our band is our president. Her one aim seems to be, *make and save* for missions, and to interest all in this great work.

Yours in the work,  
TILLIE LIMAGE, Sec.

MRS. DUNLAP, of Bangkok, says: There are two things which I am sure are shocking to all new-comers alike—the scanty dress of the natives, and their black teeth. It is a most common sight to see naked children playing in the streets and in the boats. I remember the first time I saw a little fellow whose dress consisted of a woollen cap on his head and a cigarette in his mouth. We do not always see the cap, but the cigarette is always indispensable to the small boy. He is taught to smoke and swim as soon as he can walk and talk.

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## The Canadian Missionary Link

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